This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

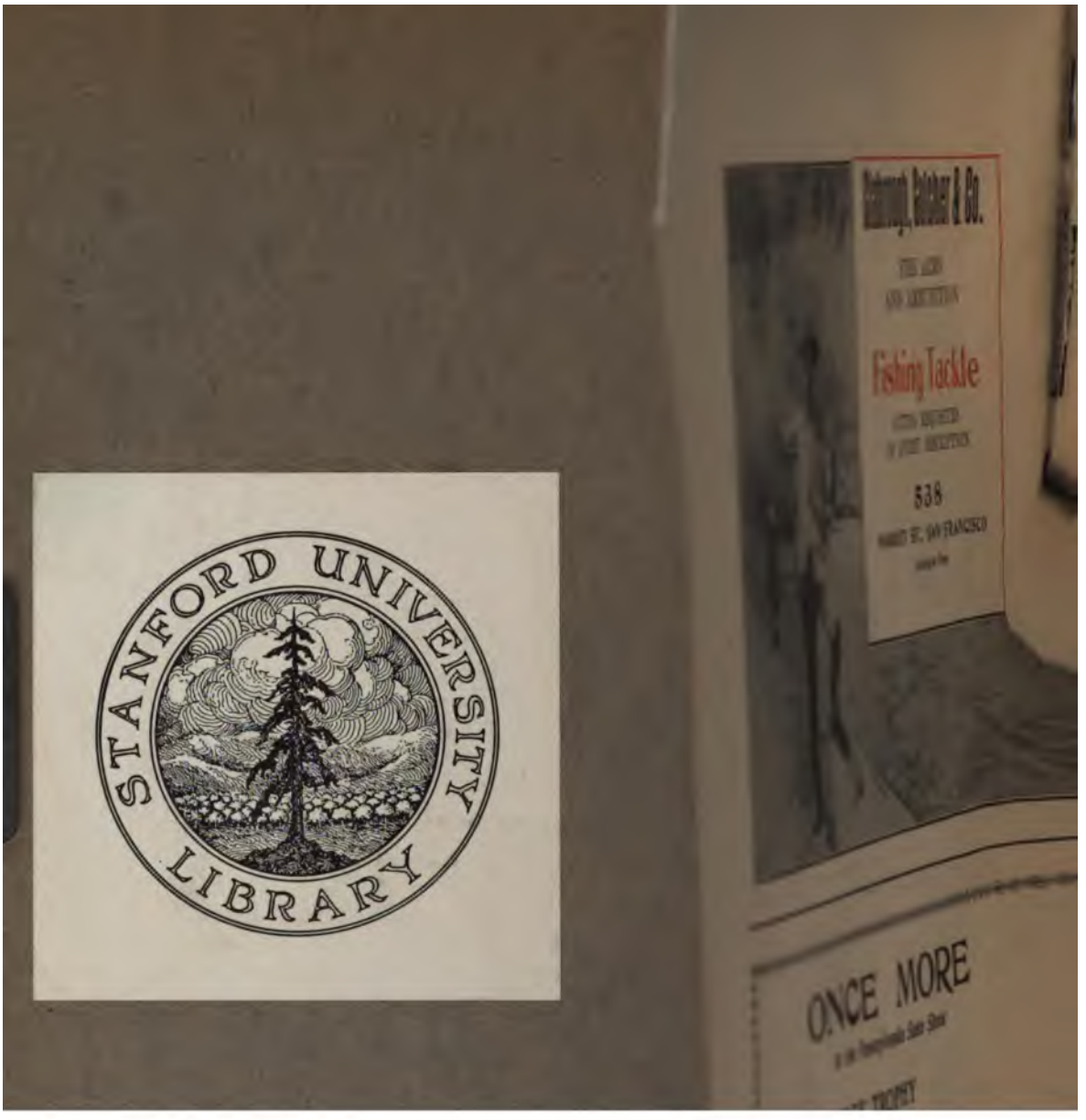
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

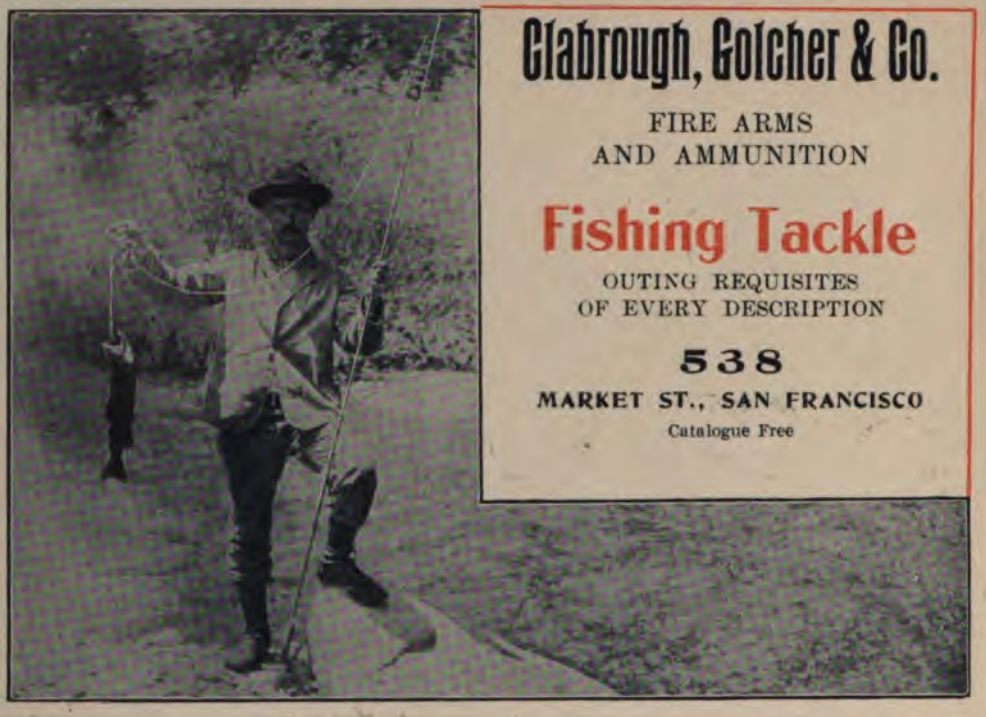
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

cts.
AUGUST, 1905
$1.00 a
WESTERN
FIELD
THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

FIRE ARMS
AND AMMUNITION

Fishing Tackle

OUTING REQUISITES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

538

MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Catalogue Free

ONCE MORE

At the Pennsylvania State Shoot

MILT. LINDSLEY TROPHY

For Two-Men Teams

Won by L. B. FLEMING & ED HICKEY

ALLENTOWN ROD AND GUN CLUB

Won Four-Man Team Championship

A. HEIL, 1st and W. H. MILLIN, 2d

In DENNY TROPHY

All Hands SHOT..... **DuPONT SMOKELESS**

The Herron Hill Handicap and Individual State Champions at Pigeons were also won by

DuPONT SMOKELESS

WESTERN FIELD.

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. VII AUGUST, 1905. No. 1

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—The August Velvet
ABOUT BLACK BASS ..... W. R. McFarland
THE NIBBLE (Poem) ..... T. Shelley Sutton
SENTINELS OF THE DESERT ..... I. Newton de Groodt
LUCK THE PARADOX (Poem) ..... Maud E. Smith Hymers
MY FIRST RHINO HUNT ..... Elmer E. Davis
KINDRED (Poem) ..... Harry T. Fee
DWELLINGS OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA ..... J. Garnett Holmes
NIGHT (Poem) ..... Stacy E. Baker
MY FIRST BLACK TAIL ..... J. A. Buchanan
A WILDERNESS TRAGEDY ..... Chas. P. Maginnis
A PRESCRIPTION (Poem) ..... T. Shelley Sutton
THE WARDEN OF THE PINE ..... Harry H. Dunn
LIFE'S WHIRLPOOL (Poem) ..... Thomas Maitland Marshall
LONGING (Poem) ..... Stacy E. Baker
BY NIGHT AND DAY ..... R. Clapham
PETE SCHMIDT'S BEAR FIGHT ..... John B. Haas
ASPIRATION (Poem) ..... Mary Vaughan
THE BRAVERY OF BOB ..... T. Shelley Sutton
A DIABOLICAL INVENTION ..... Lycurgus
THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE—PART III—The Propagation of Trees ..... Clyde Scott Chase
NINTH PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP RACE ..... Douglas Erskine
THE CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S GOLFERS ASSOCIATION ..... Arthur Inkersley
THE NORTHWESTERN DEPARTMENT ..... F. M. Kelly
GUN SHYNESS—ITS CAUSES, EFFECTS AND REMEDIES ..... C. H. Babcock
AUTOMOBILING

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

CLAY PIGEONS!!

At the tournament held under the auspices of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association of Tucson, Arizona, the following wonderful record was made with

SELBY SHELLS

Professional HIGH AVERAGE
Amateur HIGH AVERAGE
—AND—
Longest run of consecutive breaks

TELEPHONE MAIN 1003

Commercial Publishing Co.

PRINTERS, BINDERS,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
ENGRAVERS

HIGH CLASS PUBLICATION WORK
A SPECIALTY

PROPRIETORS
COMMERCIAL NEWS
(DAILY AND WEEKLY)

463 MISSION STREET, CORNER FIRST
SAN FRANCISCO

"Comfort" Sleeping Pocket

A BED--NOT A BAG

A luxurious, puncture proof Air Bed, that can be inflated in one minute, with Pillow and Foot Pocket, combined with a warm and damp proof sleeping receptacle, packs compactly and weighs but

18 Pounds

Will you send for our circular "D" and let us tell you how we have solved the problem that has vexed many campers? A postal brings it, and it is worth a cent to know what **is** being made.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co., Reading, Mass.

STEVENS

RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS,

are perfect in every respect. The sportsman is never disappointed in the working of his gun if it's a STEVENS—they are safe, strong, accurate, durable, and convenient to handle.

Ask your dealer, and insist on our goods. If you cannot obtain them, we will ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Don't fail to send for illustrated catalog. It is a book of ready reference and appeals to all interested in the grand sport of shooting. Mailed for 4 cents in stamps to pay postage.

HIT THE MARK with our RIFLE PUZZLE! This clever novelty will be mailed FREE upon request.

Attractive STEVENS HANGER for your "den" or club rooms mailed free to any shooter requesting same.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
31 MAIN STREET,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Vacation Time

Are you thinking of taking a house in the country, or is it going to be a camping trip this time?

You will need fancy and staple groceries, and we are well qualified to fill out-of-town grocery orders for camp or cottage.

We have been shipping groceries to the country for years, and our trade is constantly increasing. Good groceries, good packing and prompt service are the reasons for the steady progress that we are making in our *MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.*

We will gladly furnish estimates, suggestions, and assistance in making up your order, and it will give us pleasure to demonstrate our ability to fill the smallest or largest orders to your complete satisfaction. We are just as careful with small orders as with large ones.

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

"Master Grocers"

432 PINE ST.	232 SUTTER ST.	2829 CALIFORNIA ST.	1401 HAIGHT ST.
Private Exchange One	Private Exchange 100	West 101	Park 456

For information and booklet

ADDRESS

R. H. CURRY, Prop.

The Geysers, Sonoma Co., Cal.

UNDER EXPERT MANAGEMENT

The Hotel has been thoroughly renovated—Ice and Electric Plants enlarged–The table supplied with the best the market affords. . . . .

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

TROY ETHEREAL POISON OAK REMEDY

Prevents and Cures the Inflammation Caused by POISON OAK or IVY.

CAN BE OBTAINED FROM YOUR DRUGGIST OR
FROM CLABROUGH, GOLCHER & CO.,
538 MARKET STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIF.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

CRESTA BLANCA

SOUVENIR WINES

The Standard Wine of California

DURING the months of February and March we will deliver to your home, in any of the principal cities in the United States, by *express prepaid*, an assorted case of Cresta Blanca Wines for $9.50. The case to contain one quart each of the following wines: Sauterne, Haut Sauterne, Chateau Yquem, St. Julian, Sparkling, Sparkling Burgundy, Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Angelica, Brandy and Olive Oil.

Have a case sent direct to your home.

WETMORE-BOWEN CO.
410 Post St., San Francisco
10 West 33d St., New York
46 Van Buren St., Chicago

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

YOU ARE OFFERED MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH

OF COMFORTS AND ELEGANCE

FOR $2 A DAY!

CAN YOU AFFORD TO OVER-LOOK SUCH AN INVESTMENT

From May 1, 1905, to January 1, 1906, the rates (AMERICAN PLAN ONLY) at the famous Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara-by-the-Sea, will be as follows: Rooms without bath, $2, $3, and $4, each per day; with bath, $3, $4 and $5. Special rates by the month.

SANTA BARBARA is the only coast resort combining both mountains and sea, and THE POTTER built up its fame. It would be extravagance to go anywhere else this summer : : : :

Lake Tahoe

CALIFORNIA

6,240 feet high, 2,000 feet deep, 23 miles long and 13 miles wide

Hunting, Fishing, Boating, Camping. An ideal place for a Summer Outing. Finest Hotels on the Pacific Coast.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES AT TRUCKEE, CALIFORNIA, ON OVERLAND RAILROAD AND PULLMAN TICKETS

¶ From June 1st to September 30th the Lake Tahoe Railway trains will make two round trips daily, connecting at Truckee with Southern Pacific trains, East and West bound. From May 15th to May 31st, and from October 1st to October 15th, they will run one train daily, connecting with the evening train to and from San Francisco.

For further particulars regarding rates and time table, inquire at any SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY office or

D. L. BLISS, Jr., Manager — J. U. HALEY, Gen. Pass. Agent

TAHOE CITY, CALIFORNIA

Yosemite Valley

Via Wawona and Inspiration Point

Only 18 hours from San Francisco

AVOID discomforts and long dusty stage rides by taking the shortest and quickest route to Yosemite.

This is the only comfortable route to Yosemite. The feature contributing most to the comfort of this route and the one most appreciated by passengers is the oiled roads.

The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees is on this route and cannot be reached by any other.

The Inspiration Point view of the Valley cannot be had from any other route.

Tickets are good to return from Glacier Point by wagon, thus varying the return trip without extra charge.

For particulars address

A. S. MANN, 613 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

New Southern Hotel and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO., Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

World famed among Travelers as the concentration of excellence in Appointments, Service and Cuisine — comfort combined with elegance. Write or wire for reservations.

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING-MEN

LICK HOUSE

O. W. KINGSBURY, Lessee

CORNER SUTTER AND MONTGOMERY STS

A CLEAN SWEEP

BALLISTITE

WINS AS USUAL

High amateur and general average at the second annual tournament of The Pacific Coast Trap Shooters Association at Ingleside, May 28th, 29th and 30th, also the 100 bird PHIL. B. BEKEART trophy.

BAKER & HAMILTON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO **SACRAMENTO**

QUALITY

is the first consideration in everything we display. Our assortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W.&J. SLOANE & CO.
FURNITURE·CARPETS·RUGS·DRAPERIES
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

LEARN TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

SPORTSMEN

Learn to mount the beautiful birds and animals you kill while on your hunting trips. Nothing equals well mounted specimens for your home, den or office. **We teach taxidermy with complete success by mail.** Full course of 15 lessons, covering all branches of the art. Easily and quickly learned. Very fascinating for your spare time. We teach STANDARD METHODS only, and GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Thousands of successful students. Sit down now before you forget it, and write for full particulars. Our New Illustrated Catalog, and copy of the Taxidermy Magazine—all yours for the asking.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
INCORPORATED
SUITE W, COM. NAT'L BANK, OMAHA, NEB.

Going to Portland?

It's the vacation trip of the year, and you'll surely regret it, if you miss the uniquely interesting

Lewis and Clark Exposition

Trains leave San Francisco every day at 8.00 A. M. for Portland, during the Exposition, over the scenic Shasta Route. Only

$25.00 Round Trip

Tickets at above rate good for ten days, returning on any regular train, or they may be exchanged for return by steamer.

The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co. offer special low rates for side trips up the Columbia River—an opportunity to see Oregon's grandest scenery.

21-Day and Special Tour Tickets on sale. Ask about them. Full information of any agent.

Southern Pacific

San Francisco Office
613 Market Street

Oakland Office
12 San Pablo Ave.

The
Route of The

OVERLAND LIMITED

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

from San Francisco and Portland to Chicago and the East is via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Solid through train, electric lighted. Only three days en route San Francisco to Chicago, over the only double-track railway between the Missouri River and Chicago. Two through trains daily from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Jose, Fresno, San Francisco, Sacramento, and other California points, and two from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, and other points in the Pacific Northwest to Chicago with out change.

Be sure your tickets read via the

Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Rys.

Choice of routes via the direct line through Ogden and Cheyenne or via Salt Lake City and Denver. Schedules, Maps and full information on application to any agent Southern Pacific Co., or to

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast, 617 Market St., San Francisco.
W. D. CAMPBELL, General Agent, 247 South Spring St., Los Angeles.
A. G. BARKER, General Agent, 153 Third St., Portland, Ore.
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen'l Manager R. X. Ryan, Gen'l Passenger Agent

California Limited at Laguna.

Grand Canyon

HE who seeks the best for his eastern journey, travels on the "California Limited" on the Santa Fe, and visits the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way.

Remember

Santa Fe

GLOBE
Sheet Metal Works
115 New Montgomery Street
San Francisco, Cal.

CORRUGATED IRON AND TIN ROOFS,
CORNICE WORKS,
SKYLIGHTS,
SHEET IRON WORKS,
PANCOAST VENTILATORS,
HEATING AND VENTILATING
PLANTS.

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather and light, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1.50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.
Box 399 Denver, Colo.

WM. CRYER

Designer of

Sailing Yachts, Launches, Row and Hunting Boats of all Descriptions

Plans, Specifications and Prices Furnished upon application.

Yard and Shops
601 Illinois St., San Francisco
Telephone MINT 1006

"The Needle Shower"

A perfect sanitary appliance and health promoter—Builds nerve and muscle and keeps the body in prime condition—Adapted to any bathroom. Can be seen at our salesrooms 328 Stockton St.

WM. F. WILSON CO.

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS
METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO
TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in
Fish and Oysters

FROGS AND TERRAPINS ALWAYS ON HAND
93 California Market, S. F.
Orders delivered for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

"The Sportsman's Guide"

Contains the fish and game laws of North America, instructions on hunting, fishing, ski-running and other kindred sports, and more valuable information to sportsmen than all other guides combined. Subscribe now and get this valuable magazine for only

25 cents for one year.

The Sportsman's Guide, Fryeburg, Maine.

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

1879 - 1905

O. W. Nordwell

Tailor

desires to announce the arrival of his new Importations and invites your inspection.

397 Bush Street
Cor. Kearney, second floor
San Francisco

AT PENNSYLVANIA STATE SHOOT

The Individual Championship of Pennsylvania, at targets, was won by

Mr. Fred Coleman

shooting

'INFALLIBLE"

LAFLIN & RAND

POWDER CO.
NEW YORK

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

OTIS ELEVATORS

Hydraulic
Electric
Steam
Belted

Passenger or Freight

For Every Service

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit, and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

Otis Elevator Company
Pacific Coast Department Office and Works
509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 527

DUCK
BOAT SAILS
TWINES

GRAIN·FLOUR
ORE AND WOOL
BAGS.

W. A. Plummer

MANUFACTURER OF

TENTS

111 Clay St.
San Francisco, Cal.

TELEPHONE
MAIN 549

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.

17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DEALERS IN

Sawmills
and Wood-
Working
Machinery

Write for
Estimates

Shingle
Machines
Engines
and
Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate delivery

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

HERCULES
MARINE ENGINES

Will run if you give them
half a chance! Try One.

ECONOMICAL! DURABLE! RELIABLE!

All sizes from 1¼ to 500 H. P.

Call on or address

Hercules Gas Engine Works

603 MISSION ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Quail and deer season is fast approaching. We have the boots, shoes, clothing, guns and ammunition that is needed. It will pay you to see

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
801 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

GRAYLING

are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge your selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "S".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR EXPLORERS CAMPERS AND PROSPECTORS
314-316 Broadway, New York, U. S. A

SCHULZE & BROWN
ARCHITECTS
SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

Sachs Brothers & Co.

FANCY GOODS

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Yarns,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

25-27-29-31 & 33 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

One Dollar Pays

For complete plans and list of materials to build a Cottage, suitable for Winter Resort Bungalow or Home and Twelve Months' Subscription to *Jewell's American Homes*, an Up-to-the-Times, Two-Dollar-and-fifty-cents-per-Year Monthly Magazine, containing each issue at least one supplement. This offer includes my Christmas Number and two other special issues, each of which will contain special supplements.

Jewells American Homes is the only publication devoted exclusively to planning, building, beautifying and furnishing the home. Remember, this offer is only good until December 25th, 1904, to readers of WESTERN FIELD, and money must be accompanied by this advertisement. Send either in currency, post-office or express money-order. (No stamps accepted.)

JEWELL'S AMERICAN HOMES

WM. CLARKE JEWELL, Publisher, 315 Madison Ave., New York City.

Something

is to be gained by sending for our illustrated catalogue of Tents, Flags, Awnings, Etc.

We are Pacific Coast Agents **for** Towers' Fish & Shield Brands Oiled Clothing; Smith & Love Mfg. Co's Twines

Our catalogue fully describes all we can manufacture in the way of Jute and Cotton Bags. Send for it! It will cost you .....

Nothing!

AMES & HARRIS, Inc.,

100 SACRAMENTO STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SAVE THIS COUPON **SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER** SAVE THIS COUPON

14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN, that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

BORODONT

TOOTH PASTE

IS

SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT

SEE YOUR DENTIST

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At **Rancho Los Laurelles** you will find a well-equipped hotel and camp under the same management as famous

HOTEL DEL MONTE

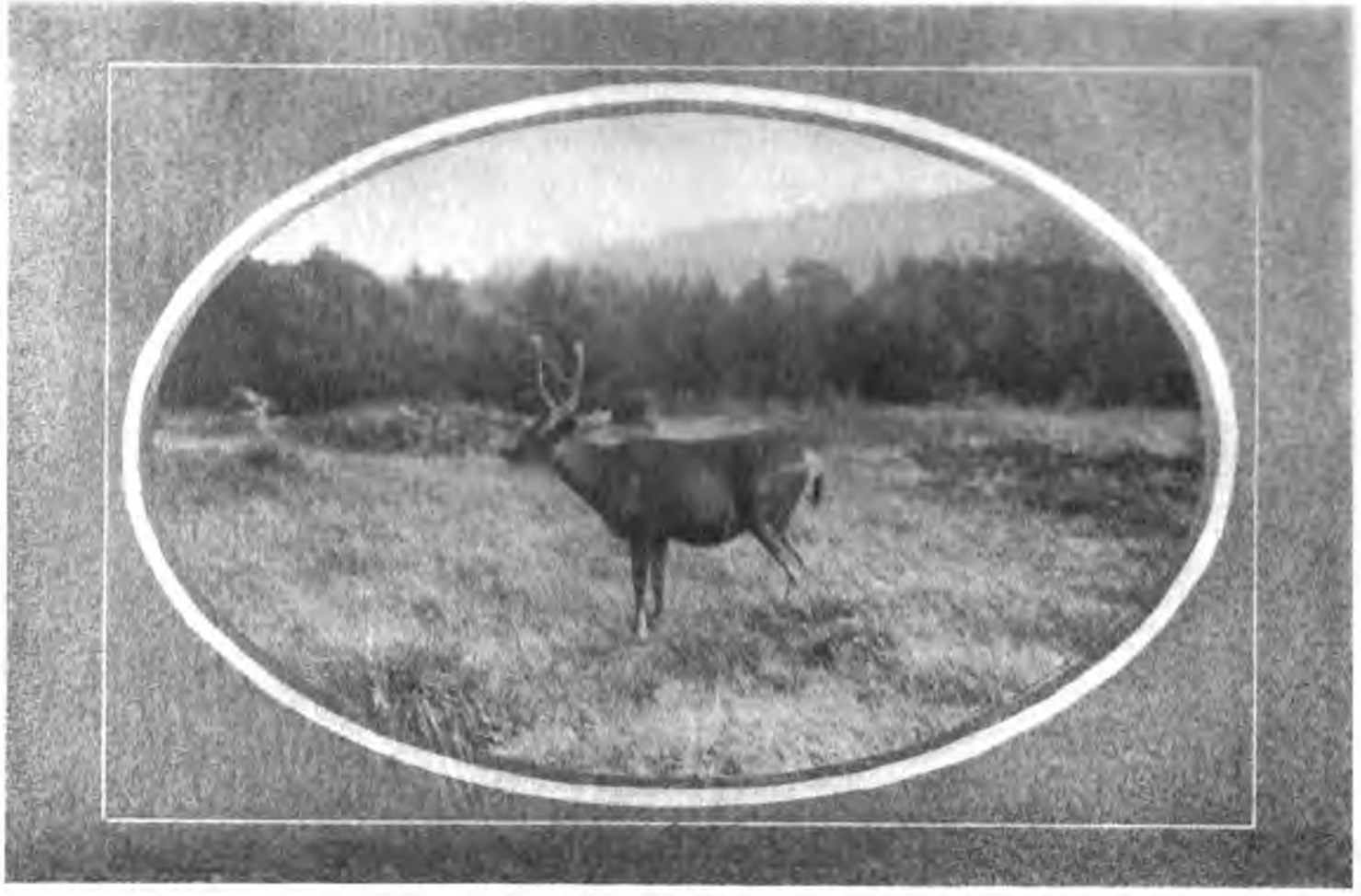
With every opportunity for fishing and shooting.

Why not make DEL MONTE your headquarters?

No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions —sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, hunting and all out-of-door sports.

GEO. P. SNELL
Manager, Del Monte, California

THE AUGUST VELVET.



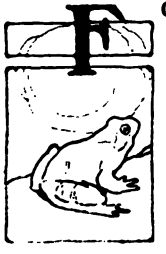
THE AUGUST VELVET.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 7. AUGUST, 1905. NO. 1.

ABOUT BLACK BASS.

By W. R. McFARLAND.



FOR several years past great interest has been manifested by the angling fraternity in black bass fishing, and now that the season when they may be taken has been changed, so as to include the heretofore closed month of June, the interest in that splendid game fish is very much on the increase. Like several other varieties of the best fish in our California waters, the black bass are not indigenous to this coast, but have been transplanted here from Eastern waters. Both the small mouth and the large mouth (sometimes called "Oswego" and "straw bass") having been introduced into the lakes and streams of California.

From the best information the writer can obtain, the first introduction of this fish into the State was made by the Spring Valley Water Company, perhaps about thirty or thirty-five years ago, when that company planted a number of the small mouth variety in their reservoir, Crystal Springs Lake, and afterward stocked their other reservoirs with them. From this original stock most of the small mouths in the waters of this State have descended.

Among the first, if not the very first transplantings from the Crystal Springs stock was that made to Russian River, and that river has for many years furnished stock for other waters of the State; the small fry—from about one to two inches in length—being taken from the river in the summer, under the direction of the State Fish Commission, and planted in other streams and lakes of the State, even to a few of the lakes of the high Sierras, the writer, himself, having planted them in Lake Tahoe and in the Lake of the Woods, just above Lake Webber. Here they have thriven well and grown to goodly size, very large ones being often seen, and sometimes caught in both of those lakes; but the same difficulty in catching them exists there as is found in all waters that are bountifully supplied with proper feed.

The first planting of the large mouth bass was probably done in Cuyamaca Lake, a water works reservoir in San Diego County, about twelve or fifteen years ago; and from that lake the Fish Commissioners transplanted a great many of them to other portions of the State—notably to the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, into several lakes near Cisco, etc. Then, a few years ago, the California Fish Commission and the Spring Valley Water Company jointly paid the expense of bringing a second shipment of large mouths from Eastern waters, one-half of the fry going to the water company, and the Fish Commission distributing the other half throughout the State, so that now they are to be found all over the State and in the greatest abundance, both varieties being often found in the same water, each thriving and doing well wherever they have plenty of feed; but in some instances they have been placed in private lakes and reservoirs, in which there were no minnows, frogs, etc. for them to feed upon, with the result that the old fish eat up the young ones as fast as they grow large enough to be eaten by their parents, for the black bass, although regarded as the least cannibalistic of all game fishes, will devour their own species when deprived of sufficient food of other kinds. The writer has frequently seen bass fry of an inch long, while being transported in cans, trying to

swallow their brothers, often being taken from the can with others of equal size stuck in their throats—both dead.

Although, as before stated, the black bass are very generously distributed all over the State, they are probably more abundant in the waters of the lower Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the flood waters of those two rivers having distributed them into every slough, lake and pond that is reached by the overflow of the rivers. They are especially plentiful in Sacramento and Yolo counties, and the finest of black bass fishing can now be had in one day's trip from Sacramento, Stockton, Clarksburg, or Rio Vista. Many very large fish are taken with rod and line in those localities, and many still larger ones are taken illegally with nets. Two gentlemen recently caught in a day's fishing near Clarksburg, using fly and spoon exclusively, sixty bass, not one of them, as I was assured by one of the gentlemen, weighed less than two pounds and many weighed six pounds.

Most of the lakes in Lake County are full of bass, and furnish fine fishing. And the lakes in the vicinity of Cisco are as bass-fishing waters seldom equalled, the fish being taken there almost exclusively with fly or spoon. Ballards Lake, one and one-half miles from Olivet, on the Guerneville branch of the California North Western Railroad, has for several years furnished fine sport for lovers of this species, and this season quite a furore was created early in June by some "big catches" there, resulting in a rush of anglers from this city and Santa Rosa to the lake, where they took from ten to fifty to the boat, some of them I am told going as high as four pounds—but Alas! and alas! many of them so small, that one gentleman to whom was given three of the fish ate them all at one meal. Another gentleman informed me that he had five of them which weighed *in toto* only about one pound. Ye old time black bass angler would scorn to kill a fish of less than one pound in weight and would feel well satisfied with a dozen such fish.

The Spring Valley Water Company, in granting permits for fishing in their reservoirs, has for years made a limit of one dozen fish to the man, and no true angler ever was heard to find fault with it. This Ballard's Lake (a very small one) must be a wonderful bass producer, if it will long stand a draft of several hundred bass on each Sunday. The fishing there is almost exclusively done with a fly and spoon. There is a good hotel at the lake with boats for the use of guests, and anglers from this city can take the afternoon train to Olivet, thence by the hotel bus (free) to the Lake, one and one-half miles, get some fishing that afternoon and all of next day's fishing, returning that evening.

The Russian River bass fishing is reached by the North Shore Raidroad, anglers leaving the rail at Monte Rio and Mesa Grande, or by the California North Western to Korbetts, Guerneville, Camp Vacation, etc. The fishing waters are between Korbel's and the mouth of Austin Creek. I am told that this season there are more bass found much further up the river than were ever known before. So that all in all there are many points along the lines of the two roads named that furnish good sport. But mind you, the bass is a wary chap and the man who gets several three-pounders in a week's fishing in Russian River may count himself lucky. I mean three-pounders *which weigh* three pounds, not "estimated" weights.

Much has been said and written about the maximum weight of black bass, the best authorities agreeing that about six pounds is the limit for the small mouth variety, although there are a very few duly authenticated cases of fish that weighed as much as eight pounds; but I am convinced that very few small mouth bass are ever seen that ever reach the lowest "maximum" above given. Of the large mouth variety it is claimed that nine pounds is about the limit, but Dr. Henshall, the eminent authority on both species, says that some are taken from Florida waters weighing twelve and even fourteen pounds. The writer has been informed, and has every reason to believe, than one of eleven pounds and several of nine pounds were taken from a certain private lake in this State last year. And one of nine pounds is reported to have been exhibited in the American Fish Company's market at Sacramento recently.

The original of the picture published herewith was taken by the writer with a net from Crystal Springs Lake in 1899, and

OUTGUNNED.

Painted for "Western Field" by Nellie Burrell Scott.

A 6½-LB. BIG MOUTH TAKEN BY AUTHOR AT CRYSTAL SPRINGS LAKE, CAL.

was intended for exhibition at a fair given in the fall of that year at the Mechanics' Pavilion; unfortunately the fish died during the first night of its confinement. This fish weighed six and one-half pounds, and measured nineteen and one-half inches in length, and sixteen and one-half inches in girth. This was the largest black bass ever seen by the writer, although he has caught many of them and in several different states.

Black bass fishing to the angler who casts a bait into the water and waits for a bite, is a miserable failure; but to one familiar with the gaminess, uncertainty and cranky peculiarities of the fellow, it is a source of never ending delight, not in trying to see how *many* he can catch, as in the case of the "fish hog," but in catching the big old wary "moss-back," in circumventing his fine generalship in his efforts to run around a stump, or under a log, or your boat, or in his mad leaps into the air in his effort—alas! too often successful—to shake the hook from his jaw, and also in fooling him into taking your lure when he is well fed, lazy, and indisposed to manifest the least interest in a small frog swimming frantically above him; or in a lively minnow dropped deftly near his lair, or in a gaudy monstrosity of a fly, totally unlike any living thing that crawls on the earth, flies in the air, or swims in the water.

Volumes might be written about the kind of bait, flies and spoons that are used to catch black bass, as well as about the time and kind of day, the state of the moon, etc, etc. All these things the angler for black bass must learn by practical experience; for the killing bait in one stream or lake may prove a failure in another. So as to the time of day. The early morning and late evening is generally regarded as the best hours, yet often one will find that Mr. Bass will not touch a thing until say ten A. M. exactly, and will knock off work promptly at twelve M. when no amount of coaxing, nor any kind of fancy lure will tempt him any more that day. But promptly at ten A. M. next day he will be found at the old stand, ready for a couple of hours' business with the frogs or minnows, or what ever else had tempted him on the first day; and so perhaps for several days, when to the angler's disgust Mr. Bass will suddenly change his diet and his hours, and two or three days may be spent before the desires of this erratic gent can be ascertained. In the palmy old days of fishing in Crystal Springs a live frog was the most killing bait, and then came in order of merit fat angle worms and spoons, poor results being had with the fly. In Lake San Andreas many and very large bass were to be seen, but for some reason it seemed almost impossible to get them

to take any kind of lure or bait; it certainly was the most exasperating body of water containing bass that was ever seen.

Russian River now contains both species of bass, and the best results are had there with a live minnow, either casting or still fishing, the former being productive of the most and largest fish. In casting, the minnow should be hooked through the upper lip which enables him to work his gills without interference, and this insures his remaining alive longer; in still fishing use a float on the line, and hook your minnow through the skin near the dorsal fin. Fair results are also often had in that river with a fly, but a frog seems to be entirely tabooed by the bass.

In Ballard's Lake this season a fly is reported to be the best killer, but last season, I am informed by a skillful angler who fished there a great deal, a No. 2 copper and silver spinner was the proper thing. In those splendid lakes about Cisco a spoon is ahead of all else, and generally it is thought that a spoon and a frog get the large fellows. In the southern states where the large mouths are found, the surest killer of all is what is called a "Deer-tail bob" made by wrapping the skin of a deer's tail around a large treble hook, so as to show the brown hair on one side and the white on the other; these are made very large, sometimes four inches long. But the writer has never been able to get very satisfactory results with that device in this State.

Taken all in all, black bass fishing is regarded by most anglers as grand sport; the difficulty first of hooking him, and afterward of landing him, giving zest to the sport. Not that the fish manifests a great degree of strength, but his shrewd tactics and generalship are much in evidence and when an angler gets hold of a good sized small mouth that takes a notion to leap out of the water not many leaps are made until the hook will be shaken from his mouth. The large mouths seldom leap from the water but go instead for the bottom, so that, unless they get around a snag the angler is fairly sure of netting them.

The bass fishing in Russian River will continue to improve now until late in the fall and the natural beauties of that stream make it an ideal one for fishing. So I say to ye basse fisher "go-a-fishing" and may you have fisherman's luck and better.

"WHEN HE TAKES A NOTION TO LEAP OUT OF THE WATER."
Painted for "Western Field," by Nellie Burrell Scott.

"THE NIBBLE."

WHEN your rod begins to quiver
As you're standin' by the river,
An' you see the cork a-bobbin' up an' down,
There's a kind o' queer sensation
Like as though you owned the nation,
Or had jest been 'lected mayor of the town;
You've forgotten all your trouble
An' your heart begins to bubble
With a pleasure that is really half divine;
There's nothin' in creation
That'll beat your queer sensation
When you feel the fish a nibblin' on the line!

We can all recall our childhood
And the meadow and the wildwood,
And the old moss-covered bucket in the well,
But the piece of cotton twine
Which we used for fishin' line
Had a charm of which no poet e'er can tell—
How we dragged the "suckers" in
With a little old bent pin
And a crooked willow pole and cotton twine!
There was nothin' like the pleasure
Of just bettin' "on his measure,"
When we felt the fish a nibblin' on the line.

After 'while we all got older
But our pleasure ne'er grew colder,
Though now we go a fishing in a very different style;
And when Memory calls 'em back—
Willow pole and "gunny" sack—
We kind o' hide our feelin's with a smile;
But the same old queer sensation,
Like as though you owned the nation,
Keeps a creepin' up an' down a feller's spine
When the rod begins to quiver,
As you're standin' by the river,
And the fish begins to nibble on the line.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

SENTINELS OF THE DESERT.

By I. Newton de Groodt.

TO LOVERS of nature there is a never-ending source of delight in the study of the desert and its vegetation, and while we can not blame those who have never made its acquaintance for believing it monotonous and uninteresting, yet for the naturalist or the keen observer who studies its many beauties, there is a charm and a weird fascination which causes a reluctance on the part of the student to leave its magnetic influence.

To the Giant Cactus belongs the palm for all the natural vegetable productions of the desert. It belongs to the *Ceres* family and is sometimes called the "Torch Thistle" but is better and more generally known by its Mexican name *Suhuarra.*

No person should ever perish from thirst where these cactii grow, for one of them six or eight inches in diameter and four feet in height will furnish as much water as any man would care to drink at one time.

The operation for procuring the water is simple but it seems to be not very generally understood. First, the thorns must be burned off; this is very readily accomplished by applying a lighted match to them near the ground; as they are very combustible the flames run swiftly up the trunk and over the top, leaving it bare. Next, the top must be scooped out to the depth of several inches while the trunk is still hot, and into this cavity the water collects, evidently drawn to the surface by the heat; it comes slowly but none the less surely, and coming gradually as it does, it has the added virtue of keeping the thirsty one from drinking too freely.

The Giant Cactus seldom grows to the height of fifty feet but I have found one, at least, which has attained that height, as is shown in the illustration; they generally have from one to twenty prongs or arms, the number seldom exceeding twenty-five, but the one shown in another illustration has the astonishing number of sixty and, I believe, holds the record for the number of prongs yet found on any Giant Cactus, though its height does not exceed forty feet.

THE RECORD GIANT CACTUS.

This species of cactii grow at rather high altitudes as a rule, and on rocky formations; desert woodpeckers build their nests in them, and a bob-cat if too closely chased by dogs will take refuge in their tops with impunity, despite their many sharp thorns. The fruit of this plant is similar in size and shape to a small pear but is of a deep crimson color when ripe; it is gathered by the Indians, pressed and dried, and in this condition very much resembles a dried fig.

From the freshly gathered fruit the Apache Indians make a kind of beer which they call *otsk;* its stimulating effect is not unlike their *tiswin* since it causes a peculiar drunkenness, from which they apparently recover for a few minutes, only to relapse into their former, if not a worse condition,

THE CHOLLA CACTUS.

A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP.

without having taken any more of the liquor; this condition gradually wears off, its protraction being governed, of course, by the amount of liquor originally drunk.

The Echinocactus, another variety, is an oval-shaped plant whose average height is about two feet; it is covered with large hooked thorns which resemble a fish hook minus the barb; it is sometimes called the "Hedgehog Cactus" from its resemblance to that animal, and is also called *visnaga* by the Mexicans who use its thorns for toothpicks; it puts forth its beautiful golden yellow blooms at the apex, but its fruit is small and of no consequence. They thrive if carefully transplanted in the proper kind of soil and left alone, but must not be irrigated as they derive their moisture, like most other cactii, from the atmosphere and not from the earth.

The other illustration shows a collection of five different kinds of cactii; it is unique in that it was gathered and posed at no small amount of trouble, especially for this picture; aside from those cactii already mentioned it contains specimens of the *Ochotilla*, Prickley Pear and *cholla*. The *ochotilla* is a long, slender stock, slightly ribbed and thickly covered with thorns which, however, are not sharp; it has a small and very pretty red flower and its leaves are dark green. A peculiarity of this cactus is that it sheds its leaves during a dry spell in the summer season, but always puts forth new ones immediately after a rain. Its stalks are used extensively by inhabitants of the desert for corrals and sheds. The corrals are made by planting the stalks upright in a trench dug in the ground, the tops being fastened together with wire. If planted thus when the ground is moist, the stalks readily take root and grow, and a fence made like this, besides being impregnable is almost everlasting.

The prickly pear is too well known to need much description; its botanical name is *opuntia* and it is called by some the "Indian Fig;" its flowers are gorgeous and of various hues; the fruit somewhat resembles that of the *Suhuarra* in outward appearance but is covered with small bunches of very fine spines or needles which makes it very difficult to handle; it is used by the Indians as

food but it is not so highly prized by them as the fruit of the giant cactus.

The *Cholla* is also a well known species and is to be found in any country where the ordinary cactii grows; it thrives better in the lower than in the higher altitudes, growing sometimes to the height of twelve feet with a diameter of from five to eight inches. For many years it has been used extensively in the manufacture of rustic furniture and walking sticks, but at the present time, it is being used successfully by a firm in Florence, Arizona, in the manufacture of picture frames, and their finished products are certainly artistic pieces of work. The forks of the *cholla* are favorite nesting places of the desert sparrow, and the woodrats use its smaller branches to fortify their homes against marauding snakes.

HEDGE HOG OR VISNAGA

LUCK, THE PARADOX

YES, luck is a woman, no longer we doubt;
A paradox too,—and the secret is out!
She's fickle and faithful, she's good and she's bad,
And moves by contraries, by fancy and fad.

For, sure as we woo her and sue for her smile,
So surely she flouts us and scorns every wile.
We slight worthy Labor for Luck's fairer face,
She flings us the mitten with feminine grace.

Then if we ignore her, her beauty decry,
Coquettish, she seeks us with amorous sigh.
Our pathway with favors she strews with a smile.
And men call her good whom she seeks to beguile.

Then who would win Luck add this truth to your lore:
Make Labor your friend and Luck waits to adore.
But fawn on her ever she tires,—as she should—
Luck only is bad when she ever is good.

—*Maud E. Smyth Hymers.*

ALTHOUGH I have always bragged about the climate of "British East Africa" and always will, I must admit the mornings in the Molo Hills are sometimes cool enough to impress upon a person's mind that a warm bed is certainly better about four o'clock in the morning than getting up to chase and corral a gang of porters to take on a hunt.

I had been in Africa but a short time, and was burning with the desire to go after big game. Our engineers had been in camp for seven months and had enjoyed great shooting on the Molo plains, which could be seen stretching away from the bottom of the hills on whose side our camp was pitched. Outside of the engineer's shack was a stump, and to this stump I would wander every evening—but not to see the stump, for I saw lots of better looking stumps in America—the attraction was *on* the stump, an ugly rhinoceros horn with a few shreds of crusty skin attached. The hypnotic ecstacy with which I would handle that old horn was certainly ridiculous; I knew it but still the horn seemed to have a new attraction every evening. About three weeks of this nonsense convinced me that I could not live happily until I had punctured the hide of a beast carrying such a horn; accordingly we made plans, the engineer and I, to go down on the plains and bag a rhinoceros.

My companion being the most experienced, I left most of the planning to him. He said we would take about forty porters and start early, say four o'clock, in order to get down on the plains at day-break the next morning. Of course I was all excitement and told my house-boy I was going to shoot *kafaro* (rhino) in the morning. Said boy imparted the information to the porters. Now, this gang of porters had been brought up from the coast to work on the railroad construction and not to hunt, so the prospect of a thirty or thirty-five mile walk, with perhaps a load of meat part of the way, was not very enticing to those easy-going fellows.

I was until half past three trying to go to sleep, owing to my excitement; I was asleep just long enough to realize what a fine thing sleep was when I was aroused by my companion's running around the shack and scraping a stick on the corrugated walls. I can imagine no more nerve-racking sounds than that, but although my spirit was willing my body refused to get up until my friend kicked in the door and "yanked" the covers off the bed. After complimenting me on my magnificent showing as an early riser in no very mild tones, he told me to dress and get the porters while he packed a lunch and looked after our arsenal. Our porters' camp was about forty rods away and thither I directed my steps.

The first hut invaded was that of our interpreter, for at that time I knew only a few words of the native language. Mr. Inter-

preter seemed highly elated (?) at being called out at that unseemly hour. He reluctantly left his couch of three gunny sacks and two children to accompany me on the roundup. The first hut we entered had one man in it, the next had none, the next had one and after making the rounds of twenty huts the total results in men collected was eight; these I had sent as fast as found to the interpreter's hut to await my return. I knew there should be over a hundred porters in camp and was surprised that they could not be found, but another surprise awaited me upon returning to the place where I had told the men to wait for me. Not one could be seen!

This set my "thinker" to working and it dawned upon me that the black rascals were hardly as enthusiastic about hunting rhinos as I was; we must have porters, however, so after expressing myself very forcibly to the unresponsive huts I sat down to think the porters could not be far off and I was well satisfied that most of the huts had been occupied up to a few moments before my appearance on the scene. It also struck me

THE ROUNDUP.

that my companion was hatching up a good laugh at my expense, knowing I would have trouble collecting porters, and that turned out to be true. After a few moments I arose, and telling the interpreter we would call off the hunt, started back to camp scuffling my feet and making considerable noise on the way; after rounding a bend I stopped and waited five or ten minutes, then started back to the porter's camp, walking with great care. Everything appeared the same as before and I had half a notion a bad joke was being made worse. Walking quietly into a hut I struck a match, and there were four husky "bucks" lying peacefully as you please. They grinned foolishly as it dawned upon them that they were caught, but they were game and without a word arose and followed me out. Making them walk before me I again sought the interpreter; he also grinned upon seeing me again. Taking him with me, we silently made the rounds the second time, keeping the men with us as we found them. This time we secured about fifty before the balance took flight. Before we had entered half a dozen huts the men already captured took an interest in the affair and walked silently along, chuckling at the discomforture of their companions when yanked out of bed. If they had not got so loud about it I would have captured every man in camp. This time, when we found a man I held the interpreter's lantern up and took a look at his face, knowing they would not run if they thought I would remember them. Upon returning to the shack

THE INTERPRETER.

AUTHOR AND GUNBEARERS.

I found my companion smiling to himself. "Well, did you get them?" I told him he could bet I did; he said no more and I volunteered no information.

It was still dark, and we had a heart-breaking job walking through the dark jungle and timber about three miles before reaching the plains; we had brought one lantern but it only served to make the darkness visible. After two miles had been passed it began to get daylight and walking was much easier, but still none too good.

The sun was just appearing when we reached the plain, and several times in the ragged brush near the border we could see where the dew had been knocked from the grass by some early rising "bush-buck." Finding a flat rock we sat down to eat a cold breakfast while waiting to see which way the wind was going to blow. On this plain the wind seems to blow one way in the morning and the opposite way in the afternoon, so if a person hunts against it, going either right or left, they still hunt against it coming back later in the day. As we were going for rhino we would hunt together and not divide forces as would have been the case if antelope was the objective.

This morning the wind was from the left and in that direction we started. As we descended the last half mile of hill I had caught occasional glimpses of the plain in that direction, it was liberally dotted with coarse brush six or eight feet high, with now and then a mimosa grove covering an acre or so. This is the sort of place the rhino family are very partial to, as they like browsing on the brush and mix a few sticks with the grass to make it worth chewing.

It is wonderful how plentiful antelope will be when nobody wants them, and how plentiful rhinos are under the same circumstance. This morning we wandered around, butting into almost every sort of animal but that which we wanted, but killing none as we did not wish to disturb any chance rhino. We saw any number of tracks and paths made by these ungainly animals, but after wandering around some time and not seeing their ugly bodies, we decided to strike for more open ground and had changed our course when my friend stopped with a low exclamation; there, not more than a hundred yards away, was a bull rhino feeding on a bush. We sized him up, and to tell the truth he did not look nearly so formidable as one I had once seen in a cage. We concluded to stalk him as close as possible, and looking around motioned to the nearest porters to stay back and hold the rest. We started a sneak which I afterward learned was not necessary owing to the rhino's defective vision.

Finally reaching a bush about sixty yards from the beast, after hard work—for the animal was moving along eating as he went—we decided to open fire. My friend was to be first gun and I was to come into action if the beast charged. Right here is where I did what was no doubt the most senseless thing of my life, and which might have cost dearly. Being somewhat of a camera fiend I had brought along my little folding kodak; as my friend kneeled down to steady the heavy express out came my camera; I figured that if the first shot did not kill, the rhino would charge and then what a lovely chance I should have for a picture! Bang! went the old express, followed by a thud as the ounce ball hit the beast; dust flew from all over the old fellow as he went to his knees; "now he is coming," I thought, and looked into the finder of my picture machine. Bang! again from the express, followed by a shrill squeal and a sound of running. I looked up and saw the rhino making the dust fly in his efforts to

get out of such a dangerous vicinity. I could follow his course for half a mile or so by the tip of his tail which stuck straight up in the air above the bushes.

After losing sight of the game I turned to my friend; he was looking at me with horror written all over his face. The different names he used to describe his feelings for me and my blessed (!) camera during the next five minutes are hardly fit to repeat outside of an African jungle. I let him swear unchecked, for it was born in upon my mind that I had not done just the regular thing by laying down my gun and forgetting it—I admit I really did forget it and upon picking it up found the safety was still on—but what a fine picture I should have got had the rhino charged; that is if he had not stepped on me before I could snap. Seriously, however, I did not realize my danger and had not the respect for rhinos at that time which I have now. Since that day I have often thanked kind providence for looking after me.

After my friend got tired telling me things we made a new start and soon left the brush and directed our steps toward a large grove of mimosa. Here, as is generally the case when the sun began to get warm, were collected bands of zebra and several varieties of antelope resting in the shade of the flat topped and fragrant blossomed trees. As we approached the animals moved leisurely away from our path. The zebras were angry at our intrusion and snorted or stamped at us to show their displeasure.

It was now noon, and seeking a suitable spot we sat down to eat a lunch of baked beans, canned peaches and *chippatties;* these latter are an African invention which I described in a former article. I had not eaten any but eyed them with much suspicion and disfavor, but before leaving Africa I became very proficient in making and eating this dainty; yet even now I strongly advise those not having a good set of teeth to omit these flour and water slugs from their bill of fare.

"A BAND OF WARTHOGS CAME ALONG"

This day I accused my companion of bringing them along so he could eat them all and have the largest half of the lunch; he denied it, but seemed to take great pleasure in eating my share while I looked on. While we were eating, all but a few of the porters came strolling in and sat down, and being very quiet a band of Wart-hogs came trotting along without noticing us until very close by, when catching our scent they literally fell over one another trying to get out of sight; it was very noticeable that several little fellows set the pace for their elders, which I thought were going a lively clip.

Much to the relief of the waiting herds which were standing around outside the grove, we soon left, giving them a chance to enjoy the shade again. We now struck out for more open plain, hoping to find a rhino in some of the swales which scored the surface of the ground in many places. Separating now in order to cover more ground, we started to swing in a large circle, still keeping the wind, which was now changing, before us. We were now about sixteen or eighteen miles from camp and figured on again reaching the path in the jungle about an hour after sundown if nothing prevented. I was walking along, thinking or nothing much else but what a long way it was back to camp, when one of my friend's porters came running up and beckoned me to follow him. We soon reached the rest of the party, and I was informed that there was a rhino just over a little rise a short distance away. My friend cautioned me to give the offending kodak to a porter, but I had snapped all the films in the grove so he was satisfied.

Telling the porters to stay behind until we called, we started after the beast; crawling carefully up and looking through a bunch of dried grass I caught my second glimpse, that day, of a rhino. He was standing broadside on, about eighty yards away, and seemed suspicious, for every few seconds he would give a snort and twist his little rat tail in a vicious

"A BAD ACTOR."

manner. If you have ever seen a rhinoceros, you may have noticed that its eyes are set in the side of the head in such a way that the owner cannot see straight ahead, but must turn sideways to any object he desires to view. This fellow after letting one eye look for a moment turned quickly and took a squint in our direction with the other one.

My friend whispered that this fellow was no doubt a "bad actor" and would cause some trouble. The .577 express being a heavier gun than mine, my friend took the first shot; as the ball struck the beast turned to charge but another shot from each of us brought him down. The victory was ours and to say I was tickled is certainly putting it mildly; jumping to my feet I yelled to the porters and started toward the fallen animal. When we were about twenty yards from the carcass the porters came running up and one, swifter than the others, seemed bent on cutting the animal's throat before he gave his last kick. He stopped suddenly, however—so did all of us, for the rhino showed unmistakable signs of life by leaping to his feet and charging. No magician could change a scene quicker, for in a fraction of a second not a porter was in sight, they having fairly took wings over the raise from where we had shot.

The porters were right then, however, the least of our troubles; for we barely had time to stop the charge with a couple more shots. Falling to his knees, the rhino tried several times to regain his feet in an effort to get at us; his rage was appalling as he thrashed about, squealing angry defiance at us while his little pig-eyes fairly snapped. One or two more shots finished him, and upon looking around I noticed black heads popping up over the hillock to see if it was safe to advance again.

The porters now proceeded to cut the skin in chunks large enough for a man to carry. I sat down to watch this operation and gloat over the destruction I had helped cause, while my friend went after a band of antelope to get one for our camp. In an hour he

returned minus the desired antelope, for true to their instinct they all disappeared soon as we wanted one, and not a chance did we get to shoot one on that long tramp back to the forest, where we arrived about seven o'clock. We now had nothing to carry, as we brought two porters along to carry the guns; the others had remained behind to bring in the meat and skin. After a short rest we began the ascent to camp; if coming down had been hard, going up was many times worse. An African jungle path is no relation to an avenue and is often no more than a foot wide, and never straight, but curves in and out, over logs or under bushes.

I have often read of silent forests but I assure the reader this was not one of them, for on all sides there arose the din of different noises, principal among them being the shrill and incessant trill of the "Hyrax" or African tree rabbit. I finally staggered into camp pretty near played out; the engineer, however, was more accustomed to long tramps and arrived in better condition. A hearty supper made me feel better, and I talked rhinoceros to my shack mates until they all went to bed and left me.

The next day, when my camera experience got noised around, the boys thought I was a brave hunter and I never told them differently. This was my first hunt after big game, and I can never think of it without wondering how those porters got out of sight so quickly when the rhino got up. For several days our porters feasted on rhino meat "a-la-roasted-on-a-stick."

This hunt taught me several things regarding an outfit; for instance, never again did I go on a long tramp with heavy shoes, but secured a pair of Hindu slippers weighing no more than three ounces each. I also found it a help if a pair of putties—woolen bandages wrapped around the leg from the ankle to the knee—were worn, as they brace the calf of the leg. If the reader will stop and think what a thirty-five mile walk means, it can readily be seen that anything which will make the last two or three miles easier will be appreciated. Certainly if our legs won't stand the strain we should not go so far, but who ever saw a hunter that did not see better and more promising country ahead but what would go and investigate if he felt fresh; it is only when starting back that the distance looks long.

KINDRED.

THE vapors rising from the hill—
The perfume in the air,
The essences the wood-gods spill
Through sun and shadow there.

The glint of morn across the plain,
The evening's majesty,
Deep o'er my soul the charm hath lain
Of all their witchery.

The mountain glowing in its might,
The valley's smile below,
The silver waters singing flight,
The sunlit fields aglow.

I read their message in the woods,
I hear it in the breeze,
Their voice speaks in the solitudes—
For kindred all, are these.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

CASA GRANDE.

DWELLINGS OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA.

By J. Garnett Holmes.

OUTHERN ARIZONA, while politically a part of a new Territory of the United States, bears the indelible impress of other peoples and nations. There are evidences on every hand that long before the discovery and conquest of this region by the white men it was inhabited by a superior race. Remnants of old canals of immense proportions, resurveys of which show them to have been built on the most scientific principles, are found throughout the valleys of this region. But it is in the ruins of the countless isolated houses and cities of these valleys that the superiority of this prehistoric race is best reflected. Perhaps in no other way is the progress and higher civilization of a people so represented as in the relative pride and care expended in making a dwelling place. Although this prehistoric race had only the simple and rude instruments and tools of the stone age, they built houses and cities that rival those of the present day.

When in 1539 this region was first visited by a white man, Padre Marcos De Nizan, from the City of Mexico, he found these ruins of magnificent dwellings, but the country peopled by Indians who knew no more of the race that builded them than did the padre himself. They had not even a tradition of the people, nor did they copy this race in any of their building, but lived simply in the rudest of houses, built of sticks, brush and earth. Of the countless dwellings of this mythical people, only one stands to-day, although the foundations and immense piles of debris of others indicate that this may be taken as a fair sample of hundreds of others. Situated in the valley of the Gila, about midway between the present towns of Tucson and Phœnix, the padres discovered this building and at once named it Casa Grande—"Grand House." It stands alone upon the desert plain and is now, even in its partial decay and dismantled condition, an imposing structure of three stories. From the amount of debris that once buried its base it is thought to have been at least of six stories. It is made of the soil of the desert built up in almost imperceptible layers and moothly plastered on both interior and exterior. The walls, four to five feet thick at the base, are very hard and durable, showing that some sort of cement must have been mied with the soil to give it hardness and drability. The plaster is quite highly polished, as though it had been rubbed with a smooth stone or hard wood trowel. It haswindows and doors about the size of some of our own

old-fashioned dwellings. As a frame work about the doors and windows there are logs that evidently have been hewn square with stone axes or other rude implements. There is nothing about the building, its position or its structure, which would indicate that it was built for defense. The interior is divided into rooms of various sizes, and everything about it indicates that it was simply a magnificent country residence. In clearing away the debris from the lower stories a few years ago, when the government authorized work to preserve the remains of the building, the workmen found among other relics a small tempered copper call-bell of the fashion used in the summoning of servants. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture this house as the home of a proud family, who lived at peace with their neighbors and thought much of the beauties of the home and brought to bear their highest thoughts and greatest care in its construction.

There is no evidence, pro or con, that these people expended efforts in beautifying the grounds about their houses; but since they were an agricultural people, cultivating a much larger area than has subsequently been reclaimed, and built their houses with such care, it is fair to assume that the grounds about these houses formed a fit setting.

In striking contrast to the houses of this unchronicled race, were those of the people found in possession of this region by the early Spanish explorers. These people were savages and lived in rude savage huts, which in their every detail are the home of the Indians to-day and are in no sense an evolution from the prehistoric ones, nor is there evidence of gradual decadence from that high state of civilization. It is as if the builders of the great houses and cities had been suddenly cut off in the prime of their civilization, and many years later man in his cycle of development began anew, in ignorance and savagery on the field of his former labors, but all untouched by the significance of the former progress. The methods of construction and its different steps for these prehistoric dwellings can only be conjectured, but the houses of the savage may be observed in all stages of construction. The Indian villages are along the streams and rivers, and the houses are built wholly from the material found along these streams and on the adjacent desert. Although the tribal relation exists, each family has its own home consisting of a group of three houses, one of which is a store-house and the other two respectively summer and winter dwellings.

The summer house is built with the purpose of affording protection from the rays of the sun, as the summer climate is intensely hot. This house is merely a large square or rectangular sunshade. Its construction begins by setting four or more large forked posts in the ground—the number being dependent upon the size of the house desired. Heavy cross poles are placed in these forks and a great number of small straight poles laced to them, forming a network upon which is placed a covering of arrow weed, tules or other straight growing material, to make a dense, impenetrable shade. If great permanency is desired, earth is placed upon the top of all, in which condition it also affords an effective shelter from rain. These brush sheds or *ramadas* as they are called by the Mexicans are built in open places, and while they furnish com-

MEXICAN SUMMER HOUSE.

CASA GRANDE

DWELLINGS OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA.

By J. GARNETT HOLMES.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA, while politically a part of a new Territory of the United States, bears the indelible impress of other peoples and nations. There are evidences on every hand that long before the discovery and conquest of this region by the white men it was inhabited by a superior race. Remnants of old canals of immense proportions, resurveys of which show them to have been built on the most scientific principles, are found throughout the valleys of this region. But it is in the ruins of the countless isolated houses and cities of these valleys that the superiority of this prehistoric race is best reflected. Perhaps in no other way is the progress and higher civilization of a people so represented as in the relative pride and care expended in making a dwelling place. Although this prehistoric race had only the simple and rude instruments and tools of the stone age, they built houses and cities that rival those of the present day.

When in 1539 this region was first visited by a white man, Padre Marcos De Nizan, from the City of Mexico, he found these ruins of magnificent dwellings, but the country peopled by Indians who knew no more of the race that builded them than did the padre himself. They had not even a tradition of the people; nor did they copy this race in any of their building, but lived simply in the rudest of houses, built of sticks, brush and earth. Of the countless dwellings of this mythical people, only one stands to-day, although the foundations and immense piles of debris of others indicate that this may be taken as a fair sample of hundreds of others. Situated in the valley of the Gila, about midway between the present towns of Tucson and Phœnix, the padres discovered this building and at once named it Casa Grande, "Grand House." It stands alone upon the desert plain and is now, even in its partial decay and dismantled condition, a noble structure of three stories. From the mass of debris that once buried its base, and is thought to have been at least of six stories. It is made of the soil of the desert, laid in almost imperceptible layers and smoothly plastered on both interior and exterior walls, four to five feet thick at the base, very hard and durable, showing that some sort of cement must have been mixed with the soil to give it hardness and durability. The plaster is quite highly polished, as though it had been rubbed with a smooth stone or hard wood trowel. It has small windows and doors about the size of some of

...gs As a fra... ...
and windows there ...
...ave been hewn sq... ...
...her rude implement... ...
...t the building, its ...
..., which would ind... ...
defense. The interi... ...
of various sizes, a... ...
...dicates that it was ...
...ntry residence. It ...
from the lower sto... ...
...the government ...
...the remains of ...
found among ...

...upon
...these
...of the
...e Mexi-
...ith the

...use has
...e of this
...mer and
...ood, stone
...aply con-
...and. Since
...padres it
...n the one
... have been
...ho are now
...ion. Many
...omes of peo-
The houses
good modern
often on the
...odern conven-
...e old missions
...on these build-
...up a "modern
that combines
...ssions the com-
...h summer and
... Mexicans have
...ith the Indians,
...poorer classes of
...arked decadence
...ses that accom-
...y now live in
very much re-
houses of the
...ese houses have
...ight poles, the
with mud. A
mud and have

INDIAN WINTER HOUSE. SUMMER HOUSE AND RAMADA IN REAR.

plete protection from the sun, allow free passage of any breeze there may be, and on a hot day are the most comfortable dwellings in Arizona. They furnish no protection from the dust storms that occur with frequency, but at such times the family repair to the winter house. In the shade of these houses all the summer household labor of the squaw is performed. Here she grinds her wheat and corn, weaves baskets and cooks for the family. A crude ladder, with cross pieces fastened by thongs of rawhide or horse-hair rope, leads to the roof, where in summer all the family sleep on mats woven from wheat straw or rushes.

The winter house is a round dome-shaped structure, generally referred to by the whites as "the round house." It is built for warmth and shelter and is the chief dwelling of the family. It consists of but one circular room, from sixteen to twenty-five feet in diameter, and this one room often houses a family of twenty people. There is but one aperture, an entrance coming to the ground in the eastern side. The ceiling, if the network of poles and brush can be called such, is about six feet high and a tall man can hardly stand erect in the highest portion. The ceiling quickly drops to form the sides, the interior being like an inverted bowl. A fire is built in the center for warmth and cooking purposes. The only opening for ventilation or escape of the smoke is the low door in the east. The foulness of the atmosphere is indescribable. Smoke blackens the interior and everything is covered with soot. The only way to breathe with any degree of comfort is to lie upon the dirt floor, as in this position the smoke may be partially avoided. At night the family sleep upon mats spread around the fire, a very little of which keeps the room comfortably warm, so that the occupants wear little or no clothing and have but a single blanket for covering.

It is to the building of this house that the chief care is given. Four heavy forked posts are set in the ground in the form of a square and heavy cross pieces placed in the forks. Then a great number of pliable green willow poles are set in the ground twelve to eighteen inches apart in a circle about these posts, enclosing a space of the size of the house desired. These are placed at an angle, leaning over the frame work of posts. The tops are then bent down and tied with rawhide or willow switches to other poles on the opposite side. Then beginning at the ground, horizontal poles are placed around and bound to these upright poles at about the same distance apart. When this framework is completed, the house looks very much like a huge inverted basket with large meshes. The framework is thatched with reeds or "arrow brush" which is tightly bound in place, a covering of earth is now placed over the whole to the depth of a foot and the house is ready for ocupancy. There is no attempt to make it attractive—no trees, flowers or shrubs are planted about it or the other houses. It is merely a pile of brush sticks

and earth, and serves the Indian as a dwelling in the same manner as the coyote's den serves this denizen of the desert, a covering for warmth and protection.

The store house is built in the same way as the summer house, but in this the sides are enclosed with straight arrow weed brush, a thick growing and very straight shrub that is found in profusion along the streams. This upright brush along the sides is bound in place with horizontal willow poles at intervals of one foot. The greater number are left thus with the brush exposed, but a few are plastered with mud, and have somewhat the appearance of an adobe house.

Shortly after this region was first explored by the Spanish padres, missions were established and churches built at several points. The church buildings were of old world architecture, builded from sun dried adobe bricks, plastered outside and inside with a plaster made from mixing sand with the soil of the desert; the roofs were laid of hand-made tiles and the interior often elegantly decorated. They were used only as houses of worship and are here mentioned in passing because of the influence they have had upon the architecture of later date dwellings. The houses built by these missionaries and their converts who settled about the missions, were of adobe, but of very simple architecture, with walls of plain or plastered adobe, dirt floors and tile or dirt roofs. They had from two to a dozen rooms, all of one-story structure, the larger houses being built in the form of a hollow square with an interior court or *patio* having a well in its center. A part of this house was used for animals and the whole was in fact a fort, often with portholes in the outer walls and no other windows except those opening upon the court. Only a few of the earliest of these houses, built under the guidance of the padres, had tile roofs, for amongst the Mexicans the making of tiles ceased with the waning influence of the missionaries.

The introduction of the adobe house has been the greatest boon to the people of this region. They are cooler in summer and warmer in winter than houses of wood, stone or brick, and are easily and cheaply constructed from material always at hand. Since its introduction by the Spanish padres it has had many modifications. On the one hand, its most desirable features have been adopted by the white settlers who are now the principal people of the region. Many houses made of adobe are the homes of people of the greatest refinement. The houses have roofs of tile or shingles, good modern floors, are plastered inside and often on the outside, and have all the modern conveniences. The architecture of the old missions has had a decided influence on these buildings and there has grown up a "modern mission style" of dwellings that combines with the beauty of the old missions the comfort which is given in both summer and winter by thick walls. The Mexicans have married and intermarried with the Indians, and in the houses of the poorer classes of this people there is a marked decadence from the early adobe houses that accompanied the missions. Many now live in plastered stick houses that very much resemble the plastered store houses of the Indians. Usually though, these houses have a solid framework of upright poles, the cracks of which are daubed with mud. A few even dispense with the mud and have

MISSION SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

only the walls of poles. Thus the adobe house has evoluted on the one hand into a modern dwelling that has both beauty and comfort, and has degraded on the other hand into a mere hovel, little better than that of the savages.

With the advent of the Americans have come all kinds of houses of wood, stone and brick; of all styles of architecture; some modern and some old-fashioned; but from an artistic standpoint, from the standpoint of comfort, economy and general keeping with surroundings, none have equalled the adobe as modified to meet present day demands of convenience and comfort.

NIGHT.

THE work of the day is done,
The moon is a golden crest,
The mead is attune to the gladsome rune
The tree-toad loves the best.

A voice from a woodland glade
Sings wild to the lady, Night;
And the tinkling stream is a fairy's dream,
All bathed in a mystic light.

From out of the rustling sea
Of grain comes a plaintive cry—
The cricket would ask for a simpler task
Than guarding the fields of rye.

The breeze is a dryad's kiss,
And the leaves laugh overhead,
And an owl calls drear from the forest near,
When the crescent moon has fled.

The wealth of the day is won,
And the dew-gems spark and glow
Till the grassy way is a crystal play,
Where the star-rays come and go.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

MY FIRST BLACKTAIL.

By J. A. BUCHANAN.

WE were out of fresh meat at the ranch, and K— and I were detailed to supply the need. Deer were plentiful on every side, but as there had been much hunting done they were wilder and harder to get than those farther back in the mountains. As the necessity was urgent, we decided to spend a day hunting on the ridge of mountains back of the ranch, four miles from home. K— was only sixteen years old, but he had killed many deer, cougars and bears, and was a good woodsman; but I had never killed a deer nor anything else larger than a jack rabbit, and was just wanting this opportunity to distinguish myself.

Packing the pony, "Pinto," with blankets, food and other necessary articles, at about five o'clock in the afternoon we struck up the mountain trail back of the ranche, leading through the Salt Marsh. The trail was overgrown with brush and in many places almost impossible for Pinto to get through. It was an uphill march all the way, especially the last half mile before reaching the top of the ridge, where it was nearly "perpendicular, straight up and down," as my friend Jones used to say. We passed by "The Sentinel," a large yellow capped rock rising like a column, fifty feet to the summit and a landmark in that part of the mountains. We finally reached the top and began to prepare our camp, as it was our intention to camp on the mountain over night and at the first break of day be on the feeding ranges, as early morning is the best time for hunting. At that time the deer are feeding on the ridges and are not so watchful as later in the day. When the day advances they retire to their haunts in the thickets and underbrush of the cañons, where it is more difficult to get them. We had taken Pinto along to carry our game home. We found a sheltered nook, secured water from a nearby

THE SENTINEL.

spring, and soon had all preparations made. Pinto was staked out. We spread our blankets on the hard ground and slept as best we could, but not being used to such a couch I slept but little. K—, however, slept soundly, if the loud snores that rent the mountain air were any evidence of sleep.

Before the break of day we were up, ate a cold lunch, for we feared that starting a fire would alarm the game, or give them notice of our presence. We put a bell on Pinto and turned him loose to graze on the luxuriant grass while we took our hunt, K— assuring me that the pony would be all right, as he was never known to run away from camp. At the first break of day we were ready and making our way slowly up the ridge, for we were on the feeding ranges and were liable to run upon game at any time. Fresh signs were plentiful and our hopes were high. Soon we reached the top of a little acclivity and gazed over a beautiful scene, comprising a sort of basin covered with clumps of small bushes and an occasional large fir. It requires a practical eye to discover deer under such circumstances, unless they are in the

"IT WAS AN UPHILL MARCH."

open and in plain view. Several may be quietly feeding within gunshot, but the unpracticed hunter will go blundering along, frightening them from the range and wondering why he can see no deer when signs are so plentiful. But K— was an experienced hunter and he soon discovered two bucks feeding about two hundred yards from us. He pointed out where they stood but it was some time before I could distinguish them, so perfectly did their color blend with the foliage. But there they were in plain view and all unconscious of danger. K— selected one and told me to take the other. We rested our rifles on our knees, took careful aim and simultaneously two sharp reports broke the stillness of the mountains. One of them jumped into the air, evidently hit, and then struck off to the right, disappearing behind some bushes and escaped. The other stood a moment, as if bewildered, not knowing from whence the danger came, and then came bounding like a ball through the bushes directly toward us. When about fifty yards from us I took as careful aim as I could under the circumstances and fired. It was a center shot, and I found that my first deer was a fat four-point buck, weighing probably one hundred pounds.

After resting a while we went on up the ridge, but finally separated, K— making a circle to the right, intending to try to find the deer he had wounded, while I turned to the left. We had arranged to meet where we had left our deer. I jumped several but failed to get a shot. On crossing the head of a cañon I found myself in a patch of thick underbrush through which it was difficult to make any way. Suddenly an angry *whoof!* greeted my ears, and a big black bear rose on his haunches directly in front of me, his eyes glaring and his teeth plainly showing. I was taken wholly by surprise, and besides, I was not hunting for bear that day, so dropping my gun, I sprang nimbly upon the projecting limb of a large tree that stood near by as if for my especial benefit. Bruin was probably as much surprised as I was and, like myself considering discretion the better part of valor, turned and went lumbering down the cañon at a rapid rate. On seeing my enemy fleeing, I collected my scattered wits, and suddenly becoming brave, seized my gun and sent several shots after him but probably without effect. I got out of the cañon as quickly as possible for fear of encountering other game that I was not looking for and continued my hunt along the ridge, returning to our rendezvous without further adventure. I found K— waiting for me, and as it was getting near noon we carried our buck between us and made our way toward camp. When cutting across the head of another small cañon we jumped a spike buck out of a thicket where he had retired for the day. He bounded away down the cañon and up on the other side and then stopped to take a look at us. He was fully four hundred yards away but K— determined to take a shot at him. I have always insisted that it was accidental, but the fact remains that he made a center shot and the buck gave a bound down the hill, falling dead.

By the time we had carried our deer to the camp it was two o'clock, and we began to look for the pony, ready to make our way homeward. But Pinto was nowhere to be found. We searched everywhere but could not even hear his bell. At last, after going down the trail a long distance, we could faintly hear the tinkling of his bell a mile below us,

making his way toward the ranch. He had evidently waited until he thought we were lost, strayed or stolen, and decided to return home and report. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. We called a council of war. It was evident that we could not overtake him and would not have time to go down to the ranch and get our pony and come back for our game that day. And besides we had solemnly promised the others at the ranch that we would not return without fresh meat. We finally concluded to leave the saddle and blankets, carry our deer to the ranche and send for the things the next day. Skinning the legs from the knees down we took out the bone, leaving the dew-claws on, and tied together the right fore foot and the left hind foot and the left fore foot and the right hind foot of each deer, with the skin, hunter fashion. I took the large deer and K— the spike, and putting our arms through the legs as we had them tied, we slung them on our backs and struck off down the mountain side for home.

Maybe you think it is an easy matter to carry on your back, for a distance of four miles, a buck weighing one hundred pounds. If you think so, try it yourself. It was a hot day in August and the afternoon sun beat down upon us unmercifully, for it was impossible to keep in the shade all the way. And even when we were making our way through the tangled thickets or beneath the shady trees, the heat was oppressive. The perspiration ran from our bodies in streams. We could not go more than two hundred or three hundred yards without resting. Breathing awhile we would again "hit the trail", and in this manner covered nearly all of the distance, reaching the back fence of the ranche as the sun was getting low in the west. There at the bars stood Pinto, a look of innocent surprise in his eyes as we approached, as if to say, "Where did you fellows come from? I thought you were lost." I never felt more like taking a quirt to a spotted cayuse than I did then; but I re-

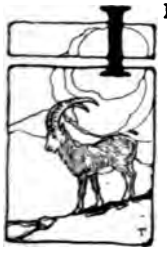
K— AND HIS DEER.

frained for Pinto was not to blame. It was his first offense and, so far as I now know, his last. We gladly resigned our burdens and placing our deer upon the pony, one on each side, we were soon at the ranche, with our promise fulfilled. For we had plenty of fresh venison, enough to last for several days for ourselves and a supply for our neighbors as well. I was glad to rest for I was nearly tired out and only my will power kept me plodding along for the last mile with my burden. I did not recover from the effects for several days.

There was rejoicing at the ranch at the splendid success of the boy hunter and the novice. I saved the antlers from my deer, a beautiful pair, and now they adorn the walls of my office, often reminding me of that toilsome journey of four miles down the mountain side with a one-hundred-pound buck on my back, which seemed to get heavier at every step. And though I have had many and more successful hunting trips since then, never have I felt greater pleasure nor derived greater satisfaction from a hunt than I experienced on killing my first deer.

A WILDERNESS TRAGEDY.

By CHARLES P. MAGINNIS.



IN the spring of '93 myself and a companion were spending our vacation among the wooded lakes and trout streams along the northern shore of Lake Superior, fishing, exploring and looking about generally, trusting to luck to discover an iron ledge or some other valuable mineral. Early as it was in the season, being then only the month of May, there were already several forest fires—precursors of the autumn fires of that year which devastated immense tracts in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. These fires, started usually by accident by campers who had become careless from long immunity, or designedly by parties engaged in prospecting the country for iron and other minerals, who found it much easier to discover ledges where the brush and moss had been destroyed by fire, caused intestimable damage in timbered districts.

Have you ever witnessed a genuine forest fire at the height of its fury? If so, how readily you will recall the awe and fear inspired by the roaring and crackling of the flames as with hot breath they dry the foliage and brush far in advance of their coming. How they leap from the ground and speed to the very tops of the white birches and the balsams, whose foliage is consumed like tinder and fills the air with its resinous odor. How helpless and insignificant is man when nature asserts herself is strongly impressed upon us by the grandeur and horror of the sight. Never have I known a man who did not feel the need of companionship at such a time.

In the timber to the north of us, one of these fires had been burning for some days and we had been watching it rather closely, camping always on the banks of some lake where we could escape if by chance the wind changed so as to drive the flames in our direction. Being close to the fire for several days we camped on the banks of rather a large lake where, in case the wind suddenly veered, we could quickly put the lake between us and danger. One afternoon, a little point of land, which jutted into the lake at some little distance from our camp perhaps a half a mile or more, was burned over and lay smoking and desolate.

The next morning my companion started out in the canoe with line and spoon, intending to have fresh pike for breakfast. He chanced to paddle near the point so recently burned over, when to his surprise he saw a cow moose lying near a little grassy swale that had escaped the fire. As the cow was in plain sight and made no effort to run, my companion grew curious and, landing, walked toward her. When he approached within a short distance of her she made an effort to rise but fell over on her side. He then returned to camp and later I accom-

"THE ORPHANS WERE ON OUR HANDS."

panied him to where the poor animal lay. We found her dead, her feet burned almost to a cinder, and near by, hidden in the grass, we discovered her twin calves apparently two or three days old. We concluded that the cow had hidden her calves there before the fire of the preceding day, and that when she scented danger to her offspring, she came to them through the burning logs, timber and brush—her maternal instinct defying all dangers. Whatever the cause she was dead, and the orphans were on our hands. To leave them meant certain death by starvation or by wolves and bears, both being quite active in catching and killing young moose and deer. We were at least thirty miles from the nearest camp. I can see my friend now as, standing over the orphans, he said, "I would go ten miles to find some milk for them."

Finally we decided we had had outing enough; so loading our dunnage in the canoe, and making the twins as comfortable as possible, we journeyed toward a mining camp which we reached during the next night after paddling many miles and making many weary portages. One of the twins lived only a week or so, the other lived and grew, the pet of the camp, until he was so big and boisterous that he could no longer be trusted. At last he was bought by a party who took him East where, so far as I know, he is still thriving in some zoo, the pride and bully of the place.

A PRESCRIPTION.

SPASM I.

IF you've got a hoodo-microbe
An' you really want to kill it,
Here's a rattlin' good prescription
An' it don't cost much to fill it;
When your liver's numb an' lazy
An' your stomach's out of whack,
When your eyes are getting hazy
An' your voice begins to crack,
Go to Nature's sanatorium
And stay a month or so,
For there's health an' joy galorium
Where the pine trees grow.

CHORUS: (*The Prescription.*)

℞ Mix some summer sunshine
With some mountain air and dew,
Take a dose of out-door scenery—
If it doesn't work, take two;
Put a little woodland climbing
In some Oil of pure Delight,
Exercise and plenty of it
Taken morning, noon and night;
Get some Extract of Ambition
And a little Sportive Strife,
(For a tonic nothing's better
Than a month of mountain life;)
Fill your lungs with air and ozone,
Let the perspiration run,
Mix it, shake, and take it daily
With a fishing rod or gun.

SPASM II.

I have tried the salts and senna,
Sassafras, an' all such dope,
From their patent panaceas
To their pills of bread and soap;
But the best and surest physic
Is the sunlight of the hills,
It will wake your liver quicker
Than a ton of blue-mass pills;
If you're feelin' like the devil
An' your hopes are ebbin' low,
Then it's time to take a revel
Where the pine trees grow!

CHORUS.

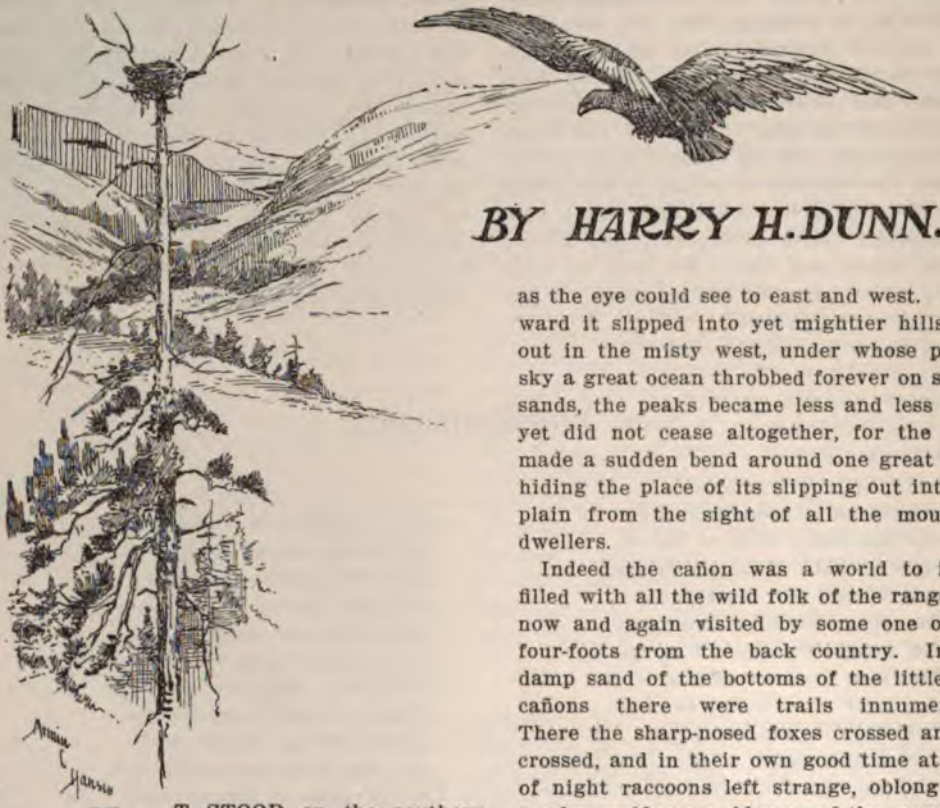
℞ *Semper idem.* Only double the dose.

SPASM III.

If you've tried this old prescription
For a half-a-year, or more,
An' your liver's still a-dreamin'
In its Rip Van Winkle snore—
If you're still a feeling meaner
Than the villain in the play—
Just as though the world in general
Was a standin' in your way—
If the huntin', climbin', fishin',
Fail to cut the needed figure,
Get a gun that "isn't loaded,"
Turn it on, an' pull the trigger!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

THE WARDER of the PINE



BY HARRY H. DUNN.

IT STOOD on the southern flank of Grayback, the hoary old pine, wind and rain and lightning worn until its crown was as white as the diadem of bare granite rocks that capped the tip of the mountain itself. Below, it was yet green and strong, and around its base the brakes made a bed of filmy emerald, so that the tree itself, burdened as it was with many a great limb covered with delicate needles, seemed but another fern of larger growth rising from the lowly roots of its congenors.

From the pine, set well up above the rest of the forest growth, a strip of cañon, mile wide and rimmed with green, stretched far as the eye could see to east and west. Eastward it slipped into yet mightier hills, but out in the misty west, under whose purple sky a great ocean throbbed forever on snowy sands, the peaks became less and less high, yet did not cease altogether, for the river made a sudden bend around one great bluff, hiding the place of its slipping out into the plain from the sight of all the mountain dwellers.

Indeed the cañon was a world to itself, filled with all the wild folk of the range and now and again visited by some one of the four-foots from the back country. In the damp sand of the bottoms of the little side cañons there were trails innumerable. There the sharp-nosed foxes crossed and recrossed, and in their own good time at dead of night raccoons left strange, oblong footmarks, as if some old man of the mountain, dwarfed by his aeons of life in their fastnesses, had walked heavily on the quivering floor. Now and again some one larger than these would pass, and then the little trails would cease for a night or two, until the enemy whose autograph they had read had passed to some other hunting ground.

Indeed, these details were not visible from the pine, but much that went on in air and bush and along the river side could be plainly seen. It was an excellent place for the hunted to flee to when the harriers of the air were hard on their unmarked trails, and it was equally good as a place from which these same hunters might descend upon the weaker ones that made up their prey. And yet it was never used save by one royal pair, nor was the reason far to seek. In the very

tiptop, where the bare trunk divided in three prongs, lay a mass of sticks and dead vines and leaves, the accumulation of years. Rounded beneath like a bowl it was, hollowed out into a shallow basin at the top, closely woven in spite of its ungainly size, so that no breath of air could draw through it even on the stormiest days, so firmly intertwined among the branches that no warring wind or rain or sleet might shake it from its bed, it had dominated the sky line of the cañon of the Mesquite for so long that the wrinkled *mahalas* of the flats below could not for their lives tell you when first its black bulk had been upreared against the sun.

The Moon of Windflowers brooded above the land, mourning the passing of her children with sighing winds, grieving with a rain-laden heart that her days were so few and the work of her planting in the garden of the outdoors so incomplete. For, despite the rains and the suns and the soft southern winds, only the ferns and a scant covering of grasses as yet overlaid the slopes where usually was heavy carpet of greenery and blossom. It seemed as if the world was not yet fully awake; even the little teal, that year by year reared their broods of downy ducklings along the quieter reaches of the river, yet floated in rafts upon its rippling surface, not deeming the spring far enough gone for their mating. The trout and perch played at sunset in the pools, breaking the water into rainbows of silver, but this was their custom day in and day out, year after year. Everything was as it had been all winter, save that perhaps there was a trifle more water in the river than had ever been before, but this was all, and the four-foots did not notice this when they made calculation of their spring home-building.

And then, drifting down from the upper reaches of the gorge, where most of their hunting for the past six months had been done, came in the late afternoon of a cloudless day, two eagles. High up in the far distances of the sky they traveled, flying slowly, the larger a trifle behind her mate and he setting the pace fast or slow as he chose. Scarce visible to the moving things in the green land below, they passed unobserved over a solitary teal, riding the water easily a half-mile or more above the pine. Almost an equal distance below, a band of ducks of his kind, possibly many of them come from the same nestful of cream-colored eggs of the spring before, fed noisily at one side of the river. Of these the wind brought the lonely swimmer notice, and without more ado, lifting himself easily by a short run along the water, he set out to join them.

Him the eagles saw, and without so much as a whisper of her wings the female rose, up, up, ever up, until even to her mate, sharp-eyed that he was, she was all but hidden in the clouds. Then he, turning half on his side so that he might the more closely skim the river, dropped down until only the thinnest layer of air separated him from the singing water. Well he knew it would be useless for him or for his mate to attempt to fall on the duck, following as it was the windings of the river; all too easily the protecting water would have received its own, and of all the hunters of the air the great white-head least likes to be despoiled of his game. So then, flying faster far than the duck he hunted, the eagle rose with a short, shrill scream directly beneath his quarry. One frightened glance downward, and with wildly beating wings the web-foot strove to rise beyond the grasp of the hunter's talons. But it was not the purpose of the pursuer to seize his game; indeed he could not have done so had he tried, for the teal once roused could easily out-distance the best efforts of the eagle. Yet he followed and the duck, his speed increasing with every wing beat, rose as well, drawing away into what seemed to him perfect safety. For the space of an instant there was a silence unbroken save by the rushing wind of the fliers; then there came a whisper down the air, the whisper grew until it became a mighty *whoosh*, there was the sound of some heavy body striking and tearing and battering some lesser one. With a scream of pleasure the two black-coated birds rose with long wing-beats to the crest of the whitened pine, the female bearing in her talons the headless body of the duck.

But this was not their custom; later, when to the great nest had come the ever-hungry family, they would need to draw on the ducks and quail and rabbits close at home; but now, while their time was their own, they would hunt further away as they had

been doing and so conserve their food supply for the time of greatest need. Bit by bit, silent yet watchful that one had no more than the other, they tore and ate the luckless teal. Then because the shadows were growing long even about the mouth of the cañon, they settled down to rest for the night. Close together they slept, the strong muscles of their feet and legs holding their heavy bodies firm on the limb even when every sense was relaxed in sleep. Around the tree all night long as usual, the rats and mice and brush rabbits played, unwarned of the death that lurked above, safe from it for the time being because the shades of night hid them with as much care as it had the black eagles.

Like most large birds of prey these great hunters are late about their day's business, and half the round rim of the sun had risen above the mountain ere they stretched their wings in flight. With their going their presence became known to the crows, and in a moment all the rest of the wild world knew that the king of the pine and his mate had come once more to rear their young in the peaceful valley. And as they went, one other, neither bird nor four-foot, hidden in the thick brush beside the rabbit colony, noted the lordly birds and into his heart came the desire of possession. He would have the talons of the mighty feet for his necklace, the feathers from wings and tail for his hair and for the shafts of his arrows, and last and best of all he would lay the tanned skin at the feet of Netona, the maiden of all the tribe he loved best. Then, too, he would become a mighty man among his people—he would be a killer of eagles and be admitted into the councils of wisdom. This after all was what he sought, and he laid his plans accordingly. So, too, the eagles planned, for on this morning they had not gone hunting, but flew steadily up the cañon to a grove of willows which seemed almost to meet in wavering arcades above the stream. Here they turned abruptly about, and flying rapidly toward home, each broke from the tender tips of the willows great talonsful of the new growth. Then it was a straightaway course for home, without notice of the creatures that played along

"THE EAGLE ROSE DIRECTLY BENEATH HIS QUARRY."

the river side or on its moving surface. Arrived at the nest, the female with her great body and strong feet hollowed the basket of sticks still more, so that there could be no danger of the eggs rolling out however hard the wind swayed the tree top. Into this went rude lining of the greenery they had brought from the upper river, until a soft cradle was made for the young kings that were soon to come to it. So great an amount of the willow tips had they carried that they had no need of a second trip, and the female settled herself down in the bed of her nest, working it still more to fit the shape of her body, making places for her feet in the sides of the great cup so that when her time came to sit for long hours she might be as comfortable as possible.

But with this beginning of his mate's time of imprisonment, to the lesser whitehead came a double portion of work—he must provide food for both. Only for a few moments did he rest on a branch beside her, and then, spreading his wings in an outward and downward swoop, he sailed away above the willow flats, above the sycamores, seeking once more his old hunting grounds where he had spent the greater part of the winter. Arrived there, he circled twice, high in air, his golden eyes searching every shadow for foes he knew not of. Then, slowly, and still watchful as his life had made him be, he let himself down to the tip of a fire-blackened stub. Any of the hawks would have chosen a perch at least partially concealed, but not he. On his speed he could depend; no thing of the wild might escape that swinging drop he would give to his great body. Wabasso, the rabbit, swiftest of all the wild people to elude danger that threatened, had time and again given up his life to the silent grip of the unsuspected talons, and for those that escaped by chance to-day there was always a to-morrow, when the lesson they had so hardly learned would be forgotten.

But this afternoon it seemed as if the world were asleep; no band of ducks came up or down the gorge, no rabbit or squirrel moved beneath him, yet he knew they all were there, hidden in the tule beds of the river or beneath the undergrowth of the sidehills. And so, patient as the great lion of the hills, he waited until the day was far gone. Then, creeping slowly about in the glades, feeding carefully along their shadow-strewn edges, out came the dwellers in the burrows and under the tree roots. Among them, spite of all their watchfulness, fell the black shadow and from the very midst of their bands the sharp talons lifted, struggling, the blue-gray four-foot—lifted and bore him away to the nest in the crest of the weather-battered pine.

Below the pine, hidden well in the tangle of the underbrush, that one other saw the king coming home, saw his great size, the gleam of his polished talons—aye, felt the breath of his wings as he passed, flying low because of the weight he carried, and, though he desired much as ever the trophies that the eagle bore, he then and there made up his mind that the nestful of young birds, when they should have come to the nest above, would satisfy him fully as well. Beyond all this, he knew he could sell the young birds in the villages to the north and west of his hunting ground, but he doubted very much if any one would buy the fierce-tempered old hunter. So that night, crafty as the creatures he hunted, he followed the circle of his snares as in a dream, planning the taking of the eaglets when the time should be ripe. In one of the runways, where a hanging rabbit had been taken from the noose, he saw not the wide pads of the roving lion set wide apart and a good four feet from the trail, but cursed the size and strength of the hill rabbits that could break his snares—and then made another from the slender withes of a near-by willow, setting it in identically the same place on the trail.

Indeed, the eaglets were his one ambition. It seemed as if he had at once outgrown the bow and arrow and the snare with which he had for so long hunted; now he felt within his hands one of the shining guns he knew he could get with the price of the eagles' lives. Involuntarily his back straightened and he took on the look of one suddenly come into great riches. No more would he attempt the taking of the larger white head, but with all the patience of his race would he bide his time till the coming of the nestlings.

And so the days wore on; the Moon of Windflowers waxed and waned and the dripping rains of the Moon of Budding Branches

"FLYING LOW BECAUSE OF THE WEIGHT HE CARRIED."

raised even higher the tips of willow and sycamore. All things took on new life, and in the burrows along the sloping hillsides the families grew and grew until they overflowed their homes, filling the glades with the soft sounds of young creatures. In the pine she that was mate to the great eagle still brooded her three eggs. Large and blue-white, blotched with brown they were, stained on their under sides with the browns and greens of the leaves that lined the nest. As the days passed they became heavier, and with greater difficulty each day the mother turned them that they might the better receive the full and equal warmth of her body.

And, at last, well on toward the end of the rain-beaten moon, the reward of all her days of waiting came to her in the breaking of the first shell—the coming into the world of one of the lives around which so much of her care and the care of her mate centered. Far beforehand as she knew of this event, the one who waited below knew it almost as well as she—knew it from the extra food supply the hunter brought to pile on the rim of the nest, knew by the close sitting of the mother, and then by the first wailing cry of the bird fresh hatched. Now more than ever his care redoubled lest they should, by any chance, grow away from him and seek to test their young wings ere he could lay hold on them.

One dark night, when from the heavens the rain had driven the moon's thin light, he came to the base of the tree, slowly and with much care lest some suddenly broken twig should betray him to the sleeping birds above. For a space on one side of the trunk he cut away the tangle of ferns and bushes with the long keen blade of the knife fresh bought at the little pueblo store for this very purpose. To the first stub of a branch hid in the gloom above his head was not less

than three times the greatest height to which, standing on his tiptoes, he might reach. All this he knew, for many the time, lying hid in the tall grasses across the stream, he had measured with his eye the gaunt trunk reared against the greenery of the hill. Now in the rough bark of the tree he cut three niches, one the height of his knee from the ground, one as high as he could comfortably reach, and the other midway between, each of sufficient depth and width to receive one of his feet securely and, if need arose, to afford a more or less solid hold for the other. Then, standing in the first and lowest of these steps, he cut one an arm's length above the highest. From there, by slow degrees and much hard work of arms and fingers, he raised himself to such a height that he could, with stretching to his utmost length, just touch the burned but solid stub that marked where the first limb had one time been. To him this was sufficient for one night's work, and, having cut another step at the right place to receive his raised foot, he let himself down, quietly as one of the gray cats of the hills, and slipped away through the night to his couch of skins.

And now there was nothing for him to do but wait, wait and watch, biding his time till the day when he might seize his prize. Seemingly, even to him, one of a race whose foreword has even been patience, the days went by on leaden feet. And yet, as the Moon of Windflowers had come and gone, so now, out on the wings of the warm west wind, went the rainy month and into a glory of hills and valleys came the Moon of Blossoms. All day long the sun shone, all day long in the trees the birds built their cradle-homes, and from the dark warm places beneath the logs and in crevices of the ledges in the higher hills a myriad forms of lesser life came forth. On it the older eagles preyed and, with the strength of the race of kings coming into their veins, the nestlings grew until, on another dark night when the moon was gone and only the stars lit up the sky, the time seemed ripe to the man-animal for their taking. The night he chose for his capture, because he knew that by day he would have little chance with the powerful parent birds even though he should attain the nest.

Carefully, silently, borne seemingly on the wings of the black night, he crept up the cañon until he stood beneath the low pine a few feet from the nest tree. Dim in the star shine he could make out the dark bulk of the nest crowning the scarred trunk, and still less plainly he saw, perched on the limb of another pine not far away, the shadowy outline of the mate of her that sat the nest. Then cautiously, lifting and letting down each foot so as to make the least noise, striving in every way not to wake the sleepers, he made his way to the jungle of fern leaf and lowly blossom which hid the rough-barked tree. Parting the leaves and branches from the path he made his way, till, standing with one hand in the first of the niches he had carved in the trunk, he slipped the heavy moccasins of deerskin from his feet. The rest of his body was clothed in a rude jacket and trousers of tanned hides, not so much to protect him from the claws of the eagles as from the rough bark of the tree. Behind, and firmly fastened to his belt, hung a tough bag made from one piece of buck skin, in which the eaglets would be thrown when he had laid hands upon them.

* * * * * * *

From his winter-long nap beneath the mold and the roots of the pine, one of the many black-backed rattlers of the river bottom had come forth on the sun's promise of a glorious day. When the night came, all the world was so balmy, so warm, so full of the sweet sounds and smells of spring that the pine-root cave did not attract him as it would have done in colder weather. So he merely coiled himself up beneath an arching root of the tree where he could see well and smell as much as the limited range of his nose permitted. When the man came he was sunk in the stupor which passes for sleep with most of his kind, his head extended well out from his body and beyond the protection of the root. Of the man he had not the slightest knowledge until a dark foot set itself squarely on his head. Then, half awake, yet every instinct alive to the deadly power he possessed, his whole body quivering with hate of the enemy that had come on him so suddenly, he did the only thing he knew to aid himself—threw both fangs forward and up as far as he could beneath the heel that was crushing them. And

the weight of that heel drove the fangs deep, far deeper than he ere could have driven them, into the warm flesh. On the instant the vibrant tail sent forth its note of warning, the pin prick of the fangs went home to the heart of the hunter, and with a wild cry, forgetting alike eagles and the crushed snake, he fled—fled wildly, madly, to the healing toadweed of the flats below, there to lie until the wheeling vultures came for him.

LIFE'S WHIRLPOOL.

STRIVING, though losing,
Life not our chosing,
Little we know of its sinuous path.
What though we plan well,
What can poor man tell?
Atom of faith on a whirlpool of wrath.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

LONGING.

This Is My Dream—
Some day, before my time is done,
To wander in the paths my youth begun
Once more.
To feel the freedom of the country, and
Wander alone among the meadow band
Of minstrel katy-dids I knew of yore.

This Is My Wish—
To stand beneath a harvest moon,
With all the gold-bathed country world attune
And, there
Again to feel the kisses of a breeze
That, all bud-scented, murmurs o'er the leas
And lays the secrets of the country bare.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

BY NIGHT AND DAY.

By R. Clapham.

THE November moon shines down on the grasslands and homesteads of the country side, making the old oak trees and the buildings stand out in bold relief, in contrast to the shimmering light playing over the rustling grasses in the hedge rows. A stillness reigns around the barnyard of farmer Johnson, broken only by the movements of a horse as he stirs in the well littered stable. Into the moonlight, round the corner of the barn, creeps a dark shadow, long and low. Moving noiselessly over the ground, with stealthy tread it pursues its way in the same silent manner until the door of the fowl pen is reached. Here it moves quietly around, sniffing along the walls, and finally rests where the door is slightly ajar, left so by an oversight of the farmer's good wife, usually so careful of her cherished breed of White Leghorns and Buff Orpingtons, but who earlier in the evening had been called away by ever welcome visitors.

The shadow seems to fade through this fissure in the wall; there is a movement inside, a thump, a bang, and then a terrible commotion of the feathered inmates, hens cackling loudly and wings flapping in terror as the startled birds discover the intruder. One fine rooster, however, is oblivious to it all; a spring, a snap, and he is ruthlesssly torn down from his perch, and the shadow slides through the opening into the moonlight with a white blotch showing clear against its darker form. There is a loud chorus of dog voices from an adjoining shed, added to the wild fluttering among the fowls, and the shadow moves quickly across the yard and slips through the gate into the meadow beyond. A few seconds after, a window opens at the house and a white clad figure peers into the darkness, and farmer Johnson mutters to himself: "That old white tagged rascal again, drat him! I hope they roll him over in the morning." Down the hedgerow it goes, with the white patch still showing at its side; three fields are crossed then it stops, seems to listen, then settles down on the grass, and soon nothing but a small patch of scattered feathers and bones lies there in evidence as to where the best of

the White Leghorns had gone. Again the shadow moves gently along, creeping through hedges and slipping under gates, till just as the dawn begins to shed a feeble light across the sky, the tall leafless trees of Glengorse Covert stands out on the side of a hill and the shadow, now turned to a form of ruddy brown, and carrying a brush with a tremendous white tip, steals quietly through the fence and creeps along through the thick undergrowth. There is a patch of long dry grass and ferns overhung with briars at the foot of an old oak tree, where the morning sun casts its morning rays as it appears above the horizon. There the ruddy form coils itself round with a sigh of content, and the famous white-tagged fox of the Glengorse Country settles down snugly ensconsed from view in his favorite retreat.

The sun mounts higher and higher, and the drops of wet and dew glitter on the branches of the trees, and fern fronds lying thickly on the ground. White Tag moves uneasily, one black tipped ear is cocked up and turned to the wind and two shining eyes gleam as he slightly changes his position. There is a curious and well known odor in the air that his keen nostrils know only too well is a sure sign of danger. He sniffs the tainted air and half rises from his couch of ferns, again listening intently. Hark! what is that distant sound—surely the tread of a horse, more than one, and that pattering of feet over the crisp dry grass of the field outside the wood. The red rascal is all alert now; he crouches lower in his bed, every nerve on the alert, his legs well under him ready to spring for safety in an instant. The noise increases, a cheer of "Wind him there" rings out on the wintry morning air and a crashing of ferns and undergrowth testify that the famous Meadowfield Hounds are at work. Crack, crack, ring out the sharp reports of a whip and a mounted figure in scarlet gallops along the cover-side; it is Jim, the second whipper-in, going to take up his position at the extreme end of the wood. A hound speaks, then another and another, and soon a full chorus chimes out, the undergrowth shakes and the white and mottled bodies of the pack show through White Tag's screen of grass and ferns. His worst feared enemies are here again and closing in on him, too. Quietly he slips out from his retreat and creeps along under cover of the undergrowth, crossing an open " ride " where sits another of those scarlet-clad figures, silent and quiet as the grave. Over the open space he goes, still dodging among the grass and ferns, but yet that angry chorus is behind him and getting nearer every minute. White-Tag quickly makes up his mind, and turning back he crosses the " ride " again as the clamoring hounds go past on his first trail. He increases his pace and canters quickly to the hedge which bounds the end of the wood; pausing for a second he peers quickly out; the way is clear, there are none of the hated enemy in sight, so creeping through he boldly faces the open country ahead. As he reaches the first fence in the field beyond, a shrill screech rings out behind him, and as he glances back for one instant he sees one of his foes with finger in ear, screaming " Tally-O! gone away!" The *twang, twang, twang* of a horn blasts out an answer. There is a wild clamor of hounds as they crash through the covert fence and come streaming along in his wake, with a thundering of horses' hoofs as an accompaniment which makes the ground tremble. A voice cries " It's the old White-Tagged customer, Tom," as the huntsman tops the fence in the wake of his favorites. White-Tag has his mind made up and heads directly for a well known shelter some miles distant. His pace increases from a canter, as with a whisk of the famous white-tipped brush he gallops fast over the grass. The fields and hedges are crossed at racing pace for some ten miles and White-Tag's tongue is beginning to loll out. The clamor behind has died away to a faint murmur and the red rover slackens his speed for a short time, and turning into a lane he trots up it for some distance, then retraces his footsteps and slips through an opening in the hedge at the side, then on again over the field beyond.

The voices of his enemies again sound clear and distinct, and they are drawing nearer and nearer till with a crash of sound they dash into the road he had so lately vacated. Here for a few seconds all is silence as they puzzle out the rover's stratagem. A hound speaks, however, and to the cry of " Forward, away to Bluebell," the music swells out again and they are in full pur-

suit. White Tag has been steadily forging ahead during this lull, and now the country changes from plow and grass lands to large open pastures, with high strong blackthorn hedges between. Those hateful sounds are still pursuing, and to White Tag's disgust they still decrease their distance. He once more turns on the steam in an endeavor to shake them off, and boldly races straight ahead for the promised refuge.

The spotless white tip is now smeared and dirty, the once ruddy fur is dark and wet, and from his dripping jaws a long red tongue lolls out; but he is still undaunted. A distant crash and that never-ceasing vengful cry ever in the rear, determine for him that a change of tactics is necessary if he is ever to return to the old oak tree to lie and bask in the sunshine. He cannot reach that harbor of refuge yet, so far ahead, so turns toward the river which flows through the fields some quarter of a mile to his left, where another never failing ruse may save him yet. He reaches the water, slips down the bank and quietly enters the stream, letting himself be carried some distance downward by the current, then leaning toward the further bank; he reaches it and slips out where, above, the friendly shelter of an oak coppice promises a refuge.

Along one side of this small wood runs a rickety rail fence, and overhanging it in one place is an old oak tree, with a broad thick branch just above the topmost rail. White Tag follows the fence for some distance, then enters the wood, turns, and climbs onto the fence. Slowly along the top rail he foots his way till the oak branch bars further progress; onto this limb he scrambles and crawls up it till he reaches the main trunk, where two branches have been broken off, leaving a large jagged crevice into which he crawls, lying with head close pressed to the tree and sides throbbing from his recent exertions. His enemies still pursue, and the angry chorus sounds nearer and nearer, till the water splashes and foams as the flying pack spring in and scramble out, all dripping onto the grass. Other splashes and sounds follow, and scarlet coats are bobbing about in the water, with tired horses struggling to keep their feet. On go the hounds up the fence, and White Tag, from his refuge, shivers as they pass below his perch. Suddenly all is

"OLD WHITE-TAG."

silence—what has happened? The hounds scramble into the cover and spread about, looking for the truant. One scarlet clad figure says to another: "The old white-tagged varmint; he's done us again, sir. I wonder what his little dodge is?" More voices join in the conversation, and the hounds one by one come out of the little wood and roll or lie panting on the grass. There is a jingling of bits and stirrup irons and the steam rises from the sides of reeking horses.

Another voice says: "Weel, Tom, it was a pretty thirty minutes, but we'll get him another time; we'll go and draw the 'Hangers' now for another one, I think."

The cavalcade of men, horses and hounds moves away and slowly disappears below the hill. The dark, mud-begrimed body in the oak tree moves quietly, after some minutes have passed and all is silence, and two shining eyes view the landscape from their commanding position, but still White Tag keeps his place.

The shadows of evening are falling as a stiff and weary fox climbs slowly from the old oak branch, quietly drops to the fence and thence to the ground below. He moves toward the river and drinks long and thirstily, then on up the stream to a small foot bridge, over which he goes and turns his head again for the Glengorse Wood and the old familiar haunts.

Pete Schmid's Bear Fight.

A Reminiscence of the Days of '59.

By John B. Haas.

PETER SCHMID was one of my best friends in the early days—those days so real to us old-timers and so much like a myth to the present generation. Pete was a true friend and as big hearted a man as ever trod the soil of California—and that is saying a great deal. Pete had been one of the earliest settlers in Dry Gulch, east of Placerville in Eldorado County—that is if you can designate by that name a man who built a cabin near a spring in the dense forest, lived by himself without a neighbor for miles and trusted to a little mining but more to the expert use of his rifle, for a living. For Pete allowed that as long as there was gold in the ground he wouldn't hurry to take out only just what he needed for his very simple wants; and at that time there was still gold in the ground and there were still deer, jackrabbits, big fat gray tree squirrels and mountain quails in abundance to be found in the lower mountain ranges of the Sierra Nevada.

The Digger Indians, with their primitive arms, mostly bows and arows or at the utmost an old discarded musket or worn-out rifle, did very little harm to the game. Their main dependences for food were acorns, pine nuts, manzanita berries and grasshoppers. Nor did they despise the eggs or larvae of the yellow jackets when they could find a nest of these in the ground. In dry summer, when the water in the mountain streams got low, a gang of them would dam up the river at some convenient place and bail the water out of the potholes in the bedrock, thereby making a big catch of fine mountain trout on which they would have a big feast, "big eat" they call it. They cached their nuts and acorns generally in big homemade funnel-shaped baskets in the branches of large oak trees, and to the credit of the whites let it be said, that these stores of Indian food were seldom if ever disturbed.

So the game was little disturbed by the Indians and was plentiful until the sawmills were established by the whites higher up in the Sierra. Then miners flocked in more and more and the Sabbath-like quietness of the silent and glorious primeval forest was broken by the sound of the axe, the crack of the ox whip, the shouts and oaths of the log team drivers and, later on, by the shriek of the steam whistles of the sawmills.

There were bears, too, several species, who got their share of acorns and nuts and who feasted on manzanita and service berries, wild plums and hazel nuts. There was plenty both for them and their human fellow denizens of the forest; the Indians did not care to dispute with them the repast which nature set for all, regularly and without fail.

Pete never suffered for want of meat, and did not have to go far for it, either. He was on the best of terms with the Indians, never had a lock on his cabin and could leave it open when he went on his hunting or prospecting trips, sure to find everything safe on his return. I have known him to leave an ounce or two of gold dust in a bottle, standing amongst his tin plates and cups on his rough-made table for days, without its ever being disturbed. On my remonstrating with him about his carelessness he would say: "Oh, no one will touch it!" So long as there was but a scant population of miners and Indians about, everything was safe enough. But things changed. Pete had struck hill diggings, that is he had followed a channel in Dry Gulch until he ran it into the hill at

its head. To follow it by tunneling into the mountain, to burrow underground, shut out all day from the bright California sunshine and the green forest was not to his liking. Besides, there were too many whites coming in. It happened that a couple of Frenchmen strayed up into that nook and were well received by him.

Saint Julien, one of these two, a well educated man, examined Pete's mine and the upshot of it was that it was sold to him. Two days after a company of nine Frenchmen arrived with a pack train of burros loaded to the guards, and every Frenchman was packing a double barrelled shotgun, as well. Pete was dumbfounded. "Great Cat!" he exclaimed. "If that gang goes to shooting up the woods with their double-barrelled muskets, there won't be a tail of anything left. The game will take to the high Sierras."

Pete might have rested easy. As time showed, the French were there for what there was in the mine and never disturbed the woods only on Sundays. But Pete was disgusted. In fact, if he could have recalled the trade he would have done it. But there was no help for it and he concluded to move.

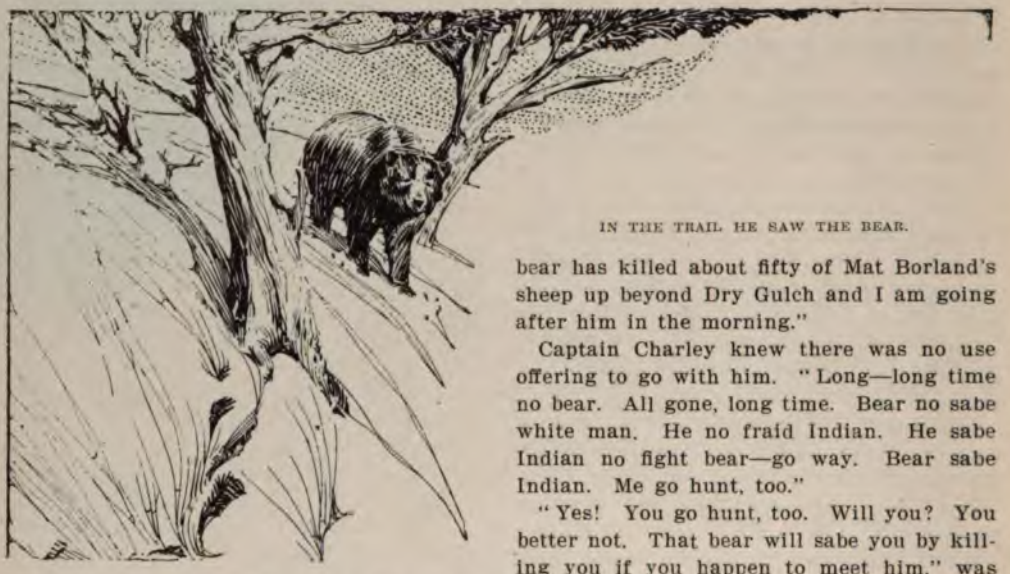
I saw him a week later. He had come to Pleasant Valley, a little town about three miles west of Dry Gulch where I held forth, to lay in supplies and was in great good humor. He had found a place that just suited him, on Clear Creek, a little mountain stream running into the Cosumnes River. There were no miners, no sawmills and no Frenchmen with big double-barrelled muskets in the vicinity, and the only white man who ever passed through there was the ditch tender on the Eureka ditch, and his beat was away high up on the mountain. It was, and likely is yet, a wild and romantic country; cliffs of gray granite rock, crowned with tall pines and bright green leaved cedars, with here and there clear places between the cliffs, covered with a beautiful carpet of wild flowers and having many oak trees. Moreover, it was the home of the Indians in winter. It was there that they built their huts of bark, higher up on some of the sunny slopes, sheltered from the cold winds. They knew better than to build on low ground, where it remained cold all day. Their head man, Captain Charley, with some of the others assisted Pete to build his cabin on a little knoll near the creek. He gave them five dollars and they straightway came to town and invested it in flour for a big eat.

Once in a while Pete came to town but never stayed long. Our little town, Pleasant Valley, began to grow. A new tavern, or "hotel" as its inhabitants were pleased to call it, a new store and soon a butcher shop were added; and when Pete found us building a school house, he shook his head, said he was afraid he would soon be crowded out and might have to move again, but he plunked down a five-dollar piece to help pay for it just the same.

But the worst came. We had had a rather dry winter. Feed was all dried up and scarce in the lower valleys, and people were compelled to move their stock higher up in the mountains. To Pete's horror, an old Scotchman brought up a band of sheep and had them herded about Dry Gulch. That went hard with Pete.

* * * * * * * *

The country, in all directions, save the west and a small portion east where the sawmills were situated, was wild as on the day of the Creation. There was plenty of room for old Ephraim to roam without coming in contact with his only enemy, the white man. He didn't fear the red men, for they let him severely alone. He must have become lonesome away up in the fir and tamarack forests on the summits, or that he thought—for bears think, in spite of white men's belief that they do not—that he would find better pasture in the lower country or that he got "in a weaving way" and wanted adventure and excitement. In short, old Ephraim betook himself on a traveling venture and one fine morning made his appearance on one of the high hills near the headwaters of Webber Creek, surveying the field before him. What were those queer-looking animals down at the foot of the hill, their coats shining white between the green bushes? Every once in a while the wind carried the sound of a loud *ba-a* up to him. In his long life he had seen lots of deer and other wild animals, but never in such numbers and none of that color. His curiosity was aroused. Even bears are supposed to be somewhat curious. Down he ambled toward them. *Ba-a, ba-a* the animals cried out. He



IN THE TRAIL HE SAW THE BEAR.

shook his frowsy head and growled. *Ba-a, ba-a*, and he got mad and rushed down amongst them.

The poor creatures were too much frightened even to run and he struck a ewe dead with a single stroke of his paw. The smell of blood crazed him and before the frightened herd knew what was upon them he had killed about fifty of them. Then they scattered, and amongst the dead and dying sheep old Ephraim stood up triumphantly, licking his gory chops, a typical emblem of ferocity. The herder, for there was one with the sheep, did the wise thing: ran away and brought the news to town.

Pete heard the news in Pleasant Valley. Like many of those who have spent most of their lives in the woods, he was no talker. All he said was: "I will go after that bear." There were no fine powerful repeating rifles in those days, at least not in that section of the world. Pete's gun was one of those old-fashioned, long and heavy weapons which Fennimore Cooper has described in his "Leather-Stocking" novels, and which the Iroquois Indians called "*La longue Carabine*" French for "long gun." A man had to depend on one shot—but then Pete knew how! Captain Charley had been to Pete's cabin that evening and saw him cleaning and reloading his rifle. "You go hunt?" he asked him. "Yes, Charley. A grizzly bear has killed about fifty of Mat Borland's sheep up beyond Dry Gulch and I am going after him in the morning."

Captain Charley knew there was no use offering to go with him. "Long—long time no bear. All gone, long time. Bear no sabe white man. He no fraid Indian. He sabe Indian no fight bear—go way. Bear sabe Indian. Me go hunt, too."

"Yes! You go hunt, too. Will you? You better not. That bear will sabe you by killing you if you happen to meet him," was Pete's reply.

CAPTAIN CHARLEY.

From photo by Lawrence and Houseworth, taken in 1859.

"Me go," was the Indian's sullen answer as he left.

Pete, followed by his old dog "Snap," was on his way long before sunrise, and found the scene of the massacre. Slowly and carefully he kept on around the outside, looking for the bear's tracks. Snap, bothered at first by the many carcasses of the sheep, at last got on to the trail. On top of the hill he found it leading down to a deep ravine. Recalling the dog, Pete halted to examine the tracks. "My! he said to himself, he must be a big old fellow!" He stood before a little opening on a gentle slope, green with luscious grass, showing plainly that there was water there in spite of the lateness of the season. Pete saw that the tracks led to that spot. The bear had been there to drink. He would return to it.

There were no trees near. The hill was sparsely covered with manzanita bushes. Pete stepped back of one of the largest bushes to wait and watch. He had thus stood on the watch for perhaps an hour when suddenly in the trail he saw the bear arise with a low whining growl. Every hair on his body was standing on end, his ears were flattened to his head, and his lips drawn back, showing his teeth. There was no holding back of Snap then. With a bound he was at the huge beast. It proved his last jump, for with one swipe of his terrible paw the bear killed him instantly. That maddened Pete and taking aim for the grizzly's heart, he fired.

There wasn't a better shot in all Eldorado County, but that shot missed its aim by about two inches. Those who examined the place said that the bullet had cut the twig of a bush, and that must have turned its flight a little to one side. The bear saw the smoke of the gun and his enemy at the same time, and with a terrific roar of pain and rage, he ran toward him.

Pete knew that there was no use to try to run. The bear could crush through the brush faster than he. Dropping his rifle he jerked his hunting knife from the scabbard just as the huge brute reared up and closed in on him. With a mighty effort he drove the keen blade up to the hilt into the bear's body, at the same time trying to dodge him.

But poor Pete was not quick enough to escape those terrible claws. They caught in his clothes and jerking Pete toward him, the grizzly bit him savagely, crushing his shoulder. Just then a shot rang out in the still air and Pete and the bear went down together.

It was Captain Charley who had fired that shot. Had he reached the scene of the combat but a second or two earlier, brave Pete would have been saved, but alas! he had come too late. To the best of his ability the Indian bandaged Pete's terrible wound, fetched him some water from the spring and then went for assistance. My friend was taken to a hospital in Placerville where he lingered three days before he died.

ASPIRATION.

My struggling soul, earth-born, earth-bound,
  Tugs at its bonds of flesh;
The network of life's daily round
  My spirit doth enmesh.

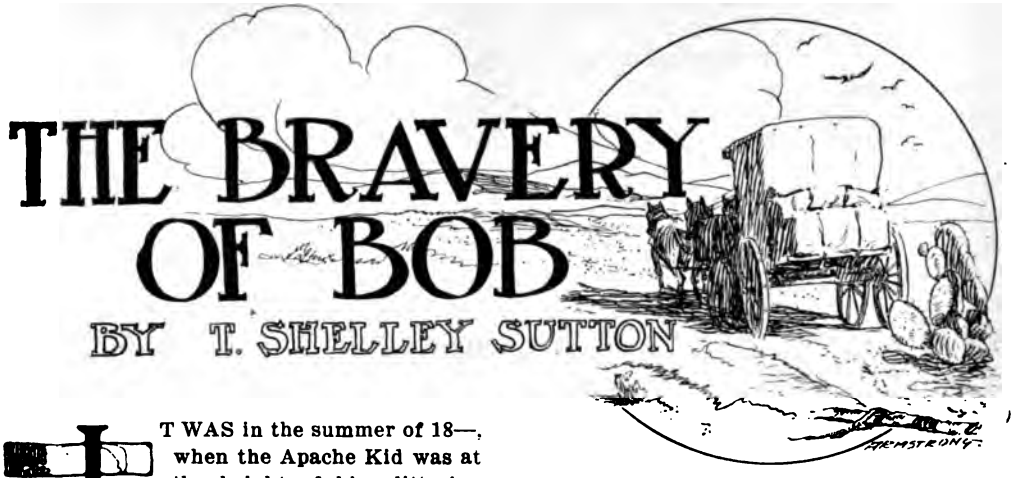
Oh! to reach up above the clods—
  With fingertips aflame
To touch the garments-hem of gods
  And write in fire a Name!

To mount among the circling stars
  On ladders of desire
And join, in the world's noblest wars,
  My brethren who aspire.

—Mary Vaughan

THE BRAVERY OF BOB

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON



IT WAS in the summer of 18—, when the Apache Kid was at the height of his glittering criminal career, that I happened to join a party of archaeologists *en route* from Santa Fe to Socorro County, New Mexico, there to investigate—in the interests of the Smithsonian Institute—the cryptic possibilities of the prehistoric "moundbuilders" whose ruins cover a great and (then) unexplored area of that interesting country.

Arriving at the railway terminus—Magdalena—we made inquiries of the few Americans then residing there and learned that to reach the most promising section of the ruins it was necessary to go by wagon to the pueblo of San Francisco, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, from which place we could travel by mule and burro over the 'Frisco Mountains to the upper waters of the Tule Rosa, at the same time making a careful exploration of several unrecorded cliff dwellings in the vicinity of the mound-region. Accordingly we purchased a couple of light wagons, especially adapted to the occasion, loaded them with a good supply of bedding, guns, ammunition, provisions, etc., and after strapping a good-sized barrel of water to each of the wagons began looking around for a suitable guide.

While making our preliminary preparations a cowboy dashed wildly into the village, announcing that the mail-carrier running between Magdalena and San Francisco had been killed by Apaches, and as this made the third carrier killed within five weeks, incidental to which several entire families had been exterminated, we found our interest in the cause of science gradually giving place to the "dull, cold apathy" of extinguished hope. The many beauties of our contemplated trip became suddenly vain and ineffectual. It was possible that our deterrations might result in the discovery of some important clue in the unraveling of the mystery pertaining to the aborigines; but could this compensate us for the dangers to be encountered in that savage wilderness, or for the loss of life that might ensue? Hardly. It is needless to state that from the time we learned of the Apache Kid's reported presence in Socorro County, our former determinations grew somewhat pale and feeble; but about this time one of our party informed us of the bravery of Bob McCutcheon, erstwhile guide, hunter, trapper, scout and Indian fighter.

He was sojourning in Magdalena for a few days, we were informed, prior to organizing a posse—on behalf of the government—for the capture or slaughter of the Apache Kid and his bloodthirsty disciples; but our informant cleverly suggested that a sufficient quantity of *dinero* would induce him to abandon this commendable pursuit, and, instead, to accompany our party as guide and defender to its destination. Accordingly, the next day, Professor De Lamoureaux, our leader, under whose direction we were to conduct the exploration, called in person upon the worthy McCutcheon and urged him in the name of science to accompany us.

After masticating a good hunk of "Climax" and enumerating the numerous oc-

casions upon which he had put the Apache Kid to flight, Bob consented to act as guide, ending with the casual observation that he went with us only in the hope that he might "locate the Kid and have the honor of carrying home his scalp." This made the Professor shudder, whereupon McCutcheon emphasized his supernatural bravery with the remark that he trusted we were all "game," and would not be found wanting at this last great battle, which he trusted would eclipse that of General Custer at least forty per cent.

When Professor De Lamoureaux reported his success to our party we felt a renewed interest in the undertaking, and at once made final preparations for the overland journey. A few days later, with Bob McCutcheon and his trusty rifle mounted on the front wagon, we passed silently from the peaceful village of Magdalena to the broad and somewhat tumulous prairie lying to the west of Turkey Mountain, northward by way of the locally historic "Horse Springs."

The first day out our journey was somewhat slow and laborious. In fact, even the mules seemed averse to leaving the settlement; and one of our party—a young college student from Stanford, named Lovejoy—remarked about as often as he saw a cloud of dust against the horizon that "we would never again behold our home or fireside," all of which, considering that Bob McCutcheon was filling our ears with the most harrowing tales of Apache cruelty, had a decidedly pleasant effect upon our nerves. By the end of the second day we had come to regard it as a certainty that only death awaited us, and from dawn until dark our invincible guide spent his time narrating the many hair-breadth escapes of his past career.

He had been a scout in the Rogue River Indian war, was a prisoner for three weeks among the Idaho Bannocks, had been chased a hundred miles by a thousand Umatillas, and had otherwise experienced a most enjoyable series of adventures. No scars were visible but, according to Bob, there was no portion of his legs, breast or arms that did not bear countless ugly confirmations of his battle-wounds. He was a born fighter. He just couldn't quit it. The fight was in him, and it had to have a physical manifestation. Drinking blood and juggling with knives and six-shooters came as natural to this homely warrior as cigarettes do to a college freshman. We didn't suspect it at the time, but big Bob McCutcheon had Baron Munchausen skinned a mile, and more coming.

Of course we respected him. We couldn't help it. He was a modern counterpart of

BOB M'CUTCHEON.

Esau—just about as red and hairy—and no one could dispute his Samson-like strength. Speaking of Samson: he is supposed to have killed a bunch of senile enemies with the jawbone of an ass. Our friend Lovejoy remarked that the jawbone of this particular ass (McCutcheon) would be the death of the whole party before we reached the pueblo. And he was nearly right. His loquacity continued throughout the trip. But, unlike Samson, he "didn't bring down the house." We became heartily disgusted with his narratives, and—well, perhaps we were cowards. At any rate his hair-raising anecdotes caused us considerable trepidation.

We arrived in San Francisco in due season, and there "pitched canvas" for the permanent camp. A month was passed in delving among the ruins, exploring the cliff dwellings across the line in Arizona, and in other scientific researches connected with the work, during which time McCutcheon repeated his oft-told anxiety to "come face to face with the Apache Kid." We had now become used to his grewome narratives, and —looking upon him as a charmed warrior whose record we could only envy, since we could not emulate—we ceased to be affected by his stories. When our month was up we packed our camp equipment, pottery, skulls, relics, etc., and prepared for the return to civilization. On the day of our departure the Mexicans at the pueblo informed us that a band of Apaches had crossed the line and were committing numerous depredations along the road between 'Frisco and Magdalena. Naturally this had a very exhilarating effect upon the brave Bob McCutcheon, but on the rest of our party the effect was opposite. However we felt more relieved as we observed Bob oiling up his rifle, replenishing his belt, and otherwise arranging for whatever emergency or attack might threaten us. With a newly sharpened knife swinging by his holster, he fearlessly mounted the wagon-seat and gave the forward order.

The culmination of our long-expected troubles came about the second night out of 'Frisco. The moon didn't even lend its romantic effulgence to the darkness surrounding us, and as the sky was overcast with threatening storm clouds there wasn't so much as a twinkling star to cheer us in our nocturnal vigil. I say "vigil," for it is certain that not a one of us slept a wink that night as we lay underneath the cliffs of the Tule Rosa. We bravely took to the blankets, but Bob's stories all seemed to be ringing in our ears, and their influence was such as to prevent us from sleeping, to say the least. Toward midnight I heard the Professor give vent to a low sickening groan, and at the same moment the silence was broken by the heavy *thud-thud* of distant footsteps—not one foot, but seemingly a hundred. Simultaneously everybody's head popped up from beneath the blankets, the Professor gave another prolonged groan, and the low chant of what we thought to be an Indian death-song—almost ophidian in its suggestion—sounded ominously in the recesses of our ears. But big Bob McCutcheon alone was brave. Never before had we appreciated his presence. With the courage of a true warrior he arose to face the occasion, and without a word we saw him shoulder his rifle and march stealthily forward into the darkness of night. Still we lay there, listening with hearts in our throats for the first shot, the repetition of footsteps, or the return of Bob. The night crept on and the blackness gave way to the blush of dawn, and gradually to the light of day. But McCutcheon had not returned, and the Indians had not yet attacked us.

With the break of day, so that we knew our presence must be discovered, we hastened to arise and formed a sort of breastworks of our wagons, behind which we took positions with rifles ready and hearts expectant. Then came the climax. A lone Indian, wrapped in a gaudy red and purple blanket, appeared on the river bank, walking "with Tarquin's ravishing strides" directly toward us. He was not hurrying, just striding slowly and with unperturbed tranquility, as though he believed that he, himself, unaided, would be enough to slay all of us.

We waited until he was close upon us; then the Professor tried to find his rifle, which had fallen on the ground beside him, and said in a low, tremulous voice, almost pitifully:

"Hold on! Stop! What—what—do you want?"

"Me Navajo. Me heap good Injun, no shoot. Me like white man, me no hurt. Me

got horse—you like buy?"

So, after all, it was only a peaceful Navajo that had so unnerved us. What idiots we were, anyway! The Professor straightened up, looked around him for a moment, gave a long sigh of relief, and approached the noble redman. Poor Lo began at once to enter into a protracted explanation of the good qualities of his horses, and Lovejoy consented to come from his hiding place with a smile that was absolutely relieving. But what of Bob McCutcheon? We questioned the Navajo.

"Oh, Bob 'Cutcheon? Me know him—he heap coward, heap 'fraid. He go last night up cliff, he hide in cave."

It did not take us long to comprehend what the Navajo was driving at, even if he did have difficulty in talking English. Considerable questioning elicited the whole story. Bob McCutcheon, self-styled warrior, was noted among Indians as the biggest coward in the Southwest, and after bluffing us for six weeks with his bravery had crawled to a hiding place at the first alarm of danger.

"You like fun? Indian make fun. Come! You go me, Indians heap yell, shoot gun. Bob heap think lots fight. Savvy?"

We understood, and shouldering our rifles allowed the Navajo to lead us to his camp, where the Indians all congregated in the shadow of the overhanging cliffs and indulged in a lengthy conference. Finally we were instructed to shoot our rifles into the air, and while this request was being complied with, the Navajos set up a terrible unearthly yell. We kept the sham-battle up for several minutes—long enough to give McCutcheon a well-earned scare—and then repaired thoughtfully to our camp.

"Apache all gone, no more kill. You go home, not be scared."

The spokesman, who was the one that had first visited us, finally gave us thoroughly to understand that the Apache Kid had turned into Arizona, and that all danger from these bloodthirsty Indians was past; so in a few hours we found ourselves traveling thoughtfully along the road to Magdalena. Arriving in that village we said nothing concerning our adventure to anyone, but before we had boarded the train for the East, Bob McCutcheon came stealing on the back of a lame cayuse down the main thoroughfare of the

"ME NAVAJO—HEAP GOOD INJUN."

town, narrating to all he met the terrible encounter that he had experienced with the Indians, and his "narrow escape" from death. He had gone from camp, he said, to do a little reconnoitering, and, before aware of the ambush formed to meet him, had been taken prisoner. The daughter of the Apache chief, he explained, had fallen in love with him, and the night before his execution was to have taken place, had come and cut the ropes with which they had bound him. Thus was restored to the world another brave and noble warrior.

EMULATING the example of my compeer, Thos. Lawson of Boston, whose exposition of the methods of the Standard Oil ring has created such a stir throughout the country, I have determined to make a clean breast of my connections with Col. H. Theoretical Painkiller, inventor of the Painkiller Automatic Fish Reel, and allow my friends and the public to judge as to my guilt or innocence.

Although it is now some months since Painkiller first approached me with his dazzling scheme to wring untold riches out of a little invention of his, I can recall the incident as clearly as if it happened only yesterday.

I had just seated myself comfortably in a cozy nook on the ferryboat, preparatory to crossing the bay to my suburban home, and was deeply engrossed in the perusal of the latest edition of *Western Field*, when a rude whack on the back aroused my enmity.

I was on my feet instantly, with my fists doubled and a hot wave of indignation chasing itself up into the roots of my hair as I faced the perpetrator of this outrage. Imagine my surprise to find him in the person of old Theoretical Painkiller.

"Just the man I wanted to see!" exclaimed that worthy as he held out a glad hand and grabbed mine before I could withdraw it.

"I want to have a heart to heart talk with you," continued Painkiller as he dragged me down into a seat beside him and allowed his hand to rest on my shoulder in a paternal sort of way.

"Do you see this envelope?" demanded the old gent as he withdrew a packet from an inside pocket and flourished it before my eyes. "What do you suppose it contains?"

At first thought I felt impelled to say that it contained the pedigree of Painkiller's old favorite, Princess, or that of her progeny. Had I done so my friends would have been spared their connection with an ill-starred venture, as Painkiller would have droned along for hours extolling the good qualities of his dog. Why, sir! on one occasion I knew him to start his tale of Princess' achievements just as the train pulled out of the Oakland Mole, and upon its arrival at Fresno she had just succeeded in finding the fourth bevy. Considering that on that particular trip Princess was supposed to have found nine bevies against nothing for the other dogs with the party, the tale would have been concluded somewhere in the neighborhood of El Paso, Texas. Fact is, there was nothing that any dog living ever did that Princess could not do in far better form —if you believed all that Painkiller claimed for her.

Well, to resume the thread of my tale, the old gent held the packet aloft and then, gazing about to assure himself that he was not being overheard, whispered: "This envelope contains drawings of one of the most wonderful inventions of the age—The Painkiller Automatic Fish Reel,—a device which will revolutionize present methods of scientific angling."

"Is that so?" said I, pleased to think that I had escaped the monotony of a Princess story and little dreaming of the trouble in store for me.

"Yes, sir!" ejaculated Painkiller as he

drew a piece of parchment from the envelope and carefully unfolded it. "This little invention of mine represents a fortune and I am determined that you shall share the proceeds with me."

First appearances were against the Painkiller reel as depicted on paper. To begin with it was about the size of a Westinghouse single phase wattmeter—if you know what that is: in other words, a cylinder some seven inches in diameter with a width or beam of six inches. On one side was a dial with three revolving hands which communicated with what Painkiller called "the sensitizer." These recorded not only the actions but even the very thoughts of the fish at the end of the line. Thus, if after having rushed out with forty or fifty yards of line the striped bass, trout, salmon, tuna, or whatever it might be, concluded to engage in another desperate break for liberty, the intention was immediately flashed across the line and recorded by the revolving pointer. Furthermore, when the rush was on, resistance was offered by a perfectly adjusted automatic brake which was instantly released the moment the strain on the tackle became too great. Also the resisting power of the fish was recorded throughout the various stages of its fight for liberty. Most astounding, too, the weight and identity of the captive was disclosed by the dial the moment the hook was fastened in its mouth: and, if by any chance it escaped, an automatic printing device recorded all the facts in black and white, thus obviating the necessity of going before a notary in order to satisfy your friends that your statements were correct, as well as putting a check on the promiscuous stretching of the truth so frequently connected with fish yarns.

From the opposite side of the reel projected a half-dozen levers and controlling devices, each one of which bore some vital part in the manipulation of the marvelous invention. Painkiller described the various uses to which they were put and, carried away by his flowery tale of the fortune to be realized from the manufacture of his reel, I became at once deeply interested in his invention.

Painkiller assured me that of all his friends I was the one man selected to share the profits with him. To my effusive expression of thanks, he replied with a "Tut! tut! my boy; it is nothing, absolutely nothing." Then as an afterthought he mentioned that of course if I felt inclined to advance a nominal share of the expenses incurred in perfecting the reel it would not be proper for him to offer objections, as possibly I felt in duty bound to contribute in some way to the ultimate success of the invention. "It must be understood, however," and this fact he emphasized, "that in return for these expenditures you are to receive a block of stock in addition to that which I originally had intended to bestow upon you, thus placing us on an equal footing as controlling shareholders in the Painkiller Automatic Fish Reel Co."

In order to finance the concern it was arranged that we should dispose of 20 per cent. of our joint stock, using great discrimination in its disposal so that it did not fall into the hands of objectionable, unscrupulous speculators. Inasmuch as Painkiller would be busily engaged in perfecting the invention, it was decided that I was to attend to the distribution of stock, following which we would incorporate and commence operations on a large scale.

I at once handed my benefactor a check for a small amount in order that he might continue his experiments. He seemed reluctant to accept the donation—probably because of its meagerness—although at the time I attributed it to a nobler sentiment. Finally he placed it in his wallet, and as the ferryboat had landed we parted for the time being, he to improve the mechanism of the reel and I to further the financial interests.

Although I do not possess Painkiller's ability to explode hot air, I succeeded in placing the invention and its possibilities before my friends in such a light that many of them were favorably impressed and subscribed for liberal blocks of stock.

Meanwhile the expense account increased at an alarming rate and we had to draw heavily on the fund acquired through the sale of stock. Of course, Painkiller regretted this very much, but, as he stated, "It was preferable to expend a few dollars in perfecting the reel at this stage of the game rather than to be obliged to make radical changes in its mechanism after it had been placed on the market. "My dear boy!" he

would explain, "let us turn out a perfect article or none at all."

Well, at any rate, after a deal of impatient waiting on the part of the various stockholders, Painkiller announced that all was in readiness for a test. However, in order to insure himself that the reel was in perfect working order he decided to hold a private trial, and with that end in view instructed me to have a boat in readiness at an early hour the following day. Promptly at the appointed hour he dropped from the train and we were soon under way for San Leandro Bay. Painkiller insisted upon taking unusual precautions to throw possible spies off the track, and it therefore was necessary for me to enter the bay by a circuitous route which entailed the outlay of considerable manual labor on my part.

While *en route* Painkiller regaled me with hair-raising tales of his experiences when crossing the plains in early days. Single-handed, and armed only with an old cavalry sabre, he had vanquished a band of forty-nine howling Comanches and driven them panic-stricken over a high bluff to certain destruction below. Again, when caught in a stampede of buffaloes, he had leaped nimbly upon the back of the foremost beast, and so prodigious was the herd, that after traveling for seven hours over the backs of the buffaloes he eventually dropped off the tail-ender of the herd, not one hundred yards from where he first mounted. Painkiller estimated that the average speed of the herd during this interval was not less than four miles an hour, so you can see for yourself that it was a big one—herd, I mean.

Finally we arrived at our destination, a large slough emptying into San Leandro Bay. Painkiller had reserved all his energies for the trial trip, and enthusiastically assembled his rod and adjusted the reel thereto. The former was fully two inches in diameter at the butt and heavy enough to derrick out a whale. The reel, too, had grown somewhat in size, and the outfit certainly was of formidable proportions. Painkiller now touched what he called the reciprocating lever and unwound about ten feet of "sensitized" sash cord. To the end of this he added about four feet of No. 14 copper wire and a leaden sinker weighing a pound or more. He then adjusted a large Wilson's spoon hook and all was in readiness—the fateful moment had arrived.

The tackle all being in readiness, Painkiller braced himself and, imitating Walter Mansfield's position when making long-distance casts, swung the tip of the rod in ever-widening circles. Finally with an almost superhuman effort he threw the tip forward, at the same instant touching a lever at the side of the reel. I guess he must have touched the wrong one, for instead of running out freely the line was rewound with lightning swiftness, and the heavy plummet whirling through the air struck Painkiller a resounding whack on the cranium. What that worthy had to say in return would not pass the censor of a Sunday School journal. He rubbed his free hand over the rapidly growing "hen's egg" and gazed ruefully at me as though I was in some way to blame for the accident. The second attempt was more successful and Painkiller managed to make a cast of twenty-five or thirty feet. At this juncture something went wrong. I saw him glance quickly at the indicator and a look of dismay overspread his face as he read: "Tarpon, 65 lbs." Of course it should have registered "No Strike."

There should have been a decided resistance from the fish, but as there was nothing to oppose the terrific power of the rewinding coil spring, the line was retrieved at the rate of about twenty-five feet per second. The consequence was that in about two shakes the heavy lead sinker was hurtling through the air in our immediate vicinity, and it was only a "low bridge" that saved one of us from having his thought factory caved in.

Painkiller swore a fierce oath that would have caused an Alaskan missionary to turn green with envy and manipulated some levers and stops. The infernal machine responded with a series of coughs and explosions and then commenced thumping away like a motocycle doing thirty miles an hour. After one or two ineffectual attempts he got the line out a matter of sixty feet. No sooner did the leaden plummet reach bottom when the indicator registered "Striped Bass 12 lbs." Painkiller struck the hook home and immediately the reel commenced to play the captive whose gyrations were plainly discernible as it seemingly sought to break

loose. The operator of the reel was filled with joy.

"At last! At last!" he cried, "I have achieved a lifelong ambition. Henceforth the Painkiller Automatic Fish Reel will be heralded as one of the greatest inventions of the age! Where are Edison! Marconi! Tesla! Snowed under, I say, by the wizard, Painkiller!"

Painkiller is modest. Let no man dispute this fact. Now, however, intoxicated by success, he gave vent to the most extravagant expressions. Millions were in sight, he vehemently asserted, and yet the world had not witnessed the height of his genius. Wait until his marvelous shell-loading device was —but his joy was short-lived. Something took place in the infernal economy of the reel and the next instant, with a shriek like that of a lost soul, the rewinding spring unceremoniously hustled the captive through the briny. I remember seeing the hideous black object leave the water about thirty feet from the boat and rush through the air straight at us. I threw myself flat in the bottom of the boat, and as I did so I heard Painkiller emit a sound like a drum and topple over as the object struck him full in his food reservoir and knocked the breath out of him. Imagine my surprise when, upon looking up, I found that the cause of all this disturbance was nothing more than an old rubber boot which Painkiller had accidentally hooked and drawn from its resting place on the bottom of the slough.

When Painkiller recovered and gazed upon the insensate mass of mud-laden rubber, a pained expression spread over his countenance. He murmured something about incomplete sparking, reciprocating rods and other high-flown connections the meaning of which I could not grasp and, disengaging his hook from the rubber boot, essayed another cast. He whirled the rod about his head until I feared he would suffer a stroke of apoplexy, but the line refused to budge. Finally he unwound about ten fathoms by hand and, whirling the plummet, threw it as far as he could out into the stream.

I don't know just what happened, but the hook must have dragged along the bottom and caught in a snag. At any rate when Painkiller grabbed the rod I saw the line tighten and the boat give a lurch. The next thing I knew the old gent toppled overboard, at the same time the line shrieked through the guides and Painkiller cleared the water like a man-eating shark in sight of a victim. He landed high and dry on a mud bank midway between the boat and the snag, and there he stuck and commenced settling in the oozy mud while the rod pursued its journey.

If you know anything of the nature of the mire which lines the slough beds in this vicinity, you are aware that it was no easy matter to extricate a person in Painkiller's predicament. I tried to approach him from various sides but each time the mud bank repelled me. Meanwhile the old codger was settling deeper every moment and calling loudly for help. The situation was getting desperate. Finally I succeeded in fashioning a hook out of a piece of bent wire and, fastening this to the short painter of the boat, managed at the second attempt to catch the submerged line. It was but the work of an instant to bring this to the surface and thus retrieve the rod. Quickly rowing up stream a few rods I disengaged the hook from the snag and again approached Painkiller. Acting under hurried instructions from the now frenzied old gent, I touched the button which governed the rewinding spring and by great good fortune made a cast which landed the line directly over him Painkiller took a couple of wraps around his hands and tried to pull himself free from the mud. Again the infernal machine started on a rampage. I'll take a solemn oath that I touched neither lever nor button, but the next instant the boat shot through the mud and ran directly over Painkiller. When I recovered my footing the horror of the situation dawned upon me. I heard inarticulate sounds emanating from below and, spurred by desperation, drove the boat back by almost superhuman effort. As I did so, Painkiller's mud-besmeared face was revealed, barely sticking out of the mud, and simultaneously invectives poured from his lips.

Talk about cursing! The old codger certainly laid over anything I ever heard in the line of artistic blasphemy. I have happened in upon the editor of a certain journal when things were moving contrarywise, and he was about three days late in getting

out his paper and was suffering from biliousness and had just discovered a hole in the pocket of his jeans through which a double eagle had disappeared never to return, and I must admit *he* was going some! But Lordy! he couldn't score within ten points of old Painkiller.

Well, sir, to shorten the story somewhat, I grasped the old renegade by the collar and, after about ten minutes of heroic effort, hauled him aboard. Say, he was a sight! I scraped as much mud as I could off his clothes and then made him strip. I soused his apparel until it was well nigh free from mire and then, when he had recovered somewhat from his experience, had him hang over the stern while I scrubbed his head and neck. I lent him a duck hunting coat to shield him from the wind and, after swallowing about three fingers of "chain lightning" he brightened up amazingly.

Now you would have thought that after such an experience he would feel inclined to give up the trial for that day at least. Not so, however, for with a stubbornness equal to that of Opper's mule, Maud, he persisted in continuing the test. Under the circumstances I was compelled to row him a mile or so along the slough while he cleaned the reel and accoutrements and prepared for another cast.

I am not much of a machinist so can not describe accurately what took place inside of Painkiller's infernal machine. Suffice it to say that no sooner had he started the mechanism in operation than an explosion took place and a seething mass of flame burst from the reel. With an agonized yell he dropped the rod, but not before he had been bereft of hirsute covering and appendages.

Such an experience would discourage almost any man, but Painkiller still persisted in continuing his asinine tests. I was beginning to get exasperated at his stubbornness and some sharp words passed between us. Finally, however, the opportunity came to part company with him, and in this wise:

We were progressing along the slough which runs parallel with the railroad track just after you cross the trestle across San Leandro Bay on your way to Alvarado, San Jose and other points along the narrow gauge route. Painkiller was preparing to

"PAINKILLER • • • WAS HANGING BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY."

make a cast, when accidentally the tension on the line was released and the plummet flew high over the telegraph wires to his rear. Evidently he was flustered by the mishap and inadvertently touched the button which released the recoiling apparatus. Immediately there was a loud *whirr!* and Painkiller, with the rod grasped tightly in both hands, shot through space and in a jiffy was hanging between earth and sky. As he dangled about and swung his legs in a vain endeavor to reach a more secure position, he looked for all the world like a huge spider suspended by his thread of gossamer, and his ludicrous appearance caused me to laugh loud and long. Painkiller heard this and by a desperate effort managed to get his legs entwined around the reel, when he was enabled to rest in comparative safety and upbraid me for my heartlessness.

Painkiller's situation was such that I could render him no substantial aid, but he would not recognize this fact, and cursed like a Trojan at what he termed my "damnable heartlessness." "You gibbering ass!" he cried; "will you sit there and laugh while a man is in his death throes? Will you let a man hang here between life and death without trying to render aid?"

Finally, finding that I could not or would not aid him, he sought some means of releasing himself. I saw him gaze down at the indicator and an idea must have struck him for he touched a button and instantly dropped a matter of five or six feet, spinning around and around as he did so. My heart flew up my esophagus for it seemed impossible for the slender hook and thread of copper wire to sustain the shock. Once more Painkiller touched the button but the safety clutch failed to work and he struck the hard rocky ballast like a ton of lead. Luckily the fall was not more than twelve or fourteen feet and the old reprobate was on his feet in an instant, rubbing the sore spots.

Right here is where he made the mistake of his life, for he began to revile me in half a dozen dead languages and in his rage cast stones at me. Not desiring to act as a target for vituperation and decomposed granite, I bid him adieu in Chesterfieldan language and started to row down the slough. I would have landed his clothes for him but he raced along the track and pressed me so closely that I found no opportunity to do so without risk of personal injury. Therefore I kept straight on my course for home and left Painkiller to work out his own salvation. What happened thereafter the following item, culled from the "Daily News," will explain:

"CAPTURE OF A MANIAC.

"Heroism of Alameda Police Officers

"A half-naked, demented man, evidently an escape from Agnews, was captured after a fierce struggle by Officers Lawrence and Brown, aided by three citizens, just as he was about to step off the High street bridge. When captured he had in his hand an infernal machine with which he craftily endeavored to blow himself and his apprehenders into kingdom come. The unfortunate, who is evidently a man of some education, labors under the hallucination that he is the inventor of a marvelous fish reel, and

"HE BEGAN TO REVILE ME IN HALF A DOZEN LANGUAGES"

tells an incoherent story of having been left on the marshes by a companion. He was attired only in a canvas coat, and his head and face ere entirely devoid of hair. He gives his name as Col. H. Theoretical Painkiller and his residence as San Francisco, but the directory fails to reveal the name of any such person. Chief of Police Conrad will hold him pending an investigation, and has wired to Agnews regarding recent escapes."

Later the mistake was discovered and Painkiller was released from custody. From that day to this I have not seen hide or hair of the man. I hope that in the near future I may be able to redeem every share of stock I have issued to friends and others. I would rather do this than have it said that through machinations of mine they suffered a pecuniary loss, no matter how insignificant the sum. As to my interest in old Painkiller's invention the sum of 30 cents in hand paid will be sufficient to induce me to make an assignment. Failing in this, I shall donate it to some charitable institution —anything to get it off *my* hands. I am done with inventors and inventions.

THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE.

Brief Sketches of Forestry and the Foresters.

By CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

PART III.

The propagation of Trees.

ONE of the chief characteristics upon which a tree depends in its struggle for existence is its power to withstand the effects of shade. In scientific forestry the trees are roughly divided into two classes relative to this important power. These two classes are more generally known as tolerant and intolerant. The former are those which grow and thrive under heavy or medium shade in the earlier years of life. The latter are those which require the least possible shade, or in some cases, wholly unrestricted light. In advanced age all trees require more light than in early youth, and both classes will usually live to only when altogether unshaded from above.

The tolerance or intolerance of trees are among the first points which the trained forester seeks to learn when studying their silvicultural character. What he can safely, and to the best advantage, do with his crop of trees depends largely upon it. Tolerant trees will grow vigorously under the shade of light-crowned trees, but if the positions were reversed the latter would dwindle away and soon perish altogether. Hemlock trees frequently replace White Pine because they can grow in the shade of the latter and be ready to fill the opening whenever a Pine dies or is cut away. But the Pine cannot grow beneath the Hemlock.

Each tree has its own rate of growth, and this often decides which one will survive the forest struggle. Some species, like the Black Walnut, grow rapidly in early youth, while others are slow and gradual of growth during the first years of life. The Longleaf Pine is seldom over five inches in height at the age of four years. The roots have been reaching down into the earth during this

time. The period of an active and rapid growth comes later.

The particular place occupied by a tree also has an influence on its rate of growth. In the coast valleys of California the Chinquapin grows to a height of 150 feet, but in the higher altitudes of the Sierra Nevadas it is only a mere shrub. Likewise the Canoe Birch in the regions of the Arctic Circle, stands only a few inches high, while further to the south it is a beautiful specimen of the forest, often attaining a height of 120 feet.

The forester also takes special note of the reproductive power of his trees. Seeds, even when abundant, may not find the proper surroundings and conditions for successful germination, and again, the infant trees may perish in considerable numbers through lack of water, light, or a suitable quality of soil. Where a thick layer of partially decayed leaves and twigs, and other vegetable matter, covers the ground, such plants often perish before their tender rootlets can reach the soil below.

The weight of seed also has is a factor to be reckoned with in forestry. Heavy-seeded trees, like the oak, hickory and chestnut, can sow their seed only in their own immediate neighborhood unless they chance to stand upon some steep hillside, or upon the bank of a stream where the waters will bear the seed away to some distant spot, or when birds and squirrels perform the work of transportation. Occasionally, however, a heavy seed, falling from the top of a tall tree, will strike a lower branch or root and bound far away from the parent trunk.

The light-seeded varieties, like the Pines, Poplars and Birches, often drop their seed at a great distance from themselves—chiefly by means of the wind. For example, the wings of Pine seed are so placed that when it falls it whirls round and round, giving the wind time to carry it far away before it reaches the ground. Heavy gales have been known to carry such seeds a distance of several miles. This explains how certain kinds of trees, like the Gray Birch and White Pine, grow up in the middle of open stretches of country, and others, like the Lodgepole Pine, cover great areas with an even growth, remote from the parent trees. Such facts help to explain what would otherwise seem quite a mysterious process of nature, viz., that when Pines are cut down, Oaks frequently succeed them, and *vice versa*. Also, young trees of certain kinds are frequently growing unobserved beneath the older trees, ready to replace them whenever the upper growth is cut away or otherwise destroyed.

Trees which occupy the ground to the exclusion of all others have survived the struggle for life because better fitted to cope with certain conditions than their early rivals. Their power of reproduction may be greater, whereby they were able to overtop and destroy the others by cutting off the light; or perhaps were better able to withstand the effects of drought and lack of food. The Black Walnut grows, as a rule, only in moist, rich soil, and the Beech is much like it in this respect. The Rock Oak, however, is most frequently found on dry, barren ridges or on lands devastated by fire. The Black Gum and the Red Maple both grow naturally in low, swampy places, but they are also found on dry, rocky ground a considerable distance from water. The knowledge of these various phases of the silvicultural character of trees is of the greatest importance in the study of forestry, or in the direct management of forest lands.

In some trees there is also reproduction by sprouting, but in this respect trees differ greatly. The California Redwood has this characteristic beyond almost any other tree, but with nearly all other conifers it is lacking altogether. On the other hand the broadleaf kinds show this peculiarity quite generally and in them it becomes a very valuable quality. Young stumps are usually more productive of sprouts than old ones, but it is not, however, confined to the young alone. Some prolific species sprout very effectually in advanced age. The Chestnut is a good sample of this species. The Beech and some other kindred species furnish numerous sprouts when young, but extremely few or none at all in old age.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE WESTERN FIELD CO., (Incorporated)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street. Telephone, Main 1262.

Eastern Representative: E. T. Keyser, 5 Beekman St., New York.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

HELP THEM GET UP.

WE respectfully desire to point out to the State Board of Fish Commissioners that there is a lack on several important trout streams in this State, of suitable fish ladders over the dams which have been erected for various purposes along their course.

One notable instance is that of Big Sulphur Creek in Sonoma County, which is obstructed by a high dam some few miles up its length from Cloverdale. An extended investigation of the conditions, confirmed by the unanimous evidence of residents along the stream, proves that the so-called "fish-way" in this dam is a delusion and a farce. Reputable witnesses declare that not one per cent. of the annual "run" of steelheads, in which our dependence for future trout supply lies, ever get over this dam, and the effect is plainly visible to all who are familiar with this stream in past and present conditions.

It is only a question of an insignificant outlay on the part of the dam owners, and a little better enforcement of the law. Big Sulphur is too beautiful and valuable a trout stream to be despoiled in this way, and we trust that it will immediately receive the attention which it deserves.

LET US TRY AGAIN.

DESPITE the very commendable steps taken to preserve our indigenous partridges from annihilation, the stock of both valley and mountain "quail" is rapidly decreasing in this State. There is no use to deceive ourselves longer in this respect. It is true that in certain favored localities where the quails are jealously preserved and the natural conditions are phenomenally good, these valuable birds may apparently be seeming to hold their own or be even slightly increasing in numbers; but speaking of the State at large the opposite is painfully apparent to even the most casual observer. There is not now, broadly speaking, one quail in California where ten years ago there was an hundred, and each year the ratio grows smaller.

As our present laws are seemingly as good as can be—with the one exception of a much too large legal bag limit—we see no way of stopping the drain except perhaps by introducing other species of quails to absorb a part of the hunters' attention. Prominent among the most desirable species for introduction are the Sonora quails, Bob Whites, and the Chinese "Dah Chee."

We are aware that all previous attempts to introduce the Bob Whites have resulted in discouraging failure, but that should not deter us from continuous and insistent effort. The same conditions attended the trial of Bob Whites in Colorado. For many years in succession there was only continuous failure, and the sportsmen of that State were in despair. But suddenly the wished for end was attained and to-day there are incredible numbers of the little Virginia beauties along every water course in Eastern Colorado. Let us take heart from the example of our mid-Western friends and try, try again. If we ever succeed in getting them acclimated, even in small numbers with consistent protection they will increase rapidly. With Bob White abundant here, California would be a veritable quail hunters' paradise.

THE MATTER OF VALUES.

THAT the game interests of our State have a very large pecuniary, as well as recreative value, was forcibly demonstrated by the recent purchase, at a very considerable figure, of a large tract of Suisun marsh land by a syndicate of prominent sportsmen.

This tract of land—some 5,000 acres in area—comprises some of the finest ducking marshes in the world, and has been heretofore let to shooting clubs and individual sportsmen in small subdivisions, the leases in all cases being shortlived and more or less uncertain. Many proposals to buy it in fractions have been rejected by the estate which owned it, the administrators refusing to sell it except as a whole, proposing in case it was not speedily disposed of, to drain and reclaim the entire tract for agricultural use. This land, when so reclaimed, is phenomenally rich—almost as good in that respect as it is for ducks in its present state—and for a time sportsmen were in despair at the, to them, unwelcome prospect. They were unable to buy portions of the tract, and the figure asked for the whole was prohibitive to all save the very wealthy.

It is therefore gratifying to know that the purchasing syndicate have only the object of the preservation of the sport in mind, and will soon be prepared to resell to individuals, or clubs, subdivisions of suitable size at a very small advance over the purchase price. This will insure to sportsmen the perpetuation of duck-shooting presently unequaled in this country.

In the significance of this purchase lies the key to the value of our game. When agricultural land worth many dollars per acre is thus deliberately devoted to the conservation of sport that lasts only a part of the year, sport which returns absolutely nothing pecuniarily on a heavy investment, but which entails instead a constant heavy outlay, the value of the birds which are the prime consideration in the whole matter becomes at once apparent. There is fast approaching the time when our present plentiful canvasbacks will be unobtainable even at the exorbitant prices now charged for these regal birds in the Atlantic Coast States; when, instead of countless thousands, as at present, they will be enumerated by scant scores if not even by pairs. And this applies equally to all game birds, whether land or aquatic, for only the overflow from the preserve sanctuaries will be available for the general public's enjoyment.

Avoiding any discussion of the effect and "legitimacy" of the preserve movement, we beg to point out the significant fact that men are to-day eagerly paying large sums for club privileges even though they are not, for lack of time, enabled to more than partly enjoy them. It is a tacit confession that the birds are going fast, and they are merely paying for a more or less precarious assurance of a little future sport. Yet, in the face of all this, our wise legislative solons insist on permitting the wholesale traffic in ducks and the daily slaughter of them in appalling numbers. Some day they they will arrive at the knowledge that it is poor policy to lock one's stable doors only after the horses have been stolen; they may also, in individual cases, find that sportsmen may disgustedly decline the substitution of asses for the noble equines that alone are fitted to bear the burdens of the fat State offices.

LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

THE earliest date each year on which a shotgun or rifle can be legitimately employed in hunting in this State is July 1, when the dove season opens. As rifles of large caliber are not employed in dove shooting, it follows logically that there is no employment open for the latter class of weapons until the beginning of the deer season, which is August 1. And yet a casual inspection of the paraphernalia of the majority of outers leaving this city as early as June 1 will reveal the presence of shotguns and rifles galore, even in the kits of those who go for short outings which expire before the earliest date at which either weapon may be legitimately employed. Why do they take them? What do they do with them? They are invariably hunting and not target weapons, and the daily reports of high-power modern rifles in the distant hills and cañons far away from the owners' camps suggest unpleasant thoughts. These outers are not shooting at targets; bears, pumas and wild cats are scarce, there is no open season on Indians. What are they shooting at?

Maybe motherless fawns and crippled bucks might formulate a sufficient answer.

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Stret, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.
Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp. Cal.
Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande Cal.
Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.
Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sce., Boulder Creek, Cal.
Chico, ——————Sec., Chico Cal.
Cloverdale—C. H. Smith Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.
Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.
Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.
Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell Sec., Hot Springs. Cal.
Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg. Cal.
Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning Cal.
Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.
Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.
Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.
Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt. Cal.
Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.
Kings County—S. S. Mullins Sec., Hanford. Cal.
Lakeport — B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.
Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.
Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.
Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.
Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.
Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.
Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.
Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.
Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.
Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.
Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.
Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.
Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles. Cal.
Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero Cal.
Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal. Cal.
Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville. Cal.
Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.
Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff. Cal.
Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding. Cal.
Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.
Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.
Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside. Cal.
San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.
San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec. San Rafael, Cal.
Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana. Cal.
Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.
San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.
Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.
Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria. Cal.
Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.
Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.
Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.
Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.
Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Secretary, Loyalton, Cal.
Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.
Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.
Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.
Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora. Cal.
Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton. Cal.
Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville. Cal.
Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.
Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.
Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.
Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.
Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.
Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia. Cal.
Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville. Cal.
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.
Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
West Berkeley—Chas. Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.
Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.
Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.
San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.
California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way. Sec., Pasadena, Cal.
California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks,	*50 in one day.*
Rails,	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male),	*3 in one season.*

	January.	February	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
DEER,							Jul. 15					
DOVES,		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,		Feb 15								Oct 15		
TREE SQUIRRELS,												
TROUT,												
STEELHEAD TROUT,									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15),									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long),								Aug 15				
BLACK BASS,												
SHRIMP,												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back),												

N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game? As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office -- records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and June 10, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitteed to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.00.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, fined $50.00.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch, fined $30.00.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham, fined $20.00.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined $25.00.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble, fined $20.00.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum, fined $25.00.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable, fined $20.00.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined $20.00.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined $250.00.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined $250.00.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer, jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingells, case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis, fined $25.00.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls, fined $25.00.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall, case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined $25.00.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined $25.00.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb, case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined $20.00.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined $20.00.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph, discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Ah Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea, fined $25.00.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph, fined $25.00.

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, fined $25.00.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Webb Toms, fined $25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, fined $25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, ·rt Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex re-
Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.
Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa,
lls, case pending.
Marovich, using set net, Haywards,
ch, case pending.
ch, using set net, Haywards, Deputy
J pending.
, shipping underweight striped bass,
ehmkuhl, case pending.
t Van Fossen, deer meat in possession
son, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm.
$25.00.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold, fined $25.00.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye, case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined $25.00.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined $25.00.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney, case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingells and A. W. Ralph, case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

* * *

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1:

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch, 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch, 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmhuhl, dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold, $25.00 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice, stil pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice, still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea, $25.00.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession, M. S. Hotchkiss, $20.00 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200.00 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestiss, $50.00 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith, $25.00 fine.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.00 fine.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and

J. C. Ingalls, $50.00 fine.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25.00 fine.

Ed Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.00.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

T. McSweeney, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season, dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Coutr.

Glatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

A PUBLIC DUTY.

SCARCELY more than a generation ago the buffalo ranged the Western plains in countless herds, their numbers so great that no written estimate can be considered an exaggeration. Those who were lucky enough to see one of these great hosts surging over the prairies little thought that in a few short years the buffalo would simply be a part of history. This noble beast was exterminated by man with a butchery so ignoble that it is sickening to dwell upon. The few dollars received for the hide was the incentive for this national disgrace. Almost at the same hour that the buffalo were vanishing another of the wonders of this continent was also being ruthlessly and recklessly destroyed. Early writers tell of flocks of wild pigeons so large that the account of their numbers verges on the fabulous. Where are these countless winged hosts to-day? All gone. Why? Simply that a limited number of men without thought for the future, might gather a few dollars by sacrificing millions upon millions of harmless and beautiful forms.

These two great assets of the people, of use and beauty, were improvidently wasted because no public spirited persons or association had the foresight or interest to protect them from the small band of selfish men who were the destroyers.

The passing of the buffalo and wild pigeon is a forceful commentary on the indifference of the people of those days. Are the people of this generation showing any greater degree of interest in the wild life of the present day, much of which is rapidly decreasing in numbers? Few people realize how near the gulls and terns of our coast came to extinction during the last decade, when fashion decreed that the snow-white plumage of these beautiful denizens of the beaches were necessary for millinery ornaments.

A simple proposition, in fact a public duty, is now before the American people: Shall the sea-birds be preserved for future generations? Unfortunately this class of birds gather in colonies during the breeding season, and are thus in greater danger than the wild bird that breeds singly. Plume hunters can still kill them as in the past, when large colonies on our seaboard were destroyed in a single season. Another method of extermination is egging; this is quite as fatal as killing the birds. There are yet small colonies of sea-birds on the coasts and large inland lakes of the country which will serve as a nucleus and may, by the greatest care and watchfulness, repopulate our country with these birds. If this desirable result is to be achieved, action must be taken at once by the public; it will not do to neglect the matter another season, or our children will say of us what we now say of our fathers regarding the buffalo and wild pigeon: when you had the opportunity to save the sea-birds you did not do it and we are deprived of a part of our heritage. The sea-birds can only be saved by placing at each colony, during the breeding season, an energetic, faithful and fearless warden who will stand guard during the three months when the birds are brooding their eggs. The part the public can take in this great economic and aesthetic movement is to supply the necessary funds. The National Association of Audubon Societies, an incorporated body, will do the administrative work.

During the present breeding season this Association has forty such wardens employed, but this number should be increased to at least 300 men in order to fully guard all of the remnants of colonies that once existed. The public are urged to join the National Association, the membership fee being five dollars a year, all of which sum is used in bird-protection work, as the executive officers of the society contribute their services without compensation. For further information address William Dutcher, President N. A. A. S., 525 Manhattan avenue, New York City.

EXISTING LAWS.

Redlands, Cal., July 7, 1905.

Editor "Western Field":

I'm going to crave your permission to air my views a bit in the columns of your magazine, on the above named subject. The game laws are just now being tampered with and changed by the various boards of supervisors until one may confidently expect to be confronted by a new condition at each change of the moon. I will state right here that county supervisors should never, under any pretext, be allowed to change or alter the game laws in any respect. The legislature should enact a uniform set of game regulations, and the same should obtain throughout the entire State. These should be rigidly enforced on both rich and poor alike, and changed only when absolutely necessary. The open season on both bird and beast should be made to embrace—as nigh as possible—the same period of time. For, if the season should open on deer, ducks, quails, doves and shore-birds, say October 1 and endure until February 1, there could then be little or no excuse for anyone carrying a gun afield between February 1 and October 1. Thus, the entire bird and animal kingdoms would enjoy an absolute rest of eight months out of the twelve, something they can never do with the present olla podrida of mincemeat called the game law, in existence. If I had the legislative strings in hand, the first thing I would do would be to abolish that acme of class legislation, the preserve system; then I would forever stop the sale of all manner of game and fish (excepting only the salmon and sea fish) in any quantities whatever. When this was done I would then strike out the "posting" privilege. Let every American citizen take or kill any legitimate game in the proper season, wherever he or she may find it, and in quantities prescribed by law. In this connection I should enact a law fully protecting the rancher and his stock, as well as his other possessions, from injury in any way by hunters or others.

This "grabbing" and other forms of monopoly are being tolerated by law-makers to an extent that has already made American liberty look like a plugged coin at "chuck time." The next and last move would be to make it illegal for any one to have in possession at any time more than a given number of birds, beasts or fowls within the border of the State. Such laws would be simple and hence easily understood and enforced.

What do you think about it?

THE RAMBLER.

FOR A WORTHY CAUSE.

The Big Basin Park, lying in the Santa Cruz Mountains, forty miles south of San Francisco, is a feature unique among California's marvels.

It is one of the few spots that, owing to its peculiar geographical and geological formation, has retained the wealth of flora and beauty of the Pliocene Age. It has been bequeathed to us in its primitive condition, almost unmarred, with its gigantic sempervirens trees (some having a diameter of more than twenty feet) the oldest and largest of their species. The rugged and romantic scenery of the basin is especially pleasing. It is surrounded by a mountain rim, traversed by great ridges of forest lands and the deep, wooded cañons and their gorges, and waterfalls and sparkling streams filled with trout, contribute greatly to its interest. Its wonderful forests (said to contain fifty-four varieties of plants), its moss-covered rocks and graceful ferns, wild azaleas and tiger lilies, tend to make a scene that for beauty, educational purposes and general interest stands unrivaled by any forest in the world. Its scientific and practical value to mankind is widely recognized.

It is proposed to build a broad boulevard from Santa Clara Valley to the Big Basin Park, that will always be open to teams and automobiles, by the most direct route, and thereby make this park accessible to the whole State. The basin then can be reached by a drive of about seventeen miles from Santa Clara Valley.

Knowing of the immediate necessity of this highway, at this time, the Sempervirens Club has gone diligently to work, and in conjunction with the Native Sons of the Golden West and Santa Clara County California Pioneers, formed a joint committee which appeals to the people of the State to build this much needed road by public subscription.

"Western Field" earnestly urges its readers to encourage and support this worthy enterprise to the best of their ability. Subscriptions to any amount can be sent to Mr. A. P. Hill, at San Jose, Cal., Mr. Hill being the committee's secretary and fully authorized to receive and receipt for all moneys subscribed. We heartily endorse the project and ask Californians to respond generously to the committee's appeal.

THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB'S NEW ACCESSION.

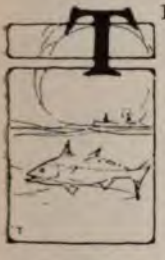
At a meeting of the Sempervirens Club of California, held at the residence of the president, Mrs. Lovell White, 1616 Clay street, San Francisco, on Tuesday, June 19, it was voted to accept the offer of Mr. I. T. Bloom of Bowlder Creek, the owner of the "Little Basin" in Santa Cruz County, part of which he has given and will deed to the club. His magnificent gift is a cut-over piece of land of about five acres adjoining the California Redwood Park. The tract is only twenty minutes' walk through the beautiful forest to the "Governor's Camp" and Sempervirens Grove of Redwood Patriarchs, many of them thousands of years old.

The club will hold this property and eventually build a clubhouse on it. The area is sufficient to permit the members of the club at any time to camp there in considerable numbers. One year ago the Club appointed a committee, consisting of Andrew P. Hill of San Jose, and W. W. Richards of San Francisco, to select a suitable site for a home for the club, and the result of their investigations is this splendid gift from Mr. I. T. Bloom who has, in this transfer to the club, made over a very valuable piece of land.

This special meeting was called as an expression and recognition of Mr. Bloom's interest and appreciation of the meeting generally, and the public will join in the club's thanks to the generous donator.

THE NINTH PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP RACE.

By DOUGLAS ERSKINE.



THE San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup, which has been the cause of many fine yacht races on San Francisco Bay, will remain for another year at least in the possession of the Corinthian Yacht Club, its yacht Corinthian having won the race with the challenger on June 17. To have this trophy in its locker is the dearest wish of every club on the Pacific Coast, and the keen rivalry which is shown in the races for its possession has been the means of arousing a greater degree of interest in yacht racing than has ever before been displayed on this Coast. Since the institution of the contests for the cup in 1895, nine races have been sailed. Of these the Encinal Yacht Club of Alameda has won two, the San Francisco Yacht Club of Sausalito, two, and the Corinthian Yacht Club, which makes its headquarters at Tiburon, has been successful five times. Thirteen different boats have taken part in the nine races—the Corinthian winners being the Aeolus (twice), Corinthian (twice), and Presto; the San Francisco winners the Gadder and Challenger, and the Encinal winners El Sueno and Fawn. The losers were Truant and Harpoon of the Corinthian club; the Queen, Catherine, Gadder and Challenger (twice), of the San Francisco club; the Fawn of the Encinal club, and the Helen, which represented the Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club in the race of 1901.

The spectators at the first two or three races were easily accommodated on a small tug, and consisted principally of the members of the contesting clubs and some personal friends of the amateur tars aboard the competing boats; but things have changed since then. The public gradually learned that a yacht race in the channel breeze was

THE S. F. PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP.

anything but a tame affair, and the attendance aboard the committee's steamer increased till in the race of last month the big stern wheeler H. J. Corcoran carried her full capacity of passengers around the course to witness the event. This interest in the sport is very gratifying to all yachtsmen, and must be particularly so to those of the donors of the cup who are left to see the splendid result of their effort to advance yachting. Nearly every one of the surviving donors had a place on the committee steamer, and their interest in the race was as keen as when they first turned out to the initial contest between the El Sueno and the Queen.

THE CORINTHIAN LEAVING THE STARTING LINE.

The ninth contest, which took place over the channel course of the Corinthian Yacht Club, the defenders, was as good a race as has ever been sailed for the cup. The difference at the finish was 8 minutes and 26 seconds in favor of the Corinthian, but the spectators seemed to retain their interest to the last minute. The wind was strong and there was the possibility of an accident changing the appearance of the race at any moment.

The program for the race called for a start at 1:30 P. M. and the boats were on hand and cruising around the starting line some time before that hour. An unfortunate delay—caused by the tardy arrival of the steamer H. J. Corcoran which was to take the spectators around the course—made it impossible to give the starting signal before 2:15 P. M. The Corinthian at once made

for the line and crossed at 2:16:05, while the Challenger, badly interefered with by a tug with a bark in tow, was unable to get over the line until 2:17:10, which unfortunate circumstance cost her ten seconds, the boats being allowed only two minutes to get across the line without penalty. On the beat to windward to the Presidio Shoal buoy the boats held their relative positions until they reached the Fulton Iron Works, when a series of strong puffs of wind struck the Corinthian and almost threw her on her beam-ends. Captain Stone had to luff several times, in spite of the fact that his boat was reefed, but she kept her speed well during it all, and when she rounded the buoy the Challenger was still behind, although she had gained 23 seconds on the leg.

THE CHALLENGER FINISHING.

The Challenger carried her full sail and it was expected that she would have some advantage in the leeward work through the Corinthian carrying less canvas. As soon as the spinnakers and topsails and watersails were set, however, the great superiority of the Corinthian off the wind became apparent. In the three and a half mile run from the Presidio Shoal buoy to the Goat Island Shoal buoy, she gained 2 minutes and 57 seconds; and on the one and a half mile reach to the North stakeboat she added 1 minute and 6 seconds to this. The Challenger's showing on this reach was a great disappointment to her friends, as on a three-mile reach in the race of the previous year the Corinthian had only beaten her about a minute.

When the boats rounded the North stakeboat it was almost a certainty that the Corinthian would win, but the Challenger's supporters had faith that their boat would gain something on the beat to windward. The

most enthusiastic Corinthian, however, was hardly prepared for the exhibition of windward work which the Corinthian gave. Frank Stone handled her splendidly in the heavy sea and strong wind, and the first tack across the channel brought her to the gas works west of Black Point, a strong ebb tide helping her to windward all the time. The Challenger, heading a little higher than her rival, got too close to Alcatraz Island and ran into a calm streak which lost her a few seconds. The Corinthian rounded the Presidio Shoal buoy the second time at 4:04:12 and the Challenger at 4:12:32, making a gain for the Corinthian on the four-mile beat to windward of 3 minutes and 35 seconds.

The Challenger carried away her jib sheets and had to lower the sail to fix them. The jib was down for three or four minutes and the boat lost some time, but as the Corinthian had a safe lead at the time, it had no effect on the result, although it made the margin at the finish greater. The Corinthian crossed the finishing line at 4:20:58, and the Challenger at 4:30:56. This was a difference of 9 minutes and 58 seconds, from which the timers deducted the 55 seconds which the Corinthian got at the start and the 37 seconds time allowance, and declared the Corinthian winner by 8 minutes and 26 seconds, corrected time. The elapsed time of the Corinthian was 2 hours, 4 minutes and 53 seconds, and the Challenger 2 hours, 13 minutes and 56 seconds, which is a remarkably fast time over a fourteen-mile course, nearly half of which was dead to windward.

Frank Stone, who sailed the Corinthian, lived up to his reputation as a skillful handler of boats. He showed great judgment in reefing, as the race showed conclusively that the Corinthian would not have been able to carry her full sail in the wind that prevailed. This is the third time that Stone has sailed a Corinthian boat in the Challenge Cup races, and each time he has been successful, winning the race in 1901 with the Presto, and last year and this year with the Corinthian. The crew of the Corinthian, which did its part of the work without any mistakes, consisted of Commodore Thomas Jennings, Vice-Commodore John C. Brickell, Neil A. McLean, Fred E. Schober, Jack Short and Douglas Erskine.

Commodore W. G. Morrow was at the tiller of his boat, the Challenger, and sailed a good race. Many of the spectators thought that the Challenger would have done better with a reef in, but Morrow knows his boat, and it did not appear at any time as if the Challenger was in distress from being overcanvased. In the long run before the wind and on the reach she must surely have saved some time by having her full mainsail. Commodore Morrow had with him on the Challenger ex-Commodore Robert S. Bridgman, W. Follansbee, Harry Helen, W. L. Spencer, A. E. Wray and W. W. Farrar. The handling of the light sails on the San Francisco Club boat was done to perfection, and the crew acted very promptly when the accident to the jib occurred, getting the sail down, repairing the damage and setting the jib again in a very smart manner.

The great difference in the types of the contesting yachts made the race an interesting study to students of naval architecture. The Corinthian is a light draft boat with enormous overhangings fore and aft and very wide beam. She has a deep centerboard and only carries enough ballast to trim her. As she relies entirely on her beam for her stability, she cannot carry the canvas that a boat with deadweight ballast could stand, but the absence of deadweight lessens the necessity for much sail, and her long, flat floor slips over the tops of seas which a heavier boat would have to plough through.

The Challenger is a fin keel boat, and besides being able to stand up to her canvas, is very quick in stays and easy to handle. Before the wind she cannot hold her own with the Corinthian, as she has to drag her keel through the water, while the other boat, with her centerboard hauled up, is skipping along with only about two feet of her hull immersed.

As long as the yacht clubs keep building new boats to compete for the cup there will be new ideas introduced to this Coast and the type of yachts sailing on the Pacific Coast will be improved. A great many conservative yachting men in San Francisco shook their heads when they saw the Challenger, and threw up their hands in holy horror when the Corinthian was built. They called them "racing machines" and said they were no good for anything. The Challenger is, and has been since she was built,

a very comfortable cruiser, and although the Corinthian has not been used for cruising purposes, being the property of the Corinthian Club, there is plenty of room in her to sleep four or five men, and the only thing that would mar her cabin is the iron truss, which would be somewhat in the way.

Yachtsmen who want a cruising boat can get plenty of pointers by studying the construction and lines of these two boats, as there is no reason why a cruising boat should not be made as fast as possible when the lines which produce the speed do not interfere with the owner's ideas of comfort. Hollow spars have never been used on this bay for yachts until the Corinthian was fitted with them, but they are certainly an improvement over the heavy solid spars and will no doubt be given consideration by everyone who builds a boat in the future.

These races have also helped to foster a feeling of friendship among the clubs, and Commodore W. G. Morrow deserves great credit for the spirit displayed in visiting the Corinthian clubhouse on the day after the race. With several of his racing crew aboard, he sailed his Challenger over to Tiburon, came ashore and congratulated his rivals of the day before, assuring them that he had no fault to find with the race, and that he was satisfied that he had met a faster boat. The Corinthians cheered Morrow and his crew and his boat, and the Challenger sailed back to Sausalito followed by the hearty good will of the Corinthian Club.

The arrangements for the race were carried out by a joint committee comprising Messrs. Roy C. Ward, H. G. Toll and Loring Rixford of the San Francisco Yacht Club; T. J. Kavanagh, Stuart Middlemas and Alex. J. Young of the Corinthian Yacht Club. Messrs Young and Rixford had charge of the steamer with the spectators on board, and are deserving of special praise for the manner in which they kept the yachts in view so that everything of interest could be plainly seen by the crowd on the steamer. Messrs. Middlemas and Toll acted as timers, and Messrs. Ward and Kavanagh as judges. The referee was Commodore A. E. Chapman of the Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMANS GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DURING 1903 and 1904 the ladies of Northern California displayed little interest in golf. The tournaments on the Presidio and San Rafael links attracted few entries, and the Oakland Golf Club was in a state of transition from the old course, overlooking Lake Merritt, to the new one at Rockridge Park. It was clear that, unless golf was to be allowed to die out among the ladies of San Francisco and neighborhood, something must be done to arouse new enthusiasm.

In the latter half of 1904 Mrs. R. G. Brown with characteristic zeal and energy set to work to found the California Woman Golfers' Association, the general scheme and principles being the same as those of the "Women's Western Golf Association," which has greatly increased the interest felt by the women of Chicago and surrounding region in golf. The secretary and leading spirits of the Women's Western Golf Association willingly communicated their experience to the organizers of the California Woman Golfers' Association. Most of the members of the executive committee of the Pacific Coast Golf Association approved of the objects of the new organization and gave it their encouragement, as also did many of the secretaries and leading members of the golf clubs throughout the State. A preliminary circular setting forth the above facts and explaining the modus operandi of the Association was prepared, and in the first week of January of the present year

the birth of the organization was announced in the daily papers.

Clubs join the association as units, each paying ten dollars a year, this resulting fund being used for stationery, printing and general working expenses. One woman of each club is requested to serve as captain of her own club, and to transmit to the secretary of the association the names of those members of her club who will take part in association tournaments. Her duty is to urge as many ladies as possible to play in the tournament held on her club's links. The association holds a handicap tournament about once in six weeks on the course of each club in turn; also a team match between the North and the South at the annual championship meet. The captain of a club on

MRS. R. G. BROWN.
Inkersly, Photo.

whose links a handicap is to be held, is notified of the date by the secretary of the association, and is expected to supervise it; to see that caddies and score cards are provided and that luncheon is prepared. She will be informed of the number of players likely to be present. Each player may bring her own caddie and will pay for her own luncheon. The captain should provide a suitable card for entries and the results of the tournament, and should send this card by mail to the secretary of the association after the event is concluded. Communications will be made by the executive committee to any club through the medium of the woman captain, who is to maintain the interest of the members

Inkersly, Photo. MISS IVES.

MRS. J. R. CLARK.
Inkersly, Photo.

of her club and to "boost" the work of the association.

The only expenses of competitors in the tournaments will be for fares, caddies and luncheons. The clubs in the association are divided into Northern and Southern, each tournament being held simultaneously on a Northern and Southern course. The winner in each division receives the silver medal of the C. W. G. A., while the ladies of the club on whose links the tournament is held provide a trophy for the runner-up. The clubs which formed the association were the Claremont, Linda Vista, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego and Santa Barbara Country Clubs, the San Rafael and Sacramento Golf Clubs, the Menlo and San Francisco Golf and Country Clubs. The Burlingame Country Club has since become a member.

The executive committee consists of the following ladies: Miss Ada N. Smith of the San Diego Country Club, president; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club, vice president; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. C. M. Shannon of the Los Angeles Country Club, assistant secretary; Mrs. P. E. Bowles of the Claremont Country Club, Mrs. W. P. Bishop of the Los Angeles Country Club, Miss Edith Chesebrough of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, Mrs. Alexander Reynolds of the San Diego Country Club, Mrs. F. W. Seymour of the Redondo Country Club, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel of the Menlo Golf and Country Club, Mrs. Edward Silent of the Los Angeles Country Club, Mrs. W. F. George of the Sacramento Golf Club, and Mrs. W. G. Miller of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

The first tournament of the C. W. G. A. was held on Wednesday, April 5, on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for the Northern division, and on the course of the Los Angeles Country Club for the Southern division. The tournament on the Presidio links was in charge of Miss Edith Chesebrough, captain of the Women's Annex of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Mrs. R. G. Brown's untiring work (she wrote more than a hundred personal letters to women golfers) resulted in securing the handsome number of twenty-four entries for the handicap over eighteen holes, match play, against bogey. Mrs. W. G. Miller, with a match handicap of 7 strokes, made the best returns, 3 up against bogey; Mrs. J. R. Clark and Miss Hager tieing with 2 up. Mrs. Miller took the silver medal of the C. W. G. A., and Mrs. J. R. Clark, who beat Miss Hager in the play-off of the tie, captured the second prize, presented by the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. A prize presented by the same club for the best net medal score, went to Miss Hager, as Mrs. Miller, whose net medal score was lowest, took the prize in the bogey handicap. The full details of the tournament are given in the table:

FIRST TOURNAMENT OF C. W. G. A., ON PRESIDIO LINKS.

Players	Match Hdk	Match Score	Med Score	Med Hdk	Net
Mrs. W. G. Miller	7	3 up	101	11	90
Mrs. J. R. Clark	7	2 down	113	11	102
Miss A. Hager	14	2 down	120	24	96
Mrs. R. G. Brown	S	3 down	101	S	101
Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel	8	7 down	130	13	117
Mrs. L. G. C. Tibbetts	8	7 down	*	14	...
Miss Drum	16	7 down	135	27	108
Mrs. R. D. Girvin	18	8 down	138	30	108
Miss Chesebrough	7	8 down	122	11	111
Miss F. Ives	11	9 down	127	18	109
Mrs. W. P. Johnson	14	9 down	132	24	108
Mrs. G. W. Lane	4	10 down	115	7	108
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	S	11 down	113	S	113
Miss A. Hoffman	4	11 down	121	7	114
Miss Selby	18	12 down	165	30	135
Mrs. P. E. Bowles	14	13 down	*	24	...
Mrs. W. S. Porter	18	14 down	145	30	115
Miss Deane	17	16 down	176	29	147
Mrs. A. M. Shields	18	16 down	139	30	109
Miss Schaw	13	16 down	153	22	131
Miss D. Batchelder	14	17 down	176	24	152
Miss Dinsmore	7	18 down	170	11	159
Mrs. Ralph Hersey	4	*	...	7	...
Mrs. Rucker	11	*	...	10	...

* No returns. S Scratch.

The second tournament of the C. W. G. A. was held on May 17, on the links of the Claremont Country Club for the Northern division, and on the links of the Pasadena Country Club for the Southern division. For the Northern tournament twenty-four entries were received, twelve coming from the Claremont Country Club, six from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, four from the Menlo Golf Club, and two from the San Rafael Golf Club. Twenty-two of these took part in the contest, and all but one made returns. Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood played from scratch, the rest receiving handicaps. Equitable handicapping being a highly important element in the success of competitions, the managers of the C. W. G. A. devoted special attention to this department. The handicapping for the tournament at Claremont showed that they had gauged the strength of the players closely, for two competitors tied for first place with net scores of 87, and three for third place with net scores of 88. Miss Alice Knowles beat Miss Violet Whitney in the play-off of the tie, winning the silver medal of the C. W. G. A., the second handicap prize going to Miss Whitney. Mrs. R. G. Brown won a special prize presented by the Claremont Country Club for best gross score with the excellent card, 46, 45; total, 91. The day was bright and warm. Many ladies besides the competitors took luncheon at the clubhouse and watched the contest afterward. The whole affair was highly successful and was enjoyed greatly by those who took part. The details are shown in full in the table:

SECOND TOURNAMENT OF C. W. G. A., ON CLAREMONT COURSE.

Competitors	1st R'd	2d R'd	Gross	Hdk.	Net
Miss Alice Knowles	53	52	105	18	87
Miss Violet Whitney	58	56	114	27	87
Miss Alice Hoffman	55	51	106	18	88
Mrs. J. R. Clark	51	48	99	11	88
Miss F. Ives	55	51	106	18	88
Mrs. R. G. Brown	46	45	91	S	91
Mrs. Minor Goodall	54	67	121	27	94
Mrs. R. D. Girvin	56	58	114	18	96
Mrs. F. Magee	62	60	122	26	96
Mrs. W. P. Johnson	55	59	114	18	96
Mrs. Leroy Nickel	54	56	110	13	97
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood	50	49	99	S	99
Miss Batchelder	64	65	129	24	105
Miss Drum	59	80	139	27	112
Mrs. P. E. Bowles	69	62	131	18	113
Miss Kales	69	74	143	30	113
Miss Morgan	71	73	144	29	115
Mrs. George Roe	71	78	149	30	119
Mrs. Ricard	78	71	149	30	119
Mrs. Harry Knowles	81	78	159	30	129

PARTICIPANTS CAL. WOMEN'S GOLFERS ASSOCIATION, AT SAN RAFAEL.

Miss Wright	93	78	171	30	141
Miss Ayres	*	..	...	30	...

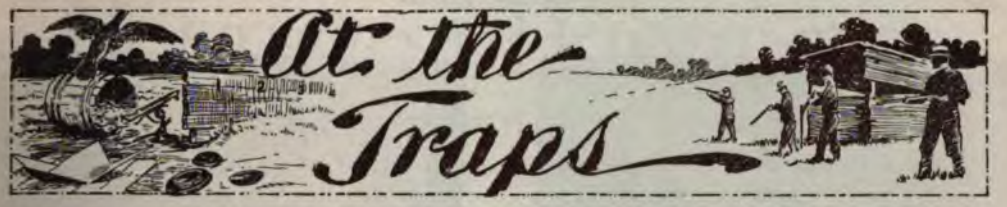
* No returns. S Scratch.

The third handicap tournament of the C. W. G. A. took place on Wednesday, June 28, on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club for the Northern division, and on the course of the San Diego Country Club for the Southern division. For the Northern event entries were received as follows: Seven from the Claremont Country Club, six apiece from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club and the San Rafael Golf Club, two from the Linda Vista Golf Club, and one each from the Burlingame Country Club and the Menlo Golf and Country Club. Twenty-one of those entered played and a round score made returns. The competition was an eighteen-hole handicap against bogey. Mrs. R. G. Brown (scratch) and Mrs. J. R. Clark (receiving five strokes) tied for first place with 3 up. In playing off the tie the first hole was halved in 5, and the second hole was won by Mrs. R. G. Brown in 4 against Mrs. Clark's 5. Mrs. Brown captured the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. and a silver cup presented by the ladies of the San Rafael Golf Club. Mrs. Clark received a silver cup, presented by the Council of the San Rafael Golf Club. The ladies' bogey for the nine holes of the Happy Valley course is 51, and was beaten by Mrs. Brown, whose medal score was 47, 49; total 96. Mrs. Clark's medal score was 50, 53, total 103, or only a single stroke above bogey. The day was beautiful, and it is a long time since the clubhouse and grounds of the San Rafael Golf Club presented so lively a sight. The details of the competition are shown in the table:

THIRD TOURNAMENT OF C. W. G. A., AT SAN RAFAEL.

Players.	Club.	Hdcp.	Score.
Mrs. R. G. Brown,	San Francisco...	S	3 up
Mrs. J. R. Clark,	San Francisco....	5	3 up
Miss A. Hoffman,	San Rafael.....	7	Tie
Miss Chesebrough,	San Francisco..	4	1 down
Mrs. F. S. Johnson,	San Rafael....	18	1 down
Miss F. Ives,	San Francisco.....	7	1 down
Mrs. J. J. Crooks,	San Rafael.....	16	4 down
Miss V. Whitney,	Claremont.....	10	4 down
Miss Morgan,	Claremont.....	11	6 down
Mrs. A. M. Shields,	San Francisco..	18	7 down
Mrs. Leroy Nickel,	Menlo.....	11	8 down
Miss Kales,	Claremont.....	18	8 down
Mrs. L. I. Scott,	Burlingame.....	6	8 down
Mrs. George Roe,	San Rafael.....	18	9 down
Miss F. Clayton,	Linda Vista.....	18	10 down
Miss A. Hager,	San Francisco.....	11	10 down
Mrs. Rickard,	Claremont.....	14	10 down
Miss M. Dinsmore,	Linda Vista....	18	12 down
Mrs. F. W. Skaife,	San Rafael....	18	14 down
Mrs. Wright,	Claremont.....	17	15 down
Mrs. Cook,	Claremont.....	18	*

* No returns. S Scratch.



WITH THE HAWAIIAN TRAP SHOOTERS.

THE Hawaiian Gun Club, during its two short years of existence, has achieved a very encouraging popularity as was evidenced by the success of its last two shoots, held May 30 and June 26 at the club range at Manoa Valley. From start to finish great interest was taken in the several matches making up the day's sport, especially by the large number of visitors present, the majority of whom had never witnessed this class of shooting, which is bound to become one of the island's most popular sports.

On the fourth annual shoot, May 30, J. W. Harvey carried off the individual honors of the day by winning the high average cup with the fine average of 90. A. E. Walker and L. C. King were second and third with 84 and 75.

H. E. Gares pushed Harvey hard for honors. Gares won the 20-bird handicap, known angles, and the 10-bird scratch, unknown angles. Irwin Spalding won the weekly challenge cup with 20 out of 25 targets. Having won the cup twice previously, it now comes into his permanent possession.

After a short delay, caused by the non-arrival of a few participants, the first event, 20-bird scratch, known angle match, for President D. P. R. Isenberg's cup and the championship of the club, was called.

Out of the five entries, J. W. Harvey took first place with 18 breaks out of 20, K. B. Porter second, 16 out of 20.

This is the second time Mr. Harvey has won this cup, which ranks him as one of the island's best shots, if not the best.

Second Event—10-bird scratch, unknown angles: 1st prize, Hall & Son's Challenge cup, won by H. E. Gares, 10 out of 10; 2d prize, gun case, won by H. E. Walker, 9 out of 10; 3d prize, chair, won by L. C. King, 8 out of 10.

Third Event—20-bird handicap, known angles: 1st prize, Woods and Sheldon's Walsrode cup, won by H. E. Gares, 21, handicap 6; 2d prize, cup, won by J. W. Harvey, 20 straight; 3d prize, cup, won by J. E. Fullerton, 20, handicap 4.

J. W. Harvey and J. E. Fullerton having tied for second place, a shoot-off was called, in which J. W. Harvey won out with 18 breaks out of 20, Fullerton 14 out of 24.

Fourth Event—10-bird scratch, unknown angles, walking, gun to be below the elbow: 1st prize, cup, won by J. W. Harvey, 9 out of 10; 2d prize, cup, won by J. E. Fullerton, 5 out of 10; 3d prize, mug, won by H. E. Gares, 5 out of 10.

Messrs. Fullerton, Gares and Porter having tied for second place with 5 breaks each, the shoot-off resulted as follows: J. E. Fullerton, 8 out of 10; H. E. Gares, 5 out of 10; K. B. Porter, 2 out of 10.

This match proved to be highly interesting, as each contestant had one of the five different angle traps sprung when least expected.

Fifth Event—Visitors' Match, 10 birds, known angles: 1st prize, cup, won by E. Wilder, 8 out of 10; 2d prize, cup, won by J. Tavas, 7 out of 10.

J. Tavas and T. Treadway having tied for second place, Tavas won out in the shoot-off with 10 straight, an exceedingly good score for a beginner.

This event, although something new in the history of the club, proved to be highly interesting, the result showing that others beside the gun club members knew how to shoot. The other entries and results were as follows: Treadway, 7; Jacobson and Colburn, each 6; Enos, Cutting and Drummond, each 5; Meyers, 5; Charlock, 3; Penhallow, 1, and Taylor, 0.

Sixth Event—20-bird handicap, known angles: Prize, Weekly Challenge cup, to be won three times. I. Spalding won this cup, with a net score of 20 out of 25 targets. This is the third time Mr. Spalding has won this cup, thereby giving him the cup for good.

Seventh Event—10 birds consolation, known angles, open to those who had not won a prize during the day: 1st prize, elkskin hunting shoes, won by A. R. Rowatt, 10 out of 15; 2d prize, 100 cartridges, won by W. Lanz, 9 out of 13; 3d prize, hunting coat, won by R. B. Booth, 9 out of 14.

Messrs. Lanz, Booth and Charlock having tied for second place with a net score of 9 breaks, the shoot-off gave W. Lanz second and R. B. Booth third places respectively.

J. W. Harvey was then awarded the High Average cup, his average for the day's shooting being 90 per cent.

At the season's final shoot, June 25, the contests were for cups and merchandise.

K. B. Porter carried off individual honors by winning the second event, 10 birds, unknown angles, with 7 out of 10 breaks, and the fifth event, 20 birds, unknown angles, handicap, with twenty straight smashes. This event was originally designed for visitors, but the visiting gunners being too few, it was made a regular event.

E. I. Spalding won the first event, 20 birds, known angles, handicap, with 20 breaks out of 26 shots. The third event, 10 birds, unknown angles, walking, went to W. E. Wall. J. W. Harvey should have won it, but dropped out. Wall and Gares tied with 5 breaks each, the former winning the shoot-off.

H. M. Whitney and J. E. Fullerton tied in the fourth event, 20 birds, unknown angles, unknown traps. This is a new event for the local gunners. The two men broke fourteen targets each, Whitney winning the shoot-off.

Another new event was the sixth, 20-bird handicap, unknown angles, use of both barrels being allowed. I. Spalding did good work in this, breaking 21 out of 23 targets, only one being with the second barrel. D. L. Austin, who took second with 18 out of 20, and won from Harvey, Porter and Fullerton in a tie shoot-off, broke five targets with the second barrel.

H. E. Walker won the consolation match, 10 birds, known angles, handicap, by scoring 7 out of 11, J. E. Whitney taking second with 7 out of 13.

THE BIG SPRING — BIG MEADOWS.
C. E. Worden, Photo.

IN THE BIG MEADOWS.
C. E. Worden, Photo.

A BIG MEADOW VISTA.
C. E. Worden, Photo.

JOHN SIEBE ON BIG STONEY.
W. W. Richards, Photo.

WALTER MANSFIELD CASTING ON BIG STONEY.
W. W. Richards, Photo.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

AUGUST, the month of hot suns, when there is no ice in the wind and no bursting black clouds roll over the hills to dye the faded coat of nature the color most loved. Day after day the flame of Sol scars all it touches. A pale blue canopy is the sky, its edge fringed with a hazy heat gossamer. Rarely the sight is relieved by fleecy cloud blotches floating along on the air currents, and which vanish almost as they appear. All is parched, no bird voices its joy of life and save for the crackling of the baked leaves, all is silent.

No, not all! A grouse drums from the edge of a crab-apple swamp, and a doe makes a slight rustle as, followed by a spotted fawn, she seeks refuge from the flies in its darkest depths. Even there they will seek her out.

In the deepest pools, where the water is living, under the great boulders of the bottom and the rocky shelves of the river's sides, lurk the trout. They will only venture forth to feed in the grays of morn and eve. 'Tis hard to be by a trout river and have to count the hours between the drying and the wetting of your cast. And yet expectation counts for something. One appreciates a forced time limit of this kind, and grasps the rod with considerable zest when the feeding hours of the game fish come 'round.

There is no work now for the gun; but next month—ah! next month—when the wind pours cool to the lungs and a camp-fire smells good to the smokers sitting about it, the while the moon swings above the shadows of great trees, the creatures of the strange places will be sought for. Many will not be found; that is good; and the hunter, though unsuccessful, will be the better for the days spent in the open.

* * *

The trout season is now well advanced. Of indifferent luck are the stories told by our fishermen. It is conclusive evidence, the substance of these stories, that the rivers and lakes easily reached by rail are fast becoming depleted. Five men to every fish is about the way they return on Sunday evenings after a day spent along the railway lines. Only in out-of-the-way places are fish fairly plentiful, and it is well that there are countless places of this kind throughout the great Northwest, many even where the artificial fly has yet to be cast. Away from the beaten tracks, where the majority of fishermen do not go, a day's traveling from any center of population will bring the sportsman to water that may mean the realization of his most glowing dreams of large bags and big fish.

* * *

We have the diabolical one again running undetected in this part of the country. It is too bad that he is able to conceal his identity, to keep out of the traps set to catch him. Some day he will possibly be laid by the heels, his name known and his deeds receive merited punishment. At present large rewards are offered for his conviction, and these may spur those who are skilled in hunting evil-doers to put forth every effort to bring whoever is guilty of dog-poisoning to justice. Vancouver fanciers have lately been heavy sufferers at the hands of this personage.

* * *

The salmon is to be propagated extensively in Alaskan waters. Yes Bay, in the very center of the northern fishing grounds, has been chosen as the site of a great hatchery which will be immediately rushed to completion. Special attention will be given to the propagation of the Chinook variety, the largest salmon of our waters. Besides being of great commercial value, this fish affords no end of sport, taking the spoon; and, as it weighs in some cases as much as an hundred pounds, there's always an exciting hour for the angler who hooks one with light tackle.

* * *

Vancouver is developing into a great motor-boat center. A year or two ago the chug-chug boat was a great rarity; now they are very numerous. With such magnificent stretches of water contiguous to the city, it is only natural that the outdoor-loving people should take advantage of them. To do so, a boat with power is looked upon with the most favor, as the outing months of summer pass with but little wind, thus making the pleasures of sailing craft uncertain to those with limited time.

* * *

The Northwest International Yacht Racing Association yearly grows in strength. It now consists of seven clubs, the latest club to enter being the Nanaimo Yacht Club, with quite a large fleet of motor and sail boats. Years ago the Nanaimo Yacht Club was an important institution when aquatic sports were to the fore, and the yearly regattas held under its auspices were ever successful, yachtsmen gathering from all quarters to compete for the trophies offered. Then came a time when interest flagged, but it now appears to have been nothing worse than a transitory period; for the club is now in a flourishing condition, and gives promise of again becoming a factor in Northwestern yachting circles. At present, the clubs of the Association are as follows: Seattle Yacht Club, Seattle; Queen City Yacht Club, Seattle; Bellingham Bay Yacht Club, Bellingham; Townsend Yacht Club, Port Townsend; Nanaimo Yacht Club, Nanaimo; Victoria Yacht Club, Victoria; Vancouver Yacht Club, Vancouver.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Victoria Kennel Club, the best means of laying the affairs of the club before the officials of the Canadian

Kennel League was debated, and a committee was appointed for the purpose of conferring with Vancouver and New Westminster in order that some concerted action on the part of Western Canadian clubs may be decided upon. Miss Davie, Dr. Garasche and Mr. Saunders were the members of the committee appointed. It is the desire of the fanciers and breeders hereabouts to obtain some concessions regarding the recognition of Coast wins. The following suggestions were submitted to the clubs mentioned:

1. That a Pacific advisory board be established.

2. That the advisory board have full discretionary powers in dealing with protests, disqualifications, suspensions, etc. That the advisory board shall receive and approve of catalogues and premium lists of clubs on the Coast giving shows under C. K. C. rules.

3. That the advisory board be made up of delegates, one from each show-giving club of the Coast, and of the vice president of the Canadian Kennel League resident in British Columbia, the latter to be the chairman of the board and having a casting vote in case of a tie.

4. That these delegates be elected from each club annually at a general meeting.

5. That the advisory board have the practical management of kennel matters on the Coast, subject to Canadian Kennel League rules, i. e., that any question regarding kennel interests in the West shall be submitted to the Pacific advisory board and dealt with by them, subject to the approval of the executive in Toronto.

6. That the advisory board shall have power to grant dates for the holding of shows on the Coast.

7. That the advisory board shall meet at least twice a year, and that due notice of such meetings be given to all clubs; also that in case the elected delegate from any club is unable to attend such meeting or meetings, that such club have power to name a delegate to represent it at a particular meeting.

8. That a full report of proceedings at all meetings of the advisory board be sent immediately after the meeting to the Canadian Kennel Club in Toronto.

On behalf of the Coast clubs the following concessions have also been asked for from the executive of the Canadian Kennel Club:

1. That two championship points already won in British Columbia under Western Kennel League or Pacific Kennel League rules, be recognized and allowed to count toward a championship title.

2. That twenty-five per cent. of listing fees collected by the clubs be returned to them.

H. L. Ralston, Vancouver, was unanimously elected as a delegate to the advisory board of the C. K. C. in British Columbia.

In connection with the British Columbia field trials at Ladner, B. C., this year, it has been decided to hold the trials of the Vancouver Kennel Club and those of the Seattle club at the same time. These additions should make the annual fixture more successful than has formerly been the case.

For some time Victoria has had a Collie club. Now the members want to hold annual sheep trials at Victoria and other points. They intend to seek the co-operation of the provincial agricultural societies and of the Flockmasters' Association in furthering the idea.

* * *

Seattle is keeping in the van of progress. It is proposed to license chaffeurs, compelling them to pass a stringent examination before they are privileged to manipulate the driving and steering gears of the fast-moving cars.

* * *

The young Atlantic salmon recently forwarded to the Coast from Ottawa, have been placed in the Conichan and Qualicum Rivers.

* * *

At the last membership shoot of the Victoria Gun Club, a large number of shots competed. There were three prizes—first, second and third. Poor scores were made, the best being that of Otto Weiler, 24; E. Green was second with 20, and Patten, third, also with 20. The possible was 30.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

GUNSHYNESS.—ITS CAUSES, EFFECTS, AND THE WAY TO REMEDY THE FAULT.

By C. H. Babcock.

A GENUINE case of gunshyness is considered by many to be incurable, and many an otherwise promising dog has been laid upon the shelf or disposed of because of this fault; in fact it is usually considered to be the worst fault that a dog can posess, even many trainers not wishing to have dogs sent to them when so affected.

It is surely the most discouraging fault to all novices, and difficult to cure when the methods adopted are in the least incorrect.

The habit, however, is really not so bad as is generally supposed when properly handled, and I have yet to see a case that would not readily yield to correct methods of treatment in from two to six weeks' time. What was apparently the worst case I ever saw was entirely cured in two weeks.

Gunshyness is caused in several ways. Many dogs undoubtedly inherit the habit, or, at least, are so bred as to be very susceptible to it. One very bad feature of gunshyness is that it is likely to lead to other bad habits, such as birdshyness, "blinking," and sulking in various combinations.

The professional is usually not troubled with dogs addicted to this fault, as he does not take any chances at the start. The amateur, however, especially if he knows his dog to be inclined toward the habit, always waits until he is afield with his dog, and preferably among birds, before shooting. If he is able to get the dog pointing stanchly he is especially pleased. A shot at such an opportune time is considered by the novice to be a sure cure. In nearly every case, however, it not only aggravates the trouble, but makes the dog suspicious that the bird was instrumental in making the terrible noise that frightens him.

The next procedure is usually to caress the dog, thus endeavoring to allay his fears. A few repetitions of this treatment and the dog will be discarded as worthless, or relegated to the ranks of the pets, or possibly the owner will send him to a competent trainer who, at a price somewhat in advance of the value of the dog, will put him in proper shape again.

'Certainly this method appears proper at first thought. Any sensible dog, you will say, should know that the gun adds to, rather than detracts from, his pleasure. Now right there is where many so-called "trainers" make their fatal mistake in the handling of dogs. It is not what a dog *should* think, but what he *does* think, that influences his actions.

The untrained dog, exactly like an ignorant human being, is not always inclined to think as one wishes him to, or as common sense should lead him to think. It is

only the educated dog that does this, so in the case of the ignorant dog we must interpret his thoughts aright in order to treat him satisfactorily for any fault, or in order to teach them that which we wish them to know.

We must so manage that the sound of the gun shall be a pleasurable sound to the dog beyond the possibility of a doubt, and that, too, at such a time as to preclude the possibility of his confounding the sound with other things that lead to complications.

Many and various are the methods adopted, but to my knowledge there are not more than three really correct ways, and this number can be still further reduced to one really quick and efficient method. The first instruction I received in remedying the habit was as follows:

Attach a check cord to the dog's collar, shoot the gun and, when he tries to run away, jerk him back and pet him. This method might succeed in time but, young as I was, I thought it open to criticism.

Another remedy was to shoot while the dog was eating, which had the disadvantage of making him suspicious of his food, and was hardly conducive to a good appetite.

Another method was to chain the dog and shoot over him until cured. The chances were favorable that you would still be shooting.

I once knew a trainer who tied a gunshy dog by a check cord attached to his belt, every time he went hunting during three months. At the end of this time the dog was condemned as having no sense, as he failed to be cured. Possibly it was a pair of them, yet this was no novice, but a man who had a fair reputation before the public. These men were all blind leaders of the blind.

Of the other habits caused primarily by gunshyness, birdshyness is the most common. Actually very few dogs are birdshy naturally, and should one develop this fault it is almost certain it was caused either by too much gun or too much whip.

This is a very trying fault, the dog hunting nicely, perhaps, until birds are found, when he immediately comes to heel and cannot be induced to hunt further.

Shooting birds will likely only aggravate the case, as the dog pays not the slightest heed to the dead bird. The remedy is to leave the gun behind until after the gunshyness has been overcome, when the dog gradually recovers his courage and will face the birds.

"Blinking" also often results from the same cause, and is birdshyness in a lesser degree. The dog points until the gun is presented, when his courage fails and he breaks point to retire to heel or to a distance.

I once knew a dog who for some time would point with his flag toward the birds. This evidently was to facilitate matters when the time came to retreat.

Occasionally a well trained dog develops gunshyness. In a case of this sort it is invariably caused by shooting too closely over the dog's head. This is the most natural thing in the world for a sportsman to do when walking in to flush, and it sometimes takes the utmost self control to refuse a bird under these circumstances. It should, however, always be done or you will soon have occasion to wonder why your dog became deaf so early in life.

Until you have had your own ear drums shocked in this manner you cannot fully sympathize with the poor dog, who often is obliged to withstand this terrible shock a dozen times a day. Always, when shooting, have the gun ahead of the dog, or else at least ten yards behind him. In case of a side shot do not point the gun nearer to the dog's head than an angle of forty-five degrees. If you value your faithful companion get this habit and never fail to live up to it under any circumstances.

It did not take many lessons to teach me that it was abject foolishness to try to break a dog of gunshyness in the field, as I found that the other habits contracted by so doing were more difficult to cure than the original one. I consequently early formulated the hard and fast rule—never to take the gun afield with a gunshy dog. To do so is allowable only when the attack is of the very lightest nature, and in this case one may shoot when the dog is at a considerable distance. After shooting pay absolutely no attention to the dog, not even so much as to look at him. I do not know the reason why, but speaking to the dog seems to make him the worse. Perhaps it is for the same reason

"DENTONIO." (JAY M.—ALAMEDA.)
Owned by P. H. Dentoni, Stockton, Cal.

that the child weeps so long as the mother pities.

This method is all that is necessary for slight attacks, but for the really gunshy dog another method is required, sometimes entailing some hardship on the dog, but invariably ending, so far as my experience goes, in a perfect cure—to stay cured.

First chain the dog to a kennel in as secluded a place as possible, or confine him in a small yard where amusement will be entirely lacking. In other words, place him in solitary confinement, or as near that as is practicable. Of course, that means to stay away from him. Some dogs are affectionate and liberty-loving, and this fact may be taken advantage of. Others are almost entirely lacking in these traits, and to such you must appeal to their appetites.

Once a day is often enough to feed a fully matured dog when not at work, and when in training for gunshyness let it be a light meal so that his appetite will always be in good working order.

Toward evening of the first day suddenly appear to him with his pan of food, feed him and turn him loose for a few moments to enjoy a romp, then chain him up again. It will be as well to repeat this operation for two or three days in order that he may learn to expect you.

About the fourth day at feeding time, having provided yourself with a small pistol, and the pan of food, approach him within a few yards without being seen by him, discharge the pistol and immediately step forward with the pan of food and place it within his reach. Should he refuse the food, which he will do if he has a bad case, it should be removed—his appetite will have improved by the morrow. Unchain him, and if he sulks, chain him again.

If he appears in any degree natural, he may take the usual romp. In either case you should not pet or sympathize with him, more than a passing word of recognition, for this is strictly business and desperate cases require desperate remedies. The same operation should be repeated the next evening, when the chances are fair that he will accept the food; but in case he still refuses, your kindheartedness will dictate the number of times to repeat the operation of removing the food—the more kindhearted the longer it will take to accomplish your object, for you may rest assured that he will not refuse food to any where near the danger line.

Finally you will note that he looks with expectation at your arrival, and the first progress has been made, but still continue until he acts in a perfectly natural manner at your approach.

You may then try the experiment of stepping into sight before you discharge the pistol.

In his case anticipation is usually worse than realization, hence the reason for remaining obscured from view at the beginning, he is thus saved the suspense.

After the dog shows marked improvement you may accelerate his advance by shooting more times in a day and then liberating him.

Finally you may place the food before him, but just out of reach, before shooting. If he advances to it, under the certainty that he will hear the shot, you may rest assured that he is nearly cured. You may then take him afield and do as was first suggested, gradually diminishing the distance until he is perfectly cured.

It sometimes happens that a dog will stand one shot without flinching, but two or four shots may affect him adversely. Do not lose sight of this fact and govern yourself accordingly when he is first introduced to the gun afield.

THE RESERVE SYSTEM.

O'Neill, Neb., May 30, 1905.

Editor "Western Field":

The attention of field-trial clubs is called to the reserve system as originated by the Handlers' Association and adopted by the Independent and Nebraska Field-Trial Clubs. The following will give an idea of the working of this system:

But three dogs will be placed in any stake, as it is not considered that a place lower than third is of any value to a dog's public record. These three dogs will divide one-half the purse. The other half is to be divided among a number of dogs which will be known as reserve dogs. The number of these "reserve" dogs will be left to the discretion of the judges or the option of the club. They will be known as first reserve, second reserve, and so on, but will divide their share of the stake equally. In a five-hundred-dollar-stake the three place dogs would divide $250, leaving $250 to go to, we will say, ten reserve dogs, the latter getting twenty-five dollars apiece.

Here are some of the reasons that actuated the Handlers' Association in originating this system and presenting it to the field trial clubs for their consideration:

It was thought that places less than third and divided places were only makeshift to enable the judges to better divide the money, which praiseworthy object the "reserve system" furthers, without detracting any from the prestige that goes with a place won in a field trial. Furthermore, it was concluded by the handlers that at this time there are a number of dogs in every stake, on a practically even footing, the winner simply outlucking the competitors. The money value of a stake is never of much consideration to a dog's owner, and the handler of a winner gains more in a public reputation and training prestige than he can receive from the money that goes with a win. He should therefore be willing to concede something to those less fortunate.

It is the desire of all connected with field trials to put this sport on a plane above all mere monetary considerations, yet as they could not well be carried on without it, we must consider money in this case, in the light of a necessary evil. It causes jealousy, envy, bickering, misrepresentations in the public press, and contentions over decisions. Its only present benefit to field trials is in enabling handlers to attend such trials by paying traveling and other expenses with the prizes won. The more evenly such prizes are divided, the more greatly will money benefit field trials, as enabling a larger number of handlers to attend such competitions without loss, and it is hoped that its ill effects will be much modified by a more equable division of the winnings because a greater incentive to unfairness and ill-feeling will be gone.

The one present weakness of field trials is the contention that follows almost every decision, however honest. Human nature has much to do with this, and must be reckoned with. A man goes to a trial with a good dog, high hopes and a slim purse. He is beaten in a close decision—and to his prejudiced eyes a wrongful decision. Is it any wonder that, disappointed and in financial straits, he takes a most pessimistic view of field trials and field-trial judging, which he communicates to the patron who is backing him? Perhaps if he had placed a few dogs in the reserve list, thus enabling him to pay expenses, the world would have looked brighter to him, and the field-trial game a square one. Every handler worthy the name should receive some little encouragement, more especially when he is running in hard luck, else one after another will drop out, and with him, it should be remembered, will always go a few good patrons of the game and lovers of the dog, not to be entirely replaced by new faces or fresh enthusiasm.

One especial object of the reserve system is to enable dog owners to get a better line on the performances of their dogs. At present if a dog fails of a place, we can tell something of what the judges thought of him by his failure or success in getting into the second series. The second series, however, is only an expression of the judges' opinions at the end of the first series, which the dog's subsequent work might modify greatly. Under the reserve system the owner gets an absolute verdict on his dog at the conclusion of the latter's entire running.

It is with the hope that, if adopted, the reserve system will be the means of strengthening the field-trial game by bringing the greatest good to the greatest number, that the Handlers' Association presents this system to the respectful consideration of the field-trial clubs.

Practical working of the reserve system illustrated.

Two stakes, $600.00 each.

DERBY.

Handlers.		
"A" wins first	$120 00	
"B" wins second	105 00	
"C" wins third	75 00	
		$ 300
"D" wins first, sixth, tenth reserve, $30 each	$ 90 00	
"E" wins second, fourth reserve, $30 each	60 00	
"F" wins third reserve, $30 each	30 00	
"G" wins fifth reserve, $30 each	30 00	
"A" wins seventh reserve, $30 each.	30 00	
"C" wins eighth, ninth reserve, $30 each	60 00	
		$ 300
Total		$ 600

ALL AGE.

"B" wins first	$120 00	
"D" wins second	105 00	
"H" wins third	75 00	
		$ 300
"A" wins first and second reserve, $30 each	$ 60 00	
"C" wins fifth and ninth reserve, $30 each	60 00	
"I" wins third and tenth reserve, $30 each	60 00	
"J" wins sixth reserve, $30 each	30 00	
"B" wins seventh reserve, $30 each	30 00	
"E" wins eighth reserve, $30 each.	30 00	
"F" wins fourth reserve, $30 each.	30 00	
		$ 300
Stake		$ 600
Total for stakes		$1200

Of which the handlers win as follows:

"A" wins	$210 00
"B" wins	255 00
"C" wins	195 00
"D" wins	195 00
"E" wins	90 00
"F" wins	60 00
"G" wins	30 00
"H" wins	75 00
"I" wins	60 00
"J" wins	30 00
	$1200

Old system:

"A" wins	$240 00
"B" wins	450 00
"C" wins	150 00
"D" wins	210 00
"H" wins	150 00
	$1200

Note under the reserve system there are ten winning and contented handlers; under the old system but five.

Very respectfully submitted,

W. W. UPDIKE, Pres.
CHAS. ASKINS, Sec.
W. F. T. H. Ass'n.

[As handlers are the ones most concerned in the adoption or rejection of the above system, we invite their views upon the matter, as well as those of owners who are logically more or less interested. We will gladly give space for the expression of any fancier's views in this connection, as we are anxious to obtain a general concensus of opinion.—Ed.]

Alameda, Cal., June 10, 1905.

Editor "Western Field":

Answering your communication in regard to my views on the proposed "reserve system," I beg to state that personally I believe that in a stake of twenty or more starters it is advisable to place four winners. In addition to these I would favor dividing one-third of the purse among three reserve dogs to which would be awarded a V. H. C., H. C. and C. respectively.

The distribution of so many reserve moneys would induce irresponsible handlers to join the ranks, for with the aid of occasional reserve winnings with third raters they would be able to follow the circuit and bleed patrons.

H. L. BETTEN.

THE P. C. F. T. DERBY ENTRIES.

The following nominations to the twenty-third annual Derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club have been made:

SETTERS.

B. J. Baum's (San Francisco) orange and white dog Victor B. (Cavalier-Rod's Sylvia), whelped January 7, 1904. Owner, breeder.

John Riplinger's (Seattle, Wash.) white and black bitch Cynthia (Stylish Sergeant-Pera), whelped July 22, 1904. Owner, breeder.

H. A. Jones' (Eureka, Cal.) white, black and ta ndog Montauk J. (Bruce-Juna H.), whelped April 10, 1904. Owner, breeder.

J. E. Terry's (Sacramento) white and black bitch (unnamed), (Drake Windem-Mary Lou), whelped June 18, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch (unnamed). Same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch (unnamed). Same breeding.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Bessie Mortimer (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), whelped April 3, 1904. P. D. Linville, San Francisco, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Merry Duchess (Fairland Dude-Merry Heart), whelped July 30, 1904. C. N. Post, Sacramento, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch (unnamed) (Kilgarif-Belle of the Ball), whelped ————1904. H. S. Humphreys, Indianapolis, Ind., breeder.

Hugh Hopkins's (Minturn, Cal.) chestnut and white bitch Aunt Mame (Uncle B.-Sport's Belle), whelped January 3, 1904. H. R. Edwards, breeder.

S. Christenson's (San Francisco) black, white and tan dog Goliath (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), whelped April 3, 1904. P. D. Linville, breeder.

C. N. Post's (Sacramento) blue and tan belton dog De Charney (Petrel's Count-Moxy Danstone), whelped February 26, 1904. W. J. Baughn, Ridgeville, Ind., breeder.

Same owner's orange and white bitch Sunburst (Fairland Dude-Merry Heart), whelped July 30, 1904. C. N. Post, breeder.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Light Heart. Same breeding.

Dr. E. E. Stone's (Napa) black, white and tan dog Narcisse. Same breeding.

Albert Betz' (San Francisco) black, white and tan dog Merry Dude. Same breeding.

Mrs. C. E. Wilson's (Ross, Cal.) white, black and tan dog Encinal (Clipper W.-Rod's Sylvia), whelped September 8, 1904. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Ross, breeder.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Sour Jack. Same breeding.

J. W. Considine's (Seattle, Wash.) blue belton bitch Miss Hap (Count Rowdy-Roxane), whelped September 23, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch Lady's Count Gladstone Jessie Rodfield Galore. Same breeding.

J. A. Peebles' (Seattle, Wash.) orange and white dog Kipling Whitestone (Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle), whelped May 17, 1904. White & Peebles, Seattle, breeders.

J. E. Lucas' (San Rafael) black, white and tan dog Uncle Dudley. Same breeding.

W. W. Van Arsdale's (San Francisco) white and orange dog Mendocino (Uncle B.-Count's Gift), whelped August 24, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Madera. Same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Wawona (McCloud Boy-Countess-Mark), whelped May 18, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Pima (McCloud Boy-Peach Mark II), whelped July 20, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Calpella (Count's Mark-Shasta), whelped May 26, 1904. Owner, breeder.

L. McDaniel's (Templeton, Cal.) white and lemon dog Cloud Light (Bonner N.-White Wings), whelped August 14, 1904. S. D. Merk, Paso Robles, breeder.

Paul Peoper's (Los Angeles) red Irish setter Lady Echo II (Ch. Fred Echo-Miss Lady Fin-

glass II), whelped April 25, 1904. George E. Walter, Rushville, Ill., breeder.

POINTERS.

W. B. Coutt's (Kenwood, Cal.) liver and white dog Tod Sloan (Bolin's Duke-Whisper), whelped July 19, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's James Wallace. Same breeding.

W. W. Van Arsdale's white and liver bitch Sonoma (Dr. Daniels-Babe Jingo), whelped January 13, 1905. Owner, breeder.

F. H. Jermyn's (Scranton, Pa.) white and black dog Raffles (Ch. Senator P.-Miss Rap), whelped July 23, 1904. J. W. Flynn, San Francisco, breeder.

John Eriksen's (Seattle) white and black dog Senator's Jack. Same breeding.

J. W. Flynn's (San Francisco) black and white bitch May. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and orange dog Senator's Don (Ch. Senator P.-Flynn's Dolly Jingo), whelped May 13, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange dog Senator. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and lemon bitch Dollie. Same breeding.

F. G. Schumacher's (Los Angeles) lemon and white bitch Lady Belle (Teddy Kent-Jack's Fashion), whelped May 20, 1904. W. J. Morris, Los Angeles, breeder.

W. J. Morris' (Los Angeles) white, liver and ticked bitch Navajo. Same breeding.

Stockdale Kennel's (Bakersfield) liver and white dog Combination Boy (Cuba Jr.-Bow's Daughter), whelped March 1, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's liver and white dog Redwood (Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella), whelped May 1, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's liver, white and tan dog Oakwood. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and liver dog Baywood. Same breeding.

Same owner's liver and white bitch Cypresswood. Same breeding.

C. E. Worden's (San Francisco) white and liver dog Hickorywood. Same breeding.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Derby prospects by Doctor Daniels, ex-daughter Ripstone. All have had distemper. Also dam, soon in season, can be bred to Doctor Daniels as now at California Kennels. D. P. Ewen, 20th and Overton, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

DACHSHUND—Fine pedigreed litter ready for shipment. From working parents. Andrew Brown, O K Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

• • •

The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

• • •

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants ,etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

• • •

FOR SALE—Eight months' old pit Bull Terrier, $25.00. Will Gorham, 432 West St., Paris, Texas.

WANTED—We will pay 20 cents each for copies, in good condition, of our issue of Western Field for the months of April and September, 1903, and February, 1904. Parties having these back numbers for disposal please address this office, No. 4 Sutter street, "Western Field" Co.

• • •

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Mounted and unmounted heads of African big game. The Colburn Co., 1204 So. Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—I have twelve "Al Vista" Panoramic Cameras for sale at exactly one-half catalogue price. Brand new, latest models, all improvements, just from factory. They are in varying sizes, to make pictures all sizes, from 3½x4½ to 9 inches up to 7x7½ to 15 inches. Must sell them, and the bargain is yours. "Al Vista," 4 Sutter St., Rooms 8-9, San Francisco.

• • •

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

FOR SALE—A magnificent site for a sportsmen's country club and game preserves; 2,010 acres patented land, of which 500 acres are fine lake, 500 acres marsh and tules, the remainder being fine upland grazing land. Handsome groves of timber; six immense ice-cold perpetual springs; place of great natural beauty. Deer, ducks and other waterfowl; pheasants, grouse and fish in abundance; 400 tons wild hay now ready for cutting. All land under fine legal fence; extensive drainage improvements; cabin and barn in good shape. Situate about 35 miles from Ashland, Oregon. Price $15 per acre, less than half asked for adjacent property. Address, for particulars, Frank H. Mayer, Western Field office, 4 Sutter street, S. F.

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

AT STUD—$25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905.

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half brother to Plain Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

AUTOMOBILING

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

WHEN automobiling was first introduced into California a few years ago, the cars principally in use were the Mobile steam vehicle, with a central steering handle, the Locomobile steam carriage with a bar steering arrangement, and the White steam stanhope. These early-day automobiles were in outward appearance much like buggies and other horse-drawn vehicles, and the most notable thing about them was their horselessness, so that the name "horseless carriage" seemed to fit them naturally. Their vital parts were nearly all underneath their bodies, and a good deal of crawling in the dust was necessary when anything went wrong with the works. Gasoline cars were comparatively rare in those days, the first one that excited much general attention (so far as my memory serves me) being the Winton owned by Mr. W. H. Talbot, who, accompanied by his wife, was a regular attendant at the runs of the then newly founded Automobile Club of California.

Now the steam car which generates steam in an ordinary boiler has almost entirely disappeared, the only ones that are seen being a few left over from the primitive era of automobiling. The fact that steam cars that used to cost $800 or so can be bought brand new in New York for $275, proves clearly how small is the demand for the steam car of the ordinary type. The only steam car that has kept its place on the market is the White, which is the holder of the mile track record for steam vehicles—53 seconds, made at Morris Park, New York. This is only three-fifths of a second slower than the track record of the world, which is held by a 90-horse power F. I. A. T. The White record was made by Webb Jay, who believes that the White car is capable of equaling, or beating, the world's record.

Many well-known automobilists of San Francisco and the neighborhood own White cars, and one of them, John D. Spreckels, the vice president of the Automobile Club of California, in the month of May traveled from San Francisco to San Diego in his White touring car. He was accompanied by Miss Grace Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker. He took no chauffeur or mechanic with him, but operated his own car throughout the trip, which was entirely satisfactory and agreeable.

On June 15, Mr. and Mrs. John Harlan, Dr. and Mrs. James White and Mr. G. M. Adair, all of Los Angeles, started from that city on an unusually long continuous trip. They ran over the Newhall grade into the San Joaquin Valley, thence by way of Bakersfield and Fresno to Wawona where they remained several days sightseeing in the Yosemite Valley. From Wawona they ran through Mariposa, Snelling, Modesto and

AT SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ.
Inkersly, Photo.

the Livermore Pass to San Francisco. The return trip was made through San Jose, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara to the starting point at Los Angeles, the entire distance covered in their White touring car being about 1,500 miles.

During the month of June several parties journeyed from Seattle to Portland in White touring cars, making the trip in two to three days. Another party drove from Bellingham, Wash., to Vancouver, B. C., making the return next day.

Trips of this sort over roads of many degrees of smoothness, roughness and badness, with steep grades to be climbed, creeks to be forded

A RAMBLER PARTY.
Inkersly, Photo.

and difficulties of various kinds surmounted, test the qualities of a car thoroughly.

The run of the Automobile Club of California to Santa Cruz on June 10 and 11, was attended by a larger number of motorists than any previous event held by the club. It was said that about a hundred motor cars were at the Sea Beach Hotel, the rendezvous, on the night of Saturday, June 10. The run was conducted by C. C. Moore, who made the arrangements for supplies of gasoline and lubricating oil, garage accommodations and hotel rates. The automobilists set out at whatever time they preferred and took whatever route seemed best. Three routes were, however, suggested by the captain of the run, the first being the one recommended. First route: From Oakland, through San Jose and Los Gatos, past the Hotel de Redwood and through Soquel, the distance from the starting point to Santa Cruz being about eighty miles. This route follows the beautiful road over the Santa Cruz Mountains, passing through much fine scenery, especially from Los Gatos to the summit, and thence down to open ground. Most of the motorists chose it. Among the cars that successfully accomplished the trip were several Winton touring cars of the new models. Dr. D. S. Stapler, Mrs. Stapler and their little girls occupied one of these. E. P. Brinegar, W. F. Hunt (president and vice president of the Pioneer Automobile Company), F. A. Lathe and myself occupied another. F. Nelson, Mrs. Nelson and friends were in a third Winton. Byron Jackson, Mrs. Jackson and son were on hand in a Columbia. F. A. Jacobs and party came along in a Rambler, while G. A. Boyer and party were conveyed by a Pope-Toledo. Autocars, Packards, Oldsmobiles, White steam cars and others helped to swell the total. In going over the mountains the motorists went slowly and carefully, using their horns vigorously, especially when approaching curves. So far as could be ascertained, no mishap occurred to any driver of a horse-drawn vehicle.

The second route was through San Jose to Gilroy, thence to San Juan and through the cañon to the north of the San Juan grade into the Pajaro Valley near Watsonville. Except for some short hills near San Juan, this route avoids steep ascents. From Watsonville to Santa Cruz the road is level and in fair condition. The total distance from Oakland is about 130 miles, and the time, with an interval for luncheon, consumed eight or nine hours.

A third and more adventurous route is by way of Half Moon Bay and Pescadero, the distance from San Francisco to Santa Cruz being about ninety miles. For almost the whole way the surface is smooth and the traveling easy, but about a dozen miles below Pescadero the sea beach must be traversed for one and one-half miles, which can be done only when the tide is low. On leaving the beach a patch of dry sand must be crossed to reach the road. Here a team of horses was hired to tow machines. Andrew Carrigan and party chose this route, and, except for some delay at the sandy spot, found the trip a pleasant one. Nearly all the motorists returned on Sunday, some choosing a different route from the one by which they came, and others going back by the same one. The run was remarkable for the number of persons and the variety of cars that took part in it, and the fact that no serious mishap was heard of shows that the automobile has now reached a high degree of certainty of operation and that the men who handle it do so with an increased regard for the safety of other users of the public highways.

B. F. EDWARDS, TONOPAH, NEV.

ROAD BETWEEN SAN JOSE AND ALUM ROCK PARK.

JNO. D. SPRECKELS AND WAKEFIELD BAKER AT START OF SAN DIEGO RUN.

AT VENDOME HOTEL, SAN JOSE.

At the Del Monte race meet in 1903, George P. Whittell's Morse car of 28-horsepower (French rating) won all the open events, its only serious competitor being the White steam car. At the 1904 race meet on the same track, no Mors car competed, the principal prize-winner being the Pope-Toledo car among the higher priced machines, and the Rambler and Cadillac among those of lower cost. During the past year many high-powered cars have been purchased by Californians, and the interest in automobilism is stronger than ever before. It is expected that there will be a meet at Del Monte and this may be preceded by racing on the Ingleside track, as the new purchasers of high-powered cars are desirous to see what speed they can attain when placed in competition.

The automobile has been taken up enthusiastically by the people of Nevada, communication between places off the railroad being maintained by regular auto stage lines. Mr. W. D. Linton of Wadsworth, early in July purchased a Winton Model B car which he has since driven from Stockton to Nevada and placed in regular service between Wadsworth and Olinghouse. The service will probably be extended to White Horse, where a new mining camp has been developed. If the line meets with the support that is expected, Mr. Linton will improve it and will construct a road between the two places. As automobiles become more numerous in Nevada it is likely that special roads will be constructed for the use of motor-cars. Of course, there is a good deal of sand in the State, but much of it is merely wind-blown and can be traversed by an automobile at moderate speed.

F. W. Gregory, formerly manager of the automobile department of the White Sewing Machine Company at San Francisco, is now the general manager of the Nevada Transportation and Trading Company and is establishing an automobile stage line in the new mining districts of Nevada. He intends to employ a dozen White touring cars in daily round trips from Los Vegas to Bullfrog, Goldfield and Tonopah. Bullfrog is distant 110 miles from Los Vegas, which is on the new railroad from Salt Lake, and with a good automobile service it will be possible to reach Bullfrog from San Francisco in about thirty-five hours. Travelers can get to the new mining camps many hours more quickly by the automobile line than by the railroad to Reno. Completely equipped garages will be established at Los Vegas and Bullfrog. Mechanics of experience will enable the company to supply a trustworthy service.

An automobile that has recently come to California is the R. E. O., manufactured by R. E. Olds. It is said that the car is a good hill-climber and of durable construction, making it specially suitable for use in San Francisco.

A handsome garage has been completed on Folsom street, near Fourth, for the Rarig Automobile and Garage Company, agents for the Queen. It is believed that the nearness of the garage to the railroad depot will render it specially convenient for the people who live at Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo and Menlo Park. Fred A. Jacobs, accompanied by three men, recently accomplished the record trip between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Starting at 4 A. M. on June 30, from the office of the Los Angeles "Times" in that city, the party reached the Chronicle Building, San Francisco, at 11:35 A. M., on July 1, that is to say, in 31 hours, 35 minutes. The car was a two-cylinder 18-horse-power Rambler surrey, carrying four persons

AN EXPERT MOTORIST.

and 250 pounds of baggage over the entire distance, 503 miles. F. A. Jacobs, E. S. Matthews and W. Foegel of the San Francisco Rambler agency made the whole trip, but the fourth man was a guide, who was changed from time to time, one man piloting the party from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, a second from Santa Barbara to Paso Robles, and a third from Paso Robles to San Francisco. W. Foegel drove the car for about 360 miles, or 23 hours, at a stretch, from Los Angeles to a point about 140 miles from San Francisco. The previous record for the trip was 37 hours, 53 minutes, and was made by Whitman and Hamlin in a 4-cylinder Franklin runabout. There was, of course, no breakdown during Mr. Jacobs' trip, the only mishap being the puncture of a tire in Oakland. Stops of half an hour each for meals were made at Santa Barbara, Santa Maria, Paso Robles and Salinas, at which places supplies of gasoline and lubricating oil were obtained.

Mr. Jacobs offers a trophy, to be named the "Chronicle Trophy," to any owner or dealer who shall equal his record between Los Angeles and San Francisco before October 1 of the present year in a motor car of foreign or domestic make, gasoline or steam, costing not more than $2,650, and carrying four persons throughout the journey.

A WINTON MODEL B TOURING CAR.
Inkersly Photo.

STUDIES IN AUTOMOLOGY.

By JULIAN JOSEPHSON.

I.

Automobile.

AUTOMOBILE, as most lexicons show,
Is composed of two words that once meant 'ought to go';
But either philology's on the down grade
Or else machine morals have sadly decayed—
For, when a man's auto gets stuck in the sludge,
He may swear himself hoarse, but the darned thing won't budge.

II.

Wind Shield.

The *wind shield* is a blessed thing—
And commonly denotes
A cushion to protect the ear
Of him who can not choose but hear
The yarn of him that motes.

III.

Tonneau.

This word is most likely an old derivation
From simple 'don't know,' with some slight deviation;
It is used to describe (when a man is besought to)
How much a *motiste* knows about her own auto.

IV.

Chaffeur.

The common noun *chaffeur*—
Philologists aver—
Is anciently derived from 'fur' and 'chaff';
The chaff is what you get
When he tells you he's a vet—
The fur's what flies when once he's on your staff.

POPE-TOLEDO 30-38 HORSE POWER.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY IN SAN FRANCISCO,

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

HE first agency for the sale of automobiles in San Francisco was established on the south side of Market Street in 1900, under the name of the Locomobile Company of the Pacific. At that time the company dealt only in steam machines, but when the gasoline motor-car became nearly universal, the company, then situated on the north side of Market in a much larger and more commodious store than its first one, became agent for the machines manufactured by the Oldsmobile Motor Works of Detroit Michigan, and the Winton Motor Carriage Company of Cleveland, O. The company now occupies on Golden Gate Avenue overlooking Jefferson Park, a handsome four-storied building, said by visitors from the Eastern States to be the finest of its kind in North America. The entire ground floor is devoted to offices, show-room, garage and repair shops. E. P. Brinegar is President and Manager of the company. W. F. Hunt is Vice-President and J. H. Durst, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Brinegar, as President, says: "The policy of the Pioneer Automobile Company is to handle nothing but standard goods and for this reason it has retained its connection with the Oldsmobile and Winton Companies. We are distributors for the above-named companies, and our business for the past season has been larger than that of the three previous years. We carry $30,000 worth of parts in stock at all times—a feature of our business which is being recognized by buyers and outside agents. The Oldsmobile Company is building two types of touring cars, two types of delivery wagons and an omnibus capable of carrying ten passengers. The Winton Company is at present building nothing but 4-cylinder touring cars, models "A," "B" and "C," varying in price from $1,950 to $4,650. We believe strongly in the future of the automobile industry and are backing our belief by carrying a large stock of machines. Our business is very satisfactory and we expect to continue in it for a long time to come."

The Oldsmobile has long been recognized as an exceedingly practical, trustworthy car at a very low price. The 7-horse power standard runabout sells for $700; the 7-horse power Touring Runabout of French type for $800; the 20-horse power Touring Car for $1,550; the 10-horse power delivery wagon for $1,100; the 16-horse power delivery wagon for $2,200; and the 16-horse power ten-passenger coach for $2,400.

The new model Wintons are handsome and striking in appearance. They have a silver-grey finish that shows dust very little, and aluminum is used wherever practicable in the construction of the car. The bright red leather upholstery makes an effective contrast with the silvery whiteness. The cars are sold at the following prices: Model A, $3,600; model A, Special, $4,650; model B, $2,650; model C, $1,950.

BUICK 2-CYLINDER 1905 MODEL.

Many well-known automobilists of San Francisco and neighborhood are owners of Winton cars of the new type. Ferdinand Nelson owns a Model A car, in which with his family he toured last month to Los Angeles. M. Fisher and party accompanied him in a Model B Winton. R. P. Schwerin, President of the Automobile Club of California, showed the beauties of Golden Gate Park to the Secretary of War and Miss Alice Roosevelt in a Model B Winton. Dr. D. L. Stapler owns a Model C car. C. C. Moore is another well-known owner of a Winton of the Model A type. The A car is of 40 horse-power, B of 24 horse-power, and C of 16 horse-power.

The San Francisco agency of the Pope Motor Car Company of Toledo, O., is at 134-148 Golden Gate avenue and bears the name of the Pope-Toledo Touring Car Company. G. A. Boyer is the Manager. The performances of George P. Fuller and Bert F. Dingley in the races at Del Monte and Los Angeles last year established the reputation of the Pope-Toledo car. George P. Fuller in a 24 horse-power car, stripped, but of regular stock model, won the Del Monte Cup, covering the five miles in 5:21 2-5; also the five-mile race for cars of 10 to 24 horse-power, the Australian pursuit race (thirteen miles) and a free-for-all race at the Del Monte meet in August. At Los Angeles on October 23, on a circular track, he made the third mile in a five-mile race against Frank Garbutt, operating his special White racer, in one minute and three-fifths of a second—the fastest mile ever made on a circular track by a stock car. Bert Dingley won four races at Del Monte, and at Los Angeles covered five miles in a stripped car in 5:09 3-5, and the same distance with full touring car equipment in 6:02 1-5. These records show that the Pope-Toledo car is all right as regards speed.

The Pope-Toledo engine is of the 4-cylinder high-compression type; it is water-cooled and the chain system of drive is used as being the most efficient, economical and trustworthy. The engine can be run from 100 revolutions up to

FRANKLIN 1905 TYPE A (WITHOUT TONNEAU.)

1,200 revolutions per minute. Without changing gears the speed is graduated from eight to fifty-five miles an hour, the operation being by spark and throttle levers on the steering wheel. The 20 horse-power touring car of type X costs $2,950, fully equipped, a canopy top or extension Cape Cart adding $250 to the price. A car of this type has a side entrance.

Type VII of the Pope-Toledo touring car has the new entrance, the left hand front seat turning on a hinge to admit passengers to the tonneau. It is of 30 horse-power and costs $3,350 in San Francisco. Its weight, including water and gasoline is 2,350 pounds. A landaulette of the same horse-power costs $5,150. A touring car of 45 horse-power is priced at $6,150, fully equipped. Limousine bodies can be fitted to cars of all the standard models.

The H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company of Syracuse, N. Y., has six models on the market for the present year. They are a light runabout; light touring cars with detachable tonneau, with fixed tonneau, with side entrance or rear entrance; and high-powered touring cars. All have 4-cylinder air-cooled engines. The "Gentleman's Roadster" has 12 horse-power, carries only two passengers and costs $1,500. The light touring car, 12 horse-power, without tonneau, costs $1,600; and with detachable tonneau $1,750. A four-passenger touring car is priced at $1,750 and a five-passenger car with tilting front seat, at $1,800. A 20 horse-power car with two side doors costs $2,600 and a 30 horse-power car $3,600. The runabout of type E ("Gentleman's Roadster") recently made a record trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Leaving the southern city at 12:01 A. M. on June 15, L. L. Whitman and R. C. Hamlin (Franklin agent at Los Angeles) travelled by way of Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Salinas and San Jose, reaching San Francisco at 1:54 P. M. on June 16, in 37 hours 53 minutes, their car having covered 583 miles without requiring any adjustment. The Franklin agency is at 148 Golden Gate Avenue.

One of the most favorably known motor-cars is the Rambler, manufactured at Kenosha, Wis., by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, and sold in San Francisco by Fred A. Jacobs. The Rambler is of sound, simple construction, nearly every part of the car except the woodwork, the tires and the induction coils being made in the factory of its origin. The Rambler engine is cooled by the thermo-syphon system which consists of more than 800 thin brass tubes presenting a large radiating surface. As the radiation is automatic, the engine loses none of its power in cooling the cylinders. The gasoline tank of the Rambler is larger than in most cars, holding about 12½ gallons. The lubrication is simple and effective, being provided by two glass oil cups directly above the cylinders, so that even in the coldest weather the heat of the engine keeps the oil liquid.

The Rambler Surrey, of type One, has two opposed cylinders, 18 horse-power and a speed up to 35 miles per hour. It has a brass side light, tail light and two gas head lights and is of olive green with polished brass decoration. It costs $1,500 delivered in San Francisco. It carries five passengers, the tonneau having side entrances. The wheel base is 90 inches and the tread 56½ inches. The surrey of Type Two has a wheel base of 100 inches and its engine develops 20 horse-power, which is amply sufficient for grades up to 40 per cent. This car is finished in royal blue and polished brass and has a plate-glass swinging front, a canopy top and water-proof curtains. Its price is $2,150. A two-passenger runabout, Model G, equipped with a single-cylinder horizontal engine of 8 horse-power and having a variable speed up to 25 miles per hour, can be obtained for $850; this car can be converted into a delivery wagon by adding a top or into a four-passenger car by putting a tonneau on. The Rambler surrey of Type One, with a plate-glass swinging front and water-proof side curtains costs $1,650.

The Rambler is an excellent hill climber and in the great run from Weehawken on the Hudson to Pittsburg, which took place in the stormiest weather and over roads in the worst possible condition, Rambler No. 18, a runabout costing $750, performed wonderfully. At the Del Monte races last year the Rambler won nearly all the events for cars of moderate price and power.

The Holle Automobile and Manufacturing Company is the agent for Northern California of the cars made by the Ford Motor Car Company of Detroit, Mich. The Model C runabout costs $850 and the tonneau car of the same model $950, f. o. b. Detroit. It has a horizontal, two-cylinder opposed motor and weighs 1,250 pounds. A leather top, cloth lined with side curtains and lights and storm apron can be added for $50 more. Thus equipped the Ford is very well suited for the use of a doctor.

The Pacific Motor Car Company is the Pacific Coast agent for the Packard Motor Car Company, of Detroit, Mich., and at present occupies quarters at 49 to 53 City Hall avenue. During August the company will move into remodeled

RAMBLER TOURING CARS AT FRESNO.

The Great Arrow Suburban $6000

The George N. Pierce Company is particularly willing to be judged by its 1905 car. We have been gradually getting to the point where we can construct an American car which will stand for American construction in the same way that the French car stands for French construction. That point we have now reached. We have accepted the best continental experience and shaped it to American needs. Our 1905 car is preeminently the car for American use, adapted to American roads and the American temperament.

Our Success Is Not Comparative. It Is Absolute

Our 28, 32 and 40 H. P. Cars are now standard. Chassis for 1906 will be identical with this year's make.

Prospective customers can order any style of body desired—bodies will be made interchangeable.

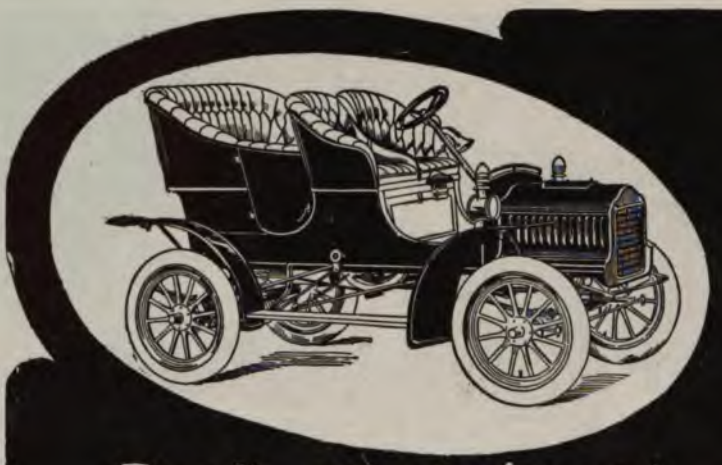
PIERCE ARROW RECORDS

From 12th and Madison Sts., Oakland, to The Vendome Hotel, San Jose, with 5 passengers, in 1 hour and 9 minutes. Returning in 1 hour and 7 minutes. San Francisco to Fresno in 9 hours. Returned via Merced, Oakdale to Stockton in 5½ hours—Stockton to Sacramento 2 hours—Sacramento to Oakdale, through muddy roads, in 6 hours. All these runs were made with full load of passengers. Car was immediately put out on demonstration; has since made over 3000 miles without any shop work and is ready to repeat these runs.

MOBILE CARRIAGE CO.

Golden Gate and Gough Sts. **San Francisco, Cal.**

Other Models $900 $1000 $1050 $2200



Don't experiment—

FORD MODEL F

Side Door Detachable Tonneau, Seating Capacity 5 People.

PRICE COMPLETE
$1350.00

Just buy a FORD

It is conceded by all users of Ford Machines that they develop more power for their weight than any other car in the world. Get a Ford demonstration of power in comparison with other cars and see the difference between actual power and rated.

Selling Agents

Holle Automobile & Mfg. Co.

1814 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FORD MODEL "F," PRICE $1350, TO BE GIVEN AS A PRIZE IN THE COMING YOUTHS' DIRECTORY FESTIVAL. DONATED BY HON. JAS. D. PHELAN.

premises at 425 and 427 Golden Gate avenue. The Packard motor has four cylinders and its vaporizer operates perfectly at speeds varying from 200 to 1,200 revolutions per minute. The range of speed on the direct drive is from six to fifty miles per hour, an accelerator permitting the immediate increase of power to any extent desired. Twenty gallons of gasoline, six gallons of water and two quarts of oil can be carried. The seats, hood and guards are of aluminum; there are two side entrances. The Packard car is famous as having been the first to cross the United States from Pacific to Atlantic. The new model N car is of 28 horse-power and with regular equipment costs $3,650 in San Francisco.

The Pacific Motor Car Company also has the agency for the Stevens-Duryea automobiles, manufactured by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass. The 1905 touring car, complete, weighs 1,650 pounds and costs in San Francisco $2,650. The motor is of the four-cylinder vertical type, mounted in front, and develops 20 horse-power. The Stevens-Duryea Runabout, Model L, has a 7 horse-power motor, consisting of two cylinders of the opposed type, with three speeds and reverse. Ordinarily it accommodates two passengers but two more can be seated in front by letting down a footboard and raising up an upholstered back. The car is simple and may be operated easily by a lady. It costs $1,450.

The Middleton Motor Car Company, of which William H. Middleton is president and George Middleton manager, has the agencies for the Columbia and Autocar machines. It occupies well equipped and handsome quarters in the former Mercantile Library building at the corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate avenues. Columbia cars are manufactured by the Electric Vehicle Company at Hartford, Conn. The factory and offices are said to be the largest in the world devoted entirely to the making of automobiles. Columbia gasolene cars were first made in 1894, and in 1898 one of these cars was the winner in the first regularly organized track race held in the United States. At the St. Louis Exposition Columbia cars received the grand prize, and on January 2 of the present year an 18 horse-power Columbia car won three events at the meet held at Ormond, Fla. The Columbia 35-40 horse-power touring car has a vertical 4-cylinder engine carried under a folding bonnet and developing 40 horse-power, with a normal speed of 800 to 900 revolutions per minute. The engine may be started from the seat. The gasolene tank under the forward seat has the unusual capacity of 24 gallons, enough for 225 miles of ordinary travel. The wheel base is 108 inches and the tread is 55 inches in the standard car, with a side entrance tonneau. The weight of the car with full equipment is 2,900 pounds.

The 18 horse-power Columbia carries four passengers and weighs 1,800 pounds. It is provided with a horizontal engine with two opposed cylinders and has a speed ranging from 150 to

CADILLAC RUNABOUT, SINGLE CYLINDER 1905 MODEL.

1,500 revolutions per minute. The operator sits on the left hand side, so that, when the car is drawn up with its right hand side next to the curb, a passenger can step directly to the sidewalk.

The Cadillac car is manufactured by the Cadillac Automobile Company at Detroit, Mich. It has a horizontal, single cylinder engine and can be sold at a low price. The motor has been found extremely serviceable and has a great deal of power, having done one mile in 1:7 4-5 and five miles in 7:14 seconds. It has covered 144 miles over California roads in 5 hours and 38 minutes. The price of Cadillacs is low and the car, weighing only 1,100 or 1,200 pounds, costs comparatively little for fuel, oil and repairs. On ordinary roads it has equal speed with a heavy, high powered, costly machine. The Model E runabout costs $900 in San Francisco, or with leather top and storm apron $950. The Model B touring car with a detachable tonneau weighs about 1,450 pounds and costs in this city $1,050. The Model " F " touring car is not convertible and weighs about 100 pounds less; its price in San Francisco is $1,100. The Delivery car is sold at the same price. A four-cylinder 30 horse-power Cadillac, capable of a speed of fifty miles an hour and weighing 2,600 pounds, may be obtained for $2,950. The San Francisco agent is Cuyler Lee, whose premises are on the south side of Golden Gate avenue.

Mr. Lee is also agent for the Buick car, made by the Buick Motor Company at Jackson, Mich. The Model C Buick of 22 horse-power, with side entrance tonneau costs $1,200 at the factory. The Buick climbed the Eagle Rock Hill last November in 2:18 2-5, beating five cars all exceeding it in price, and one of them costing more than four times as much. A car priced at nearly three times the cost of a Buick beat it less than 3 seconds in the hill climbing contest.

The Mobile Carriage Company, whose garage is on Gough street, facing Jefferson Park, is agent for the Pierce-Arrow car, built by the George N. Pierce Company at Buffalo, N. Y. The Pierce-Arrow is a high-class, elegantly constructed car. The 4-cylinder 24 to 28 horse-power " Great Arrow " has a wheel base of 100 inches, a tread of 56 inches and weighs 2,500 pounds. The tonneau, front seats and dash are of cast aluminum and the body is of the King of the Belgians type, with side entrance. The motor is vertical and, while the engine can run as low as 200 revolutions per minute, it does its best work at 1,200 to 1,600 revolutions. The carburettor is a special Pierce automatic, producing an explosive mixture of perfect character at any speed and under any conditions. The price at Buffalo is $3,500.

The 28 to 32 horse-power " Great Arrow " has a rather longer wheel-base and weighs 2,700 pounds. It is of Quaker green color, with carmine frame and wheels and is equipped with shock absorbers and non-skidding tread on the driving wheels. The Pierce Automobile won a grand prize at the Louisiana Purshase Exposition. Other varieties are the Arrow Motor Car of 15 horse-power; the Pierce Stanhope of 8 horse-power; the Pierce Motorette of 5 horse-power, 3½ horse-power and 2¾ horse-power. All Pierce cars have a chainless drive, furnishing the largest amount of power to drive the car and causing the least amount of loss from friction or the multiplication of parts. The parts are so thoroughly protected that the car will run through dirt, dust, sand, mud or water without its efficiency being impaired.

Though the early-day automobiles used steam as a motive power, only one steam car has kept its place permanently on the market. This is the White, manufactured by the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, O. The White Garage in San Francisco is situated at the junction of Franklin and Market streets, the manager being C. A. Hawkins. The White car is furnished with a steam generator, consisting of a series of steel coils placed one above the other with heating space between and surrounded by insulating material. Water entering at the top of the coils is held there, the steam being in the lower coils directly over the fire. The water is converted into steam immediately at some point in the coils, the precise point depending on the amount of steam that the engine is utilizing. The generator cannot explode and the coils cannot be burnt out. When the steam pressure is higher than 375 pounds, a valve opens automatically and closes when the pressure drops. A fire regulator shuts off the supply of fuel as soon as the steam surrounding the regulator reaches the temperature at which the regulator is set. For ease, smoothness and freedom from vibration there is no car like a White steamer. The Standard touring car, rated at 15 horse-power, seating five persons, and weighing, filled, 2,433 pounds, costs $2,500 at the factory.

Though of such moderate horse-power and price the White car is a great performer. At the Eagle Rock hill-climbing contest in November of last year, the White car was beaten only 3 3-5 seconds by the winner, (a 60 horse-power Renault) and by smaller margins by a 90 horse-power Mercedes and two F. I. A. T. cars also of 90 horse-power. The White, costing $2,500, beat a 60 horse-power F. I. A. T. valued at $13,500.

PIERCE ARROW 4-CYLINDER TOURING CAR.

THE "INDIAN"

Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award St. Louis World's Fair

Winner of all important events, 1904.

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

"QUEEN" The Hill Climber

Model E $1150

Model E Special **$1500**

Model C $1100

Model B $950

Model B With detachable Tonneau **$1025**

4 Cylinder 20-H. P. Moline Touring Car with Detachable Tonneau $1750

The model E Queen touring car has 18 actual horse power, two opposed cylinders and a weight of 1600 lbs. All the working parts throughout are well proportioned and have a surplus of strength. Speed, 3 to 40 miles per hour; seats five people, double side door entrance, all speeds on one lever, finished in royal blue with cream colored gear and well upholstered in the finest of black leather.

Why pay twice as much for a car, when even at that price it will not compare with the Queen?

Agents wanted for Pacific Coast Territory

Rarig Automobile & Garage Co. (Distributors) 827-833 Folsom Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

E. P. BRINEGAR
PRESIDENT AND MANAGER

W. F. HUNT
VICE-PRESIDENT

J. H. DURST
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

The Pioneer Automobile Co.

AGENTS AND DISTRIBUTERS
WINTONS AND OLDSMOBILES
901-925 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
PHONE PRIVATE 1000

The REO Is a Wonder

REO
Touring Car

16 H. P.
1600 pounds
5 passengers
35 miles
an hour
Double
Front seat
Detachable
Side door
Tonneau
$1400

REO
Runabout

8 H. P.
900 lbs.
2 pas-
sengers
25 miles
per hour
$725.00

A Wonderful Car with Wonderful Performances

All REO cars have the same genuine power and ability that has made the car famous as a hill climber.

"All Hills Look Alike to the REO." The cars are right, the price is right and we make immediate delivery. Agents wanted for California north of Bakersfield.

LEAVITT & BILL, Distributors, 307-309 Larkin St., S. F.

WE ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING NEW

Geo. P. Moore Co. Inc.

AUTOMOBILE SPECIALTIES

325 Van Ness Ave.,
San Francisco. Cal.

701 South Main St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Automobile in the West

All Pacific Slope Automobile News thoroughly and correctly reported by exclusive correspondents in all active centers, and all important events **beautifully illustrated in The Automobile.**

The Best Auto Paper

I take several auto papers and consider The Automobile head and shoulders above them all.

So long as you continue the present standard of excellence of The Automobile you can count on me.

Please find enclosed check for $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Automobile. Want to continue this valuable paper by all means.

Enclosed find $2.00 for renewal. The few numbers I missed through your discontinuance shows me I cannot get along without it.

I enclose my check for $2.00 for The Automobile for the coming year. Although I receive other auto papers yours is far superior. Everything is explained and made very clear in your journal, and for this reason I would not care to discontinue The Automobile, even though the price was twice what it is.

The Automobile

Nearly 100 Pages

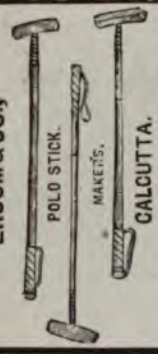
Fully Illustrated

Regular features of **The Automobile** include fully illustrated descriptions of new cars of all types as they appear; all the news of the trade and sport; personal mention; information for buyers; information for amateurs; and all the news while it is news.

Subscription Price $2.00 a Year **Single Copies 10c**

Send for sample copy, subscription blank and booklet

The Automobile FLATIRON BUILDING NEW YORK



POLO ! POLO !!

Eroom's Polo Sticks and Balls

are known all over India, South Africa, Australia, and other Countries where the game is played. Our Sticks are used by all crack players.

Prices moderate.
Good terms to large Buyers.

EROOM & Co.,
Polo Specialists,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Why Not

CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other"
Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing

this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

3in One

lubricates properly the sensitive mechanism. With perfect action the reel never fails at a critical moment. "3 in One" wont gum, dry out, contains no acid. "3 in One" prevents rust on every part, adding years to the life, and brightness to the beauty of even the finest. Good for the rod too—preserves the wood, promoting pliability—protects the metal. Good for fisher also—the delicate, pleasant odor keeps off mosquitos.

REAL REEL OIL

Try it. All dealers. Trial bottle sent free. Write to

G. W. COLE CO.
143 Washington Life Bldg.
New York City

TRADE TOPICS

DAINTY AND INTERESTING

Is a charming little booklet recently issued by the Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., entitled "A Spring Day on the Meadows." As its title indicates, it deals with English or "jack" snipe shooting, and it is written, printed and bound in an especially satisfying manner. The Hunter Arms Co., advise us that this is merely the precursor of a number of similar issues which will deal with other game fowl, the whole forming a series of articles on practical hunting which will be eagerly read by appreciative sportsmen. Send for these little booklets without fail; they will repay an hundred fold the small trouble incurred.

* * *

BEKEART RELINQUISHES TIRE BUSINESS.

The following letter received from Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart is self-explanatory:

"Gentlemen: I beg to advise you that I have sold out my tire agencies and tire repair shops, both in this city and in Los Angeles, to the Fisk Rubber Co., who, after July 1, will conduct these branches for their own account.

"In justice to myself and the Fisk Rubber Co. I deem it proper to state that I resigned from the Fisk agency for the following reason: I could not handle the increased business of the Fisk Rubber Co. and still do justice to my largely increased gun business.

"I intend in the future to confine myself to my gun and sporting goods business. Before ceasing our business relations I take this opportunity of thanking you for past favors, and of bespeaking your continued interest in the future, for the Fisk Rubber Co. and the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.

"Yours respectfully,
"PHIL. B. BEKEART,
"President."

The Fisk Rubber Co., under the efficient management of Mr. G. E. Johnson, will open a branch establishment in this city, temporarily locating at 146 Second street, second floor, pending the completion of a building now being erected for them at 409 Golden Gate avenue, where they will handle on their own account on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

BUSINESS METHODS IN BUILDING UP OUR STATE.

The organized work of building up the State, of advertising California's resources, products and opportunities to the world, of caring for new settlers and industries, of visiting conventions to the Golden State—all this is a business in itself and requires the same business principles to bring results as any other business, says an article issued by the California Promotion Committee.

In this organized work California takes the lead. This State has more chambers of commerce, development organizations and other promotion associations than any other State. Outside of California, Canada and New Zealand are conspicuous for the effort made to attract settlers, but in Canada and New Zealand the

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

IS IN CONSTANT RECEIPT OF
THE NEWEST THINGS IN

SILVERWARE

AND HAS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL
OF MANY ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,
DIAMOND MERCHANTS.
104-110 GEARY STREET

work is supported by the governments and is there recognized as a government function. Though everyone in California takes an interest in the development of the State, the active work in California is performed by the various development associations which are supported by the people and which represent public sentiment for the upbuilding of California.

The good which these organizations do for California is simply beyond computation. The members who support these associations share results with the rest of the community. The California Promotion Committee urges every citizen of California to financialy support his local chamber of commerce or other promotion organization. Give not only your money but your time and counsel. The local chamber of commerce, to attain its greatest success, must be run on business principles. It takes money to do this, and it takes the interest and enthusiasm of the progressive element of the community to put that community to the front. The secretaries of these organizations are patriotic and progressive men. Many of these secretaries devote a large part or their whole time to the work. Whenever possible they should be paid for their time, so that the work will be on a strictly business basis. It costs money to issue advertising matter, to send out newspapers and literature, to care for the correspondence from the East. The press of the State of California has been loyal and steadfast in supporting the development organizations. The men of California have consistently increased their financial support of the work. The building up of California through organized effort is now on a business basis such as it is nowhere else in the world.

Support your local chamber of commerce or development association. It will return interest ten-fold. Not a great amount of money from a few people is required, but a little from everyone. Everyone should be a member of their local organization.

* * *

"THE GAME."

Jack London's new novel, is full of surprises, as his graphic, fascinating stories are wont to be. He can express a young boxer's delight in all that leads to that supreme moment in the ring when

> "all the house is shoutin' an' tearin' itself loose, an' you know you're the best man, an' that you played 'm fair an' won out because you're the best man,"

with a vigorous intensity that is to be expected of the man who wrote "The Sea-Wolf." But his delicate shadings of the excitement and fear, pride, repulsion and jealousy in the heart of the woman who, by special favor, looks on at "the big fight," are simply amazing. It is indeed "a transcript from real life," and in vivid interest is as strong as anything Mr. London ever wrote.

The book can be obtained from Payot, Upham & Co., 100 Battery street, San Francisco.

* * *

WILL INTEREST EVERY SPORTSMAN.

The proceedings of the American Forest Congress of the American Forest Association, held at Washington, D. C., January 2-6 inclusive, 1905, have been preserved and published in book form by the H. M. Inter Pub. Co., Washington, D. C. It makes a very attractive volume of some 475 pages, is neatly bound and will prove of absorbing interest to every one—and that means all American sportsmen—who are interested in the preservation and maintenance of our forests.

This volume of proceedings, containing in full the sixty-one papers and addresses delivered at the Congress by President Roosevelt and other of America's most eminent men and authorities on the matter of forestry, becomes the most comprehensive work dealing with American forests and forest problems. It is of decided value to the professional forester, the business man, and the student of forest problems, alike, and deserves careful reading by every thoughtful person.

It is the record of a convention that was not only the most important meeting ever devoted to forestry in this country, but one which is regarded by many as one of the most important ever given to an economic subject.

A. P. COSTAR.

The genial gentleman whose likeness is here presented, is well known personally to that fortunate aggregation of sportsmen who annually visit the Feather River country on trout fishing expeditions, and has, besides, a great many correspondential friends among anglers throughout the State whose flybooks have been enriched by his inimitable productions. Few men living have the knack and faculty of tying flies that are always effective in our variable waters, and particularly in the Big Meadows section, where the fish are as fastidious as they are fortunately plentiful.

AL. COSTAR.
C. E. Worden, Photo.

Mr. Costar's deceptions in the way of tinsel, hackle and feathers have become proverbial for their deadly effectiveness on Big Meadow trout especially; and small wonder, seeing that he has made a life study of the conditions there, and knows exactly how to tempt the cautious epicures of the crystal waters. It may be something in the arrangement and assembling of the various components, or in the size, proportion or adjustment of the same; or it may just be the result of "Costar luck"—which is synonymous really with good workmanship and the "know how," that brings about results with ordinary patterns when tied by Costar that the regular store flies lack. Maybe Costar goes farther and mixes his silks, hackles and feathers with a peculiarly cunning kind of brains, but whatever be the process his flies seem to catch fish when all others fail.

Personally, Mr. Costar is best classified by the term "good fellow," which means a whole lot to the sporting fraternity. Clever, amiable and a natural gentleman, he takes hold of your affection and respect when he takes hold of your hand, something like his flies take hold of the fish. The next time you find your flybook shy of some indispensible sorts, just write to Al. Costar and you will find out what we mean.

* * *

THE WIZARD OF SPIRIT LAKE AND THE PARKER GUN.

At Dubuque, Ia., June 13 and 14, Fred Gilbert, shooting the Parker gun, was high man with 392 out of 400, with 193 and 199 for the two days out of possible 200. On the second day Fred came near equaling his two previous famous records of 200 straight. If he had, he would have said that "It was the gun."

A DEPENDABLE IGNITER.

One of the most important things about a gasoline engine is the ignition system, since with this part of the engine out of order perfect running is impossible.

One of the main factors of this system is the device furnishing the current, some using dry cells for this purpose, others installing storage batteries; still another device is the magneto. Dry cells are fast becoming a thing of the past, owing to the fact that they are not reliable as to longevity, have no reserve power, and generally weaken toward the end of a hard day's run. The magneto is used by many with success, but on many of the larger cars the storage battery is used in connection with this device for running in the crowded city streets, where a constant changing of speeds is necessary.

The Geo. P. Moore Co. of San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal., are handling the Witherbee Storage battery igniter on the Pacific Coast, and have placed a large number with owners of automobiles in this territory. They furnish the following description of that article:

The Witherbee storage battery is so constructed as to entirely eliminate leakage, the jar and carrying case being of special design and is of one piece of extra strong vulcanite divided into compartments forming cells. The cover is securely bolted to the jar, with pure gum soft rubber acid-proof gasket between cover and jar.

Not only is leakage prevented, but the slopping of the acid also, which would not only reduce the capacity of the battery, but would ruin everything with which it came in contact. The gas ventilating cap is so constructed that the gas is readily expelled, but at the same time reducing the evaporation of the acid solution to practically nothing. This always insures a full rated capacity of the battery, and removes the necessity of frequent refilling of the cells.

The plates are of special high capacity, and last on an average of from two and a half to three years. They can be renewed at small expense. Every detail, even to the smallest part, embodies the highest degree of both electrical and mechanical workmanship, and these batteries are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, provided they are cared for according to directions which accompany each battery.

The Geo. P. Moore Co. have charging stations at both of their stores, and have made arrangements for scientific charging of their storage batteries at different points along the Coast.

Prominent among the automobile owners using the Witherbee storage battery on this Coast are Dr. J. Henry Barbat, Dr. Chas. G. Levison, Dr. H. A. L. Ryfkogel, Dr. Geo. P. Allan, Dr. W. I. Wilcox, the Ford Automobile Agency, Pope-Toledo Agency, Cadillac Agency, and the San Francisco Fire Department of San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

INDISPENSIBLE TO OUTERS.

The "Comfort Sleeping Pocket" is the comprehensive and well-deserved name given by the Metropolitan Air Goods Co., Reading, Mass., to an ingenious bit of outing duffel that will certainly warm the hearts and bodies of all sportsmen who woo health and contentment in the open air. It is not an ordinary sleeping bag either in looks, appointments or use. It is a bed, looks like one, is built like one, and something altogether different from other camp beds. Its constituent parts are a wind and water-proof duck pocket cover, half-inch felt cover lining, sleeping pocket; upper protection, half-inch felt, for air-sack; rubber cloth top of air sack, three-inch air mattress, rubber cloth bottom of air sack; under protection, half-inch felt for air sack, and an outside covering of heavy water-proof duck, making it a veritable bed of ease, with a wind, water and cold-proof sleeping pocket on top. It can be rolled into a very small compass, is light and easily portable, and has more advantages than any camp bed that we ever saw. It will pay every reader of "Western Field" to send for descriptive literature of this and the many other sportsmen's requisites made by this celebrated concern.

TOILET POWDER.

There is no toilet article in the selection of which greater care should be used than a toilet powder.

In these days of imitation and substitution there is so much of inferior goods on the market that it is necessary to be continually on one's guard. Highly scented toilet powders are so frequent as to be a continual source of danger. Such inferior products will often do a permanent injury to a delicate skin. It is far wiser never to take chances with an unknown article. Be sure, rather, to insist upon a trade-marked product of recognized merit. With toilet powder, as with most other lines of goods, it is safer to trust an old-established house with years of experience and a reputation for making only the best. Mennen's Toilet Powder is a trademarked article which has for years been recognized by physicians as the best preparation made. The absolute purity of its ingredients and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture have given the product of the Mennen Co. a quality of uniform excellence. That is why your physician recommends it.

For your protection, Mennen's face (the trademark of the Mennen Co.) is on the cover of every box of the genuine.

All first-class dealers carry Mennen's Toilet Powder and will supply it if you insist. It is supplied by the Government for both Army and Navy.

The fact that over 11,000,000 boxes were sold during 1904 is evidence of the continuing public approval of Mennen's.

* * *

A NEW OAKLAND JEWELER.

P. C. Pulse, for fifteen years engaged in the jewelry business at Eau Claire, Wis., has come to California to make his future home and will open a new store at Thirteenth and Washington streets, Oakland, with a complete line of jewelry, sterling silverware, diamonds and watches. He is also a practical watchmaker and that branch of the business will receive his personal attention. Oaklanders will do well to visit his store when in need of anything in his line.

Fisherman's Luck

in Summertime means freedom from **Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.**

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER

always brings immediate relief. Be sure that you get the original.

For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co.
Newark, N. J.

SAVAGE

IT'S A HAMMERLESS SAVAGE RIFLE

That's why it is so easy to sight accurately and to shoot straight. There's no hammer in the way. Just a clear, unobstructed view from eye to tip of barrel.

Strange that device was never thought of before? Well, it was simply left to SAVAGE originality to discover. And that is only one of the many ways in which SAVAGE ideas lead.

"No Savage beast would dare to trifle
With a man who shoots a Savage rifle."

Little Savage 22-caliber (takes three lengths of bullet) Hammerless Repeating Rifle **$14**

And don't forget the Savage-Junior 22-caliber Single-shot Rifle..... **$5**

Handsome Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15c.

We are Rifle Specialists - that's all we make; so when it comes to Rifles, the Savage is different. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 31 TURNER ST., UTICA, N. Y., U. S. A.

C. H. REHNSTROM,

TAILOR and IMPORTER

DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

MOVED TO PERMANENT QUARTERS

SECOND FLOOR

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

Cor. Geary and Market Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PETERS' REGULAR PERFORMANCE.

At the State tournament, held at Rahway, N. J., June 6 to 8, Mr. F. C. Bissett won New Jersey State championship.

At Guthrie, Okla., May 23 and 24, Mr. C. F. Reast, won high amateur average, shooting the first day from the 20-yd. mark, and from 18 yards the second day.

Mr. Tryon won high amateur average at the Cedar Springs (Ohio) tournament, June 6 and 7.

At Louisville, Ky., May 29 to 31, Mr. Woolfolk Henderson of Lexington, won high amateur average at the Brewers' Exchange trophy. Messrs. Victor Dodge, Quincy Ward, and Henderson winning three-men team race.

Mr. E. B. Barker's shooting at the Cincinnati Gun Club on Decoration Day was especially noteworthy, owing to the rain and the poor light. He averaged 91%, winning the Dupont cup and the championship of the club. Mr. John Coleman was second.

At New Berlin, Ohio, May 30, first average was won by Mr. E. F. Haak, third by Mr. J. A. Smith, and fourth by Mr. D. D. Gross.

At Columbia, Pa., May 30, Mr. Neaf Apgar broke 99 out of 100.

At Chicago, Ill., June 3, first professional average was won by Mr. W. Stannard, and first amteur average by Mr. A. Molle.

Quite a remarkable score was made on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, June 3, by Mr. G. M. Kanouse of St. Paul, Ind. He was high man for the day, breaking 96%.

At the Utica (N. Y.) tournament, June 13-16, the New York City cup, emblematic of the State championship, was won by Mr. F. D. Kelsey. Mr. Kelsey also won the Fulford Memorial Cup. Mr. Harvey McMurchy, the popular representative of the Hunter Arms Co., won second professional average.

At Indianapolis, Ind., June 16, C. A. Young won high average, losing only five targets out of 200. Dr. Britton was high amateur with 91½%. The Grand Hotel cup was won by Joe Michaelis with the score of 46 out of 50. This cup carries with it the Inter-State championship of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana.

At the Ohio State Shoot at Canton, Ohio, June 13, 14 and 15, the high average for the first day was won by Mr. Tryon, breaking 172 out of 180, and high amateur average on the second day by Mr. R. S. Rhoads, scoring 155 out of 160. Mr. C. A. Young averaged 96.2% during the entire tournament, and Mr. E. F. Haak of Canton, broke 102 straight, the longest run made by any amateur during the tournament.

All these gentlemen mentioned above used Peters' factory loaded shells.

* * *

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The second meeting of the Southwestern Washington Gun Club Association, held at Olympia, Wash., on May 29 and 30, was without doubt one of the most satisfactory and enjoyable shoots ever held in that section of the country. The assemblage of shooters was indeed vrey gratifying, and showed the manner in which blue-rock shooting is gaining in popularity in the Northwest.

There were fifty-two shooters who shot through the different events, forty of whom used U. M. C. shells.

Mr. Harry Gilchrist of Centralia, Wash., was high gun, making 91%. He also won the Individual Championship medal. Mr. J. H. Lewis, of Elma, Wash., was second, and Mr. R. V. Rowe, of Tacoma, Wash., was third high average, making 90 and 89⅞% respectively.

The team shoot was won by the Tacoma squad—Rowe, Lanning and Cooper. The Infallible Cup was won by B. B. Lipscomb of Tacoma.

All of these winners used U. M. C. shells.

* * *

At the Golden Gate Gun Club shoot, held on June 4 at Ingleside, some very good scores were made, and the attendance was very satisfactory. Out of thirty-seven shooters, shooting through the entire day, thirty-one used Peters' shells.

A. J. Webb won high average, Edgar Forster

second, J. W. Bradrick third, and Emil Holling fourth.

Those in on the money for the day's shoot were A. J. Webb, Edgar Forster, J. W. Bradrick, C. A. Haight, Emil Holling, of the champion class; W. J. Golcher, F. Schultz and L. W. Harpham of the first class; H. Kleversahl of the second class; Dr. Sylvester, Bert Patrick and W. H. Johnson of the third class. J. W. Bradrick, who won the Bekeart Trophy in the 100-bird race at the Pacific Coast Trapshooters' Association tournament, was called upon to defend the same, the following shooters competing: Emil Holling, R. C. Reed, Otto Feudner, A. J. Webb, C. C. Nauman, E. Schultz, Glon Gibson and J. W. Bradrick.

This was a very exciting contest, each man shooting at 100 birds. The scores were not as good as at the previous contest, 92% winning, this being made by Mr. Schultz.

All of these contestants used U. M. C. ammunition.

* * *

The annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest was held in Portland, June 22d, 23d and 24th under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club.

There were present 143 shooters. This unusual number necessitated an extra day's attendance in order to shoot off ties.

Among the noteworthy events were the winning of the Anaconda Cup by J. W. Bradrick; the Brownlee Medal, by Del Cooper; the Individual championship, by A. J. Webb; the Three-Man Team event, by Confar, Huse and Selveridge.

All of these winners were exclusive users of U. M. C. ammunition, again demonstrating that change of climate or general conditions in no way affects the accuracy and reliability of this long-tried and thoroughly tested ammunition.

* * *

At Ingleside, June 2, the regular monthly shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club was held. Twenty-three shooters faced the traps. The chief event of the day's meeting was the contest for the Bekeart Cup. A very pretty race and closely contested by Messrs. Webb, Feudner, E. Schultz, C. C. Nauman and C. A. Haight, Mr. Webb winning out with 91%. Without exception the shooters in this event used U. M. C. ammunition exclusively.

* * *

One more name was added to the long list of U. M. C. winners when Mr. E. F. Fosgard of Waco, Texas, won the Texas State Championship medal at live birds, score 19-20. This important victory took place at the Texas State Shoot, Waco, Texas, April 18-20. Other U. M. C. wins in Texas during 1905 have been the Sunny South Handicap, at live birds; the Central Texas Handicap, and the Houston Post Diamond Medal.

* * *

SOME WINCHESTER WINNINGS.

Shooters of Winchester goods carried off many honors at the Twenty-first annual shooting tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest at Portland, Oregon, June 22-24, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. The tournament took place at Irvington Park and was well attended. Out of the 143 shooters that participated in this tournament, sixty-four shot Winchester "pump" guns, and when it is taken into consideration that these shooters came from California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska and British Columbia, it only goes to show how universally popular this make of gun is with the best shots throughout the country.

The Anaconda Cup, shot for on the opening day of the tournament, was won by J. W. Bradrick of San Francisco, Cal., with the splendid score of 25 straight in this event. L. E. Reed of Ohiowa, Neb., also made a "straight" in this event, but not being a member of the Northwest Association, he was not eligible to compete for the cup. The Multnomah Medal, also shot for on the opening day, was tied for by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash., and P. J. Holohan, of Wallace, Idaho. In the first shoot-off the gentlemen tied again, and in the second

ON A JAUNT

Every outing outfit needs a bottle of pure alcoholic stimulant for emergencies.

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

is the choice of those who

KNOW THE BEST
LIKE THE BEST
BUY THE BEST

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS

Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

shoot-off Mr. Sheard won. The Walla Walla Brownlee Medal, which closed the program events of the first day, was captured by Dell Cooper of Bellingham, Wash.; all these gentlemen used Winchester "pump guns" and Winchester ammunition, so every trophy contested for on the opening day of the shoot was captured by shooters using Winchester products. The Brownlee trophy, shot for on the second day, was tied for by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash.; A. P. Bigelow of Ogden, Utah; G. A. Henkel of Harrington, Wash.; A. J. Webb of San Francisco, Cal.; F. Logsdon of Harrington, Wash., and C. H. Collier of Portland, Ore. Of these six men that tied for this trophy, five shot Winchester shells and two Winchester guns. In the shoot-off, Mr. Sheard and Mr. Bigelow, the latter shooting a Smith gun and Winchester shells, tied again. In the second shoot-off Mr. Bigelow won. The Globe Trophy, the famous trophy of the Northwest Association, on account of the mixed kinds of shooting in this event, was tied for by W. E. Hacker of Tacoma, Wash.; A. P. Bigelow of Ogden, Utah, and W. H. Seaver of San Francisco, Cal., on the score of 45 out of the possible 50. Mr. Hacker and Mr. Seaver shot Winchester "pumps," and Mr. Bigelow a Smith gun, all using Winchester shells. Mr. Seaver, being connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was not eligible to compete for the trophy, so in the shoot-off between Mr. Hacker and Mr. Bigelow, the latter gentleman won. The Dayton Medal, shot for on the closing day, was captured by G. E. Dickerson of Ellensburg, Wash., on the splendid score of forty straight, using Winchester gun and shells. The Three-Man Team Trophy was captured by the Billings (Mont.) team, composed of E. F. Confarr (20), W. A. Selviedge (20) and J. W. Huse (17) on the score of 57 out of the possible 60. Two of the three men in this team used Winchester guns, each making his twenty (20) straights. The highest general average of the entire tournament was made by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, Wash. The longest straight run of the tournament was made by A. P. Bigelow with Winchester "Repeater" shells. This grand showing made with the Winchester Company's products at this tournament adds another link to the long chain of Winchester victories at the traps. When men like Crosby, Elliott, Gilbert, Fanning, Money, Hawkins, Trimble, Furote and Boa, representative crack shots of the world, and hundreds of expert amateur shooters throughout the United States and Canada, select Winchester products for their trap and field shooting, it goes to show that this famous produce is entitled to its well-won popularity.

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At the request of the Stevens Arms and Tool Co., we present the following announcement, which will certainly prove of interest to our youthful readers:

Every boy in the land wants a Stevens. Here is a chance to get a famous Stevens rifle free. If good at selecting names, here's a fine opportunity.

We will shartly market a new rifle, especially built for boys—accurate, safe, durable—a Stevens all over. We wish to call our rifle something distinctive, individual and a name that will best typify it.

Send in your name now. Try to win a prize. Our offer terminates August 15, 1905. In order to encourage the receipt of as many different names as it is possible to obtain, we do not restrict you to supply but one name. Send in as many as you wish—specifying first, second and third selections, etc. Of course it is understood that each competitor can secure but one Stevens as a prize.

One of our popular, well-known Favorite No. 17 rifles will be awarded to the person sending in the best name.

A "Little Krag" No. 65 Rifle will be awarded to the contestant submitting the second best name.

A "Crack Shot" No. 16 rifle will be presented to the contestant furnishing the third name.

A "Stevens-Maynard Jr." No. 15 to the fourth.

A Stevens "Tip Up" No. 41 pistol to the fifth.

These firearms will be delivered free, all charges prepaid.

Conform to the simple conditions of our prize offer. Furnish as many names as you wish to forward. Write on one side of sheet only; in a plain, legible hand. State name and address clearly. Date your communication.

If a number of competitors submit the same names, the one sending in the name first will receive the prize.

The names of the successful contestants will be published in the Fall issues of all the representative outdoor and sportsmen's publications. The judges of this competition will be the officers of our company.

Address: Prize Rifle Competition, J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

* * *

AN ENTERPRISING CONCERN.

The Clark Engraving and Printing Co., occupying the Clark Building in Milwaukee, Wis., is doubtless one of the most complete and progressive engraving plants in the United States to-day. The plant is thoroughly equipped with the latest labor saving devices for the prompt handling of every character of engraving and the higher classes of printing.

Each department is in charge of a competent, skilled foreman and the entire plant is under the direct supervision of an expert all-round superintendent.

The printing department is devoted exclusively to the better classes of higher grades of printing, making a specialty of fine printed booklets, commercial work of every kind, also copper plate and steel die effects.

Their business doubtless extends over a greater extent of territory than any other similar concern in America. Their goods are sold

from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including Mexico and the Island of Cuba.

Mr. John C. Clark, the president of the company, is a practical man, himself, and knows every detail of the business, and from a small beginning has worked up one of the largest and most important plants in the country.

The plant is operated twenty-four hours a day every work-day in the year.

Their prices are extremely reasonable consistent with the quality of work they produce, and any one contemplating the purchase of any high-class engraving or printing will do well to give the aforesaid concern an opportunity of estimating on their work, and, as Mr. Clark says, "All we want is an opportunity to demonstrate in a practical way we are all we claim and you will find we are not wanting."

* * *

IF YOU USE CATALOGUES

In your business, either in small or large numbers, you will be interested in the announcement of "The Evening Wisconsin Company" of Milwaukee, Wis., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our pages. This concern, one of the largest and most reputable in the United States, is prepared to quote you special prices on all kinds of book, job, and other printing, and assures you of perfect work and the minimum of delivery time. Catalogues, pamphlets and advertising booklets of all kinds are their particular specialties, and their reputation for high art work at the most reasonable prices is unequalled in this country. The company owns and operates its own immense plant of six stories (50,000 sq. ft. of floor space) and employs only the most modern machinery and skilled labor. Their plant contains no less than twenty-one (21) presses, besides all the paraphernalia of a strictly up-to-date bindery, and is lighted by their own private electric system. If you are contemplating the issue of any advertising matter in quantity, it will pay you to write this concern; they are prepared to quote estimates on any job from a 100 personal card order up to a 10,000,000 catalogue, and their prices and quality of work will astonish you. They guarantee prompt and satisfactory service at the lowest rates consistent with good work, and have every facility for meeting any and all demands.

* * *

ANOTHER WINCHESTER VICTORY.

The Dominion Day Tournament of the Vancouver (B. C.) Gun Club, which was held at Fairview Park, Vancouver, July 1, was well attended, shooters of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's products covered themselves with honors. The large number of contestants using Winchester goods went to show that these goods are held in as high esteem by the best shots of Canada as they are in the United States. The high professional average of the tournament was made by W. H. Seaver of San Francisco, Cal., score 105 out of the possible 110. The high amateur average was made by G. W. Miller, score 104 out of the possible 110. Both these gentlemen used Winchester "pumps" and shells. The second high amateur average was made by E. E. Ellis with a Smith gun and the "Leader" shell, score 103 out of the possible 110. The third high amateur average was tied for by Dell Cooper and R. V. Rowe on the score of 100 out of the possible 110. Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Rowe shot Winchester "pump" guns. The longest straight run of the tournament, which was 48, was made by W. H. Seaver. The second longest straight run, 42, was made by E. E. Ellis with "Leader" shells. The Three-Man-Team Trophy was captured by the Bellingham team, composed of Messrs. G. W. Miller, R. V. Rowe and Dell Cooper on the splendid score of 72 out of the possible 75, each man making 24 out of the allotted 25. All three of these men used the Winchester "pump" guns.

* * *

A HANDY DEVICE.

The America Company, Rockford, Ill., well known to Coast sportsmen as makers of the famous "America" reels and various other sportsmen's indispensibles, have just perfected a new product which will specially interest all who have occasion to shoot big or dangerous game at night.

It is a strong, practicable, compact and altogether efficient light which may be attached to any rifle in a way that will not only illumine both the front and rear sights on the weapon, but at the same time cast a strong beam of light ahead on the object to be hit. It is composed of but two pieces—the light and its clamp. The clamp is perfectly simple, and can be attached or removed at pleasure. The position of the clamp is on the receiver, but varies slightly in the different models of rifles. It may be attached to the rifle in the morning at camp, or carried in the pocket and attached just before dusk. The clamp is fitted with a dove-tailed coupling which fits a complimental coupling on the lamp—a construction which permits the lamp to be instantly slipped on or off. The lamp used is an acetylene with powerful reflector and of the most approved pattern, and is coupling which fits a complemental coupling on handles which renders it a very useful light for the camp. The lamp itself may be carried in the coat pocket and at dark either attached to the rifle or carried in the hand. To one who is out after dark in the woods, or on wood roads, this device is indispensible since it makes progress much easier, safer and faster, and saves time, patience and money. Experienced campers will welcome the advent of this light, as they can readily appreciate its importance and practical utility.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHERS TAKE NOTICE.

The Sixth Congress of Practical Chemistry will be held in Rome in Spring 1906 (Easter week).

Col. G. Pizzighelli, the president of the Societa Fotografica Italiana (50 Via Alfani Florence) as president of the Section "Photochemistry and Scientific Photography" invites all who are interested in photochemistry and scientific photography to take part in this congress.

He kindly requests to be informed as soon as possible as to the subjects of the communications that are desired to be discussed.

The program of the meetings and excursions will be forwarded in due time.

Made for all Rifles

MARBLE'S AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT REAR SIGHT

Illustration shows how sight returns automatically and instantly to correct position for shooting after having been intentionally or accidentally pushed forward or backward, even to a horizontal position. The sight is fastened down by a locking button when desired.

This sight is made with a base for, and is being used with great satisfaction on 1895 Winchesters, which have long firing bolts.

The lower sleeve locks the upper or elevating sleeve and prevents it from being accidentally turned.

These are only three reasons why our sight is better than any other. Our new 56 page catalog gives full description and numerous cuts; also describes MARBLE'S IMPROVED FRONT SIGHT. Send stamp for catalog "H." MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., GLADSTONE, MICH., U. S. A.

Marlin

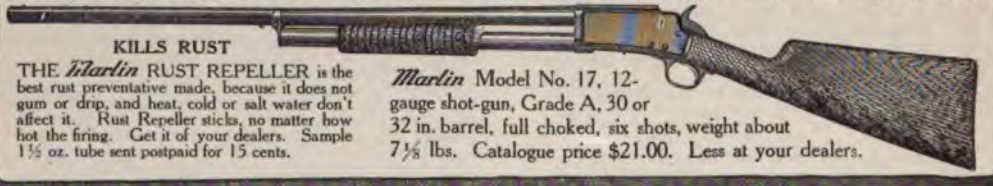
When a big cock grouse thunders up through the brush, he presents the most difficult mark in the world, and it's a quick man with a good lively gun that makes a fair bag of these birds. The new *Marlin* 12-gauge, Model No. 17 is a light, quick gun, made to meet the demand for repeating shot-guns of highest quality at a very moderate price. It is similar to the *Marlin* Model No. 19 Grade A, except for its solid frame and straight grip stock.

Important improvements, such as the use of two extractors and a two-piece safety recoil block, make it the easiest, most reliable and best working gun in the market. Bored for both smokeless and black powders and any size shot. Guaranteed to pattern better than 325 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards using 1¼ ounce of No. 8 chilled shot. A perfect trap gun, having every advantage of the single barrel. You sight over the center of your load—not off at one side. You are not breaking your birds with the right side of your left barrel load and the left side of your right barrel load. *You center the bird every time.*

This, and every other *Marlin*, has the unique solid top and side ejector features, which guarantee safety and prevent the ejected shell from flying in your face. The *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out water, twigs, leaves or sand. The shells are always dry and your *Marlin* in service. No other gun has this feature.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new Catalogue, containing a complete description of this splendid gun. Sent free for 6c postage with our Experience Book, consisting of hundreds of stirring stories of *Marlin* prowess.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 51 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealers. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Marlin Model No. 17, 12-gauge shot-gun, Grade A, 30 or 32 in. barrel, full choked, six shots, weight about 7⅛ lbs. Catalogue price $21.00. Less at your dealers.

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**

H. L. LORQUIN
323 Kearny St., S. F.
Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.
Telephone Montgomery 761

BOOK
on
DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED.

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y.

CAUGHT THIRTY BASS.

Warsaw, Ind., Oct. 14, 1904.
I caught a bass in Yellow Creek Lake weighing seven and one-half pounds and a total of thirty bass, all beauties, with the "Dowagiac" Minnow. I am a "Dowagiac" friend every day in the week.
Resp. yours,
J. C. GAMBLE.

Made in a variety of sizes, styles and colors.

"Dowagiac"

CASTING AND TROLLING BAITS

"Dowagiac" Patents.

1—Hooks attached so as not to mar the body of the bait nor to tangle into each other.
2—All trebles instantly detachable

Note especially the glistening white belly and the beautiful rainbow finish of the back.

It takes several years to learn to make a casting minnow right and we have arrived at the "know how" stage of the art The manufacturers of "Dowagiac" baits are practical bait casters of long experience among nearly all the species of game fish in North American waters. Every detail of a casting bait has been carefully wrought into the finished product.

Ask you dealer to show you the "Dowagiac" bait or send direct to us for fully descriptive circular with pointers on practical bait casting.

JAMES HEDDON & SON, - - - Dowagiac, Mich.

For Sale on the Pacific Coast by Jensen, King, Byrd Company or Ware Brothers, Spokane, Washington

THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* **fit all over.**

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Mooschide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 31 Bridge Square, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fishing and Hunting in Colorado

It's the sportsman's paradise

Why not make the trip this summer?

One Fare for the Round Trip via the

Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

(The Scenic Line of the World)

Write for particulars and ask for "Camping in the Rocky Mountains."

W. J. SHOTWELL, General Agent

625 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mullins' Stamped Steel Boats

MOTOR BOATS AUTO BOATS ROW BOAT HUNTING AND FISHING BOATS

18 FT. TORPEDO STERN LAUNCH.

Made of rigid steel plates. No repairs. Always ready. Safe, staunch, speedy. Motor Boats, $135.00 up. Row Boats, $20.00 up. Correspondence solicited. Send for FREE copy of our 1905 illustrated CATALOGUE.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO. (The Steel Boat Builders)
131 FRANKLIN ST., Salem, Ohio
Member National Association Engine and Boat Manufacturers

Best for the Big Meadows

Good Anywhere

The famous COSTAR tied trout flies are the product of an expert who has made a life study of the requirements of the BIG MEADOWS and adjacent waters. They tempt trout when all others fail. Used and unqualifiedly recommended by prominent anglers.

Samples on approval if WESTERN FIELD is mentioned.

A. P. COSTAR
Prattville, Plumas Co., Cal.

CANOEISTS

Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy of

"CANOEING"

The only publication devoted EXCLUSIVELY to their favorite sport

CANOEING is the one recognized authority on all canoeing matters, and is official organ of the American Canoe Association.

In CANOEING'S pages the prospective canoeist finds expert advice on craft and equipment, worth many dollars to him when purchasing his first outfit.

ADDRESS **E. T. KEYSER,** Editor and Publisher
5 Beekman Street, New York

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List $100.00

We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Dealers!

THROW YOUR LINE among fishermen, and you'll get a STRIKE—with a rush for the goods—if it's the general line of

Pflueger's Fine Fishing Tackle,

made only by the

ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.

Twenty-five years of experience, combined with the largest manufacturing facilities in this country, enable us to produce a superior line of fishing tackle that fishermen insist on having.

PFLUEGER'S PATENTED REVERSIBLE HINGE INSURES FREE SPINNING AND PREVENTS BENDING OR BREAKING

Hooks, Flies, Spinners, Trolls, Phantoms, Reels, Furnished Lines, Everything in Fishing Tackle,

Packed for effective display.

Best Selling Line You Can Carry.

NOTICE.—Free to any dealer in sporting goods, sent express prepaid, 156-page illustrated Catalogue No. F23, Metal Fish Sign and Window Transparency in 8-color lithograph.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co.,
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL No 2 RE & DE-CAPPER. **PRICE $1.50**

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

When you write please mention "WESTERN FIELD."

LYMAN

RIFLE AND SHOT GUN SIGHTS

Receiver Rear Sight

A desirable sight for short stocked repeaters, with heavy recoil, also for rifles having a long firing bolt.

Send for 96-page catalogue containing valuable information regarding rifles and rifle shooting.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

The German Savings & Loan Society
526 California St., San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,500,098.42
Capital Actually Paid-up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905.....37,738,672.17

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JOHN LLOYD, President
DANIEL MEYER, 1st Vice-President
EMIL ROHTE, 2d Vice-President

IGN. STEINHART	J. W. VAN BERGEN
L. N. WALTER	F. TILLMANN, Jr.
N. OHLANDT	E. T. KRUSE

A. H. R. SCHMIDT, - - - - - Cashier
WM. HERRMANN, - - - - Asst. Cashier
GEO. TOURNY, - - - - - - Secretary
A. H. MULLER, - - - - Asst. Secretary
W. S. GOODFELLOW, - - General Attorney

FRANK J. CARR, Proprietor Telephone Main 3082

THE MARBLE PALACE

Fine Wines and Liquors

508 MARKET STREET & 9 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PETERS LOADED SHELLS

The

Consolation Handicap

at Indianapolis, June 30th, was won by Mr. Jas. T. Atkinson, of Newcastle, Pa., with Peters Factory Loaded Shells. Mr. Atkinson broke

99 out of 100

from the 18 yard line, the only event at the Grand American Handicap which was won back of 16 yards.

The Peters Cartridge Co.

NEW YORK
98 CHAMBERS ST.
T. H. KELLER, Mgr.

CINCINNATI
OHIO

Are You MARRIED *to Your* PRINTER?

IF YOU ARE NOT, we believe we can convince you that it will be to your advantage to place your order for CATALOGUES, BOOKLETS, Etc., with us. We operate one of the largest and best printing plants in the United States devoted exclusively to the printing of Catalogues and Booklets. We have printed millions of Catalogues for all classes of manufacturers in nearly every State in the Union. We believe we can print your work and ship it to the Coast for less than you can secure it for at home, at the same time giving you the best class of work. We should be pleased to have you write us for quotations and samples on your next order. We refer by permission to the "Western Field" as to our reliability.

The Evening Wisconsin Co.,
THE LARGE CATALOGUE PRINTERS,
Jno. W. Campsie, Mgr. Ptg. Dept.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. U. S. A.

MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor

Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th St., New York

Seventh Avenue, Amsterdam Avenue and West 130th Street. Cars pass the door. Luxurious rooms for permanent and transient guests.

Restaurant a Feature
Exquisite Palm Room
:: Art Nouveau Cafe :
Royal Hungarian Orchestra

Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the World. Can offer few single rooms, with bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two people, $60 per month.

TRANSIENT RATES

One Room with Bath : : : : : $2.50 per day
Parlor, Bedroom, with Bath, : $3 and $5 per day
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with Bath, : $5 and $7 per day

Every improvement known to modern ingenuity. Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belleclaire World."

The Biggest Offer Yet

An Encyclopedia Within the Reach of Everyone

Complete in Eight Volumes. Convenient Size, 8x5¾ inches. Nearly 10,000 Columns of Solid information—Profusely Illustrated. Printed on Extra Fine Quality of Book Paper and Bound with Beautiful Full Gold Backs. An Ornament to any Library.

This is the Only Cyclopedia Making the Claim that it has been Edited and Published during the 20th Century.

IT CONTAINS NEARLY DOUBLE THE NUMBER OF ARTICLES FOUND IN ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

Although universal in scope this encyclopedia does not contain a single padded article. Nothing that should be found in an encyclopedia is omitted. Being edited by encyclopedic authorities of the Old and New Worlds, insures its absolute reliability. It gives the latest information on all subjects, including the statistics for the United States by the latest census.

IT TELLS ABOUT

All the Great Men and Women in every Field of Activity in Ancient and Modern Times, All the Great Nations of the Past, their Rise and Decline, All the Great Nations of To-Day, their History and Achievements, All the Great Authors and their Productions, All the Great Inventors and their Inventions, All the Great Warriors of Land and Sea, All the Great Wars in the World's History, All the Great Subjects in Science, Art, History, Philosophy, Biography, Geography, Mathematics, Law, Chemistry, Medicine, Mechanics, and a score of other subjects, which are treated simply, thoroughly and concisely.

FOR HOME, SCHOOL, OFFICE AND LIBRARY

The Universal Encyclopedia fills the need of an up-to-date, well digested, exhaustive, condensed work.

The correct pronunciation of all obscure words; the variety of subjects explained and the simplicity of the explanations; the convenient size of the volumes, the clear print, and beautiful bindings, the **"within reach of all"** price, all tend to make it **The Greatest Publication of the Century.**

OUR OFFER

The regular price of the encyclopedia is **$12.00,** but we have secured a limited edition—the very first off the press—and as long as they last our subscribers may have them for

$6.00 PER SET OF EIGHT VOLUMES,

including **a year's subscription** to the **Nickell Magazine.** And if you are not more than satisfied with your purchase—**send it back** and **we will refund your money.**

YOU RUN NO RISK

[By Freight or Express—Weight 16 pounds, securely packed in wooden case.]

NICKELL MAGAZINE CO.

712 Seneca Bldg. BUFFALO, N. Y.

CUT ON THIS LINE

FREE To any reader of this paper who uses this coupon in sending their order, we will send the NICKELL MAGAZINE for the balance of this year, extending their subscription to JANUARY, 1907. **FREE**

Remit by Money Order or Bank Draft—Local Checks not accepted.

CHAS. H. KEWELL CO.

MUIRHEAD BUILDING

Junction Hayes, Larkin and Market Sts. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Write for booklet

"All About Stewart Spoons"

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD
Kern Co., California

419 STRAIGHT

"Billy" Crosby with his SMITH GUN makes another world's record. You can't miss 'em with a Smith Automatic Ejector fitted with the HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER.

Send for Catalogue.

HUNTER ARMS CO.,
FULTON, N. Y.

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Continental
Building & Loan Association
of California

Established . . . 1889

This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal.

Nothing Too Good for YOU!!!

When it comes to your Gun, the Best is NONE TOO GOOD and cheapest in the end. If you do not know why the PARKER is the Best Gun you can buy and the only gun you should invest in, write us today, and we will tell you all about the Gun.

PARKER BROS.,

37 CHERRY STREET, MERIDEN, CONN.

32 Warren Street, New York City

REMINGTON

For every kind of

PERFECT SHOOTING

This is the

Invincible Combination

Write for Illustrated Catalog

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT
86-88 First St.
SAN FRANCISCO
E. E. DRAKE, Mgr.

RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS

AMMUNITION

WINCHESTER

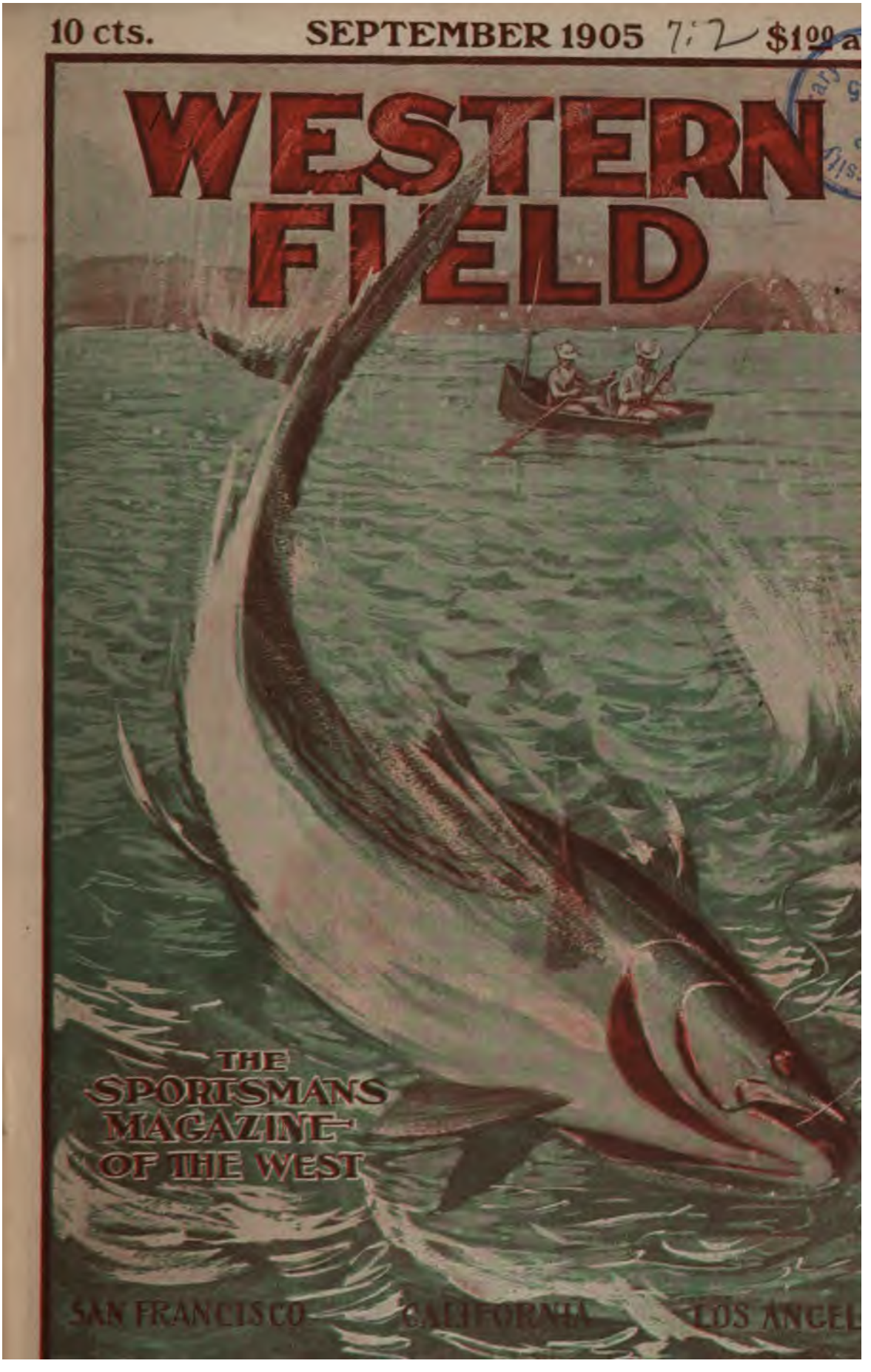
Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO — A. MULLER, Agent

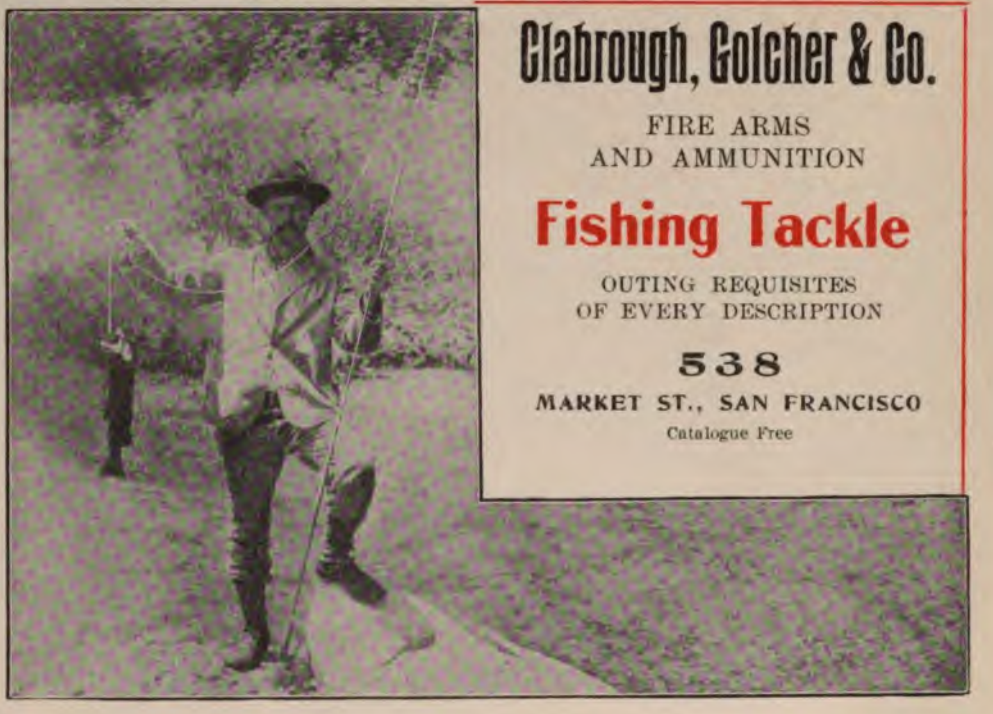
10 cts. SEPTEMBER 1905 7:2 $1.00 a

WESTERN FIELD



THE SPORTSMANS MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA LOS ANGEL



Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

FIRE ARMS
AND AMMUNITION

Fishing Tackle

OUTING REQUISITES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

538

MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Catalogue Free

A CLEAN SWEEP AT INDIANAPOLIS

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP, June 28th.
R. R. Barber of Paullina, Iowa, Score, 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, June 29th.
R. R. Barber of Paullina, Iowa, Score 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

CONSOLATION HANDICAP, June 30th.
J. T. Atkinson, Newcastle, Pa., Score 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

Do You use DuPont Smokeless?

STATE TEAM SHOOT.

R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, Ohio	.93
D. A. Upson, Cleveland, Ohio	.95
F. H. Snow, South Brooklyn, Ohio	.97
J. E. Orr, Newark, Ohio	.96
F. D. Alkire, Williamsport, Ohio	.93
	474

An average of 94.8 per cent.

All of these gentlemen used DuPONT SMOKELESS

WESTERN FIELD.

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. VII . SEPTEMBER, 1905. No. 2

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—Ocelots ..... *Photograph by Harry H. Dunn*
THE TRUMPETER ..... *Harry H. Dunn*
THE REJUVENATION OF JOHN BAXTER ..... *F. H. Mayer*
A YOSEMITE BEAR HUNT ..... *Geo. G. Goucher*
THE CONFESSION (Poem) ..... *T. Shelley Sutton*
EVENTIDE—IN ARCADY (Poems) ..... *Frank Leo Pinet*
IN YOSEMITE (Poem) ..... *T. Shelley Sutton*
AT THE SPRING OF THE SHINING ROCK ..... *Manzanita*
DARKTOWN HYPOCRISY (Poem) ..... *Stacey E. Baker*
WITH BOB WHITE IN THE NORTH ..... *H. L. Betten*
TO A WILD SWAN (Poem) ..... *Henry Meade Bland*
IN MADRONA PARK (Poem) ..... *Agnes Lockhart Hughes*
THE CONVERSION OF THE SKEPTIC ..... *Robert Erskine Ross*
THE TRAGEDY ..... *Burton Jackson Wyman*
HUNTING GUAJALOTES IN MEXICO ..... *G. Lawrence Maynard*
THE WATER DUKES (Poem) ..... *Lillian H. Shuey*
CASTLE CRAGS AND SHASTA ..... *Geo. D. Baird*
THE WANDERING WIND (Poem) ..... *Roscoe Brumbaugh*
OUR PATRIARCHS (Poem) ..... *Charles E. Jenney*
BASS CATCHING PARAPHERNALIA ..... *James Heddon*
HE GOT HIS CAT ..... *Theo. Bond*
PRESERVATION OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA ..... *Henry Fairfield Osborn*
THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE—PART IV—The Fight for Life ..... *Clyde Scott Chase*
PRESIDIO GOLF CLUB ..... *Arthur Inkersley*
FIRST RACE FOR THE ELKS' CUP ..... *Arthur Inkersley*
ROWING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY ..... *Arthur Inkersley*
NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT ..... *F. M. Kelly*
RETRIEVING ..... *C. H. Babcock*

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

CLAY PIGEONS!!

At the tournament held under the auspices of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association of Tucson, Arizona, the following wonderful record was made with

SELBY SHELLS

Professional HIGH AVERAGE
Amateur HIGH AVERAGE
—AND—
Longest run of consecutive breaks

Vacation Time

Are you thinking of taking a house in the country, or is it going to be a camping trip this time?

You will need fancy and staple groceries, and we are well qualified to fill out-of-town grocery orders for camp or cottage.

We have been shipping groceries to the country for years, and our trade is constantly increasing. Good groceries, good packing and prompt service are the reasons for the steady progress that we are making in our *MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.*

We will gladly furnish estimates, suggestions, and assistance in making up your order, and it will give us pleasure to demonstrate our ability to fill the smallest or largest orders to your complete satisfaction. We are just as careful with small orders as with large ones.

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

"Master Grocers"

432 PINE ST.	232 SUTTER ST.	2829 CALIFORNIA ST.	1401 HAIGHT ST.
Private Exchange One	Private Exchange 100	West 101	Park 456

For information and booklet

ADDRESS

R. H. CURRY, Prop.

The Geysers, Sonoma Co., Cal.

UNDER EXPERT MANAGEMENT

The Hotel has been thoroughly renovated—Ice and Electric Plants enlarged–The table supplied with the best the market affords. . . . .

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

New Southern Hotel and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO., Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

Thoroughly modern, with steam heat and compressed air cleaning plant

CUISINE UNSURPASSED

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING-MEN

LICK HOUSE

O. W. KINGSBURY, Lessee

CORNER SUTTER AND MONTGOMERY STS

for the morning after
JACKSON'S
NAPA SODA

QUALITY

is the first consideration in everything we display. Our assortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.
FURNITURE · CARPETS · RUGS · DRAPERIES
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

A CLEAN SWEEP

BALLISTITE

WINS AS USUAL

High amateur and general average at the second annual tournament of The Pacific Coast Trap Shooters Association at Ingleside, May 28th, 29th and 30th, also the 100 bird PHIL. B. BEKEART trophy.

BAKER & HAMILTON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO SACRAMENTO

THE BIG TREES OF CALAVERAS

A grove of 100 magnificent redwood giants up to 325 feet in height.

Six miles south is the South Park Grove, containing 1 380 trees, several over 100 feet in circumference at the base.

Mere words cannot describe the grandeur of these forests—you must see them—your education is not complete until you do.

$15.00 For Round Trip

A splendid opportunity to see these natural wonders and the country made famous by Bret Harte's stories at a slight cost.

Leave here today and arrive there at 10:30 tomorrow. The route is via Oakdale, Jamestown, Angels and Murphy's. Only 22 miles stage ride. An interesting trip all the way. Fine hotel and many good fishing streams.

For illustrated folders and particulars see agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

San Francisco Office
613 Market Street

Oakland Office
12 San Pablo Avenue

The
Route of The

OVERLAND LIMITED

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

from San Francisco and Portland to Chicago and the East is via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Solid through train, electric lighted. Only three days en route San Francisco to Chicago, over the only double-track railway between the Missouri River and Chicago. Two through trains daily from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Jose, Fresno, San Francisco, Sacramento, and other California points, and two from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, and other points in the Pacific Northwest to Chicago with out change.

Be sure your tickets read via the

Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Rys.

Choice of routes via the direct line through Ogden and Cheyenne or via Salt Lake City and Denver.
Schedules, Maps and full information on application to any agent Southern Pacific Co., or to

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast, 617 Market St., San Francisco.
W. D. CAMPBELL, General Agent, 247 South Spring St., Los Angeles.
A. G. BARKER, General Agent, 153 Third St., Portland, Ore.
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager **R. X. Ryan, Gen'l Passenger Agent**

California Limited at Laguna.

Grand Canyon

HE who seeks the best for his eastern journey, travels on the "California Limited" on the Santa Fe, and visits the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way.

Remember

Santa Fe

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather a d ght, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1.50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.

Box 399 Denver, Colo.

WM. CRYER

Designer of

Sailing Yachts, Launches, Row and Hunting Boats of all Descriptions

Plans, Specifications and Prices Furnished upon application.

Yard and Shops

601 Illinois St., San Francisco

Telephone MINT 1006

"The Needle Shower"

A perfect sanitary appliance and health promoter—Builds nerve and muscle and keeps the body in prime condition—Adapted to any bathroom. Can be seen at our salesrooms 328 Stockton St.

WM. F. WILSON CO.

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS
METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in **Fish and Oysters**

FROGS AND TERRAPINS ALWAYS ON HAND

93 California Market, S. F.

Orders delivered for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

"The Sportsman's Guide"

Contains the fish and game laws of North America, instructions on hunting, fishing, ski-running and other kindred sports, and more valuable information to sportsmen than all other guides combined. Subscribe now and get this valuable magazine for only

25 cents for one year.

The Sportsman's Guide, Fryeburg, Maine.

Grand Canyon

HE who seeks the best for his eastern journey. travels on the "California Limited" on the Santa Fe, and visits the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way.

Remember

Santa Fe

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO

AND

LOS ANGELES

Quail and deer season is fast approaching. We have the boots, shoes, clothing, guns and ammunition that is needed. It will pay you to see

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
801 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

GRAYLING

are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge your selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "S".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR EXPLORERS CAMPERS AND PROSPECTORS
314-316 Broadway, New York, U. S. A

SCHULZE & BROWN
ARCHITECTS
SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

Sachs Brothers & Co.

FANCY GOODS

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Yarns,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

25-27-29-31 & 33 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SAVE THIS COUPON **SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER** SAVE THIS COUPON

14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN, that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates

Shingle Machines Engines and Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate delivery

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At **Rancho Los Laurelles** you will find a well-equipped hotel and camp under the same management as famous

HOTEL DEL MONTE

With every opportunity for fishing and shooting.

Why not make DEL MONTE your headquarters?

No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions —sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, hunting and all out-of-door sports.

GEO. P. SNELL

Manager, Del Monte, California

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates

Shingle Machines Engines and Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate delivery

Photo by Harry H. Dunn.

OCELOTS

"Memories of Lithe-Limbed Spotted Cats."
(See "The Trumpeter" on opposite page.)

W ?N FIELD.

VOL. 7. ', 1905. NO. 2.

b.
stren.
it, a land .
ward the Pole, ..
the spring was sho.
the winter long and summ.
and autumn were not. Then, too, this river drained a world; from east to west, far as the eye might reach, low rolling hills slipped away from it until they became as one, far to the south, with the Height of the Land. To the north the mantle of ice that lies beneath the Circle closed in on them, leveling them down to the somber sameness of all the rest of this cap of the globe.

For four days spring had lain softly above the river, clothing its shores in a wonderful garb of green, brightening even the pines to a fresher coloring and putting on all the lesser growths the futile glory of the arctic new year. The island it clothed with lush grasses and heavy underbrush, forcing the fresh shoots of greenery even through the cracks and crevices in a huge pile of driftwood that had for years lain just above high-water mark on the southern shore. The top of the pile was hollowed and rounded as if for the punch bowl of the giant in whose footsteps had risen the islands of midstream. Dry and well drained and high it was, up above the dampness of the lower sticks against which the water of the river lapped unceasingly. In the depression still clung a few gray-white feathers that wind and snow and rain had been unable to di-

nter through. On its rim,
the migrating tribes of
ores, perched a solitary
long journey to his
Siberia and Kam-
d well he warbled
r dead world it
tting the dim
ss refrain of
the thicket
e thrush,
making
nswer
his
st
busy w.
when his
to the
scream
the waste
world, roused
tiny bird, lifted
another
Then, far
chorus of
the snipe
the sand
flying
ducks
their
from
in the
By
passed,
as to
tribes
their
river
of
time
arrow
pool
on
this, it

Photo by Harry H. Dunn

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 7. SEPTEMBER, 1905. NO. 2.

THE TRUMPETER.

By HARRY H. DUNN.

ON either side of the island the river flowed steadily, not with the singing leaps and splashes of a more southern stream, but with the silent strength of the land about it, a land forever sloping toward the Pole, a land where the spring was short and the winter long and summer and autumn were not. Then, too, this river drained a world; from east to west, far as the eye might reach, low rolling hills slipped away from it until they became as one, far to the south, with the Height of the Land. To the north the mantle of ice that lies beneath the Circle closed in on them, leveling them down to the somber sameness of all the rest of this cap of the globe.

For four days spring had lain softly above the river, clothing its shores in a wonderful garb of green, brightening even the pines to a fresher coloring and putting on all the lesser growths the futile glory of the arctic new year. The island it clothed with lush grasses and heavy underbrush, forcing the fresh shoots of greenery even through the cracks and crevices in a huge pile of driftwood that had for years lain just above high-water mark on the southern shore. The top of the pile was hollowed and rounded, as if for the punch bowl of the giant in whose footsteps had risen the islands of midstream. Dry and well drained and high it was, up above the dampness of the lower sticks against which the water of the river lapped unceasingly. In the depression still clung a few gray-white feathers that wind and snow and rain had been unable to dislodge the long winter through. On its rim, first visitor of all the migrating tribes of air to the island's shores, perched a solitary titlark, midway in a long journey to his breeding grounds in far Siberia and Kamchatka. Sweet his song and well he warbled it; on the silence of this far dead world it made of itself a knife, splitting the dim distances of air with its ceaseless refrain of "spring, spring, spring." Over in the thicket on the mainland shore a late-come thrush, busy with the thoughts of home-making when his mate should come, made answer to the titlark; on high a falcon sent his scream ringing until it lost itself against the waste of valley and hill, and all the world, roused into life by the note of one tiny bird, lifted itself from its long sleep for another season.

Then, far up in air, began the rolling chorus of the moving bands from the south, the snipe and the plover and the curlew and the sanderlings. After them and higher, flying with wings of the very wind came the ducks and geese, sending hither and yon their resounding cries, safe here at least from the leaping fire they feared so much in the swamps of a more hospitable land. By night, against the clear moon they passed; by day they rose sometimes so high as to be all but invisible even to the squat tribesmen of the North, who, clustered about their little village on the far bank of the river, watched with hungry eyes the coming of their season of plenty. To them it was a time for restringing bows, for sharpening arrow and spear heads, for the gathering together of such crude weapons as they had learned to make in the years of their life on the rim of the Circle. More than this, it

Maude, Photo.

"FOR DAYS SPRING HAD LAIN SOFTLY ABOVE THE RIVER.

was the time for each man of them to slip out, hiding himself wherever best he might to glean from the flying hordes such as should come near enough for his arrows to reach.

Thus it happened that, beating their way further to the north, home again to some huge nest in the tundra, two great swans were met in midair by a volley of slender darts, one of which, piercing the wing of the larger of the pair, brought him to rest on the waters of the great river. She that was his mate redoubled the beats of her mighty wings, lifting herself from danger by great leaps through the air. So far flew the wounded one and so plenty was the game to his hand, that the hunter let him go, losing his precious arrow rather than follow the falling trumpeter to the river's brim. Here the swan, moving painfully and slowly, slipped down through the tules and the sedges, finally gliding out onto the bosom of the streams, swimming with his strong feet to the island and there disappearing amid the undergrowth, safe for the moment at least. As he folded his wings, the easier to move through the brush, the barbed end of the arrow caught in a projecting fork of strong willow, bringing fresh pain to the wounded bird as he struggled to free himself, but in the end drawing the arrow, shaft and feather and barb, from the wing. Here was freedom unexpected, and deeper yet into the thicket the trumpeter wandered, finding at last a hollow filled with dead leaves that the low-growing shrubs had protected from the winter's snow and there settled himself down for such rest as his painful wing might permit.

Fright, unanswerable fear, is the greatest terror against which all the wild ones have to contend. And to the swan his escape from death by the whirring arrow brought more of the unrest to him than did the actual wound. His head raised to the full extent of his long neck, he watched every movement of the world unfolding about him; no tiny bird moved, no mouse dared scamper across the leaves but them he saw, saw and trembled if they came upon him unexpectedly. Night, the still black night of the Circle, was slipping down around him; day had gone far to the southward and in his clutch of skins the hunter fed on the

bodies of his kill, when, far up in the starless dome arose and fell the call of a wandering swan, the wind-blown mate of the Trumpeter, calling to one she almost had given up for lost.

Long time the Trumpeter heard it, long time he waited, for fear was very strong in his heart just then; but at last he answered, weak and low at first, a sound more like the hum of some giant mosquito than the mighty note he could send ringing down the aisles of air when he so chose. Gradually then, as she heard and answered, his voice floated out above the river, above the flat delta around about, slipped down the ripples of the wind, filled the air above, the sweetest song in all the world to the flier poised on great white wings so far overhead. Then, at last fully convinced that here was her mate that had so suddenly been drawn from her side a short while before, but knowing little of the things that held him to the little island, she let herself drop down a long slope and come to a stop amid the high grasses of a knoll a few feet from the river. Low skimming the earth she startled from his vigil a northern lynx, watching beside the burrow of some tiny mouse, and to her for the instant came memories of lithe-limbed spotted cats that played about the marshes of that southern land from whence she had but shortly come.

Across the little interval of marsh and river, however, the slow song of her mate came to her ears ever more strongly, and she moved as rapidly as her awkward feet would carry her toward the sound. For an instant the bank of the still, dark stream held her, but then she plunged in and with strong strokes swam straight to the island. The song of her mate had died down by this time, indeed he was fast asleep, thinking, if he thought at all, that the wandering crier he had heard must needs have picked up again the thread of his long journey toward the Pole. And so she came upon him, rousing him to a momentary flutter of wild alarm as she touched him with her heavy black beak, settling down to sleep beside him as soon as he had folded his wounded wing. Night at this time of year is beginning to grow shorter and shorter up against the Circle, and morning spread its rosy wings very shortly upon these two, rousing them to continue their flight spurred on by that same purpose which had

STARTING A NORTHERN LYNX FROM HIS LAIR.

drawn them from the warm waters of the south. For the moment forgetful of his hurt, the Trumpeter moved bravely to the water's edge, drank as is the custom of these great fliers, and then put forth his wings to lift himself above the world. And then the pain of his wounded pinion came over him and he sank down on the moss, a prisoner on his little isle.

With all her wiles, who knows but with argument and language strong, she strove to draw him into the air. Of his wound she could know nothing, but what she did know was that where her mate staid there was the place for her, and so at last, after many movings backward and forward, they slipped away through the more open places in the island's covering, slipped away in search of that for which they had come so far—a place in which to rear their young.

"THE WEASEL BEASTS OF THE NORTH."

"DELIBERATE IN THEIR SEARCH."

Deliberate they were in their search—so much so that it was several days before they came upon the pile of dead driftwood, with the abandoned nest in its center. Who had been its first owner, Canada goose or swan like them, they cared not; here it was for the taking, shaped to the body of her who must sit on it, well screened from dangers by water or land and near to food in plenty. To the island the hunters came but seldom; too deep and cold the river flowed for them to swim when game was so plentiful near their camps. So they lived in peace save for the small dwellers on the island, the rats and the weasel-like beasts of the North. These they fought off easily, many a one went to his death by one blow from the heavy beak of the Trumpeter, and here, one by one, came six huge eggs, chalky white and uneven ended, like unto the eggs of tame swan. Well lined was the nest with down from the female's breast, laid regularly so that it formed a perfect bed into which the eggs sank quite out of sight. Overhead the branches of the island pines and the tamaracks met in lacey archwork, concealing from all above the presence of the precious home beneath.

And, day by day, as the nesting season went on, the Trumpeter's wing mended, mended, but never became perfect again, never was of much use to him, for the tendons were so weak and so widely ruptured that only by exerting all his strength could he lift himself for a few feet from the ground. Flying any distance was out of the question; wherever he went he must either walk or swim, and walking is a very irksome thing to the broad-winged swan, while swimming is a slow means of travel at best. Up and down the river and around the island he paddled, occasionally with his mate when for a brief space she could leave her nestfull to seek food, but most often alone, seizing here and there a small fish, here and there a weed and frequently a tiny frog entangled in the reedy sedges at the edge of the water. Of these he took his mate none at all, for it is not the custom of any of the larger water birds to feed each other, either in the event of injury or during nesting time, so his cares were few and the whole interest of his life centered around that pile of sticks and rotted brushwood wherein the future family lay. By night he slept soundly just at the edge of the nest, close by her side, and few indeed were the creepers of their world that would reach them without being caught. Their sight was not good in the darkness, but the hearing of all water birds is especially acute, that of the swans and geese particularly so, and these two slept on through the cool nights well knowing that their ears would wake them at the slightest danger.

But, strange to tell, danger came not near them, and when the days had passed in sufficient number for their hatching, out came five downy youngsters, awkward in appearance and movement, seemingly all beak and feet; one egg did not hatch, and this, after she had set upon it for two days beyond her time, was left by the mother bird to lie in the nest until the wind and rain should have destroyed it. The five went to the river, waddling as fast as their short legs could carry them, between two watchful parents, almost before they could slide down from

THROUGH THE TULES AND SEDGES."

the nest alone. At the water's edge there was a scramble to see which one could get into the river first; indeed they seemed to be born with the power as swimmers as fully developed as were the webs on their feet. But, though they could swim, there was much about the river that they were yet to be taught. There were the currents, many and diverse, that rippled and eddied around the island, and from which even the strong-winged swans could not always extricate themselves. There were the places, too, where frogs and other food were most plentiful—places where a hunted swan though sorely wounded, could slip in among the undergrowth and be almost sure of escape. All these things the young birds must know ere they could safely go far beyond the sight of one of the watchful pair. And all these things they learned rapidly, so that with the going of their creamy down and the coming of the gray-white feathers of midsummer, they were prepared to swim as far and hunt as well as were the older birds; only their wings were not yet strong enough to be of much use to them and they knew little or nothing of the land that lay on either side of the river. Broad and rolling, still and deep the stream ran, and on it they played the day long, on the island slept safely by night, until they were almost as well grown as the parent pair. From the camping place in the hill-sheltered hollow the men of the North had moved their skin houses down to the sea, where they were storing fish for the winter to come, so they no longer troubled the birds on the river.

Down from the Pole winter was coming fast; daily the hours of light grew less, the hours of darkness longer; nightly across the scroll of the heavens the aurora flamed with ever-increasing splendor; here and there, through cloud-bedimmed afternoons fell flurries of snow, warning to those that lived in warmer climes that time was yet given them to return to their homes. High in air above the tundra, night after night, there came again the rolling cries of the moving throng, as, a short time ago, they had roused the drowsy men of the North from their winter-long lethargy of idleness. But now the stream of sound drifted ever to the south, leaving once again the dread, drear silence above the land of eternal snows. With it came a restlessness to the swans. Their kind, last of all to leave the homes they had made in so brief a time, had not yet begun their journey, but with every call of wandering goose the young birds tried their wings for short distances above the river, followed by the mother of them, all unmindful that the Trumpeter could not rise with them but swam slowly after, looking ever longingly at the broad white wings raised in easy strength of flight. The longing to join his comrades was strong within his sturdy heart, but well he knew that the long journey was not for him. Mayhap, deep in his wise old heart, he knew that never again could he see the sun-kissed marshes of the southland, never again splash in the warm waters of the reed-fringed bayous he so well remembered.

"PLACES WHERE FROGS WERE MOST PLENTIFUL."

And at last, out of the further deeps of sky, came the return creatures of their kind, calling, calling, that stragglers might join

the mighty band, flying in a great V after their leader. Clear and shrill and strong the cry of the Trumpeter answered them; slowly in response to it they settled down for a moment's rest on the river. To them and among them swam the five youngsters, mingling freely with the strangers, making each to each the queer hissing sounds that pass between most water birds at play, so that when the band arose at last, after a night's rest on the river around the island, the full-winged birds of the year rose also, bending their course away over the low hills after the leader of the band. When the Trumpeter, tired with beating his wings in vain endeavor to raise his body from the water, turned to his island and his mate, he found himself quite alone; she, too, had joined the travelers, and by this time was miles away over the cold world of sky and moss.

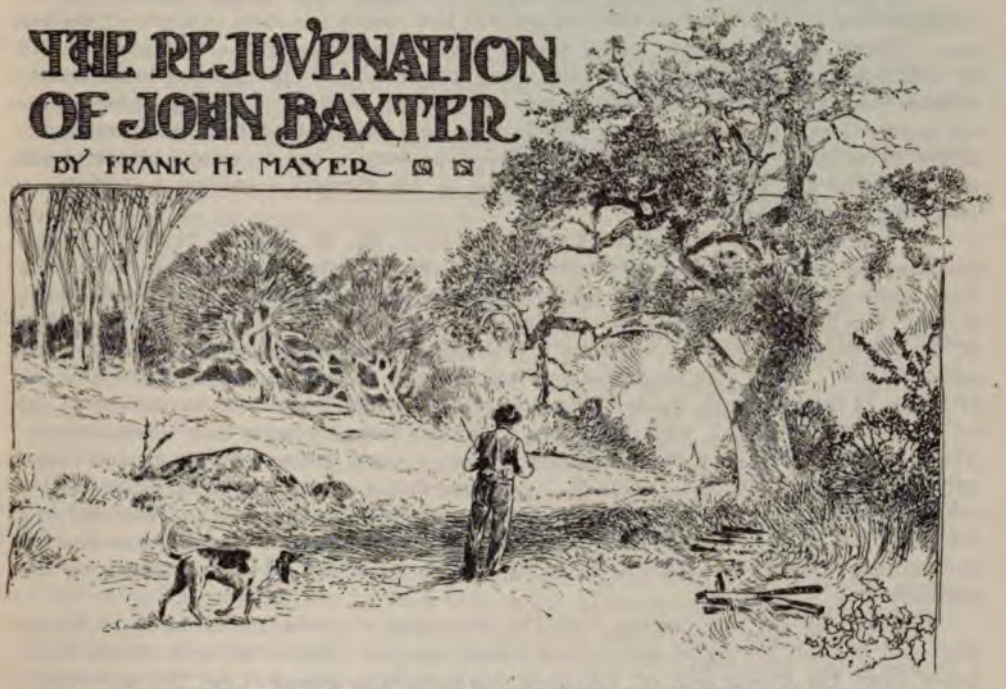
Sadly and with his great heart breaking with loneliness—the only great sorrow that ever comes to the kindred of the wild—he went slowly up the little slope, crept to the rounded bowl of the nest where the one egg yet lay, and settled down for the night. On the morrow he would start himself southward, walking, flying, swimming, as best he could; at any rate he could no longer resist the migrant instinct of all his tribe. Morning came, cold and clear and still; straight across the river he swam, ever south, south, as the land lay. Then up a tiny stream that flowed into the basin his river had trained. All day up this he moved, slowly and painfully, until at night he found himself on the bosom of a little lake, buried in mile on mile of smooth tundra without a rise of land in any direction to break the view. From a pile of snow-covered debris left by one of the winter's floods, a great white bear looked down at him, hungrily, even angrily, as if the world was of him and for him and he resented the presence of the winged intruder. And because he saw the lumbering four-foot, the swan slept afloat in the middle of the pool that night, slept half fitfully as one sleeps on whom the knowledge and the fear of death press mightily, in great longing for the morrow.

Yet for him the morrow's sun never rose. That night, deep and black and long, brought out of the north all the gathered breath of the tempest. On its wings traveled the wind and the sleet and the hail and the snow. It fell on the little lake, unprotected in the midst of the vast plain, and covered it with a sheet of ice, packing the snow and the sleet around the body of the drowsy Trumpeter until in the misty morn he could not move; wings and feet and body were bound in the grasp of winter. Forgotten were the hopes the passing band had lifted up in his brave old heart, and a nameless terror seized upon him. Frantically he beat his great wings, tried every muscle in the vain endeavor to be free, until at last the white bear saw him, a fluttering bit of life far out on the ice-field, and mercifully put one great paw down upon his slender neck.

"A GREAT WHITE BEAR LOOKED DOWN."

THE REJUVENATION OF JOHN BAXTER

BY FRANK H. MAYER



EVEN his best friends would admit that Grandpa Baxter had always been a trifle absent-minded, and the flood of years had but augmented the drift which dammed the backwaters of his memory. There were those who even hinted at premonitory symptoms of senility, but the malicious slander was short-lived before the wrathful blaze of indignation which it provoked from the silver-haired, bright-eyed girl of seventy, whose sweet voice was tremulous with suppressed ire, not unmixed with pain, as she loyally asserted the mental equilibrium of the man to whom, in the flush of youth, she had given her heart in entirety and whose surrender only waxed the more sweet in its completeness with the waning years.

"The idea!" She would scornfully say when time had restored her proverbial good nature. "The idea of my John getting childish. No man ever lived that had a clearer mind, a cleaner soul or a truer heart." Then she would redouble her attentions to the comfort of the thin-haired old man, into whose eyes would come a wondrous light as she laid her soft old cheek on his in silent affection.

They had been children together, living on adjacent farms, attending the same country school and meeting-house; and the warp and woof of their lives had been woven into one imperishable web when, one fair May morning, fifty years agone, with his face illumined with the intensity of his devotion and his sturdy heart throbbing tumultuously under the embroidered waist-coat of sky-blue plush, he had led her proudly up the aisle of the little church and there vowed to love, cherish and protect the dainty creature at his side, whose blushing cheeks grew still more roseate as, with a singularly resonant voice, he supplemented the customary responses with a fervent "So help me God!" at which the honest old farmers around nodded approvingly and the buxom matrons blessed him with streaming eyes.

It was a matter of but small moment that, when the pastor held out his hand for the ring, John seized it in a fit of abstraction and wrung it heartily—to the evident embarrassment of that worthy divine and the consternation of the groomsman who, amidst a sea of irrepressible tittering, succeeded at last by means of vehement winks and gesticulations in apprising John of his mistake.

"He only thought of Mirandy just then," said Aunt Patty Green, the oracle of the neighborhood, "an' he'll be too absent-minded to ever notice her short comin's—if she has any. They'll hit it fust-rate, you'll see!" Which prediction was abundantly verified by a half-century of almost idyllic happiness. The prattle of children had blessed their humble home and cheerful competency was the result of sensible husbandry and economical housewifery. One by one their sturdy sons and comely daughters took unto themselves wives and husbands, until even Becky—"the baby"—had an establishment of her own, and the old homestead looked, as John in his desolation expressed it, "like a last year's bird's nest."

On this particular May morning, however, there was an unusual bustle about the rambling old red farm-house. Mirandy with her sleeves rolled up and tucked behind a huge white apron which was only a shade snowier than the massive old table where she worked, was flitting about with an agile celerity productive of admiring awe in the mind of the red-headed, freckled "hired gal" who was industriously paring potatoes by the open window. There was an agreeable smell of spice and essences in the air, and the trim row of unbaked pies, flanked by a goodly array of flesh and fowl in various stages of preparation, was rich with promise. A certain sense of importance invested both women and extended even to the massive old stove which roared pompously and threw out gusty puffs of heat and sweltered in its tight-fitting suit of glittering polish like a county alderman in his Sunday clothes. The yellow sunbeams danced and flickered o'er the newly sanded floor. A sleek Maltese cat stretched herself on the doorstep and yawned and blinked with sleepy enjoyment at the toothless old dog who lay basking in the pleasant glow.

Outside, the air was musical with the twittering of birds, the cackling of laying hens and the soft lowing of calves in the home pasture. From the broad fallow lands below came the cheery solo of the ploughboy's whistle, mellowed by the intervening stretch of sunny distance into harmonious accord with the liquid chorus of the cloud of blackbirds who gurgled their appreciation at the feast he provided them. Ever and anon there came from the border of the wheatfield the flute-like refrain of *Bob—bob white!* answered in coarse bravado by the raucous *Caw—colook—caw* of some crow-thief in the sprouting corn.

The picture seemed indeed a fair and pleasant one to the gaunt, bronze-featured old man who thrust his head into the window and, with twinkling eyes, observed in an affected tone of nasal surprise, "Well, I swan! Be ye two women hevin' a cookin' match or is the President comin' to dinner, I wanter know? Ye look happy enuff fer anythin'."

"Lor'! Gram'p Baxter, how ye skeered me!" giggled the freckled Amaryllis in pretended affright; while the old lady, with a smiling glance of conscious pride at the temping array before her, said:

"He might do worse, father, and he'd be welcome if he came. But"—with a tender look in her soft old eyes—"we don't need him *to-day*, John; we'll have honor enough. As to looking happy—don't you think I have reason, husband?"

The old man strode quickly into the room and passed his arm around the white apron with a tender violence eminently gratifying to the red-headed damsel who raised her hands with an admiring:

"Lor'! Jest see 'em. Like two turtle doves—an' them married fifty year to-day."

But her comment passed unheeded by the man whose strong face was working with suppressed emotion as he awkwardly stroked the silvery head on his bosom, his gnarled hand trembling visibly—perhaps with age.

There was a white patch on his nose and his smart old waist coat of blue plush was dusty with flour when he turned to the delighted spectator and sheepishly remarked:

"Well! what an old soft I be; hey Polly? Take keer that ye don't make as big a fule o' Jon'than Ruggle—when ye git hitched—as mother do o' me!"

That unsophisticated virgin simpered consciously and tossed her flaming crest in pretended disdain, naively turning attention from herself by remarking:

"Oh! Gram' Baxter, your face is as *r-e-d!* Gramp' Baxter oughter be ashamed o' hisself."

"Well, I aint! She jest likes it; that she do!" and then, with a mighty effort at recollection, "I guess that Dom'nic rooster has about spiled that custard. I see him a-eatin' of it when I come in."

In the confusion that ensued John made his escape, chuckling as he went, "Guess I poked Polly purty hard that time. He! He! Well, she's a smart gal an' Jon'than is a likely feller, too, an," with a grateful look up at the blue serenity above him, "I hope the Lord will send 'em as good's he give me!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

God had been good to John Baxter. It had been his boast that "plain livin' an' mindin' his own bizness" had kept him free from all the social, financial and physical disorders common to life; and, as he walked slowly down the lane on the morning of this, the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day, his heart and mind were singularly free from care. It was a goodly sight to see the almost youthful elasticity of his step as, with head erect and thumbs inserted in the armholes of his vest, he strode sturdily along, his keen old eyes noting each feature of the unfolding landscape with increasing satisfaction. The frill on his snowy shirt bosom rose and fell in measured undulations as he drew in the balmy air in rythmic gulps. Life was strong in the old man and the subtle elixir of the springtime was in his veins.

He stopped in the edge of the woods at the turn of the lane to cut a slender chestnut sprout which he proceeded to trim with grave deliberation, speaking reassuringly meanwhile to the old hound who had noted his action with evident trepidation.

"'Taint fer you, Drive, 'taint nat'rel it should be. You're a good purp mostly and ye haint done nothin' that I knows on to deserve a thrashin'. Now, hev ye?" And he eyed the dog with a pretended sternness which softened into a caress as the faithful animal deliberately smelled and then licked the finger which was pointed questioningly toward him. "There's a heap o' affection in a dog," he mused, "an' in wimmin likewise. There's Polly, now, and M'randy"—but something choked his utterance. As he resumed his walk his features glowed with some secret inspiration and the birds listened in wonder to the dulcet melody of the quaint old love tune which burst in a silvery whistle from his pursed-up, wrinkled lips.

There was a spicy freshness in the air—a scent of bursting buds and opening leaves, mingled with that indefinable woodsy odor which pervades every woodland in spring. The soft chime of the distant cow-bells blended with the murmurous tinkle of the little trout brook at his side, and, as the old man, with hat pushed well back off his forehead and stick thrust jauntily under his arm, emerged from the "wood road" into the highway which led to the store at the "forks," his face wore a look of ineffable content.

As he entered the door he was greeted by a volley of friendly salutations from a motley throng seated on bags and boxes, and to each in turn he gave recognition and a friendly handshake. Then, turning with benignant nonchalance to the blooming matron behind the dingy counter, who had worn an air of important secrecy all morning, he said:

"Well, Belindy, has my little passel arriv yet?"

"Yes. Stage fetched it las' night an'—oh! Gram'p Baxter, it is jest too sweet fer ennythin'! You don't mind that I jest took a peek at it, do you? I couldn't help it!"

"No more ye couldn't," said John with a chuckle; "no airthly woman could 'less she war blind—but there"—with a touch of gentle compunction at her evident distress—"why *shouldn't* ye look at it, Belindy? If it hadn't bin for you I couldn't a made out to git it at all. So it will do, hey?"

"Do? It's jest too lovely! but," with a look of anxious concern, "the bill is one hundred dollars. It's jest awful, the way that mow-dis-te charged."

"Is that all?" said the old man as he unstrapped a fat calf-skin wallet and abstracted therefrom the necessary amount in bills, which, with his usual caution, he counted over

a half dozen times before he handed them to her, "then there's a hunner' an' ten—ten fer yerself and welcome" he said genially, adding, with a sincerity which transfigured his face," "God never made two better wimmin than you an' my M'randy. You'll be over in time with it before supper, my girl? An' be keerful to say nothin' about it 'till the time comes."

Amid her repeated assurances the old man bowed his way out, only stopping long enough to extend a hearty and general invitation to the throng that had listened eagerly to the whispered conversation. At the door he paused for a moment with a puzzled expression on his face as though he was endeavoring to remember something, and then he came back.

"I want a silk han'kercher," he said; "suthin' nice and rich—the best ye've got," and from the trayful brought for his inspection he selected one of a dazzling yellow color. "It's for my golden weddin'," said he, unctiously, "an' gold is yaller! mind ye come now —all on ye. Supper is at six sharp." And with the old hound at his heels John passed with firm step and erect head out of their sight.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We have remarked before that John Baxter was constantly liable to the indictment of chronic aberration; but on this particular occasion the charge would have scarcely been preferred even by his worst enemy—if such a man could have an enemy. The mysterious cause of the change in the old man's mentality I leave to the subtlety of the psychologist to determine. Perhaps it was the unwonted possession of a secret withheld from his wife's knowledge that awoke the cunning of his intellect, or maybe some dormant germ of medular organism was aroused into potential function, much as the buds burst that morning 'neath the revivifying influence of spring. At any rate, the pent-house of memory was opened, and a flood of reminiscences swept away the cobwebs of time as the old man turned into the soft shade of the maples.

Unconsciously his demeanor assumed the aspect of his thoughts. His step grew springy and his eyes blazed with the pristine fires of youth. He saw himself again as he walked with one other, fifty years agone, through that same shady aisle and stopped on the little rustic bridge which spanned the brawling rill to tell, with much misgiving and tremuluous stammer, that old, old story which is always new.

He smiled as he remembered how, with innocent coquetry, she had evaded an answer by calling his attention to a trout which had just sprang at a fly, and told him she would give him an answer when he had caught that trout! He was beaming with delight as he recalled how, with a thread from her hatband and a bent pin which she allowed him to extract with trembling awkwardness from her snowy collar, he had effected the momentous capture in triumph, to reap therefrom a reward such as has fallen to the lot of but few men.

"I could do it ag'in," he said, with conviction, "if there were any trouts left in the crick, old as I be!" As if in direct challenge to his boast, a small trout just then sprang half way out of the water at a May-fly drifting under the bridge.

To any passing observer not versed in the mysteries of the gentle craft, his subsequent actions would have been productive of much astonishment not altogether devoid of mirth; for, at that momentary glimpse, the piscatorial instinct that had slumbered so long awoke, the more active for its long repression, and with an exaggerated care the old angler tiptoed softly off the bridge, with a look of earnest expectancy in his eye delightful to behold. Gaining the shelter of the trees, he began a hurried inspection of the lapels of his vest. He was looking for the slender die upon which, fifty years ago, he had cast all his hopes—and behold, it was still there! He had religiously preserved it in honor of the occasion, and as he took it—a slender, old-fashioned brass pin—from his vest, his face was beatific in its satisfaction. The stout linen thread which in lieu of other twine had been wrapped around his latest purchase, sufficed for a line. A slender willow twig was soon cut and trimmed and, with a fat May-fly impaled upon his extemporized hook, this ancient disciple of Izaak Walton crept warily on his hands and knees to the verge of the bridge.

A student of physiognomy would have reveled in the feast spread out on his wrinkled face as he carefully dropped his lure just in the edge of the shadow of the upper side of the bridge. There was a moment of breathless suspense as the current swept the insect into the eddy, a flash in the water, a sudden tension of the linen cord, then a mighty yell of exultation as, with a dextrous twist of his wrist, a diminutive troutlet left his native element with a "plunk" and landed in the brush a dozen feet behind him.

Whether is was that the transient flash of that glittering fish kindled the train of dormant fire that smouldered in his heart, or that some cord which bound his slumbering desire snapped at the effort, I cannot say. Be that as it may, the icy age-rime that frosted his veins melted and thawed in the heat of his success and his years fell from him

"Like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine."

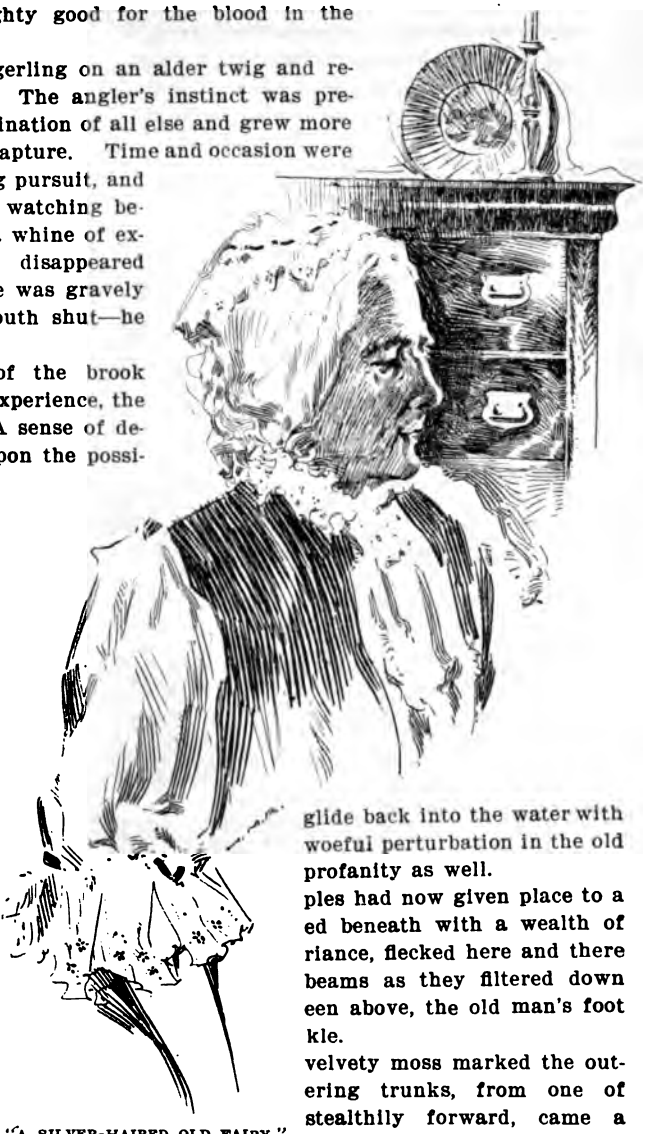
As he groped—a boy again—among the underbrush for his victim, he mechanically tore up a succulent young sassafras root and put it in his mouth with a mental resolution to gather enough for a "drawin'," sagely observ-

THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS FLOUNDERING IN THREE FEET OF WATER.

ing that "Sassafrac was mighty good for the blood in the spring."

He tenderly strung the fingerling on an alder twig and rebent his straitened pin anew. The angler's instinct was predominant now to the total elimination of all else and grew more dominant with each successive capture. Time and occasion were alike forgotten in his absorbing pursuit, and when the old hound, who was watching beside his discarded hat, raised a whine of expostulation as the old man disappeared around a bend in the creek, he was gravely enjoined to "keep his fool mouth shut—he would scare the fish."

Following the sinuosities of the brook with the caution born of long experience, the old man crept warily along. A sense of delicious expectancy attendant upon the possibilities of each pool and eddy suffused his entire being, augmented occasionally into a paroxysm of delight when, as the result of some fortunate cast, his nervous hand thrilled at the tug which chronicled a "strike." He had grown doubly cautious now; for, weakened by the repeated strains, the pin would unbend at the supreme moment and the glistening captive would glide back into the water with a celerity productive of much woeful perturbation in the old man's breast, and some mild profanity as well.



"A SILVER-HAIRED OLD FAIRY."

The fringing growth of maples had now given place to a line of silvery birches, carpeted beneath with a wealth of ferns into whose downy luxuriance, flecked here and there with gold by the fugative sun beams as they filtered down through the umbrageous screen above, the old man's foot sank noiselessly to the ankle.

Here and there a splash of velvety moss marked the outline of some prostrate mould ering trunks, from one of which, as the old man crept stealthily forward, came a sudden thunder of whirring wings as a lordly grouse, buffeting the slumberous air in his affright, flamed upward through the birches—a streak of gold and umber in the flickering light. Startled by the noisy apparition, he retreated a step or two, then turned instinctively at the querulous *tweet-eet-eet* of a woodcock, which rose behind him and twisted through the ghostly maze of trunks with a flight whose vagaries nearly occasioned the dislocation of the delighted observer's neck as he vainly endeavored to follow it with his eye. A pair of brown rabbits, wakened by the unwonted commotion, scuttled away through the underbrush, and a fox-squirrel in a fork overhead chattered angrily at the disturber of his *siesta*, who only rubbed his astonished eyes and gasped with delight:

"Pa'tridge, woo-cock, squir'l an' rabbits all together! An' trout in the crick, too! Golly, *won't* M'randy be s'prized though!"

With the burden of this refrain still ringing in his mind he approached the brook again and readjusted the May-fly on his hook. Here the stream had undermined the roots

of a giant birch and an accumulation of driftwood below had backed the water up into quite a respectable pool. He eyed the spot appreciatingly with a murmured "Gosh! what a hole for a big trout!" and, creeping warily up, parted the underbrush and peered into its depths.

Something he saw there caused him to withdraw his head in a hurry and his hands were tremulous with excitement as he slowly raised his lure over the alders and gently dropped it just at the edge of the birch roots. There was a flash of silver in the inky depths, a violent tug at the line, and as his forearm closed smartly toward his side, a trout of some nine inches left the water with a rush and fell in the rank grass just at the edge of the pool. With an inarticulate roar the old man grabbed convulsively with both hands at the fish and the next moment was floundering in three feet of water—the treacherous bank having given way 'neath his weight. Never relinquishing his hold upon the fish for a moment, he soon regained the bank and, with chattering teeth—for the dusk of evening was at hand and the air was cool—bent his steps toward the bridge where his faithful dog lay awaiting his return.

By the time he reached the bridge his rapid walk had restored circulation and his body was in a glow. Remembering his sassafras, he soon had a goodly store of the aromatic root in his pockets, and with light heart and lighter mind began his homeward trudge. As he walked along, a faint perfume smote his nostrils and a careful search revealed a cluster of shy wood-violets which he eagerly gathered, for they had been the only ornament of his fair young wife on that other May day long ago, and their tender perfume had abided with him through half a century.

He turned into the lane and was rapidly crossing the pasture in his eagerness to make a short cut, when he marked amid the grass a single crimson point which brought him quickly to his knees.

"Wild strawb'ries!" he said, gleefully. "Well, just *ain't* I in luck! M'randy just adores wild strawb'ries," and winding his clammy yellow handkerchief around his head, he picked the luscious fruit into his hat until the waning light compelled him to desist.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Up at the old red farm house festivities were in progress. To every available post and rail horses were tied and a long row of equipages blocked the approaches to the house. From every town and hamlet in the county had come those eager to do honor to the aged couple whose worth is proverbial, and every isolated farm house had furnished its quota for the occasion. There was a constant stream of humanity pouring out of and into the covered piazza where sat a tall, distinguished-looking man with iron-gray hair and hooked nose who, with the stately, haughty faced dame at his side, seemed the center of attraction.

Old John's prophetic inquiry of the morning had in a measure come true. His oldest son, a lawyer of repute in the capital city of the State, had drifted into politics and, representing a large country constituency, his support was a thing much to be desired. It requires no great exercise of imagination to understand how cordially the Governor of the State (who by the way was a candidate for re-election) had accepted the invitation to attend the golden wedding of his influential friend's father. It was a terrible bore, to be sure, but then—the contest was liable to be close—and John Baxter *was* a remarkable man for his age. This he confided hesitatingly to his haughty wife, who simply nodded with a tired smile and yawned in dreary anticipation. To be sure, the other guests knew nothing of this, and experienced instead much innocent elation to think that the Guv'nor, himself, and his beautiful lady had deigned to honor in person their aged neighbor's assemblage.

Inside the house there was a delightful bustle. Buxom matrons and rosy cheeked maidens jostled each other in their efforts to be useful, and in the great dining-room the board groaned with the load of delectables massed upon it. Old fashioned china jars, filled with rose leaves gathered the year before, breathed an appropriate odor of aged gen-

tility. There was a blaze of wax lights in the antique silver sconces and a profusion of color everywhere. From the harness-room in the great stables came the agonized squeaks of the tuning fiddles or the muffled groan of the base viol.

Suddenly a great hush fell upon the assembled multitude and the big eyes of the rustics were agog with wonder at sight of a marvelous vision that, issuing from the spare bedroom, arrested the attention of even the stern-faced Governor and his weary eyed lady. A silver-haired old fairy, with the blush of perennial youth mantling brow and throat, clad in a modern tea gown of "baby blue" with a filmy mass of creamy lace at the wrists and throat, burst upon their startled eyes. Too beautiful to be incongruous, too dainty and delicate to excite derision, she seemed a creation more fitting the pages of the Arabian Nights rather than the time-stained old farm house who owned her sway. The secret of John's purchase lay bare now. "M'randy allus wanted a silk dress," he said afterward, "and blue is a good, true color. He had given the modiste *carte blanche* and the result was a "confection" of entrancing beauty.

With the unconscious grace and simple elegance of manner common alike to pure women and queens, she modestly and graciously welcomed her distinguished guests; then turned in emotion to the sea of friendly faces beaming with delight around her. Her eye dwelt with pride upon the manly sons and fair daughters who had crowned her maternity, and as she stood there in the soft light of the wax candles the eye of the great man drank in her beauty like a rich wine and he drew his breath reverently as one who looks upon a heavenly thing. The cold, cynical eyes of his *blase, distrait* wife, which at first were raised in arrogant criticism, blurred with an unwonted mist as she gazed on the fair old face before her, and her supercilious disdain melted like snow before the consciousness that she was in the presence of a being unknown in her world of hollow forms—a simple-hearted, pure and altogether womanly woman.

But Mirandy was looking anxiously for a face she saw not, and for the hundredth time that afternoon she asked:

"But where is father? He ought to be here surely. Have you not seen him, children? I am growing anxious."

"Oh! he's all right, mother. Just planning some other big surprise for us, most likely," said her youngest son, who had but that moment arrived with his remaining brothers and sisters from the Far West. "Don't worry about father. He is abundantly able to take care of himself, you, and all the rest of us in the bargain."

Just at that moment there was a roar of merriment at the back door and there entered upon the scene a gaunt figure with a flaming yellow handkerchief tied around his head. One arm was clasped around his broad-brimmed hat, in the crown of which was a handful of wild strawberries and his gnarled fist held a bunch of wood-violets. From the free hand at his side hung an alder twig on which were strung a half dozen smallish trout. From the open mouths of his capacious pockets protruded sundry objects of a dirty brown color, and his wet clothing clung to his angular form in a marvelously irregular fashion. His knees were stained and muddy.

"How do! How do, neighbors? Been a-fishin'?" he said with his characteristic directness. "An' got quite a mess. Likewise sassafrac and strawb'ries, too—fust in the season. Where's M'randy?"

A roar of mirth greeted this speech and even the Governor and his wife grew hysterical. Old John smiled sheepishly in sympathy with his audience, and then again inquired:

"Where's M'randy?"

"Why, father," broke in a sweet voice trembling with mingled consternation and amusement, "where, in the name of goodness, *have* you been?" and the resplendent fairy stood before him.

Years after, when the Governor, grown old in the continued service of the people, had retired from public life, he loved to tell the story of the effect that vision had on old John Baxter. "He stood"—he would say—"like one who has had a vision from heaven. He

"BEEN A FISHIN'."

shaded his eyes with the hand which held the string of fish and stared with open mouth and protruding eyes upon that silver-haired old angel in blue. He tried to speak, but his dry lips only worked noiselessly and he trembled like a leaf in the wind. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand in a dazed sort of way, then, as he realized that the angelic being before him was his wife, he stretched out both hands toward her and cried out, hoarsely: 'Mirandy—— My God!' You see, he had never beheld his wife before in anything but home-made calico dresses. He was used to the chrysalis in its primal robe and the perfect butterfly was too much for him. There wasn't a dry eye in the house that night."

* * * * * * *

The guests were seated around the sumptious board and the benediction pronounced by the faltering old pastor who had united them in wedlock. The covers were reremoved and the Governor, from his place of honor at the head of the table, had proposed the customary toast in honor of the occasion. The ancient couple at the foot had bowed their acknowledgement of the courtesy, when Polly, resplendent in a gorgeous dress of green and yellow, appeared bearing in her red hands a platter on which was a small plate of fried trout and a dish of wild strawberries. There was a solemn hush as Mirandy arose and, deftly transferring a portion of each to other dainty old china dishes, bore them shyly with her own hands to the head of the table and set them before the Governor's wife.

The exquisite delicacy of the compliment touched the cold heart of the proud, stately woman, and, rising impulsively, she threw her arms about Mirandy's neck and sobbed like a child, while the men turned their heads away and the women wept silently behind their aprons. Never after that night did the Governor's constituents complain of the icy reserve of his beautiful wife. That simple act had shattered her fetters and she was all woman again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The fiddles had ceased their shrieking and the sound of dancing feet had died away. the last "good-nights" and "God bless yous" had been said and the parting guests were sped. In the gloomy old parlor, the tables were heaped high with golden gifts before which the red-headed Polly stood in ecstatic admiration. In the lavender-scented bedroom adjoining the parlor, the peeping moon looked in upon the huge four-poster and lingered caressingly upon the broad, white pillow where lay the strong face of an old man who was sleeping like a child. As the shrill falsetto of Polly broke the silence with an imploring supplication to "jest come and see this lovely gold tea-set," he turned in his sleep and murmured—"M'randy!" A white-robed figure rose from her knees by the open window, thrust a cluster of wood-violets into the bosom of her night dress and, crossing the room on tiptoe, laid her lips lovingly upon his wrinkled brow.

A YOSEMITE BEAR HUNT.

By GEORGE G. GOUCHER.

ON a crisp October morning, in company with four other men I left Mariposa for a two weeks' hunting trip in the region between Wawona and Yosemite Valley. That was before the Yosemite National Park was created, and therefore hunting was not forbidden as now. There were two "darkies" in our party who agreed to care for the horses, wagon and camp as the price of going. Rumley, Skelton and I were to do the principal hunting. At that time the region in question abounded in game of many kinds, such as grizzly and cinnamon bear, deer, mountain lion, various breeds of wild cats and foxes, besides grouse, mountain quail and other small game. Since then the grizzly have apparently been exterminated, but under government exclusion of hunters all the other kinds of game have greatly multiplied during the last ten or fifteen years. Returning to our trip, we arrived at Wawona and camped the first night. Next morning we crossed the South Fork of the Merced River and following its northern bank up stream, we reached the junction of Chilnualna creek where we camped. We tested the locality for deer, and while we found much "sign" of does and young deer, they were evidently too well educated or too modest to be seen. Our camping place was one of the most picturesque in the mountains, and the three falls of Chilnualna just above camp were the best attractions. The dearth of game, however, caused us to move the next day to Alder Creek, six miles away on the line of the Yosemite stage road. Although this spot is a lovely place, there was no meadow near, and our horses must have a meadow, so after one night, we moved along the road and made permanent camp at Eleven Mile Station from whence our real hunting commenced. We were now in a vast forest of giant trees, with numerous open meadows near the mountain summit easterly and fifteen hundred feet above our camp. Around these meadows deer sign was abundant but a world of dense cover saved them. Skelton was luckier than the rest and so we had plenty of venison in camp during our two weeks' stay. When our time was about up there occurred a bear fight which made quite a break in the somewhat monotonous order of things, a relation of which may interest the reader.

One evening Skelton, Rumley and I agreed to climb the mountain to the east and hunt around the border of a large meadow called Empire Camp. It was a long tramp and up the steepest part of the mountain, so we started while the gray streamers of dawn were fighting their way between the towering pines. On the way I broke my bad luck by killing a fine yearling deer. After that the three of us climbed the mountain together. At 9 A. M. we reached a "bench" within about three hundred yards of the

Taber, Photo.

CASCADE ABOVE CHILNUALNA FALLS.

summit. It was about two acres in extent, and where we stopped to rest it was clear of brush for a radius of forty yards save for the three pine trees which shaded us. A few feet from where we sat was a small spring, around which we saw bear tracks, but as we had seen many such tracks daily we made no comment on these. As we thus sat, I faced the mountain summit and my friends faced me. From the direction of the mountain summit, a brushy knoll curved sharply down to our "bench." At the knoll's and low, but as the slope approached its crest the brush was sparse and low, but as the slope approached its terminal, it was steeper and the brush denser and higher.

Idly gazing toward the top of the knoll, while half listening to my friends, a motion caught my vision and soon I made out a huge cinnamon bear, followed closely in single file by two yearling cubs. Her swinging, swaggering, rolling gait was proof of that conscious liberty, courage and power

Taber, Photo.

NEAR OUR CHILUALNA CAMP.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

which a bear's motion declares with such silent but convincing force. As soon as my blood commenced moving again and my hair stopped pointing to the sky, I whispered, "there's a bear—there's another—and there's another!"

My companions turned on their knees just in time to get a glimpse of the bears before the latter got in brush high enough to screen them from view. The bears were heading directly toward us, evidently thinking of the spring just behind us. We had only time to consider the inevitable fight, when the old one poked her majestic head and neck out of a slight opening in the brush about thirty feet from the edge of open ground. Her nose was seeing, feeling and smelling; no other large animal has the bear's power in making its nose do duty for a majority of the senses.

I suppose the query "what shall we do now?" occupied all of us as we rested on one knee each, in line, with our rifles partly leveled at the great four-legged queen fifty yards away. She did not decide the question come on, her yearlings following, and disfor us, but seemed very deliberate in gathering information with her nose. Would she cover us in open ground? Or would she make the discovery in the brush and tell her cubs to fly?

A few seconds dragged by and Skelton whispered "I'll try for her head and you fellows hold your fire, because if I only wound her we will have to fight at close range." I answered "wait till she comes

SOUTH FORK MERCED RIVER, MT. RAYMOND IN DISTANCE.

into the open." Rumley said "go ahead." Thus out-voted I got my rifle ready to repel a charge and Rumley did the same, while Skelton, who had been sighting for some seconds, fired. Against my nervous ears the roar of the shot and its first echo sounded like cannons. We all sprang to our feet and the mother bear gave forth a savage roar that startled the forest and smothered the echoes of the rifle shot, and she at once appeared to fall with a crash into the brush toward us, out of view.

The two yearlings at once set up a most noisy and rapid bawling, and one in its confusion came out of the brush at full speed directly toward us. His incessant bawling showed, as well as his rightward swerving from us, that it was not fighting blood that brought him our way. We all started shooting at him and he caught seven bullets in less than fifteen steps. I was at the rear of the line as we turned in following him and our backs were toward the old one; the wounded cub, now down, was fatally hurt except in voice, his bawling being actually deafening. Suddenly a cold chill swept over me as I heard a roar behind, and turned to see the wounded mother bear tearing out of the brush to avenge her wounded heir.

The hair on her body was erect or pointed frontward and she looked as big as an ox. I yelled at top voice "here comes the old one!" and Rumley ran up by my side. As she came around the end of a log, we both fired and both hit her head with glancing shots which dropped her but did no great harm. When she got up, she ran toward us but on the opposite side of a giant log which concealed her body. As she came down, Skelton joined us and we stood in line facing the log and every moment expecting the bear to come over. The quivering bushes showed that she had stopped just across the log from us, and we waited till seconds felt like hours.

In speaking for myself I recollect that I reflected upon the dangerous character of a cinnamon she-bear defending her crying young, while she herself was suffering from wounds. I also remember estimating the chances of our killing her instantly as her head appeared above the log. There was no bear, but I had a nervous eagerness to tip-toe to the log and look over. This be-

came to me a controlling fascination and finally I started forward against the warnings of my friends who had become for the time Fabians. I got to the log and looking over, saw the bear standing in a quartering position, her left hip nearest me and her head concealed by her huge shoulders. She had been fatally hit in the "sticking place" by Skelton's shot, and dazed by the shots from Rumley and me, but she had too much fight left in her to risk awaiting her slow death, so I leveled my rifle across the log, aimed in front of the hip and fired. She fell in a heap and scarcely moved, the bullet having pierced the heart and made its exit in front of the rignt fore-leg. We held an inquest on her from our side of the log, and after pronouncing her dead Skelton went to hush that wounded cub's bawl, while Rumley and I tried to get a shot at the other cub, which had kept in the brush but bawled unceasingly. This one got away, but we planned to hunt it with the camp dogs next day and if possible catch it alive. Skelton finished the wounded cub, and we then dressed the two bears and left the carcasses on the log.

I had heard so much dispute about the food of bear that I investigated the old one's stomach and found a variety of things such as willow leaves, grass, worms, entrails of deer, wasp comb, quaking asp bark, roots, etc. The entrails of deer came from the one Skelton had dressed the night before, about a mile from camp. The refuse was all taken, but strange to say the deer's carcass had not been touched.

We then went on to Empire Camp Meadows and killed a deer apiece before starting to camp. When we related the story to the "darkies" at the camp they were much excited and were so eager to catch the cub with their "hog-dogs" that they did not sleep. At dawn we started to the battlefield with all the force including men, horses and dogs. We hunted hours for the escaped cub but the dogs could not or would not pick up the scent. It was a pleasure to know that the cub was old enough to thrive without a mother.

THE CONFESSION.

I HAVE something to tell you, mother,
Something I fain would speak,
But Oh! I have feared to name it—
Feared you would think me weak.

Perhaps I am foolish, mother,
But the load at my heart is great—
It's not that I dread the future,
It isn't the fear of Fate;

The girl that I love is faithful,
Her heart is as true as steel,
But still there is something lacking—
Something I'd fain reveal—

Something that pains me, mother—
Ah! how it seems to gnaw!
It's worse than the blamed cramp-colic—
I want to go fishin', Ma!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

EVENTIDE.

THE long shadows of the needled poplars fall,
The white road leads on, and is lost among the far-off, folded hills;
The daylight slowly fades, a signal star is hung in the half-lit sky;
In the hedge the thrushes pipe their plaintive vesper call,
And in the hush is heard the silver tinkling of the rills,
While in their green tents of grass the crickets croon a lullaby.

—*Frank Leo Pinet.*

IN YOSEMITE.

(At Nevada Falls.)

BENEATH the welkin's lapis lazuli,
Beneath the glory of the western sky
Where tower the cliffs, chatoyant in their hue,
Like mighty arms upstretched into the blue,
I pause to rest—half-buried in a bower
Of sweet perfume, and fern, and cryptic flower.
The stream beside me, now grown operose,
No longer laughs but deep and dumbly flows
Sad, soulful, slow, yet vitreous and bright
As some pure mirror in the noon-day's light,
A vein like ichor, in whose final hour
It feels the throb of life's triumphal power—
The throb that lives when even Hope has died,
Cold, clear, puissant; pulsing with the pride
Of life-work done; it wends its quiet way
Through Nature's heart, departing with the day.
Yet Nature laughs. Ah, what is death? Alack!—
Still throbs that heart, still roars the cataract.
The surge, the song, the spirit of the wave
Know not the grim quiessence of the grave;
The stream rolls on, nor counts the waters passed;
So rolls the world, and will—until the last!
And we who pass forgotten to the sea—
Why fear the fate? 'Tis best that it should be.
Whatever Power controls the life of man
We are but parts and parcels of the Plan.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

IN ARCADY.

AFAR is heard the mellow sound of shepherd's horn,
The clear and tuneful blending of the pipes of Pan;
And everywhere the graceful nymphs a-hiding in the corn,
Everywhere the banded elves, and all the fairy clan;
And all a-frolic on the grassy plots and dewy lawns
Troop hairy satyrs and nimble-footed fauns,
While there below, in the moonlight fair,
The gladsome fays do dance away my care.

—*Frank Leo Pinet.*

AT THE SPRING-OF-THE-SHINING-ROCK

by Manzanita

I HAD heard the Blackfeet talk about it for years: the wonderful "Spring-of-the-shining-rock." In the course of time, and owing to the shifting of the buffalo herds, it came to pass that if we were to remain in the trade, we must move our headquarters to some place on the Upper Missouri, and thither we went, building a substantial log post or fort, which we named "Carroll," after Matthew Carrol of the firm of Carrol & Steill. We had a splendid trade the first season amounting to seven thousand buffalo robes and several thousand pelts of deer, elk, antelope and wolf.

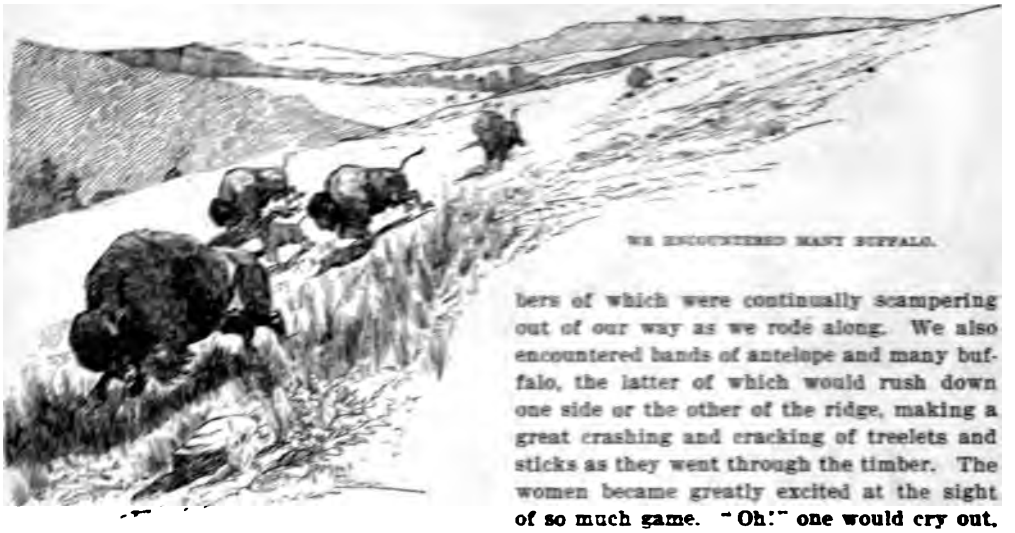
Summer came; the Indians—Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and Gros Ventres—scattered out to the north, south and west, and after the last of our furs had been placed on a St. Louis steamboat, time hung heavily upon our hands. I bethought me of the spring one day, and went at once to the lodge of a Piegan named "Talks-with-the-Buffalo," one of the few Indians who had elected to remain with us all summer. When I entered, he gave me a smiling welcome, motioned me to the couch on his right, filled his great stone pipe and passed it to me; we smoked turn about in silence for a time. Finally, I said, in his tongue, with which I was very proficient: "Friend, let us go on a little hunt; just you, your family and I. I would like to see the Spring-of-the-shining-rock. What say you?"

He considered my words for a moment as he smoked, and then replied: "Sioux, Assinaboine and Crow war parties, as you know, are now ranging the plains on all sides of us. It would not be safe for any but a large camp to make the trip."

"I know that it would not be exactly safe,' I said, "but we cannot make up a large party. Therefore, I propose that just we go instead of asking the few other lodges here to join us. With just one lodge, and our few horses, we could pretty effectually travel and camp unobserved by any prowling enemy. I want so much to see that spring, and now is my chance. Later, when the different tribes return and trade opens, I shall be too busy to even go back in the breaks after a deer."

"We will go," said my friend. "'When?' right now! Have your horse run in, bring your bedding over here and my women will load up the packhorses."

I left another employe in charge of the post and in less than an hour we were off: Talks-With-the-Buffalo, his two wives and I. Four packhorses carried our large and various effects; the lodge poles and *travois* were left behind, as the dragging along of them would make too obvious a trail. We traveled up the trail through the river bottoms, sometimes through fine cottonwood groves, sometimes along the shore of the stream, and again a mile or two back from it to head a deep cut *coulie*, passing Rocky Point where, some years later, when Fort Maginnis was built, some other traders established a post to cut into our trade. Near sundown, after traveling about twenty-five miles, we camped in a thick grove of cottonwoods and willows, a few hundred yards below the mouth of Ar-



WE ENCOUNTERED MANY BUFFALO.

mell's Creek. The women built a small fire and roasted some antelope ribs, while my friend and I picketed and hobbled the horses. As soon as the meal was over we put out the fire, went still farther back in the brush and made down our beds, satisfied that any enemy who had seen the smoke or blaze would be unable to find us in the darkness. Nor were we disturbed, except by the howling of some wolves. That did not bother me. I always loved to hear their long-drawn, deep and melancholy cry, sad, indeed, and weird.

We arose very early and were in the saddle by sunrise. Buffalo, antelope and deer were feeding peacefully on all sides, and up the valley of Armell's Creek, as far as we could see. This stream, by the way, was named after Stephen Armell, an old and faithful employe of the American Fur Company. The Blackfeet call it *It-tsis-ki-ots-ope* ("It-crushed-them") because one time in the long ago, when a number of women were digging a red ochre or paint at the foot of one of its high-cut banks, the bluff caved and killed a number of them.

After crossing the valley, we turned at once onto a ridge rising very steeply from the river which divides Two Calf and Armell's Creeks. For many miles this ridge in places is very narrow, and supports an irregular growth of pine and juniper, making it an ideal location for deer and elk, numbers of which were continually scampering out of our way as we rode along. We also encountered bands of antelope and many buffalo, the latter of which would rush down one side or the other of the ridge, making a great crashing and cracking of treelets and sticks as they went through the timber. The women became greatly excited at the sight of so much game. "Oh!" one would cry out, "See that big, fat, dry cow! Shoot her! Oh, why don't you shoot her!" Then the other: "Our husband is so stingy! He thinks more of his cartridges than he does of providing food for his poor wives. Then they would appeal to me: "*Hai-yu!* White man, pity us; kill for us one of these fat animals."

But not a shot did we fire; there would be plenty of game where we were to make camp. We went on up the ridge for at least twelve miles until we came, practically, to the head of Two Calf Creek, and could see the great rolling plain, cut only by the timbered valley of Armell's Creek, extending away southward to the foot of the not far distant Moccasin Mountains. And what a world of game was there! Uncountable numbers of the dark, shaggy, solemn buffalo, the white-rumped, graceful, restless antelope. Oh! what a pity, what a pity 'tis that they and those happy, free and careless days are gone from us forever.

We rode down into the timber on Armell's Creek and made camp. The stream-bed was dry, and in fact has no running water except in the rainy season. I asked no questions, knowing full well that my friend would not make a dry camp. As soon as we had unpacked, he bade the women follow with the horses, and led us up the valley on a broad, hard-beaten game trail for three or four hundred yards; thence we turned to the right up the side of the hill, arriving soon at a

small, trickling stream which lost itself in the trampled mud.

All around the ground was entirely bare of vegetation and none but large trees were standing, everything having been obliterated by the hoofs of the various game. The horses were allowed to drink, while we went on up the little streamlet. About fifty yards below the summit of the valley slope, in a grove of pines, we came to a large projecting rock forming a roof over a space at least forty feet square. The outer edge of this roof was about ten feet from the ground and sloped back to a couple of feet in height at the rear. In the center of what may be called the floor lay the spring, bubbling up through reddish sand, cool, clear and without a taint of alkali. It was a fine spring, but 'twas its rocky roof which made the place so interesting.

This rock was an exceedingly hard-fused conglomerate of black, brown, gray and red quartz, found all over Montana only in scattered boulders of various size, glacial drift undoubtedly from some remote point. Once a surface of exceedingly sharp-angled fracture, as far out as the buffalo and other game could touch and rub their backs against it these angles and points had been rounded off, and the whole mass had a far higher polish and luster than could have been given it with a lapidary's machine. Never was rock worn smoother, without a scratch or blemish, than by the friction of the oily hair of the game which had there come to drink from the cool spring. How many, many centuries, what millions of rubbings must have been required to accomplish it! Time and again all four of us went along its entire length, passing our hands over it and admiring its brilliant luster. We have all noticed with what satisfaction domestic animals—the horse, cow and sheep—will rub their backs against a low beam or projecting eave; how much greater must have been the pleasure of the animals of the treeless plains in finding and using such a place; most likely there was not such another one anywhere for miles and miles around.

At last the women became impatient. "Are you going to starve us to death?" one asked. "Are we never to have something to eat?"

"Go you to camp," said Talks-with-the-Buffalo. "We will go on discovery a bit before doing any shooting here."

"AN IDEAL LOCATION FOR DEER AND ELK."

"I SHOT A TWO-YEAR-OLD COW."

The women went back with the horses, and we walked up through the timber a way, then out to a little knoll which commanded an extended view of the country. Long and carefully, in turn, we scanned the plain and the breaks of stream and river with my glasses, but could see nothing suspicious; everywhere the game was quietly grazing, or lying down. Back whence we had come, five buck mule deer, their new summer coats shining in the sun, were grazing over the ridge from the spring into the breaks of Two Calf Creek. "Kill one of them," said my friend. "I will go for a horse to pack the meat into camp."

We walked together as far as the spring, and then I turned up on the ridge, slowly approached the summit, and peered over it through a bunch of tall rye grass. There were the deer, about three hundred yards distant, just turning into a branch *coulie*, but also there were a dozen or more buffalo just below them, evidently heading toward the spring. The boss ribs of the latter were better meat than that of the fattest deer, so I waited until they were within easy range and shot a two-year-old cow that was without calf. Down she went and the rest ran off whence they had come. I doubled my victim's front legs under her, after bleeding her, rolled her onto her belly and propped her in that position by twisting the head back to one side, cutting her along the length of the back. I used a joint of a hind leg to knock the boss ribs loose and, by the time I had them off and the tongue cut out, Talks-with-the-buffalo arrived with the packhorse. He wanted other parts of the animal, the liver, manifold and other parts, but we soon got it into camp and had a hearty meal.

"We ought not to do this," said my friend, as we sat smoking. "Traveling about here in the day time, shooting, making the game run, building a fire—it is all dangerous; a war party far off could not help but see it and come straight to us. Well, you have seen the spring; let us pack up as soon as the sun goes down, and go home."

I agreed to that. Along about three or four o'clock I proposed that we go up somewhere near the spring and watch the game coming in for their evening drink. We had seen considerable fresh grizzly signs in the mud of the streamlet, and I hoped we might kill one of the long-clawed "sticky-mouths" (*Pahk-si-kwo-yi*), as the Blackfeet call them. Arrived at the spring we drank from its cool water, again admired the strip of polished roof and went on toward the knoll, keeping in the edge of the timber. A couple of hundred yards ahead we saw a fair-sized bear just as it topped the ridge and walked out of view over the other side. We ran out of the timber, keeping close to it until we thought we had reached the proper point, then turned up on the trail of the animal, going very slowly, rifles ready, as we neared the summit. We were within ten feet of a point where we could look over the ridge when, with a *woof! woof! woof!* that bear came flying back past us. We at once ran a step or two on to see what had scared him, and there, not two hundred yards distant were—I know not how many to this day—some Indians riding toward us at an easy trot. They saw us as soon as we did them, began yelling and firing, and whipping their horses. We each fired a shot at them, saw one fellow drop limply from the saddle, and then we sprinted for the shelter of the timber. By the time they arrived on the crest of the ridge we had but a couple of jumps to make, and the bullets whizzed about us while we were doing them, but neither of us was hit. Once in the shelter of the trees we turned to make the best fight we could, but all we could see was one of the party riding back over the ridge and out of sight. Not a sound could we hear; of course, they were planning some way to get at us. But what would they do? "You," said my friend, hurriedly, "go down to the women, get on your horses and travel down through the timber until you think it safe to get onto the trail, then ride hard for home. I will go up the other way and draw them off from here."

I didn't think this quite fair, but he insisted. "There is danger either way," he said, "and I have before eluded the enemy in the timber. I know how—you don't; go!"

I went, keeping in the thickest of the timber, sometimes running along in the streambed. I found the women terribly excited; they had heard the shooting and rightly guessed that we had been attacked. They already had the horses in. "Where is he—where is our husband?" they cried.

"Be still," I said. "He goes the other way to draw them off. You are to saddle up and follow me."

As I spoke, we heard a shot, then a number of others in answer to it. We got the saddles on in a hurry and, leaving our packloads, we set off, the loose horses willingly following us. There were places on the game trail where we could trot and even 'lope, but for the most part the horses were obliged to walk, there being much down timber in the way. We kept looking back, expecting at any moment to see some of the enemy. Occasionally we would hear some firing, which grew fainter and fainter as we proceeded. At last I turned and led the way up onto the trail, and then we made up for lost time.

On we went as fast as I dared urge the horses. Night came, but still we kept on. I gave my animal full rein, knowing that he would keep to the trail. Several times the women broke out crying, and I had much difficulty in quieting them. Once the cincha of one's saddle broke and off she tumbled, fortunately with no particular harm to herself. I repaired the break and we went on once more. It was just daylight when we rode into the post. In less than twenty minutes thereafter every Indian in the bottom and three of our men started to rescue Talks-with-the-buffalo, in case he were still alive and harassed by the enemy. I had a hasty meal—a tin of sardines and some crackers—and tumbled into bed.

It was about ten o'clock when I heard a well-known voice shouting, "Awake, friend, and come forth!"

I hastily arose and threw open the door; there stood Talks-with-the-buffalo, nonchalant as ever, behind him his wives, happily smiling. I don't know when I had been more pleased to see anyone. "'Tis you!" I cried, grasping his hand. "Come in and tell me about it."

"THEY BEGAN YELLING AND WHIPPING THEIR HORSES."

He sat down, deliberately filled and lighted his pipe; then, "Nothing much to tell," he said. "They were the coward Assinaboines and did not dare come into the timber after me. I shot at them once in a while as they kept circling around, going farther and farther up the valley all the time. When night came, I struck out for home straight across through the *coulies* and breaks. I just got in."

The Spring-of-the-shining-rock! I wonder if some sheepman has found it, or if the deer still go there to drink and rub their backs against its lustrous roof?

DARKTOWN HYPOCRISY.

A GRAY-WOOLED, colored paragon
  Is Parson Eli Snow;
His heart is kind and rests upon
  His mission here below.
"Ah has no sin," he ruminates
  Behind his altar—"See,
Ah holds ajah de golden gates;
  Come entah dem wiv' me!"

(There's a rabbit on the back-track;
You can hear the old hound bay;
You can hear his angry barking
As he turns the other way!
There's a rabbit on the back-track,
And a dominie, besides,
In a monotone, remarking,
"Ah lubs all de rabbits—fried!")

On Sabbath night, the parson cries
  Against the flowing bowl,
With head bowed down and streaming eyes,
  He battles for each soul;
His voice takes on a pathos there,
  To win each sinning coon,
He moans aloud in earnest prayer—
  "Yo' day am comin' soon!"
And then, the evening service o'er,
  He seeks with joyous stride,
The path his feet have sought before,
  And roams the forest wide.

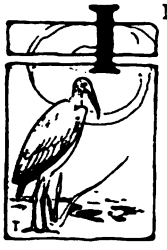
(There's a possum in the gum tree;
And a dominie below
With a worried coon-dog barking
As he hurries to and fro;
There's a possum in the gum tree,
"Ah hates, possum, tuh intrude"
So our colored friend's remarking
"But Ah likes yo, possum—stewed!"

—Stacy E. Baker.

"BOB WHITE." (*Colinus Virginianus.*)

WITH BOB WHITE IN THE NORTH.

By H. L. Betten.



IN the list of birds pursued with dog and gun there is one that has a lasting claim on the affections of sportsmen: A bird of modest, gentle habits, a cohabitant of civilization, and the game bird *par excellence* of vast sections of the United States. I refer to the Virginia partridge or as he is more familiarly known, "Bob White."

The following description, by Wilson, of the male bird is minute and accurate: "Length, 9 inches; extent, 14 inches; bill black; line over eye, down the neck and whole chin, white bounded by a band of black which descends and spreads broadly over the throat; the eye is dark hazel; crown, neck and upper part of the breast reddish brown; sides of the neck spotted with white and black on a reddish ground; back, scapulars and lesser coverts reddish brown intermixed with ash and sprinkled with black; tertials edged with yellowish white; wings plain dusky; lower part of the breast and belly pale yellowish white beautifully marked with numerous curving spots or arrow heads of black; tail ash color sprinkled with reddish brown; legs pale ash." The female varies slightly in coloration, being of a lighter cast all over with the chin bounded by a strip of buff instead of white.

The range of Bob White is an extensive one, and is steadily extending westward. In numbers, however, there has been noted an alarming decrease, and localities which once harbored great numbers of these desirable birds have been sadly desolated of their feathered wealth. Roughly stated the habitat of the Virginia partridge is all that territory between the Atlantic seaboard and the Rocky Mountains and from the Great Lakes in the north to the Gulf of Mexico. They are found in considerable numbers in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado and the Province of Ontario; while those transplanted to Oregon, Washington and British Columbia have thriven remarkably when afforded reasonable protection. Bob Whites are also found in Cuba and various Mexican states—the differentiation between the sub-species from these localities and the Virginia partridge being quite pronounced.

Bob Whites pair off about the middle of April and build their nests on the ground among reeds, grass or grain; rarely resorting to dense heavy undergrowth. The number of eggs laid varies from twelve to eighteen, and the period of incubation is about twenty days. The hen bird covers the nest throughout the night, being relieved for an hour or two in the morning by the cock so that she may seek food. She then occupies the nest until late in the afternoon when the cock again relieves her for a brief period. In warm weather the nest is sometimes vacated for an hour or two during midday.

The young partridges when hatched are tiny things, but Nature throws many safeguards around them for their protection, and a wonderful power of concealment enables them to escape capture even when only a few days old. In working dogs early in the season I have happened across bevies of young birds unable to fly more than twenty-five yards, and yet when they dropped into short stubble it was well nigh impossible to discover them. The dogs, too, were at fault and could not scent the "cheepers."

When the young birds are in danger, the parent birds (especially the hen) will act as if crippled, fluttering along the ground in proximity to the enemy and squealing in seeming terror. In many instances they will lead him cunningly on until he is a considerable distance from their chicks when they will flit into heavy cover and return stealthily to their young.

Bob Whites are indeed friends of the agriculturist and there are few well informed farmers who do not welcome the presence of the cheery little birds. They are largely insectivorous and destroy also great quantities of noxious weed seeds. Occasionally they will eat a little waste grain, but the good they accomplish is vastly greater than the trifling amount of damage they may do; in fact in some localities in the northwest, where the raising of cereals is the principle industry, men of intelligence and discernment have refused absolutely to allow the killing of Bob Whites on their farms.

They roost in a close circle and almost invariably on the ground. I have flushed them in the stubble fields early in the morning before they had left their huddle to search for food, and found them in a compact mass with tails almost touching and heads pointing outward. During the morning hours they are sure to be found in the open fields hunting industriously for food, but during the warmer hours of midday they seek cool retreats in timber or heavy cover, and remain there until the craving of empty stomachs drives them forth. Toward evening one will sometimes note a bevy making a short flight when it will settle down preparatory to roosting; I imagine this is done to throw predatory animals off their track.

The localities on this coast where Bob Whites are found and may be pursued with dog and gun are limited and confined chiefly to Whidbey Island, Washington. This island, which is about sixty miles in length with an average width of five miles, is thrown across the entrance of Puget Sound and checks the rush of the mighty surges which roll in through the Straits of Juan de Fuca. It is at its northern extremity, which is about fifty miles in an air line from Seattle, that the best sport may be experienced, and with the reader's permission we will relate a trip made recently to that delectable region.

Promptly at eight A. M. we arrived at the Gailbraith Dock in Seattle and stepped aboard the "fast and commodious steamer" Fairhaven. It is only by courtesy or a stretch of the imagination that the little stern wheeler can be made to fit the above description but what she lacks in size and speed is overbalanced by the courtesy and consideration shown the passengers by Captain Greene and Purser Nunan. Ten minutes later the gang plank was drawn in and with a favoring tide we swung along the docks at an eight-mile clip.

Once we are free of the outlying districts of Seattle the scene changes and the buildings along shore are replaced by an almost unbroken line of evergreen firs, which reach down to the very edge of the Sound. Looking back at the fast-vanishing metropolis our attention is riveted on the snowy conical crest of majestic Rainier, which lifts its hoary head far above the level of the sea. Viewed on a serene cloudless October day it is a sight to behold and remember. To the southwest the frigid barren crest of the Olympics is silhouetted against the sky, and your thoughts revert to the shooting of big game with which those mountains are inseparably associated. Moving forward we view the waters of the Sound stretching before us in oily smoothness except where it is broken into riffles by the splashing of gulls and scoters. At intervals we pass Siwash dugouts laden with greasy aboriginal families bound for the hop fields on White River, and occasionally a salmon leaps into the air to remind us that these waters are teeming with gamey fish.

Steadily the old stern wheeler plods along shore until we reach Everett, "the Pittsburg of the West," when her prow is swung to the southwest and we zigzag across the Sound from one logging camp to another. Under other conditions these twistings would be aggravating, but we are afloat upon one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, and the scenery that is unfolded, as we creep past verdure-clad islands and headlands with their background of lofty snowclad mountains, serves to keep our interest aroused. With a skill peculiar to these Sound pilots the steamer is laid alongside a log boom without the semblance of a jar, and a man runs out from shore and is handed the bag of mail and a few parcels. You gaze over the side and are surprised to behold the rocky bottom twenty-five feet below the surface of the water, the roots of the waving kelp being easily discernible at that depth.

Again the ponderous wheel revolves and the steamer is headed for Coupeville, the metropolis of Whidbey Island and one of the

"VERDURE-CLAD HEADLANDS."

prettiest little towns in the Northwest. There one may view the ways of a people free from the contaminating influences of railroads and the visitations of tramps and lawless characters. Occasionally the scum of Fort Casey overruns the town but luckily these visitations are infrequent. As a haven for sufferers from nervous debility and kindred diseases Coupeville has many inducements to offer, and yet the inhabitants are not Rip Van Winkles. They, however, possess a serenity such as a city man never acquires; the strenuous man is an unknown quantity there. Coupeville was for years the headquarters of the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club, and keen was the competition between noted field-trial dogs which contested for honors on the level stubble fields of Smiths and Eby's Prairie.

Our next stop is San de Fuca and then comes the final stage of our journey, for as we round Lower's Point our destination is revealed. "Well sir, everything looks as natural as life. There's Maylor's wharf and the store the same as ever—and the drift logs along the beach. There's the old warehouse where the sainted Coutts kenneled his blue-blooded charges, and the hotel and Byrne's store and the blacksmith shop and Izetts. Used to be lots of quail on his place and I guess there's some left yet. Do you see that grove of scrub oaks behind the hotel? I've had birds scattered out in the pasture field just beyond and not more than 150 yards from the hotel—accomodating weren't they?" Here we are at last! Now you attend to the guns and luggage and I will go after the dog. Hope they've got an abundance of food in the hotel larder, as it will take a lot of grub to stupify my hunger after this trip over the salt water."

Half an hour later we were seated at the hotel board and doing justice to a man's size meal; then after a couple hours' chat with old acquaintances and we hit our respective pillows for a good night's rest.

We were astir at a seasonable hour and it did not take us long to dispose of breakfast and get under way. The morning air had just that tinge of crispness which instils vigor into the sportsman and causes him to fill his lungs to their full capacity. The old dog, too, showed signs of exhilaration and raced at top speed along the path through the oaks—the selfsame path that once echoed to the thread of such canine celebrities as Dock Hick, Dr. Daniels, Peach Blossom, Lady, Clipper W., Northern Huntress, Harry H., Kilgarif and others.

Turning to the right we cross over the fence into Izett's wheat stubble. There's sure to be one or two bevies in that field providing no one has been there before us. That corner by the thicket is a likely place. Guess the dog remembers that, too. He was heading for it immediately—look out there! "Jerusalem! See that infernal whelp go through that bevy! 'Know they were there?' Or course, he did, but he *had* to see them fly. Come here, sir, until I interview you. Stop your yelping, you old reprobate—you know it didn't hurt—now go about your

MAC'S GOT THEM!"

"WE CROSS INTO IZETT'S WHEAT STUBBLE."

business and behave yourself or I'll tan your hide for you.

"Guess it's no use to prospect this end of the field any further. Of course we could follow the scattered birds into the thicket and get a few shots but it would be hard work and snap shooting at best. Let's circle around that clump of alders at the upper end of the field, I think we'll find a bevy close by.

"Good enough! Mac's got them. No foolishness about *that* point. Come on now; you go to the left and I'll cut in ahead to the right so as to turn them away from the woods when they flush. That's the ticket! You got your bird even if it did take two barrels. It was hit with the first but your second shot was a centerer. Yes, I managed to get a bird myself, but missed clean with my first barrel."

We followed the birds that lit among the briars on the knoll yonder. I marked down three or four. "Watch Mac, now: he's had his eye on one of them and is going right to it. There! He's got it, so go ahead and shoot."

"Well! Well! You were in a hurry, weren't you? Couldn't let the bird get ten yards away before you banged both barrels at it. I don't think you touched a feather.

"Keep your eyes on Mac. See how he works up wind to those brier patches? He knows that his nose tells him nothing when he points it down wind, and he is just wise enough to work in the opposite direction. See! There he is on another point.

"Well, now, that was all right! I thought I might have a chance to wipe your eye but you cut down your bird as clean as a whistle. Come on, let's leave this bevy and hunt up another. I think we will find one on the Bash place, just across the road. Keep close to the fence so as to head them off from Izett's thicket.

"No go, was it? They were bound to get into heavy cover. Oh! well. It don't matter much—you will get enough shooting before the day is over. Suppose we might as well head for the Haller Marsh now—it's a good place for birds and we are likely to find them well out in the open." From this on we took things leisurely. We were not out for a record bag and there is much to interest one besides the mere slaughter of game. I must admit there was a time when I thought otherwise. Many a time I've stripped down to the lightest kind of clothing and covered twenty or thirty miles of rough going in order to make a big bag. I'll tell you when a man covers that distance on a warm October day, loaded down with shells and game, he is just about "all in" at the wind-up. Nowadays I am inclined to hunt in more leisurely fashion. If I happen to get a bit of good shooting all well and good; if not I manage to enjoy my outings anyhow. See, there is Crescent Harbor lying before us. Not much of a harbor, sure, but a prettier spot one seldom lays eyes on. Just look at that expanse of stubble running down to the very edge of the Sound and the fringe of dark evergreen firs and the background of snowclad mountains: isn't that a sight for sore eyes! Do you notice the rim of drift logs that line the shore? There's enough lumber in them to build a hundred mansions. You'll find drift logs

scattered all over the Sound. Such prodigal waste would seem criminal in any other section of the country but here they think nothing of it. Why, I've seen 25,000 salmon taken in one day from a fish trap on San Juan Island and I'll wager that not one-third of the catch was utilized. But the residents of Washington are not the only ones who are draining their resources. Californians have slaughtered game and fish to the verge of extermination. Their game laws are always a step behind the times, and merely check the slaughter without replenishing the depleted covers and streams. Between the market hunters, game hogs, aliens and campers, game is harrassed to death.

I firmly believe that the last named are by far the worst enemies of upland game. There are far too many among the latter class who are in no way interested in the preservation of game and who have little or no respect for the game laws so long as they are not caught in the act of violating them. Were it possible to pass a bill making it a misdemeanor to carry a shot gun afield during the close season on game birds, we would soon note a marked increase in the amount of upland game. Of course there would be a certain amount of opposition to such a bill, but candidly: do you think that the desires of those who delight in slaughtering young rabbits the size of rats, and nesting doves (whose helpless offspring must starve to death) should be gratified?

"You think game is holding its own?" Not by a jugfull. You may have hunted over game preserves or other rigidly protected grounds, but if you took your chances with the "vulgar crowd" you would note an alarming decrease from year to year. Take the California valley quail for instance: I can remember when they were found in almost unlimited numbers throughout the Coast Range, and a good shot considered it a disgrace to show less than 25 birds for a days' outing. Bags of 75 and 100 birds were not uncommon, for the majority of our sportsmen had not graduated out of the game-hog class, and shot as long as the shells held out and opportunities were afforded. Matters are sadly altered now; and he who succeeds in bagging a dozen birds on unpreserved grounds should be well satisfied with his showing.

"THE SUN SINKS INTO THE WESTERN SEA."

"I believe that the salvation of California's native game bird must come through the introduction of new species. Yes I know that various private individuals have attempted the introduction of Bob Whites, without success; but if this were attempted on a larger scale, and experiments with various subspecies were persisted in, eventually we would succeed in acclimatizing Bob White and thus add a most desirable species to our rather limited list of game birds. Nor would this be the sole benefit accruing from the introduction, for once Bob White was well distributed throughout the State we could have alternate close seasons on the

"THAT'S A LIKELY SPOT."

two species of partridge, whereby the propagation of both would be vastly benefited. We shouldn't throw up the sponge because we failed to connect at the first few trials, but keep pegging away and eventually we will succeed.

"Here's the path leading down to the marsh. I remember when three or four bevies used these grounds, and if we happen to find them well out from the bluff we should get some shooting. That's a likely spot that Mac is working over now.

"I thought so! They love to fill up on those weed seeds. That's the boy! Hold them old fellow and we'll be with you in a jiffy! Do you note the tenseness of that point? You can bet every nerve in that old dog's body is tingling with pleasurable excitement. What a pity we haven't a camera—but come on, let's have it out with them.

"Well! Well! That was simply murder. We both made doubles although that second bird of mine is only wing-tipped. No, he won't get away. Mac sees him and the poor little wretch can't escape. That's the dog! Now there's an exhibition of pride in a dumb brute if ever it was exemplified. See how proudly he bears it to me?" Now I'll have to execute you, you poor little bird that never did me or my kind an iota of harm. Your hazel eyes are watching my every movement, but can you realize why it is I should wish to take your life? Darned if I could answer that question myself. It's all done in the name of sport, but many a time when I've returned home from an outing and spread out the slain before me I have wondered what instinct impelled me to murder so many harmless creatures. Still, when you come to think of it the possession of that trait by the pioneer settlers of this country was the foundation of a mighty nation.

But while we are talking Mac has been busy. See, there he is on another stand "No! No! Go ahead and take the shot yourself. Now wouldn't that jar you! Thought I could wipe your eye but missed it clean with both barrels. Hah! That was better.' You caught that bird square and it never knew what struck it. And so the sport continues. Is it necessary to recall the many clever kills and the goodly proportion of seemingly unaccountable misses? Suffice to say that long before the sun sinks into the Western Sea we have had our fill of sport and return to the hotel with an abnormally developed appetite and all the evidence of a day well spent among scenes of surpassing beauty.

For me the recurrence of outings among such suroundings must necessarily be of infrequent occurrence, but depend upon it when the opportunity affords I surely will be there among the stubbles, with a trusty dog ranging the fields ahead and a pleasant companion by my side. Here's to you, dear reader, and may this clumsy recital lead to more interesting experiences in the future. Surely if the privilege is granted you cannot fail to enjoy your communion with Nature in her Northwestern garb and take my word for it, you will also learn to love my little friend, Bob White.

TO A WILD SWAN.

WHITHER Away, O magical seaman,
Into the deeps of blue and light?
Is it in search of thy star that thou wingest
Into the grey of the mystical night?

Could I possess thy swift swinging pinions,
I'd fly to the land of the heart's desire;
And away, in the realm of ease and nepenthe,
My soul should glow with such living fire

That mortals who saw my ethereal winging
Should deem that to faint constellation afar
A spirit had swung, away to the skyland,
And lighted anew a burnt-out star.

—*Henry Meade Bland.*

IN MADRONA PARK.

(SEATTLE. WASH.)

SILKEN leaves in a scarlet drift,
Under the gaunt old trees—
And a butterfly whispering his love to the rose,
With her red lips kissed by the breeze;
Laughing waves at play on the beach,
Tossing their pearls on high,
While snow-clad mountains grimly stand,
Like silhouette 'gainst the sky.
The white-winged ships glide softly on
To their haven over the sea,
And a clover blossom stoops to list,
To the drone of her lover, the bee.
Over the pines on the distant shore,
The purple mists come creeping—
And, on the lake are glints of gold,
Where the sun his tryst is keeping.
The voices of nature are crooning a song—
Ah! Hearken their weird lullaby!
And a golden leaf, rustling her silken gown,
Falls at my feet with a sigh.
Then comes the gardener, bent and old,
To gather the rustling sheaf,
And forget-me-nots shut their blue eyes tight,
As he sweeps up the little gold leaf.

* * * * * * *

The waves are dancing along the shore,
And sunset is kissing the trees,
While the wanton rose is flirting still,
With the perfume ladened breeze.
The clover has opened her heart to the bee,
But no heed they pay to my rhyme—
For the little gold leaf was a summer day,
And the gardener old, was Time.

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

THE CONVERSION OF THE SKEPTIC.

By ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

PISCATOR and the Skeptic were toiling up the boulder-strewn floor of the cañon. The sun had passed the meridian, but it was yet hot and sultry. The blanket rolls that had seemed so light at starting now cut into their shoulders unpleasantly. The occasional fords, where the well beaten trail crossed the tumbling, roaring mountain stream, were a relief to tired, aching feet.

For the fourth in the last mile the Skeptic halted for a rest and a smoke. They sat down on a flat boulder that lay in the inviting shade of a clump of alders. The Skeptic broke the silence:

"And you call this sport? Fudge! Here we are, ten miles from a white man's bed, and twice that far from a good dinner; hot, tired and hungry, and not a trout to show for it. Where is the charm of your mountains and little fishes, I'd like to know?"

Piscator's gaze shifted from an empty meat tin and some scattered papers and wooden plates, mute evidence of former campers, to the well beaten trail that led along the stream, before he answered.

"Well, the present prospect isn't alluring," said he, easing up his pack-strap a little. "Beaten trails don't auger well for good trout fishing, and empty meat tins certainly do not add to the beauty of the landscape. But there is the Side Cañon, you know," he added encouragingly.

"Where is this blessed Side Cañon, anyway?" this, querulously, from the Skeptic.

"Oh, about a mile or so further on."

They trudged up the cañon. The sun shone brightly and great beads of moisture streamed down the Skeptic's flushed face at the unaccustomed task. Presently he stopped and called to Piscator, who was pacemaker.

"See here," he said, "not another step will I go. We'll camp right here, and in the morning—back to the pavements!"

Piscator led the way to a grove of trees where the stream formed a series of pools and ripples at the foot of a frowning cliff. The Skeptic threw himself on a carpet of dead leaves with a sigh, and the air of a martyr.

Piscator went to the stream side and returned with two cups brimming with the sparkling water. One of these, with a moderate addition from the flask in his pocket, he handed to the Skeptic. The other cup served a like office for himself.

"To the big trout of the Side Cañon," said Piscator. "To the back trail and comfort," sighed the Skeptic. "Now, oh Weary One," cried Piscator, "if you will grant me just another half mile, I will wager a box of Henry Clays that you'll be eager to tramp 'till sundown. Do you see that little sumach-covered mesa over there? Well, at the foot of that mesa lies the gateway to the Side Cañon. Forward, march!"

With the main stream, the travelers left the trail. Walking was more difficult, and grew harder as the ascent of the Side Cañon continued. But there were no empty meat tins. Instead, great brakes of fern, whose green carpet was undisturbed save for the trail a buck and doe had broken when the day was young. The little brook increased in size as the upward march continued, and here and there small pools began to be met. The narrow walls of the Side Cañon cut off the rays of the afternoon sun, and it was cool there. The scarlet Indian pink, the yellow mimulus, and wild sweet peas gave touches of color here and there, while an occasional bit of "old man" and pennyroyal, crushed under foot, lent a spicy fragrance to the air.

The Skeptic brightened up, and even suggested trying a cast in some of the pools that became larger and more frequent as the ascent continued.

"Not yet," said Piscator, "wait a bit."

Presently the mellow music of a waterfall fell on their ears. Over a fern-seamed cliff

the brook came falling, foaming, tumbling, into a clear and untroubled pool below. All about was shade, and silence, and solitude. All around were ferns, and flowers, and fragrance. In the clear pool copper-hued water dogs climbed lazily over the moss-grown rocks. A pair of water ousels flitted about.

"By Jove," said the Skeptic, "this is great! This is *great*," he repeated, and filled his pipe. "I say," he continued, "we camp right here, you know. This is good enough for me, and besides, one can't go any further."

"It is a hard scramble," said Piscator, "but we can make it, and the fishing is much better above the falls."

"Oh! hang the fishing. Look at those tiger lilies!"

Just then a miller, fluttering out from a fern brake, fell into the pool and lay on its surface with tremulous wings, just where the shadows from the overhanging bank lay deepest. There was a swirl in the water, a momentary gleam of gilded silver, a widening circle of ripples, and the miller had disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered the Skeptic, bulging eyes on the pool.

"A trout, thou unregenerate," answered Piscator.

A light had come into the Skeptic's eyes, a color to his cheeks. He glanced appealingly at Piscator. The latter understood. It was the birth of the Angler.

Quietly, deftly, Piscator jointed the light fly-rod, threaded the tapered line, and attached a gossamer leader of fine-drawn Scotch gut. This he dressed with one fly, a large miller with dusky wings and a white body. Then he gave the rod into the impatient hands of the Skeptic.

Awkardly enough, with strained gaze and tense limbs, the latter began to cast. Once, twice, thrice, the single fly fluttered over the still waters of the pool, and by accident rather than by design swept once more over its surface, hesitated, and softly as thistledown, settled to the water in the deep shadow under the bank.

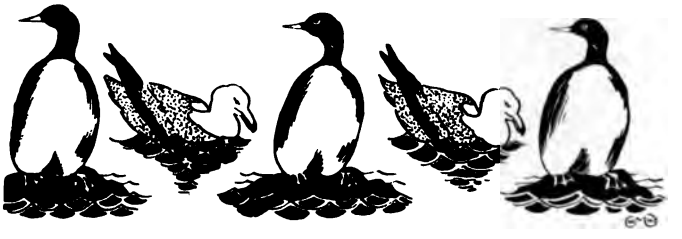
Once more the swirl, the gleam of silver, and in answer to the strike of the excited Skeptic the reel shrieked in ecstacy. Back and forth across the wide pool thrashed the trout, while the Skeptic plied the reel and prayerfully watched the pliant rod. Low-toned and encouragingly, the Piscator coached his absorbed pupil. Finally, in a frenzy of effort the trout leaped a clear two feet above the pool, shaking savage jaws. By happy chance the Skeptic lowered his tip and saved his fish. Backward and forward, but weaker now, his earlier strength nearly spent, the trout fought every inch of line. Nearer, nearer, 'till just as he showed his gleaming, jewelled side in surrender, Piscator slipped the short-handled net under him, and lifted him out onto a bank of ferns, an even eighteen inches and a plump three pounder.

The Skeptic, pale, the cold dew of battle on his brow and trembling in every limb, knelt over him, his first trout, devouring his gamey beauty with greedy eyes.

Piscator enjoyed the picture, and smiled knowingly to himself. Finally the Skeptic rose and accepted Piscator's proffered hand.

"Well?" enquired Piscator.

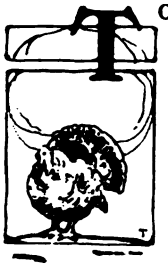
"Come man, let us get up stream," he answered.



GETTING READY FOR THE DAY'S WORK.

A TRAGEDY.

By BURTON JACKSON WYMAN.



TO the hunter of big game the occurrence of strange incidents are but a part of his varied experience; and when they happen he is not surprised in any great degree, simply because he is so trained that these things have little or no effect upon him. But when the sportsman, whose delight is found in the search for the smaller game, meets with some of the peculiar events that are so frequent in the life of him who follows the trail of the deer or the bear, they are generally of such a remarkable nature that they are well worth the telling. I relate one of these strange incidents which came under my notice some ten years ago, when I, as a boy, hunted along the dry, sandy banks of the Salinas River, where it winds its crooked way through the northern portion of San Luis Obispo County in this State.

The hot August day was rapidly drawing to a close. Concealed behind a clump of willows, I had been shooting doves as they flew past me on their way to quench their thirst at a water hole at the base of a dead cottonwood which stood at the brink of the river bank. Although I had been there but a short time, I had already bagged a goodly number of birds as they came in from the near-by wheat fields for a drink before they sought their roosts for the night.

Along the western bank, where the willows grew in a dense row, the evening shadows were beginning to lengthen. A little while and the sun had sunk to rest behind the Coast Range and the soft-tinted twilight slowly gave place to the gathering gloom. As the first shades of night began to steal over the landscape, the doves ceased their flight toward the water hole. After firing upon the last pair that had come within range, I waited ten minutes or more, but not another bird appeared. Almost certain that no more would come for water, I was making preparations to go home when I noticed three doves flying in the direction of my place of concealment, and although I had laid my gun aside in order that I might place the birds which I had killed in my hunting coat, I hastily raised it again to my shoulder and fired.

As the smoke cleared away I saw one of the doves fluttering upon the sand, while its companions, evidently untouched by the death-dealing shot, were standing near by looking seemingly in utter dismay upon their mate's plight. For birds to light and remain in the vicinity of the spot where one of their number lies wounded is a rare occurrence; especially when they themselves must have been frightened by the loud report of the gun, and the whistling of the shot as it rushed past them and brought down their mate. As I looked upon them I was not a little astonished. But the strangest thing was yet to happen.

Boylike, and all excitement at the thought that I had added another dove to my string, I left my gun behind and rushed from my shelter to prevent the escape of the wounded bird, entirely forgetful of the opportunity that was offered to bag the birds that the first shot had failed to reach; that little thoughtless act was a blessing—at least from point of view of a lover of nature.

As I neared the spot where the birds were gathered, I was greatly amazed to see the two uninjured doves each taking the tip of a wing on either side of their shot-stricken mate, rise with the injured bird between them and laboriously make their flight up the river away from me. Surprised though I was, I watched in the fast gathering night until I saw them alight some two hundred yards in front of the spot from which they had been driven. With my eyes fixed upon the place where I had seen them settle down upon the sand, I hastily ran toward them. As I neared the place they again took flight; but as I came closer I saw that only two of the doves had flown. The third lay where the others had left it, and life was extinct.

HUNTING GUAJALOTES IN MEXICO.

By G. LAWRENCE MAYNARD.

ON a pleasant afternoon in October, the writer, in company with Mr. Henry Klappenbach, a veteran border sportsman, left the town of Eagle Pass, Tex., bound for the headwaters of the Rio San Antonio, a small stream across the border in Mexico. We looked forward to some sport hunting the *guajalote* or wild turkey, as my companion had killed a few there the previous season. Our outfit was packed in a stout roadwagon drawn by a horse which, by reason of many former trips, was perfectly familiar with the road. Eagle Pass being situated on the banks of the Rio Grande, we had only to cross the long bridge which spans that historic stream to be on Mexican soil. We quickly drove through the streets and plazas of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, a large Mexican town, and out along the irrigated fields which adjoin it. These were soon left behind and our road led through the cactus and mesquite for which this country is noted. After about two hours' driving we arrived at a Mexican rancho, near the spot where we expected to make camp. My friend hailed a boy, with the words: "*Oye, muchacho, tiene blanquios?*" (hello boy! have you any eggs?), to which he responded by running into a *jacal*, returning soon with several eggs, which the next day made a welcome addition to our noonday meal. We then drove down to the stream, which has its source here in numerous springs, making our camp under the sheltering branches of the live oaks.

A fire was soon kindled and the horse picketed for the night, after which we started on a reconnoitering trip through the groves of live-oak trees, trying to locate a "roost," but darkness compelled us to return to camp from which we had wandered some distance. We found this a pretty difficult task, as the camp-fire was hidden from our sight by the thick timber and brush through which we picked our way, occasionally startling some night-prowler who scurried away without disputing our passage. At last we found our camp, and after eating a light lunch we rolled up in our blankets and slept for a few hours.

Just before daybreak we arose, made coffee and commenced our hunt. For an hour we wandered through the oak groves, carefully scanning the branches for *guajalotes* until, at last, just as the sun peeped above the horizon, we were rewarded by the sight of a great dark-plumaged bird, perched on the topmost branches of a dead tree several hundred yards distant. Crouching close to the ground we began to stalk our game, dodging from bush to bush through the chaparral and mesquite; finally, when we thought we had gotten within range, emerging from cover we found that our big gobbler was nothing but a huge buzzard. In disgust we headed for camp, finding solace in the enjoyment of a rarely beautiful autumn morning, when all Nature seemed to smile a welcome to the rising sun.

But what was that noise in the oaks just ahead. Slowly we crept through the brush until near the opening, and were soon peering through the branches of the dwarfed mesquites at a sight to gladden the hunter's heart—a dozen *guajalotes* scratching among the oak leaves. There was the rasping sound of a cactus thorn against my canvas hunting coat as I rose to my feet, and away they went. At the almost simultaneous crack of our guns, down came two noble birds, one the leader of the flock. They were scooting through the brush in another second and the fun was over.

After admiring our prizes for awhile, and commenting on their plumpness, we pushed on to camp. A hearty breakfast was eaten, and then we got out our fishing tackle and began to fish the pools for bass. Balanced on a little ledge of limestone above a small pool, my companion soon hooked a bass which fought furiously until, fearing he would entangle the line among the water-lilies, I rushed into the shallow water and

grabbed the big fellow, who tipped the beam at four pounds. The writer next caught a three-pounder and then, after catching a number of smaller ones, we decided to go back to camp and get a square meal.

While our fish, eggs and potatoes were sizzling over the coals, a Mexican vaquero rode up and saluted us with *Buenos dias, señores* (good day, gentlemen). In compliance with our invitation he dismounted and, gracefully reclining on the ground, smoked a cigarette while we continued our preparations for a meal. My friend passed his pocket flask, containing whiskey, to the visitor, who took a swallow or two under the impression that it was *aguardiente* (brandy), but when informed as to its true nature, he smilingly remarked "*Estoy conociendolo*," meaning he had taken his first taste of the beverage that made Kentucky famous.

After doing justice to an excellent dinner prepared by my friend, who is a past master in the gentle art of getting up an appetizing camp meal, we packed out outfit and, with a last look at the beautiful Rio San Antonio of happy memory, we started for American soil, arriving home at sunset after twenty-four hours of delightful outing.

"POSING."
Master Varien of Pacific Grove, Cal.

"THERE STAND THE WATER DUKES."

THE WATER DUKES.

(*Saxifraga peltata*)

MAJESTIC views upon my vision crowd
Of splendors wild, wherein those sovereigns sit--
The water dukes that line the swift McCloud
And light the shallows of the foamy Pitt.

Where wave-washed rocks make guarded place between,
There stand the water dukes in state complete,
While waving willows spread their shadows green
And rolls the foam of rapids to their feet.

As regal they as kings on conquered fields,
In tinted velvet robed, and ermine white;
While on the ripples rest their ready shields—
Wide leaves ornate, breast the waters bright.

"HIGH ON THE LEDGY HILLS."

The water dukes survey the rustic bridge,
The copse of blos'ming thorn, the flocking quail,
The rocks as temples tow'ring on the ridge,
And winding down the time-worn Indian trail.

And there, oft-times they see the bare, brown feet
Of dark-browed maidens coming to the stream,
Where, gath'ring tender stalks and tubers sweet,
They dream with quiet eyes, as maidens dream.

The water dukes have read Time's fateful hour,
And pray inviolate their courts to keep—
The hill's gay tapestry, the ferny bower,
The still, deep springs where summer shadows sleep.

What fair estate good Manitou hath made!
The stream in green translucence glim'ring down,
High on the ledgy hills the forest glade,
And, over all, great Shasta's snowy crown.

—*Lillian H. Shuey.*

CASTLE CRAGS AND SHASTA—

By GEORGE D. BAIRD.

CASTLE CRAGS can be favorably compared to the splintered stump of a fallen tree. One runs across them frequently in the mountains, and the comparison is just. The astonishing pile lies on the west bank of the Sacramento, for all the world like the shattered base of some fallen sequoia.

From the east shore—at this point about 100 feet wide—the Crags loom up in the raggedest sort of grandeur, presenting a skyline that some prosaic people would compare to a kindling block.

There are some things in this world which fill us with despair; there are others which fire us with ambition. To see Castle Crags was to climb them. Such was their effect on me.

Having made an early start from Castella I managed to keep fairly cool, which continued for awhile after I had left the main road and entered upon the trail proper. Then I came to a sheltered strip, where the trees were thinly scattered and the hillside diverted the breeze like the glass of a hothouse when it becomes warm. But this was soon over, and on rounding a curve a cool breeze swept by and discomfort was past. Soon a happy combination was enjoyed—a shady grove, a pine-needle rug; in the foreground a vast basin-like valley, stretching away with a glorious downward sweep over a thousand feet deep, and rising on the opposite side like the curve of a beautiful neck to the pearly teeth—the snow-sprinkled summits of the Trinity Mountains. I cannot forbear one more word and say that the lovely valley impressed me also like some colossal wave, so deep, and majestically swinging upward to the foaming crest.

On my right, as I lay on the soft rug, was a totally different picture. Instead of a carpeted, tree-dotted valley, a thickly-wooded

CASTLE CRAGS FROM SQUAW CREEK TRAIL.

cañon; and instead of snow-capped summits, an amazing jumble of spikes no less than two thousand feet at the highest points, standing like a choice assortment of huge tacks, set with business end up.

One of the attractions of mountain-climbing to me is the unexpected, the startling, the ever-changing environment. In a few minutes a strong, cool breeze met me and urged me on to higher things; from valleys, falling and rising, to a great vista stretching away into the vast beyond; from splintered

summits to a great white mass shining through the trees and swelling up into the far away. Instinctively I paused, and with no thought of affectation, for I was absolutely alone, lifted my hat in the presence of Mount Shasta.

I was all eagerness to push on but stopped a moment to fill my water-bottle at a lovely spring in a small cañon near the main trail. This was not only a pleasure but a duty, as there is no water above this point. While filling the bottle I nearly dislocated my neck trying to look up the face of the frightful precipice that shot up before me like a telegraph pole before a baby.

Onward and upward are the watchwords now. But unexpected things are of frequent occurrence in this locality, so while making a turn—lo! here was one of the crags at my side. Hundreds of feet above me it rose—misshapen and threatening. Another curve in the trail, this time toward the north, and an involuntary exclamation burst from me:

"Oh! you gigantic thing."

Great Shasta stood before me, for the first time divested of the partial and total eclipse of forest and hill. Little of its base could be seen, but from the timber line to the summit the enormous bulk emerged from the earth like a polar bear from the sea.

Reaching the platform which is generally chosen as the stopping place, I rested for only a minute beside one of the striking features of these most remarkable crags. It is called the "Dome," but would more properly be named the "Cupola." The former word is hackneyed and, moreover, not characteristic of the true shape of the mass. The precipice on the north side would be appalling to one not accustomed to El Capitan. It is certainly 500 feet at an incline not worth mentioning.

I now set out to storm the citadel. Before me were huge rocks. From where I stood they seemed sharp and forbidding enough. At a distance they looked like knife-blades, and about as inviting. As no special trail appeared I struck out for myself, and was soon up a steep incline among splintered rocks and underbrush. Steeper and harder, higher and slower, scrambling first one way and then the other to find trails that nearly always proved blind. The snow-covered Trinity Mountains grew big toward the southwest, while far away to the southeast Mount Lassen jutted up from among the

A SIDE VISTA.

lesser peaks, a splendid, snow-clad, truncated pyramid, 10,400 feet—the highest point between the Tahoe and Shasta regions.

Shasta now reared itself with even greater immensity. On the lower mountains the great fields of timber made up a beautiful border for the picture. Let no one think that Californians overestimate the importance of this great natural wonder, or that Eastern people praise it for the purpose of humoring our conceit. I saw nothing while passing through Colorado three times and British Columbia once, to equal it for tremendous and solitary grandeur. Rainier (Tacoma) alone equals it, and great it must be, indeed, to rival Rainier.

But to return to my rock-climbing. At last I found myself looking through a window toward the south—an impressive view, but disappointing because I could go no further or higher. I supposed by this time that I was on one of the lesser shafts of the mountain crown, led there by a trail that was no trail at all, but a washout. Returning, a suspicion grew stronger as I decended, that I must have nearly reached the top. When, a few days later, I climbed the hill on the opposite bank of the Sacra-

mento and studied the situation, I was convinced that my halting place was very near the tip of the peak. As it was, my altitude was about six thousand feet.

As the sportsman always sees the best game when he leaves his rifle behind, in like manner I mourned leaving my kodak in camp. While on the southern hill one day, and looking north toward the Crags, I obtained a view of the most remarkable outline of a human face that I have ever seen. The forehead, nose, mustache and chin, as well as the depressions suggesting the eyes and mouth, were complete and really startling.

If the Sacramento Cañon be regarded as the vertebrae of a fish, Castle Creek and Bear Creek would correspond to the lateral bones. Bear Creek is a few miles above the other and flows into the river at Shasta Retreat. One morning I left the latter place, passed through a beautiful ravine and was soon zig-zagging up the trail toward Mount Bradley. In one of the turns of the trail I cast my eyes to the north and saw something through the fringe of trees which looked like a cloud. There had been unsettled weather for a few days and the sky was alive with drifting masses, an almost sure sign of a complete change of weather. Another turn in the trail dispelled all doubt, for there, poised over the intervening hill, lay the great cap of snow, the giant peak of Shasta. It is almost touching, the pride which the people of Northern California take in this superb cone that dominates the entire country for two hundred miles. They point to it and speak of it with gesture and tone expressing the utmost satisfaction and a suggestion of ownership.

Buoyed up and urged on by anticipation and enthusiasm, I hurried on, and every step brought me a larger, grander view. First, the rocky summit, and the wall that faced me so precipitous that the snow refused to cling, and left a black visage in bold contrast with the white apparel of the peak. Below this precipice a plateau, not absolutely flat, but quite so in comparison with the fearful depths about it. This plateau juts out about half a mile from the crown point. I could tell by the aid of my United States map that from the edge of this great platform the descent is 3,000 feet while advancing 2,100; and even at the foot of this appalling precipice there are many thousand feet to be covered before dropping to timber line. Leaving the trail where it ended, I scrambled over broken rocks and shrubs to the pile of boulders which forms the crest of Mount Bradley, and there all desire was for the time satisfied by the sweep of the eye.

In British Columbia I had gazed awe-struck at the towering summits of Mounts Stephen, McDonald, and Sir Donald; in Yosemite I had strained my neck to rest my eye on the chisel-like summit of Half Dome and the stupendous crest of El Capitan; in Colorado, I had been unable to catch sight of the edge of the Royal Gorge as we rumbled through that awful fissure 2,500 feet deep. All these were stupendous: but that view of Shasta from the heights of Mount Bradley was different. Before me was the valley, with nothing but a cloud shadow between me and the enormous mass that lay in front and above me like the wedding cake of the Bride of the Sun. I could fancy an eagle, perched on the rock beside me, spreading its wings and diving like an arc of light, first down, then away, and up to that frozen pinnacle 14,380 feet above the level of the sea.

I have seen many a grand mountain, many a huge and shapely mass of rock, the ocean in its most fascinating moods, but next to the sun, itself, this was the noblest object I had ever seen. One of the elements that contributes to its tremendous grandeur is its isolation, not complete but comparative. Other mountains have sturdy rivals, as a rule; but the only pretense at rivalry with Shasta is Mount Eddy, as it is called on the United States map, 9,150 feet. This attendant to royalty is just tall enough to bring out the immense frosted mass in greater relief.

Next to its height, the most impressive feature of Shasta is its glaciers. Nearly all mountains, large and small, have great clefts in their sides called ravines or cañons, according to their magnitude. Now this mountain has a number of these and they are something tremendous. They are undoubtedly in the shape of a V, and probably two or three thousand feet deep. I use speculative terms as no one knows either their shape or their depth, for they are filled with ice called glaciers. Imagine a river of ice two thousand feet deep and fed by the never-failing and frightful snow storms of the winter!

Striking a trail on the summit of the

ECHO LAKE.

ridge, I was soon curving gradually to the west. Here I obtained a more extensive view of the Shasta Valley, with Sisson below me.

To the northwest was an abrupt hill, "Sugar Loaf," on the map, but known locally as Black Butte. No better illustration of the magnitude of Mount Shasta could possibly be given than to see this insignificant ant-hill cuddling for protection at the skirts of the mother mountain; yet Black Butte is 6,250 feet high, much higher than Diablo, Hamilton or St. Helena; much higher than Vesuvius in Italy, the Hartz Mountains in Germany, or anything in the British Islands. It is about the same height as Mount Washington and the Adirondacks on our Eastern Coast. As I progressed, I could see in the vista formed by the two peaks, Goose Nest, 8,447 feet high, and about thirty-five miles away an imposing, snow-clad mound.

A fast walk of an hour or more brought me to a small lake, a deep, green pool, with a precipice about 400 feet high behind it. The principal inlet falls over the rocks in a pretty cascade. This lake, or pond, is bordered with quite a dense vegetation and, surrounded by a semi-circle of hills, is a beautiful object.

It was while eating lunch by the tiny cascade mentioned that I discovered quite a patch of wild onion. Had I possessed anything that would have served the purpose of a trowel, I might have had onions, a la raw, for lunch.

Passing this natural kitchen garden, I made my way to the top of the bluff behind the lake. It was a desperate climb of about 400 feet up and over loose rocks and small underbrush, but the view rewarded me. According to the map, I must have attained an altitude of about 6,000 feet—probably more. To the southeast, across a rocky valley, rose the highest point of that extraordinary pile—Castle Crag. This spire, which looked exactly like the tip of a finger, jutted up two or three hundred feet higher than its companion peaks. This point is not visible from the Sacramento River. To the south the Trinity Mountains stretched away and up 7,000 feet; Lassen peered at me from a safe distance of sixty miles, lifting its white helmet 10,400 feet; to the northwest the China Mountains rose 10,000 feet, while Mount Shasta floated far above and dominated the entire landscape at 14,380 feet above the ocean level.

THE WANDERING WIND.

TO SOME the voice of the wandering wind
  Is glad and gay as a song can be;
To others its sound is the sad, sweet kind,
  Like that of the sea.

It sweeps the land in its pitiless rage,
  With snowflakes it battles with summer and sun;
The earth seems suddenly withered with age,
  And winter has won.

Its whisper awakes the vagabond birds,
  And tempts the faltering heart to sing;
It breathes to the flowers some magic words,
  And lo! it is Spring.

How the wind wanders the wide world over,
  Light as a spirit of fancy, fled;
Passing, the while, life's meadows of clover,
  And over the dead.

—*Roscoe Brumbaugh.*

OUR PATRIARCHS.

IN OLD WORLD parks of dark historic fame,
  The last descendant of some ancient name
Points out with pride a mighty oak, moss-grim,
Whose huge, dwarfed bole, and racked and gnarled limb
Withstood the brunt of many a feudal fight,
Or arched, mayhap, the Druid's mystic rite,
And tells the stranger now the tree is his,
The heritage of many centuries.

Upon the New World's sunset-scanning brow,
The golden figure-head upon the prow
Of our great Ship of State that toward the glow
The Star of Empire beareth, Westward, ho!
The redwoods, straight and tall, with stately grace
From their majestic heights look on a race
Of birth not less than those across the sea,
And teach, with quiet lips, humility.

The pigmy people that with wonder gird
Their giant bases and feel strangely stirred,
Though nobler far than those of aeons gone,
Each groping upward from the age of stone,
Are but a passing heritage the trees
Sigh over, gently nurse, then guard in peace.
We know and love them, not as ours—we, theirs;
"God make us worthy of them," be our prayers.

—*Charles E. Jenney.*

BASS CATCHING PARAPHERNALIA.

By JAMES HEDDON.

TO THE gamey qualities of the black bass may be credited the development of the short bait-casting rod. Certainly there is nothing in all angling so artistic and pleasing as the casting of modern lures with a short, properly balanced, resilient bait-casting rod. Anglers differ in their tastes, and perhaps I may be prejudiced from the far greater amount of experience I have had with this kind of rod, but as between bait-casting and fly-casting I find bait-casting with the short rod preferable, and to me the most artistic art of the two. There is no question as to who will catch the most black bass under otherwise equal conditions, for certainly the bait-caster will catch five or six or ten to one, over the fly-caster, one day with another and on one water with another. It is just as essential that there should be a correct balance between the rod, line and lure for bait-casting as for fly-casting; perhaps more so. No line has ever been found to excel, if even equal, a number 5 raw braided silk line. The No. 5 can hardly be departed from in either direction, finer or coarser, without discomfiture. When it seems necessary to use a larger and stronger line it is highly important that we use a heavier lure, and since the late high wave of bait-casting struck our country the tendency has ever been toward heavier lures and shorter and somewhat stiffer rods.

I have been pleased to learn, more recently, that the planting of black bass on the Pacific Slope has been very successful. Success, however, might be expected, for one of the many splendid qualifications of this hero of the water is that he is right at home in a far greater variety, and in greater extremes of conditions, than is any other fish. I am unacquainted with your beautiful country, but here in the northeast and throughout Florida, which seems to be the original home of the *Micropterous*, I have had much experience with him. It seems strange (and the strange seemingness is perhaps the reason why the opinion is not prevalent among anglers who have not had experience) that the black bass of Florida should be such gamey, active and brave fish, but such is the case, and that, too, to an extreme. Last winter, during my many days of angling and catching of several hundred specimens, the largest reaching a weight of twelve pounds, I had a good opportunity to study his habits in the south and I find him in all sorts of waters, on all sorts of soil, universally gamey in all places, to the last breath in his body. My experience with saltwater fishing makes it, and every other class of fishing, fade into insignificance when compared with Florida black bass angling.

Those Southern "boys" not only possess, in an excessive degree, the pleasing feature of gaminess, but they are happily devoid of some very disagreeable features common to their brothers of the North. When hooked, they never think of running into weeds, or around brush and limbs, but rather make for the deep, clear water. Where they excel our Northern bass is in jumping and shaking loose the lure, as well as in their ejecting power. The least bit of slack line is dangerous, no matter what position your captive quarry is in.

The Northern bass angler soon finds that a radical change of tactics is necessary in these waters. He must hold his rod pointed directly toward the fish. He must never let the line slack an instant. When the time occurs he must have every nerve ready and "yank" the big fellow down with a crash the instant he leaves the water. This sets the hooks in deeper rather than allowing him to shake them out. Say what we may against gangs of hooks, the many-gang modern artificial minnow is the only lure that is really successful with black bass. No

one who angles with any other will keep even with the up-to-date angler who uses these modern casting lures.

Of reels, an easy running, long barrel, rather small diameter, quadruple multiplying, is the standard and the one which has won its way with the masses by practical use. There are many good reels made, and any one that possesses the points above mentioned, is apt to prove satisfactory. The Kentucky patterns are up-to-date, but it is not necessary to pay Kentucky prices. A good practical reel of the kind indicated may be purchased most anywhere for about $2.50.

Returning to rods, a one-piece rod, not more than four feet ten inches or five feet long is preferable, but there is a great disadvantage in its carrying quality; so I have adopted the same rod, made of two pieces, with the ferrule way down toward the butt. The tip joint is three feet long.

This rod has a nicer action than one with the ferrules higher up, and it is far more durable. Regarding the best wood, it is hardly worth while to name the varieties. There is far more difference between greenheart and greenheart, than there is between greenheart and bethabara, and I might say even between both of them and lancewood. There is such a vast difference in different selections or specimens of the same wood by name, that the name hardly means anything. I am hoping to enjoy a long article in a near number of "Western Field" regarding the planting and development of our favorite game fish in California. When I first read in Dr. Henschels' able work, "Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims," I looked upon the couplet with much doubt, but later years of angling, in both salt and fresh water, has made me a positive convert to the Doctor's assertion. I believe no fish excels the black bass, either big mouth or small mouth, in gaminess, counting all that tends to make a fish gamey.

HE GOT HIS CAT.

MR. EDITOR: I wrote you a little story some time ago, and promised you that if I killed that wild cat I would write another. Well, I got him! Grandpa wanted to go to the post office, and wanted to ride one of the horses that were running out on the range, so I took my dog and gun and started out to find them. It had been raining and the ground was wet. We hadn't gone more than a quarter of a mile from home until I found Mr. Wildcat's tracks in the mud, and away went my dog and I after him. The horses—well, I entirely forgot them until the chase was over. Up hill, down hill, across the cañon, down to the river, back up the hill, over logs and through thickets. By this time my dog was getting tired of it and was about to give it up, so I tied a string around his neck and led him a ways. We were crossing Alder Gulch on a big log, up fifteen or twenty feet high in the middle, and when we got out where it was about six feet from the ground my dog saw him and jumped, and down I went. The fall hurt my knee so bad that for a while I didn't quite know which way the chase would go, but pretty soon I limped up the hill. I could tell by the way the dog was barking that he was getting pretty close to Mr. Wildcat. He soon had him up a tree, but oh, the rain and wind! The rain was just pouring down. I aimed at his ear but hit just behind. But down he came and then for a fight. The dog grabbed him by the back of the neck and gave him a good shake. And then the wildcat would get hold of the dog with his claws, and the dog would let go and then grab him again. I kept trying to get a good shot, but was afraid I would hit my dog. But I fired away and Mr. Wildcat was ready to get away from us. He started down the hill, rolling and tumbling, and scratching, biting and fighting, until he came to a big log, and he couldn't climb over it. The dog was getting the best of him, but I gave him another .22 bullet, and it was all over with him. I tied

a string on him and got him on my back and started toward home. I would pack him a little ways, and then drag him whenever I came to a place I could. I managed to get out to the road and there I left the cat, and started for my horses. I soon found them and was on my way home again. I rode till I came to the wildcat, then I started the horses ahead of me, shouldered my cat and started. When I got home mother came out and patted me on the back and said: "Good for you, Theo." Papa came up and said, "You and Dowell are all right." Dowell is my dog's name. Papa said it was not a very big cat for that species (short tailed or bob cat). It was poor and long and slender, but weighed 30 pounds. I thought it was a pretty big one, for it reached from my shoulders to my shoe tops, but still I am not a very big boy, and it may not be a very big cat after all. But I was proud of him just the same. I ate my dinner and then went and got a neighbor to come and take mine and the cat's picture. If the pictures are good I will send you one.

"I THOUGHT IT A PRETTY BIG ONE."

Papa says that after I get to be fourteen I can take the .25-.20, and then I intend to kill something sure. There are plenty of cougars here, but they are up on the mountain and don't come closer than a mile of us, and I never go that far back from the river. I will tell you about a chase I had with a deer, or a chase a deer had with me, one time. It was the Fourth of July, two years ago. My mother wanted me to go across the river to see if the wild blackberries were ripe. I took my pup and we had been over there but a little while when the dog got after something. I climbed over the fence and went up toward where he was barking, and pretty soon here came the dog and a big deer right after it. Of course he ran to me and the deer after him. I climbed up a tree, and the dog stood at the bottom of the tree barking. The deer would shake its head and run at the dog. Pretty soon the deer turned and ran up the hill and the dog right after it. When it got up on a little flat it turned on the dog, and back they came right to the tree again. They kept this up for some time, but finally they stayed away long enough for me to slide down and run for home—and you bet I didn't let any grass grow under my feet.

I went over and begged for the gun to go and kill the deer, but mother wouldn't listen to that. I was only eleven then. I begged mother to go and shoot the deer, but she was afraid of the foot log, and she said she didn't think that a deer would run a dog, and was afraid it was a cougar. But I had sat right in our door and watched the deer over on the hill in front of our house, and knew what a deer was. (Say, can't they step around easy and light, and eat a bite and look up and see if they can see anything.)

So I went and got my grandpa, and he and I went over. The dog had come home before we got over there, but he went right to where he had left the deer, and it was there waiting for him, and grandpa got three shots at it in the thick brush but never touched a hair. He said he couldn't see the sights, but I have got onto that all right and say it sometimes myself. Now Papa says this deer story sounds a little fishy, but it's the truth, every word of it, and I can prove it by mother and grandpa and the dog.

PEEL, Oregon. THEO BOND.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE WESTERN FIELD CO., (Incorporated)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street.
Telephone, Main 1262.
Eastern Representative:
E. T. Keyser, 5 Beekman St., New York.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

OUR contention has always been that Section 25 Subdivision 28, of the County Government Act, which empowers Boards of Supervisors in their respective counties to modify by ordinances the general game laws of the State, was a grievous and lamentable mistake. We have insistently held that such delegation of legislative functions by the legislature to an inferior power was unconstitutional and illogical, predicting that it would be so declared by the first high court before which it might be brought in issue. That our position was correct is now confirmed and established by the District Court of Appeals at Los Angeles in a decision rendered July 29, in a test case involving habeas corpus proceedings for the release of a sportsman who was arrested for violating the county ordinance governing the shooting of doves.

While only a verbal decision, intended to grant only a writ for the release of the prisoner, the reasonable conclusion to be drawn from the action of the court is that any change or limitation of the State law by ordinances enacted by County Supervisors is unconstitutional, and that the legislature alone has power to fix the time within which game may or may not be killed. We understand that the Court will shortly render a full opinion along these lines, clearly defining its position.

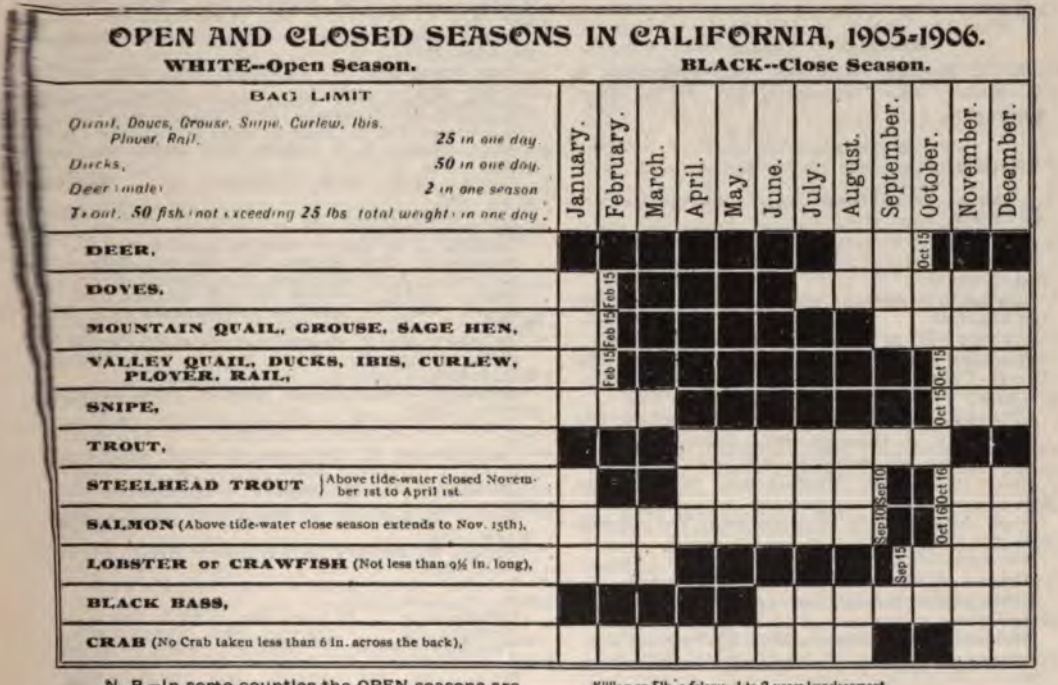
This decision will affect the whole State unless the Supreme Court reverses the action of the Appellate Court, which we do not anticipate. In our personal opinion, the doing away with the farcical jurisdiction of county officials will result in great and immediate benefit to the game, and will simplify to an admirable degree the enforcement of the State laws—which, after all, are the only laws which should logically be enforced in this connection. Under the present conditions there is a separate game law for almost every county in the State, and as these counties lie contiguous to each other, with no discernible lines of demarcation of their boundaries by which a sportsman may be governed in his pursuit of game, it follows that the most conscientious and honorable men are constantly, though unconsciously, violating some county ordinance or other. Another particularly bad feature of the present conditions is that it is practically impossible to obtain from any reliable sources correct information as to the ordinances obtaining in any one county. This is fully exemplified in our own personal case. Despite our utmost endeavors to obtain from county officials for publication in our magazine for the public's convenience and advantage official data as to their respective ordinances, less than twenty per cent. of the county officials in this State have responded to our letters and repeated applications. And if "Western Field" with its manifold facilities cannot get at the exact facts, what chance has the average layman sportsman to acquire this vitally necessary information?

Our State laws are good enough for any

and everybody, and county tinkering of and fooling with them should be not only discouraged but drastically suppressed. We await with much interest, but an unshaken confidence, for the full opinion of the Court of Appeals and its affirmation by the Supreme Court. Our game interests are too big and important to be made a medium for petty politics and local and personal prejudices.

ERRATA.

BY AN unfortunate error of our "make-up" force there appeared in our last month's issue a plate giving in tabulated form the condensed game laws of California for the years 1903-1904 instead of those obtaining at the present time. Lest the transposition of these plates might lead to confusion among our readers, we make this mention here. The proper plate will appear in this and subsequ nt issues.



N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Stret, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

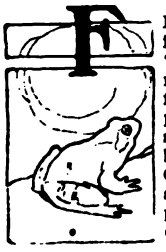
Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.
Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.
Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande Cal.
Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.
Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sce., Boulder Creek, Cal.
Chico, ——————Sec., Chico Cal.
Cloverdale—C. H. Smith Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.
Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.
Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.
Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.
Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.
Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning Cal.
Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.
Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.
Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.
Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.
Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.
Kings County—S. S. Mullins Sec., Hanford, Cal.
Lakeport — B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.
Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.
Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.
Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.
Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.
Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.
Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.
Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.
Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.
Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.
Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.
Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.
Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.
Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero Cal.
Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal. Cal.
Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.
Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.
Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.
Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.
Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.
Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.
Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.
San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.
San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec. San Rafael, Cal.
Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.
Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.
San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.
Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.
Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.
Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.
Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.
Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.
Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.
Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Secretary, Loyalton, Cal.
Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.
Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.
Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramente, Cal.
Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.
Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.
Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.
Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.
Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.
Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.
Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.
Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal
Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.
Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.
Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
West Berkeley—Chas. Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.
Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.
Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.
San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.
California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.
California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game? As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and June 10, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.00.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, fined $50.00.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch, fined $30.00.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham, fined $20.00.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined $25.00.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble, fined $20.00.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum, fined $25.00.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable, fined $20.00.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross, fined $20.00.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined $250.00.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis, fined $250.00.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer, jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingells, case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis, fined $25.00.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls, fined $25.00.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall, case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch, case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined $25.00.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy, fined $25.00.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb, case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined $20.00.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta, fined $20.00.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph, discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Ah Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.00.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea, fined $25.00.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph, fined $25.00.

Amos Glanque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, fined $25.00.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Webb Toms, fined $25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, fined $25.00.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes, case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls, case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl, case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray, fined $25.00.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold, fined $25.00.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye, case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined $25.00.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith, fined $25.00.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis, case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney, case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingells and A. W. Ralph, case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph, case pending.

* * *

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1:

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Goocn, 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch, 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmhuhl, dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold, $25.00 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice, still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice, still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea, $25.00.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession, M. S. Hotchkiss, $20.00 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neare, $200.00 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray, $25.00 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestiss, $50.00 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith, $25.00 fine.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.00 fine.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.00 fine.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25.00 fine.

Ed Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.00.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

T. McSweeney, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season, dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Coutr.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

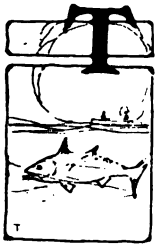
Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Mate, held to Superior Court.

PRESERVATION OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

[The following excerpts from Mr. Osborn's masterly address delivered before the Boone and Crockett Club we deem worthy of republishing for the benefit of Western sportsmen. We regret that lack of space prevents our reproducing the address in its admirable entirety.—Ed.]

By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.



THE National and Congressional movement for the preservation of the Sequoia in California represents a growth of intelligent sentiment. It is the same kind of sentiment which must be aroused, and aroused in time, to bring about Government legislation if we are to preserve our native animals. That which principally appeals to us in the Sequoia is its antiquity as a race, and the fact that California is its last refuge.

As a special and perhaps somewhat novel argument for preservation, I wish to remind you of the great antiquity of our game animals, and the enormous period of time which it has taken nature to produce them. We must have legislation, and we must have it in time. I recall the story of the judge and jury who arrived in town and inquired about the security of the prisoner, who was known to be a desperate character; they were assured by the crowd that the prisoner was perfectly secure because he was safely hanging to a neighboring tree. If our preservative measures are not prompt, there will be no animals to legislate for.

The veneration of age sentiment which should, and I believe actually does, appeal to the American people when clearly presented to them even more strongly than the commercial sentiment, is roused in equal strength by an intelligent appreciation of the race longevity of the larger animals which our ancestors found here in profusion, and of which but a comparatively small number still survive. To the unthinking man a bison, a wapiti, a deer, a pronghorn antelope, is a matter of hide and meat; to the real nature lover, the true sportsman, the scientific student, each of these types is a subject of intense admiration. From the mechanical standpoint they represent an architecture more elaborate than that of Westminster Abbey, and a history beside which human history is as of yesterday.

These animals were not made in a day, nor in a thousand years, nor in a million years. As said the first Greek philosopher, Empedocles, who 560 B. C. adumbrated the "survival of the fittest" theory of Darwin, they are the result of ceaseless trials of nature. While the Sequoia was first emerging from the Carboniferous, or Coal Period, the reptile-like ancestors of these mammals, covered with scales and of egg-laying habits, were crawling about and giving not the most remote prophecy of their potential transformation through 10,000,000 of years into the superb fauna of the northern hemisphere.

The descendants of these reptiles were transformed into mammals. If we had had the opportunity of studying the early mammals of the Rocky Mountain region with a full appreciation of the possibilities of evolution, we should have perceived that they were essentially of the same stock and ancestral to our modern type. There were little camels scarcely more than twelve inches high, little taller than cotton-tail rabbits and smaller than the jackass rabbits; horses 15 inches high, scarcely larger than, and very similar in build to, the little English coursing hound known as the whippet; it is not improbable that we shall find the miniature deer; there certainly existed ancestral wolves and foxes of similarity small proportions. You have all read your Darwin carefully enough to know that neither camels, horses, nor deer would have evolved as they did except for the stimulus given to their limb and speed development by the contemporaneous evolution of their enemies in the dog family.

A million and a half years later these

same animals have attained a very considerable size; the western country had become transformed by the elevation of the plateaux into dry, grass-bearing uplands, where both horses and deer of peculiarly American types were grazing. We have recently secured some fresh light on the evolution of the American deer. Besides the *Palæomeryx*, which may be related to the true American deer *Odocoileus*, we have found the complete skeleton of a small animal named *Merycodus*, nineteen inches high, possessed of a complete set of delicate antlers with the characteristic burr at the base indicating the annual shedding of the horn, and a general structure of skeleton which suggests our so-called pronghorn antelope, *Antilocapra*, rather than our true American deer, *Odocoileus*. This was in all probability a distinctively American type. Its remains have been found in eastern Colorado in the geological age known as Middle Miocene, which is estimated (*sub rosa*, like all our other geological estimates), at about a million and a half years of age. Our first thought as we study this small, strikingly graceful animal, is wonder that such a high degree of specialization and perfection was reached at so early a period; our second thought is the reverence for age sentiment.

The conditions of environment were different from what they were before or what they are now. These animals flourished during the period in which western America must have closely resembled the eastern and central portions of Africa at the present time.

This inference is drawn from the fact that the predominant fauna of America in the Middle and Upper Miocene Age and in the Pliocene was closely analogous to the still extant fauna of Africa. It is true we had no real antelopes in this country, in fact none of the bovines, and no giraffes; but there was a camel which my colleague Matthew has surnamed the "giraffe camel," extraordinarily similar to the giraffe. There were no hippopotami, no hyraxes. All these peculiarly African animals, of African origin, I believe, found their way into Europe at least as far as the Sivalik Hills of India, but never crossed the Bering Sea Isthmus. The only truly African animal which reached America, and which flourished here in an extraordinary manner, was the elephant, or rather the mastodon, if we speak of the elephant in its Miocene stage of evolution. However, the resemblance between America and Africa is abundantly demonstrated by the presence of great herds of horses, of rhinoceroses, both long and short limbed, of camels in great variety, including the giraffe-like type which was capable of browsing on the higher branches of trees, of small elephants, and of deer, which in adaptation to somewhat arid conditions imitated the antelopes in general structure.

The Glacial Period eliminated half of this fauna, whereas the equatorial latitude of the fauna in Africa saved that fauna from the attack of the Glacial Period, which was so fatally destructive to the animals in the more northerly latitudes of America. The glaciers or at least the very low temperature of the period eliminated especially all the African aspects of our fauna. This destructive agency was almost as baneful and effective as the mythical Noah's flood. When it passed off, there survived comparatively few indigenous North American animals, but the country was repopulated from the entire northern hemisphere, so that the magnificent wild animals which our ancestors found here were partly North American and partly Eurasiatic in origin.

Our animal fortune seemed to us so enormous that it never could be spent. Like a young rake coming into a very large inheritance, we attacked this noble fauna with characteristic American improvidence, and with a rapidity compared with which the Glacial advance was eternally slow; the East went first, and in fifty years we have brought about an elimination in the West which promises to be even more radical than that effected by the ice. We are now beginning to see the end of the North American fauna; and if we do not move promptly, it will become a matter of history and of museums. The bison is on the danger line; if it survives the fatal effects of its natural sluggishness when abundantly fed, it still runs the more insidious but equally great danger of inbreeding, like the wild ox of Europe. The chances for the wapiti and elk and the western mule and black-tail deer are brighter, provided that we move promptly for their protection. The prong-

horn is a wonderfully clever and adaptive animal, crawling under barb-wire fences, and thus avoiding one of the greatest enemies of Western life. Last summer I was surprised beyond measure to see the large herds of twenty to forty pronghorn antelopes still surviving on the Laramie plains, fenced in on all sides by the wires of the great Four-Bar Ranch, part of which I believe are stretched illegally.

I need not dwell on the astonishingly rapid diminution of our large animals in the last few years; it would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle" to detail personal observations before this Club, which is full of men of far greater experience and knowledge than myself. On the White River Plateau Forest Reserve, which is destined to be the Adirondacks of Colorado, with which many of you are familiar, the deer disappeared in a period of four years. Comparatively few are left.

The most thoroughly devastated country I know of is the Uintah Mountain Forest Reserve, which borders between southwestern Wyoming and northern Utah. I first went through this country in 1877. It was then a wild natural region; even a comparatively few years ago it was bright with game, and a perfect flower garden. It has felt the full force of the sheep curse. I think any one of you who may visit this country now will agree that this is not too strong a term, and I want to speak of the sheep question from three standpoints: First, as of a great and legitimate industry in itself; second, from the economic standpoint; third, from the standpoint of wild animals.

The formerly beautiful Uintah Mountain range presents a terrible example of the effects of prolonged sheep herding. The under foliage is entirely gone. The sheep annually eat off the grass tops and prevent seeding down; they trample out of life what they do not eat; along the principal valley routes even the sage-brush is destroyed. Reforesting by the upgrowth of young trees is still going on to a limited extent, but is in danger. The water supply of the entire Bridger farming country, which is dependent upon the Uintah Mountains as a natural reservoir, is rapidly diminishing; the water comes in tremendous floods in the spring, and begins to run short in the summer, when it is most needed. The consequent effects upon both fish and wild animals are well known to you. No other animal will feed after the sheep. It is no exaggeration to say, therefore, that the sheep in this region are the enemies of every living thing.

By contrast to the sheep question, which is a purely economic or utilitarian one, and will settle itself, if we do not settle it by legislation based on scientific observation, the preservation of the Sequoia and of our large wild animals is one of pure sentiment, of appreciation of the ideal side of life; we can live and make money without either. We cannot even use the argument which has been so forcibly used in the case of the birds, that the cutting down of these trees or killing of these animals will upset the balance of nature.

I believe in every part of the country—East, West, North and South—we Americans have reached a stage of civilization where if the matter were at issue the majority vote would unquestionably be, *let us preserve our wild animals.*

We are generally considered a commercial people, and so we are, but we are more than this, we are a people of ideas, and we value them. As stated in the preamble of the Sequoia bill introduced on December 8, 1903, we must legislate for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, and I may add for the greatest happiness of the largest number, not only of the present but of future generations. So far as my observation goes, preservation can only be absolutely insured by national legislation.

The preservation of even a few of our wild animals is a very large proposition; it is an undertaking the difficulty of which grows in magnitude as one comes to study it in detail and gets on the ground. The rapidly increasing legislation in the Western States is an indication of rapidly growing sentiment. A still more encouraging sign is the strong sympathy with the enforcement of the laws which we find around the National Park in Wyoming and Montana especially. State laws should be encouraged, but I am convinced that while effective in the East, they will not be effective in the West *in time*, because of the scattered population, the greater areas of country involved, the greater difficulty of watching and controlling the killing, and the

actual need of game for food by settlers.

When we study the operation of our State laws on the ground we find that for various reasons they are not fully effective. A steady and in some cases rapid diminution of animals is going on so far as I have observed in Colorado and Wyoming; either the wardens strictly enforce the laws with strangers and wink at the breaking of them by residents, or they draw their salaries and do not enforce the laws at all.

The enemies of our wild animals are numerous and constantly increasing. (1) There is first the general advance of what we call civilization, the fencing up of country which principally cuts off the winter feeding grounds. This was especially seen in the country south of the National Park last winter. (2) The destruction of natural browsing areas by cattle and sheep, and by fire. (3) The destruction of game by sportsmen plays a comparatively small part in the total process of elimination, yet in some cases it is very reckless, and especially bad in its example. When I first rode into the best shooting country of Colorado in 1901, there was a veritable cannonading going on, which reminded me of the accounts of the battle of El Caney. The destruction effected by one party in three days was tremendous. In riding over the ground—for I was not myself shooting—I was constantly coming across the carcasses of deer. (4) The summer and winter killing for food; this is the principal and in a sense the most natural and legitimate cause, although it is largely illegal. In this same area, which was more or less characteristic and typical of the other areas, even of the conditions surrounding the national reserve in the Big Horn region, the destruction was, and is, going on principally during the winter when the deer are seeking the winter ranges and when they are actually shot and carted away in large numbers for food both for the ranchmen and for neighboring towns. Making all allowances for exaggeration, I believe it to be absolutely true that these deer were being killed by the wagonload! The same is true of the pronghorn antelope in the Laramie Plains district. The most forceful argument against this form of destruction is that it is extremely short-lived and benefits comparatively few people. This argument is now enforced by law and by public sentiment in Maine and New York, where the wild animals both deer and moose, are actually increasing in number.

Granted, therefore, that we have both national and State sentiment, and that national legislation by co-operation with the States, if properly understood, would receive popular support, the carrying out of this legislation and making it fully effective will be a difficult matter.

It can be done and, in my judgment, by two measures. The first is entirely familiar to you: certain or all of the forest reserves must be made animal preserves; the forest rangers must be made game wardens, or special wardens must be appointed. This is not so difficult, because the necessary machinery is already at hand, and only requires adaptation to this new purpose. It can probably be carried through by patience and good judgment. Second, the matter of the preservation of the winter supply of food and protection of animals while enjoying this supply is the most difficult part of the whole problem, because it involves the acquisition of land which has already been taken up by settlers and which is not covered by the present forest reserve machinery, and which I fear in many instances will require new legislation.

Animals can change their habits during the summer, and have already done so; the wapiti, buffalo, and even the pronghorn have totally changed their normal ranges to avoid their new enemy; but in winter they are forced by the heavy snows and by hunger right down into the enemy's country.

Thus we not only have the problem of making game preserves out of our forest reserves, but we have the additional problem of enlarging the area of forest reserves so as to provide for winter feeding. If this is not done all the protection which is afforded during the summer will be wholly futile. This condition does not prevail in the East, in Maine and in the Adirondacks, where the winter and summer ranges are practically similar. It is therefore a new condition and a new problem.

Greater difficulties have been overcome, however, and I have no doubt that the members of this club will be among the leaders in the movement. The whole country now

applauds the development and preservation of the Yellowstone Park, which we owe largely to the initiative of Phillips, Grinell, and Rogers. Grant and La Farge were pioneers in the New York Zoological Park movement. We know the work of Merriam and Wadsworth, and we always know the sympathies of our honored founder, member and guest of this evening, Theodore Roosevelt.

What the club can do is to spread information and thoroughly enlighten the people, who always act rightly when they understand.

It must not be put on the minutes of the history of America, a country which boasts of its popular education, that the *sequoia*, a race 10,000,000 years old, sought its last refuge in the United States, with individual trees older than the entire history and civilization of Greece, that an appeal to the American people was unavailing, that the finest grove was cut up for lumber, fencing, shingles and boxes! It must not be recorded that races of animals representing stocks 3,000,000 years of age, mostly developed on the American continent, were eliminated in the course of fifty years for hides and for food in a country abounding in sheep and cattle.

The total national investment in animal preservation will be less than the cost of a single battleship. The end result will be that a hundred years hence our descendants will be enjoying and blessing us for the trees and animals, while, in the other case, there will be no vestige of the battleship, because it will be entirely out of date in the warfare of the future.

THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE.

Brief Sketches of Forestry and Foresters.

By CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

PART IV.

The Fight for Life.

THE history of a forest is like that of a vast community of humankind, in many respects resembling a city or extensive colony, only a forest is essentially a socialistic community rather than democratic or imperial. Every tree is engaged in its individual struggle against the other for light, water and food, at the same time each is helping with might and main to bring about the best condition of soil and climate for the health and maintenance of the entire community. Just as men are dependent upon each other for the necessaries of life, trees are dependent one upon another during their years of growth.

Each tree is a protection for its neighbor, without which protection that neighbor might be laid low by the force of wind and storm, his roots be dried and withered by the sun's rays beating too fiercely upon them, or the soil become too arid to furnish him with the food elements necessary to his life and growth. The annual decay and falling

of the leaves enrich the earth, that the growth of a struggling young forest may go on uninterruptedly. Thus, also, the air is kept cooler in summer and warmer in winter by these socialistic propensities of the forest, a great and highly important benefit to the community as a whole. Also the crown of each tree, reaching out to battle with that of its neighbor, helps to form the common canopy, or forest cover, beneath which the tender seedlings of all the other trees are sheltered and protected during the year of their first frail progress toward life and usefulness. The forest canopy preserves and extends a beneficent influence far beyond and outside of the actual area of tree growth.

But, just as is the case in a village or community of men, the necessaries of life must be acquired by a relentless struggle on the part of the individual; in this case the necessaries being moisture for the tree's roots and space and light for its crown. On moist ground, where there is no scarcity of water, the struggle for space and light is much more active and more distinctly observable. The progress of a tree's growth depends largely upon its ability to assimilate food, which assimilation takes place only in the presence of light and air, hence the struggle of the crowns is an important one. In this struggle the victims are many, while the survivors are comparatively few.

In order to comprehend the scope and significance of this peculiar fight for life, it is necessary to follow the career of a specific forest from infancy through its successive stages of development, until the last scene has been enacted and the curtain rung down upon a drama full of deep and abiding interest. For this particular study in forestry, trees are divided into five different stages of growth, as follows: (1) Seedlings, (2) Saplings, (3) Poles, (4) Standards, (5) Veterans. Young trees under three feet in height are seedlings; three to ten feet in height, and of a diameter up to four inches, are saplings; those four to twelve inches in diameter are poles; one to two feet in diameter are standards; over and above two feet diameter are veterans.

Let us assume that we have before us a broadcast sowing of forest seeds. They may have come there by one of many different ways—by the aid of the wind, dropped by birds and rodents, or sowed by more natural processes from the trees themselves. They are all of the same kind, and conditions for germination and initial growth are favorable.

Under the best conditions a considerable number of the seeds will fail to germinate. In this case a reasonably fair proportion prove fertile and begin to send their thread-like roots downward, and their tiny sprouts upward from the mold into which they have fallen. At first the little plant is thread-like and delicate and its hold on life is exceedingly frail and uncertain. The dangers which beset it are many and serious. Extremes of any sort, whether of heat, moisture or frost, are fatal to its little life, and there are other foes equally as destructive. It often happens, also, that large numbers of seedlings perish before their roots can reach the soil beneath the thick coat of dead leaves and sun-dried vegetation which cover it. Through these besetting dangers our little trees pass with a minimum of loss, and in due time a good crop of seedlings are entering upon a promising and hopeful growth. Each tiny tree stands free from the others about it, but the danger from such destructive agents as we have mentioned has not yet passed. Also it may suffer if the forest canopy overhead is too dense. Gradually these seedlings grow and spread, and finally their crowns begin to meet. Then a radical change takes place. The soil, which had been exposed to the sun and wind and thus dried and lessened greatly in fertility, begins to improve as the crowns of the trees meet and shade it, and fallen leaves and twigs enrich it. This increased richness of the soil is felt in fresh vigor and activity among the young trees. They need every item of nourishment which can possibly be secured, for the decisive struggle is now at hand.

In the earth the roots contend with each other for moisture and the plant food contained within it, while the crowns awake to the struggle for space and light. Of the two the latter is by far the more important battle. The tree which can sustain the most rapid rate of growth at the end of its branches will wear the laurel wreath of victory. It is only at the end of the twigs that a tree increases its height and spread of crown. Before the crowns of our young

trees met, growth had been going on unchecked from any natural source, but now only the upward-reaching branches can freely contend in the race for life. The lower twigs are crowned and thrust aside, broken by stronger branches of other trees, bruised and thrashed against each other by the wind, are henceforth practically out of the race.

These lower branches become more and more lifeless, while the growth of the upper ones take on a proportionate increase of life and vigor, adding to the work of destruction by covering the lower laterals with a deeper and deeper shade as time goes on. Gradually the lower growth becomes less and less; finally it ceases altogether, and the branches die. This is the process of natural pruning, and when it is once thoroughly begun, the life of the forest is well established in its first stages of development. Unless destroyed by storm, fire or the ruthless implements of the lumber merchant, it is practically secure.

But here a new phase of the unceasing life-struggle presents itself. Having plenty of room at the top, but restricted as we have seen at the sides, the crowns are growing faster than ever before, and it is ever the case that some will increase more rapidly than others. Their root development may be better, they may have been less ravaged in earlier youth by insect pests, or the soil in which they stand may be richer than that of their neighbors. This special growth brings additional light and air for the crowns and also space in which to spread laterally, thus completing the victory over the slower ones by overtopping them—often wholly retarding their further progress.

Seedlings and saplings in every forest are in this way suppressed and killed in great numbers during active growth. Even the dominant trees, which become free for a time as they rise above their weaker rivals, at length come into conflict with each other, when the same old struggle is renewed with three-fold vigor and determination. Eventually the greater portion of them are overcome and slain in the ceaseless warfare and the remaining ones which have come out victorious are forest veterans. Year by year the difference between them becomes less marked, each clings to life with greater tenacity and the number of victims are noticeably fewer.

Thus our forest has passed through the struggles and dangers which beset its youth and is ready to enter upon the main period of its life and usefulness which corresponds with marked similarity to the life of man in his maturity. This period extends through a much longer time than the life of man, but is filled with the same honor and power during middle life, the same restfulness and decline of strength in old age, and likewise destined to meet the day when the hand of the Great Destroyer shall lay the grizzled veteran low to make room for a new generation.

NATURAL HISTORY

Editor "Western Field": The enclosed photo of a grouse on her nest may perhaps interest you. In making survey for a railroad from the Silver Bow Basin to tidewater, we came across a number of grouse nests right on the line, and in only one instance did a bird fly off the nest, and that a man was chopping on the very bush under which the nest was located. We were careful not to disturb the birds, and they would ruffle their feathers and peck at us if we came too close to the nests. As most of these are on the steep bluffs along Gold Creek, right where the line runs, we frequently got within three feet of them.

The one in the photo had selected for her nest a hole under an overhanging rock covered with moss and weeds and perfectly sheltered from rain and wind. A few days ago, after eating lunch, one of the men held out to her a piece of bread, from which the crust had been broken, and she proceeded to eat it while he held it in his hand. We left the bread at the nest, and when passing on the way to camp, noticed that she had eaten quite a piece of it. She has now hatched the brood and left the nest. It was hard to take the photo, as it was difficult to get footing secure enough to leave both hands free to manipulate the kodak. The picture was taken by Mr. S. L. Berry with a No. 3 Eastman at a distance of four feet.

H. COOLEY.

Juneau, Alaska, June 17, 1905.

Photo by S. L. Berry. GROUSE ON NEST. (*Juneau, Alaska, June, 1905.*)

MORE ABOUT BEARS.

Oakland, Cal., July 18, 1905.

Editor "Western Field":

I read an article in your magazine written by W. Scott Conway about bear, saying he had resided in Northern California for fifty years, and thinks he knows all about bear. Now, from what he says, I think that he knows but very little about Bruin, and the little he does know I guess some one told him, sitting by the fireside at night.

I have hunted for the last twenty-five years, and I know something about bear myself. I have hunted in Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana and Washington, and I have killed all kinds of bear. I have been a guide for fifteen years, and can refer you to people in your city and State—A. E. Fischer of Haywards, John Oswald, A. T. Cameron, main office of Wells-Fargo, San Francisco, and a number of others—and if Mr. Conway will go with me I will show him five different kinds of bear instead of the two varieties which he claims alone exist.

The only thing I see in his writing that is right is that the black and brown bear are all of one kind; that is right. You will see a black mother bear with a brown cub and a black cub, or sometimes with two brown ones; but you will find in the Blue Mountains, Cascades, and in Washington, a cinnamon bear that will weigh eight and nine hundred pounds. He is of a yellowish color in the spring, with black feet and legs—a very pretty color before he sheds in spring. He is one of the worst bears to fight, when crippled, that roam the woods. He will also kill cattle, but I claim there are very few animals on this Coast that will fight if they have a show to run, while the smallest mouse will "scrap" if he can't get a chance to get away.

There is a small bear in the Coast Range in Oregon that will weigh from three to five hundred pounds, which has a red nose, like some dogs you have seen. He is a steel-gray in color, is very handsome in coat in the fall of the year after he gets his winter clothes on. In Eastern Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana you will find the "silver tip"; he is a bear weighing from four to nine hundred pounds, and sometimes more; when full-furred he is of a silver color, but after shedding in summer he is of a dirty-yellowish hue. He will scrap if crippled, and he is a bad bear.

You will also find a small bear in Idaho and in Southern Oregon and in Northwestern California that will fight quicker than any bear on this Coast. He is not very large, weighing from three to six hundred and sometimes seven hundred pounds. The whole front part of his head is white, the rest of him black. Now, Mr. Conway says that bears are like cattle, that they are likely to have different colors. He is mistaken; you will see the common black and brown with white spots on the breast, and sometimes a few white hairs in the flank. Mr. Conway says the grizzly can't climb—well the cinnamon or silver-tip can't climb any more than the grizzly, unless the tree has many low limbs; then they can all climb. Their claws are very nearly straight, so they can't stick them in the bark of a tree like a common black or brown bear or a California lion does. Mr. Conway says the California grizzly will not run from a man; but I beg to differ with him, for I think I have seen as many as ever he has, and I never saw any kind of a bear that would not run at sight of a man.

Mr. Conway speaks of bear hunting in Trinity County, California. If he will go into the northwestern part of Trinity County he will find the bald-faced bear from there into Southern Oregon. He says the grizzly is the most ferocious animal on earth. I can tell him of an animal on this Coast that is two to one worse than any bear to tackle a man, and that is nothing more than a buck elk in running time. These animals will not give the trail for man on foot or horseback, and when crippled and crowded they are right on the "scrap," and if you don't get them the first shot, they get you; for you can't use your knife on them, and when they land those feet on you it is all off.

Most men who get hurt by bear suffer through their own fault; they get excited and shoot at the first hair they see, probably break a leg, and run in some brush thicket where they have no show to use their guns, and so get chewed up.

Mr. Conway tells of the grizzlies making tracks eighteen inches long; he has evidently been out in some wild place alone and got to thinking of some grizzly story he had heard some crank tell, and probably saw where a deer had lain down, and thought it was a grizzly track. I claim there never was a bear on this Coast that made a track over twelve inches long, and such tracks are mighty scarce. He tells of them weighing eighteen hundred pounds. Now I think I have seen and killed as many bear as any man on this Coast, and I never saw one that would weigh over nine hundred, so when a man tells you he has seen them weigh eighteen hundred up to two thousand pounds, you can bet he had the bear fever bad, or is drawing the long bow.

I am not a very good writer, but I hope you can find space to print this. To any one wanting to go hunting where he can see plenty of bear, please say that he can do no better than to go into the Coast Range, in Oregon, on the Rogue River, in October, when acorns are falling. There one can see from one to fifteen in a day's hunt in acorn time, but when the mast is all gone the bears scatter out all over, and you don't find them much without dogs. It is also a great country for deer and trout.

From an old-time hunter and guide.

W. H. BOREN.

Roseburg, Ore.

Webber Lake, Sierra Co., Cal.
July 15, 1905.

Editor "Western Field": The fishing here with spoon and minnow has been quite good the past few weeks. I find the Stewart spoon the most killing of any this season. No. 0 and No. 1 copper, and silver and copper seem to be the favorites, the fish running pretty large, one six and one-half-pound Loch Leven taken on No. 1 Stewart spoon, the largest trout taken so far this season. I took a six-pound Loch Leven on a No. 12 Kewell Royal Coachman fly, the largest trout ever taken on fly here; took me forty minutes to land him, and I had royal fun.

Parties to Fordyce Lake, seven miles distant, return with the limit (fifty fish), and to Jackson Creek, nine miles (head of Middle Yuba), are having fine sport with fly. Mr. Jordan has planted 50,000 Eastern brook fish already, and expects to put in over 100,000 cutthroats this season. The fly fishing has been fair the last ten days, although the wind has been too heavy for four days for sport. Some very good catches have been made the past week—five, seven, eight, nine and twelve to the rod, the trout running from one-half to two and one-half pounds each.

JOHN OREAR.

* * *

WAS THIS MERELY INSTINCT?

Editor "Western Field": No one will accuse John Burroughs of giving way to the imaginative in anything he has ever written about birds and animals. In his desire to adhere strictly to the actual, it may be that he has fallen into the habit of ridiculing and declaring untrue the observations of others less known, but just as enthusiastic lovers of nature as he.

Mr. Burroughs is very careful to keep that overworked word "instinct" close at his elbow. In the same way our fathers fell back on the "supernatural." But I have no quarrel with Mr. Burroughs. I hope that I recognize the good he has done, even if I do refuse to relegate deductive reasoning to the dim background.

One evening after dinner I was leaning on the gate watching the sun go down beyond the Green Mountains, when I suddenly heard a flutter of wings close behind me, followed by a most brilliant song. Turning around quickly, I saw a grey bird with a slight topknot dancing around on the slender limb of a lilac bush, and uttering the inimitable sounds that had so startled me.

It did not take long to discover the cause of the commotion. On the ground, with its comical little head turned up to its mother, sat a young bird. Its wings were covered with short feathears and its tail was the stubbiest little appendage ever seen. I stooped to pick up the fledgling, when the mother bird commenced to utter shrill cries and circled around in great alarm, not to say distress. At first the baby bird fluttered away through the grass, but suddenly became quiet and permitted me to pick it up. The mother bird, which I now recognized as a Phoebe, came back to the lilac and watched every move with great anxiety, frequently bursting forth into language that was delightful to hear, even if it did carry the tones of alarm.

I placed the little bird on a twig of the same bush in which the mother was hopping about, and backed away to watch developments. What mother Phoebe said I shall not attempt to translate, but the baby fluttered about for a few moments and then settled down with its head drawn close to its body. The dark eyes of the little one watched me attentively from its perch among the green leaves, but all signs of alarm had gone. The mother bird, apparently reassured by the presence of her child in a safer place, quieted down and soon flew away. I imagined that she had gone to look after the other members of her family. Probably I was wrong in giving my imagination such play. John Burroughs would ask how did I know that she had another baby to look after? Why should I think for the bird? What right had I to go beyond the evidence before me? Well, however that may be, I preferred to take that view rather than to imagine that she had deserted her offspring.

About this time I discovered a cat crouching in the shadow of the hedge. May I be permitted to say that the cat had a satisfied expression, that it gazed on the tiny bird in the lower bush mildly anticipatory of the coming feast? Falling once into the imaginative strain, it is rather difficult to avoid the same "error"; so I decided that the only way to preserve the youngster, over whose life I had appointed myself guardian, was to remove it to a safer place.

A glass dish was filled with straw. A mother bird might have looked with scorn on the workmanship that produced something like a nest, but what mattered it so long as baby bird was satisfied? It snuggled down contented and took a nap while I leaned against the fence and glanced over a daily paper. I had placed the dish with its precious infant on the top of a post. An occasional glance convinced me that all was going well. Suddenly the youngster awoke and then decided to take a walk. The moment I went up to the post there was a whirlwind of chirping, a fluttering of wings, and to my great amusement a mouth was opened so wide that it seemed all out of proportion to the size of the body. Of course I only imagined that my ward had turned tyrant and was demanding food. But when some fat worms were brought, the youngster could hardly refrain from jumping out of its new home so anxious was it to fill itself. Captivity may have its terrors for some birds and animals, but as for this one, not a bit of it. While it was eating, I caught sight of Mother Phoebe in a tree near by. It was only a fleeting glance, however, and she disappeared, apparently satisfied that no harm was intended to her offspring.

With the coming of darkness, little Phoebe was taken to the balcony on the second story of the house and there secreted among the vines that trail luxuriantly down to the ground below. Not a note of remonstrance came from the hay nest. Just before retiring for the night, an inspection showed that the little one had cuddled down and gone fast asleep, unconscious of possible danger from marauding Thomases.

With the coming of morning, the sun stole through the big trees in front of the house and crept among the vines. Baby Phoebe awoke and in answer to his mother's cry started out again to try his little wings. I have not seen the little one again, but as there are no stray feathers around to tell of an unseen and unheard tragedy, I imagine that my ward escaped and has become a part of the colony of birds that make the well shaded garden at the side of the house a nature lover's paradise.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Derby Line, Vt.

THE FIRST BEAR HUNT OF THE SEASON.

Dr. F. Gerlack and party of San Jose, Cal., recently returned from a bear hunt in the wilds of Trinity County, A. R. Gates acting as guide. The morning after reaching camp, the guide, with his dogs, started out at break of day. After traveling three or four hours he found trace of a bear which the dogs treed and held until he returned to camp for the sportsmen and assistant guide.

They arrived in due time and secured several photographs of the bear in different positions up in the tree. After considerable talking, it was decided to let Mr. Bear come down and let men and dogs give another chase for sport.

After the bear came down the three exhausted dogs fought it so closely that it could not tree, and they let him escape after six hours of faithful watching and tiring run.

Two of the dogs were injured in the fight, but they all bravely redeemed themselves the next day by following and treeing the largest black bear your humble servant has ever seen in this part of the State. Dr. Gerlack shot and killed the monster and has the exceptionally fine hide as a reminder of a very successful and pleasant bear hunt. Due credit must be given Mr. Gates for his faithful endeavor to make this hunt what it has proved to be—an unqualified success.

MAUDE KELLOGG DOBBYN.

Hayfork, Trinity County, Cal.

THE PRESIDIO GOLF CLUB

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

IN the last day of July the San Francisco Golf and Country Club gave up its club-house and course on the Military Reservation and entered into formal possession of its new quarters and links near the Ingleside race track. The club-house, situated just outside the boundary wall of the United States Military Reservation, was sold some time ago to a firm of real estate agents, who are making extensive improvements on the property to the south of the Reservation and to the west of First Avenue.

Several enthusiastic members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, while retaining their membership in that organization, felt much regret at giving up a course admitted to be one of the most picturesque on the Pacific Coast and specially desirable on account of its proximity to the city. The Presidio golf course is probably more accessible than any adjacent to a large city in the United States. As several thousand dollars have been expended on laying it out and maintaining it, the course is in excellent condition. The heavy fogs which sweep in through the Golden Gate during the summer keep it from becoming wholly dried up and hardened during even the warmest weather. Business men, who can devote only the tail-end of an afternoon to golf, want above all a course that can be reached as quickly as possible.

These considerations induced several well-known insurance men and others to form an organization to take over the club-house of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club and the privileges hitherto granted to the members of that club by the military authorities. The club-house was leased on very favorable and moderate terms from the new owners and the Commandant of the Presidio readily granted the use of the course. The club-house, being by no means old and having been designed specially for the purposes for which it has been used, is a very comfortable home for the new organization, which has been named the Presidio Golf Club. The owners and lessors have agreed to spend a considerable sum in repairing the building and putting the surrounding grounds into good order.

The organizers of the Presidio Golf Club met on June 28, on which day by-laws were adopted and a Council of five elected to look after the interests of the club. The gentlemen chosen to serve until the next election were James Rolph, Jr., L. B. Edwards, L. I. Cowgill, F. B. Kellam and Bernard Faymonville. The officers are Bernard Faymonville, President; L. B. Edwards, Vice-President, and F. B. Kellam, Secretary. The organizing members are the above-named, with Reginald White, H. V. Ramsdell, J. B. Levison, A. B. Boldwin, Arthur G. Towne, S. M. C. Sloss (Judge of the Superior Court), Dr. F. J. Lane, Samuel A. Wood, John C. Dornin, E. H. Bacon, F. W. Foulkes, J. R. Howell, W. S. Du Val, H. B. Keith, C. A. Henry, Frank Morton, Andrew C. Griffin, Charles P. Eells, Willard O. Wagman, Colonel G. W. Hazen, Major Charles Christensen, S. L. Abbott Jr., W. J. Dutton, P. McG. McBean, R. P. Fabj, R. G. Hanford, G. H. Mendell Jr., Tirey L. Ford, John A. Hammersmith, E. H. Towle, Rolla V. Watt, Charles M. Wood and E. D. Bullard.

There are three classes of members; men,

women and juniors. The men are termed "regular" members (without any implication that the others are or will become irregular, either in their habits or the payment of their subscriptions) and are required to pay an admission fee, which is fixed for the time-being at $25 and a monthly subscription of five dollars. Ladies who desire to become members of the Ladies' Annex may be admitted on application through a "regular" member and (unless the lady is the wife of a "regular" member) are required to pay an admission fee of $15 and monthly dues of $1.50. The wife of a "regular" member is entitled to membership in the Ladies' Annex without the payment of an admission fee. The young people (defined as being under the age of 21) of a member's household may be elected to the Junior Annex and pay $1 per month. The club-house will be at the disposal of the members, for social purposes, under such rules as may be adopted by the Council. The Juniors may use the club-house and links under such restrictions as the Council may impose. Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States will receive the Council's invitation to use the club-house at all times. The money derived from admission fees will be devoted to furnishing the club-house and to such other purposes as may seem good to the Council. It is believed that the monthly dues of the "regular" members will be reduced as soon as they number one hundred.

The Council has decided to furnish one locker free of charge to each member of the "regular" class or Ladies' Annex. For each additional locker a charge of $3 per annum will be made. Members may introduce non-resident visitors to the club and may entertain residents of San Francisco and neighborhood in the club-house, but it is not permitted to invite residents to make use of the links.

William J. and Mrs. Bradley reside at the club-house, the latter having the care of the house and the serving of refreshments in her charge. W. J. Bradley is an expert golfer and was for some time instructor at the Sacramento Golf Club. He is also a maker and repairer of golf clubs, and members are requested to avail themselves of his services in purchasing their outfit. Those who desire instruction in the game may arrange with W. J. Bradley for lessons. He superintends the golf course and the grounds of the club-house, which will be kept in excellent order. About the first of August, William J. and Mrs. Bradley took over the charge of the club-house from Mrs. Guthrie. Steiner 1476, the telephone number of the old club, has been retained by the new one.

There has been a disposition in some quarters to regard the organization of the Presidio Golf Club with disfavor, as tending to weaken the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, from which some of the leading members of the new club were drawn. Some of the "regular" members of the new club, however, will retain their membership in the San Francisco Golf and Country Club and will take part in such competitions as are held on the Ingleside course on public holidays. An examination of the list of organizing members will show the names of many men who were not members of the old club and have not hitherto taken up the game. These men for the most part are residents of the Western Addition and live at no great distance from the Military Reservation. They are also men engaged in active business, who cannot afford the time that will be consumed by the journey to and from the Ingleside course. To such men as these the propinquity of the Presidio links to their homes and its accessibility from the region of banks and insurance offices are the really important things.

Furthermore, when we consider that San Francisco has a white population of more than 300,000 people, it ought to be able to support two flourishing golf clubs. Pasadena has two golf courses, Santa Barbara has two and at one time there were three golf clubs in Riverside. There should, therefore, be no difficulty in filling up the membership rolls of two clubs in the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast. It certainly would have been matter for regret if a course so favorably situated as the Presidio links, upon the improvement of which considerable sums of money have been spent, should have been allowed to lapse into disuse, except as an occasional exercise ground for Uncle Sam's cavalry or artillery. The organizers of the Presidio Golf Club have established very pleasant relations with the military authorities, and it seems likely that the golfers will not be seriously disturbed in the enjoyment of the links in future. The Commanding officer of the Presidio is glad to have the golfers on the Reservation as their maintenance of the golf course tends to beautify the domain and furnishes a convenient and agreeable means of exercise and recreation to the officers.

As the San Francisco Golf and Country Club removed its furniture from the Presidio house to its quarters at Ingleside, the new club will have to supply its own equipment. It is probable that the task will have been accomplished by the time that this article reaches the hands of its readers, and early during the present month (September) the Council of the Presidio Golf Club will arrange for a formal opening and an initial tournament.

FIRST RACE FOR THE ELKS' CUP.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FOR some years past there has been complaint of the small number of entries made in the annual club regattas. The owners of old-type boats do not care to meet certain defeat at the hands of yachtsmen who possess craft of modern fashion designed for fast work. Barring accidents, it is a foregone conclusion that a boat with a fin keel and long overhangs will beat a vessel of the same racing length whose water-line measurement nearly equals her over-all length. And even among boats of the old-fashioned type, some have been found, by repeated trial, to be capable of greater speed than others, and the owners of the slower craft do not desire any further demonstration of what is a matter of common knowledge. It is not the easiest matter in the world to accept defeat gracefully, but it is harder still to struggle when you know beforehand that you are certain to be beaten.

With the view of inducing a large number of owners to enter their boats in a regatta, the Corinthians in 1902 arranged a handicap race, in which each yacht received a time allowance based, not upon its measurement, but upon its performances in previous contests, or its speed as compared with other yachts of the fleet. The allowances were given at the start, the smallest and supposedly slowest boats crossing the line first, and the others following in order, the boat believed to be the fastest starting last. This plan has the great merit that the order in which the yachts finish is the true order, and that no mathematical calculations have to be made after the race is over to decide which boat won. The race becomes intelligible to the ordinary spectator, without losing any of its interest to the person familiar with the technicalities of yacht racing.

The first handicap race, held in 1902, was won by George Biber's sloop Mignon, a 30-footer. The winner in the 1903 event was Brickell and Bowes' sloop Genesta, a 36-footer. In 1904 J. Stevens' 20-foot fin-keel sloop Ruby came in ahead of the fleet, the Short brothers' 36-foot sloop Emma being second, Westerfeld and Morrow's 30-foot sloop Aeolus third, and Commodore T. Jennings' 44-foot sloop Speedwell fourth.

The 1904 event was the fourth annual handicap race held by the Corinthian Yacht Club and was looked forward to with great interest, as it was the first annual contest for the Elks'

FULTON G. BERRY AT THE WHEEL.
Inkersley, Photo.

Cup, a handsome silver trophy presented by the fraternal order to the yachtsmen and held by them as a perpetual challenge cup. The day selected for the race was Sunday, July 16. The Elks determined to make the first contest for their trophy a memorable one, hired a bay steamer to convey them from San Francisco to Tiburon and round the course. To keep their spirits up (and their breakfasts down) they engaged the band of the Third United States Artillery, which supplied inspiring music throughout the day.

The yachts started across a line drawn from Blanding's Point, Belvedere, to a stakeboat, sailing thence to and round Goat Island shoal buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to and round Presidio shoal buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to the finish across the starting line. Just at the start the wind was light and also at the finish, but all over the course it was steady and fairly strong. The first boat to start was the little yawl Kittiwake at 11:20 A. M. She was followed by the sloop Josie at 11:25, the sloops Cupid and May at 11:27, and so on, the last to cross being Frank J. Stone's sloop Presto at 12 noon. The fastest time was made by F. Sharpe's sloop Harpoon

NIXIE.
Inkersley, Photo.

CLARA.
Inkersley, Photo.

(sailed by F. R. Cook), which covered the course in 1 hour, 58 minutes, 43 seconds elapsed time. George Biber's sloop Mignon, winner of the 1902 race, while cruising about near the starting line, was interfered with by another yacht and did not cross until late. Her finishing time was not taken by the committee. This was a bad piece of luck, as her owner had good hopes of finishing well up on the list.

As the tide turned to ebb at 12:25 P. M., at Fort Point on that day, the early part of the race was on water still running flood, though not strongly. Nearly all the yachts, therefore, after rounding Goat Island shoal buoy, sailed for the city front, along which they made short tacks inshore, so as to get into slack water as much as possible. This was evidently the right course, for the boats which kept out in the open channel made slow time. The three last boats to start were Commodore T. Jenning's sloop Speedwell, sailed by E. Howard; Fulton G. Berry's sloop Nixie, with her owner at the wheel, and Frank J. Stone's sloop Presto, with her builder at the helm. The Nixie did not sail a good course and finished among the last. Presto and Speedwell did not finish much better, their skippers being more busily engaged in jockeying each other than in covering the course as fast as possible. Presto finished 29 seconds ahead of Speedwell.

First place and the honor of holding the Elks' Cup for a year were won by J. C. Brickell's sloop Genesta, which finished at 1:53:10 P. M., beating J. E. McFarlane's sloop Discovery, which finished at 1:53:17, by the small margin of seven seconds. That the work of the regatta committee was well done is shown by the fact that the sixteenth boat finished only 7 minutes, 39 seconds later than the first one. This was Commodore T. Jennings' Speedwell, which was just "outside the money," the first fifteen boats receiving prizes. The awards consisted of coils of rope, cans of copper paint, a clock, a sheath knife, a bilge pump, oars and boat-hook, side-lights, C. Y. C. pennant, cases of wine and groceries. These were presented after lunch in the main hall in the usual informal manner, and to the accompaniment of much "joshing." The results of the race were very satisfactory to the regatta committee, the members of which were T. J. Kavanagh, Douglas Erskine and Stuart Middlemas. The details are given in the table:

FOURTH ANNUAL HANDICAP RACE OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, SAILED JULY 16, 1905.

Yacht and Skipper.	Start. Time.	Finish. Time.
Genesta—J. C. Brickell	11:43:00	1:53:10
Discovery—J. E. McFarlane	11:46:00	1:53:17
Freda—A. M. Stringer	11:42:00	1:53:53
Kathleen—F. C. Raymond	11:51:00	1:54:26
Meteor—W. J. Hogg	11:51:00	1:56:40
Harpoon—F. R. Cook	11:58:00	1:56:43
Neva—J. Stevenson	11:45:00	1:56:59
Mischief—R. Dean	11:55:00	1:57:15
Aeolus—C. Westerfeld	11:53:00	1:57:36
Neptune—P. Murthin	11:44:00	1:58:35
Clara—J. W. Pew	11:57:30	1:59:54
Emma—J. Short	11:54:00	2:00:00
Edna—E. F. Sagar	11:55:00	2:00:10
Vixen—D. Abecassis	11:30:00	2:00:18
Presto—F. J. Stone	12:00:00	2:00:20
Speedwell—E. Howard	11:58:00	2:00:49
Elsie—C. B. Trull	11:40:00	2:02:07
Ruby—J. Stevens	11:46:00	2:03:12
May—H. D. Hawks	11:27:00	2:04:31
Nixie—F. G. Berry	11:58:30	2:05:08
Cupid—F. Doane	11:27:00	2:07:39
Josie—G. Walker	11:25:00	2:09:15
Kittiwake—Percy Burr	11:20:00	2:13:06

The race over, the yachtsmen and their guests went ashore and did full justice to the good things prepared for them by Port Captain John H. Keefe, commissary general of the Corinthian Yacht Club. After luncheon, the prizes were distributed by Commodore Tom Jennings, who had a pleasant word for each of the recipients. The rest of the afternoon was spent pleasantly with song and story contributed by Frank W. Thompson, Bob Mitchell and other Corinthians. Brother Hickey of the Elks made an appropriate and amusing response to Commodore Jennings' words of welcome, and other Elks lent their assistance to the entertainment. The visitors and many of their hosts returned to San Francisco on the steamer engaged by the Elks. The first handicap race for the Elks' Cup was eminently successful, and all who witnessed it will retain most agreeable recollections of the day.

ROWING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

The Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FOR several years rowing on the Bay of San Francisco was under the control of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, nearly all the directors of which were representatives of rowing clubs. Though track and field events and nearly all branches of amateur sport came within the limits of their jurisdiction, most of their time and attention were devoted to the interests of the rowing clubs and the management of regattas. In this respect the P. A. of the A. A. U. furnished an interesting example of the modification of institutions by local circumstances. All over the United States, with the exception of California, rowing does not fall under the jurisdiction of the Amateur Athletic Union at all, but under that of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Yet in California, the principal and almost the sole visible function of the Pacific Association of the A. A. U. was the management of rowing events. The leading spirits of the P. A. of the A. A. U. were John R. Bockman of the Ariel Rowing Club, W. B. Hinchman of the Alameda Boating Club, A. P. Rothkopf of the Dolphin B. C., Dr. C. C. Dennis of the South End R. C., Thomas Lands and William Espey of the Pioneer R. C., George James of the Olympic Club and Stanley Adderly of the Triton B. C. Others who took an active part in the management of regattas were J. D. Mahoney, S. J. Pembroke, P. J. Enright, A. J. Fritz, John P. Foley, A. W. Pape, J. B. Keenan and H. W. Maas.

The headquarters of rowing until two or three years ago were at Long Bridge, on which stood the boathouses of the Pioneer and Ariel Rowing Clubs, while the house of the South End Rowing Club at the foot of Third Street was not far distant. The Dolphin Boating Club was founded in 1878 and occupies a convenient and handsome boathouse at the foot of Hyde Street on North Beach. Hard by is the house of the Triton Swimming and Boating Club. The regattas of the South End, Ariel and Pioneer Clubs were held over the Long Bridge course, as also were the annual championship races of the year. The Alameda Boating Club and the University of California Boating Association held their own races on Oakland Creek, but joined in open regattas wherever they might be held. In the closing years of the last century several regattas were given at El Campo, but strong winds and rough water were often encountered here on

START OF FOUR-OARED BARGE RACE ON LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND, CAL.
By Courtesy of San Francisco "Call."

OFFICERS OF THE PACIFIC ASSOCIATION AMERICAN OARSMEN.

1. W. C. Donnelly, Treas.
2. F. V. Barrr, Sec'y.
3. Al. Kihn, Clerk of Course, Vallejo Regatta.
4. Jas. Wilson, Vice Prest.
5. H. K. McKevitt, Chairman Regatta Committee.
6. W. F. Harris, Prest.

summer afternoons. The necessity of waiting until the crowd had assembled compelled the committee to defer the races until the conditions become unfavorable for racing boats.

In 1898 the search for a new course, where smooth water could be found, led the oarsmen to Lake Bohemia, near Guerneville, where a programme lasting two days was given in the middle of October. The outing was a very pleasant one, but the difficulty and hazard of transporting the racing boats by rail for so great a distance deterred the oarsmen from repeating the experience. Far from large towns, too, it was not possible to gather a sufficiently large number of spectators to make the event a financial success.

The board of managers of the Pacific Association of the A. A. U., by virtue of considerable experience, came to manage a rowing event pretty well and certainly succeeded in giving as many open regattas as were necessary. There is, however, always a certain dissatisfaction with things as they are which induces people to seek change. Oarsmen felt that the P. A. of the A. A. U. was a body concerned with general athletics and not with rowing only. They preferred to have rowing affairs managed by a rowing association and, to this end, the Alameda and Dolphin Boating Clubs became members of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. The attempt, however, to found a local rowing association, though they gave rise to a good deal of discussion and some disturbance from time to time, came to nothing for several years. The managers of the P. A. of the A. A. U. did not wish to be shorn of a considerable part of their powers and opposed strenuously any effort to take the control of rowing affairs out of their hands.

At last the managers of the P. A. of the A. A. U., having become a little weary of the struggle and having lost some of their combativeness, resisted less vigorously. The latest onslaught of the oarsmen resulted in their wresting the management of rowing from the hands of the P. A. of the A. A. U., and in the formation of a new body named the Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen. This new body is affiliated with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen and will be spoken of hereafter as the P. A. A. O. While the work of organization was being done, C. M. Farrell of the Dolphin B. C., was temporary president. The officers now are as follows: W. F. Harris of the Dolphin B. C., President; James A. Wilson of the Ariel Rowing Club, Vice-President; W. C. Donnelly of the Alameda B. C., Treasurer; F. V. Ferrers Baker of the South End R. C., Secretary; H. K. McKevitt of the Dolphin B. C., Assistant Secretary and Chairman of the regatta committee; Charles A. Goshen of the Vallejo Yachting and R. C., Secretary of the regatta committee.

The following clubs are included in the P. A. A. O., and are represented by the delegates named: Alameda B. C., by F. E. Browning, W. C. Donnelly and Al Kihn; Ariel R. C. by Eugene Flanders, Charles Wilson and James Wilson; Dolphin B. C. by T. R. Dixon, W. F. Harris and H. K. McKevitt; Vallejo Y. and R. C. by P. J. Weniger, C. A. Goshen and H. F. Stahl. The Pioneer Rowing Club still owns a large equipment but has taken no part in regattas for some years past. Its boat, oars, etc., are stored in a small house near the Arctic Oil Works. The South End R. C. has not yet appointed any delegates to the P. A. A. O., though a well-known South End oarsman is secretary of the new organization. It is understood that the South End Club, so soon as circumstances permit it to devote attention and money to racing, will enter barge crews and single scullers at the regattas held by the P. A. A. O. Since they were compelled to leave their old quarters at the foot of Third Street, the South End oarsmen have had their hands full in meeting the heavy expenses of building and equipping their new boathouse, which stands near the new quarters of the Ariel R. C., a little to the south of the Arctic Oil Works. Both clubs now have an excellent location, on clear, open water, suitable for swimming. In the old Long Bridge days the Ariel and Pioneer oarsmen had to pass under an old wharf in getting out from or back to their club-house and the South End rowers launched their craft under a hay wharf, the exit to open water being sometimes blocked by a schooner lying alongside to discharge cargo. Between the handsome, roomy, convenient boat-houses now occupied by the Ariel and South End Clubs is an open space, which is reserved for quarters for the Pioneer R. C.

FRED SHERRY, SENIOR SKIFF CHAMPION, 1905.
Bangs-Conners, Photo.

The first regatta held by the newly organized P. A. A. O. took place at Vallejo on Decoration Day, over a straightaway course in Mare Island Straits, the finish being opposite the float of the Vallejo Y. and R. C., going down in the direction of San Pablo Bay. The tide runs so strongly in the Straits that it is difficult to make much headway against it. It is probable that, when another regatta is held on these waters, the men will row from the magazine wharf up the Straits towards the receiving ship

Bangs-Conners, Photo.

THE DOLPHIN INTERMEDIATE BARGE CREW.

L. C. RICHMOND. After Waist. | E. J. MOHR, F. Waist. | G. KENNIFF, Coxswain. | H. K. MCKEVITT, Stroke. | A. W. WARD, Bow.

Independence, finishing, as before, opposite the quarters of the Vallejo Y. and R. C. The programme included barge races in the junior, intermediate and senior classes; a four-oared shell race; senior skiff event; 100 yards and relay swimming races; greasy boom; high and fancy diving, a duck hunt and a race for yachts' dingeys. A steamer conveyed the contestants, with their equipment and many spectators to Vallejo, bringing them back to San Francisco in the evening. No open rowing regatta has occurred in Vallejo for so many years that some delay was almost unavoidable, especially as the event was the first held by the new organization. There was some good racing and the officials gained experience that will be useful in future events. The participants in the races were members of the Dolphin B. C., the Alameda B. C., the Ariel R. C., and the Vallejo Y. and R. C.

The second event under the management of the P. A. A. O. was the annual championship regatta on Lake Merritt, the funds for which were provided by the Oakland Citizens' Fourth of July Celebration Committee. Crews and single scullers from the Alameda B. C., the Dolphin B. C. and the Ariel R. C. took part in a programme in which there were the usual barge, shell and skiff races, and also a contest in double sculling boats, in which a pair of Alameda oarsmen beat a pair of Ariel Club members, each boat carrying a coxwain. The boats used in this event are two precisely similar craft formerly owned by the Columbia Rowing Club and purchased from it by the Alameda B. C. The regatta was witnessed by a large number of spectators, who watched it with great interest. The representatives of the Alameda B. C. carried off the lion's share of the prizes and A. W. Pape of the Dolphin B. C. had no difficulty in retaining his championship in the single shell.

The third event under the management of the P. A. A. O. took place on Sunday, July 30, at El Campo, the programme consisting of junior and senior barge races and outrigged skiff races. The day was pleasant and, though a pretty strong breeze came up in the afternoon, the course near the shore, especially for the crew having the inside station, was fairly smooth. The Alameda B. C. won both the barge races and A. W. Keegan of the Ariel R. C. walked away from C. J. Hague of the Alameda B. C. in the outrigged skiff event. At the time of writing (August 1) it appears that the P. A. A. O. will hold a regatta at Sacramento on September 9, in connection with the decennial celebration of the Native Sons of the Golden West in the Capital City. So long a time has elapsed since San Francisco Bay oarsmen took part in a regatta at Sacramento that the event, if it can be carried out successfully, will excite great interest and may create a new enthusiasm for rowing among the young men of the capital.

Up to the present moment the managers of the P. A. A. O. have followed the practice of the P. A. of the A. A. U., the programme of a regatta consisting of barge races in the senior, intermediate and junior classes, of outrigged skiff contests in the senior and junior classes and of single shell races in the same two classes. One novelty, as already stated, has been introduced in the shape of the double sculling race with cockswains. The four-oared shell race that took place at Vallejo on Decoration Day was the first that has been held for some time on the bay or any of the waters adjacent thereto. There has been much talk at various times of reviving racing in four-oared shells, the Ariel R. C. being particularly desirous of doing so. The four-oared barge was adopted here on account of the rough waters of the bay during the summer season and was at first a strongly built and somewhat heavy craft. But the desire of crews to pull as light a boat as possible led to the building of a series of boats, each lighter than its predecessor. The Alameda B. C. was the first to get a light racing

barge and has since maintained the custom of having boats lighter than those of its competitors. This lightening of the weight of racing boats has now proceeded so far that clubs which do not own a barge or outrigged skiff of the latest model are debarred from entering open regattas, as their representatives, pulling heavy, old-fashioned boats, feel that they are too heavily handicapped to have a reasonable hope of victory.

If single shell and four-oared shell rowing became general, four-oared crews and single scullers would be on fair and equal terms, as there is little room for variation in the construction of shells. It is said, and probably quite correctly, by the advocates of shell rowing, that a shell can live in any water that does not swamp a light racing barge or outrigged skiff and that the early-day races in San Francisco bay were in shells.

Though men may row for exercise and recreation at any season of the year, it is necessary to hold open regattas during the summer when the days are long and there is opportunity for crews to practice in the evenings or the early mornings. If it were not for this, the winter would be more suitable, as, barring a few stormy and wet days, the weather is calm and the water smooth during that season. A bright winter day is altogether pleasanter for rowing than the average summer afternoon on San Francisco Bay. But natural conditions must be taken as they are. All that can be done is to make the best of them.

MORNING AFTER THE CORINTHIAN JINKS.
F. J. Clute, Photo.

The race which took place in April between the crews of the Universities of Washington and Stanford showed that, in the morning, at any rate, it is possible to get a smooth course on Richardson's Bay at Sausalito. It is to be hoped that the P. A. A. O., in looking for a regatta course, will not overlook this one, which is easily reached, has deep enough water for rowing and is perfectly free from interruption by ferry boats, scow schooners, steam tugs and other bay craft.

A. W. PAPE, (DOLPHIN BOATING CLUB), FOR SEVERAL YEARS SINGLE SHELL CHAMPION OF PACIFIC COAST.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

THERE was nothing of especial interest during July except the yacht races. Of course they make up the big international fixture of the Coast. Vancouver had the honor of entertaining the yachtsmen at the meet of 1905. With their entertainment the boys seemed well satisfied, the Washington skippers taking all the plums of the gathering home with them. The Canadians, however, console themselves with thoughts of another year. Like the America Cup, these Northwest trophies are not screwed down; they change their keepers quite frequently—at least almost yearly—which is well, for the winning and losing of the trophies serves to make the yachting game most healthy in these parts.

• • •

A clear sky, with little streaks of air marking the dull water with rich blue patches, a fleet of thirty racers of various types and rigs gliding slowly to and fro, their ensigns hanging listless at their peaks, their light silk pennants only showing that there was life aloft, was the picture beheld from the shores of English Bay on the morning of the 30th of June. It was a pretty sight, though not very animated, and told of the annual gathering of Northwest yachtsmen; which, though not so largely attended as some past meets at Port Townsend, was mainly successful.

The first bunch of the flyers was to go over the line at 10:30 a. m. The course was triangular, two miles to the leg; A and B classes to sail it twice, and C and D classes but once. Charlie Julian, skipper of the Dolores, which was the stake-boat, is nothing if not punctual; and the roar of his little brass cannon started the A class boats on schedule time. In this class there were five starters for honors: Gwendolyn and Lavita, Queen City Yacht Club, Seattle; Maple Leaf, Vancouver Yacht Club; Gwenol, Victoria Yacht Club, and White Wings, Bellingham Bay Yacht Club. The race was all to the light-weather flyer, Gwendolyn and she was at no time in danger of being beaten. She finished fully half a mile in the lead of the next following boats, Maple Leaf and White Wings, these boats putting up a closely-contested race, crossing the finish line almost together. It was by no means a day for Gwenol, for she was built for heavy weather sailing, and she finished fourth. The Lavita, last boat in, was very unfortunate in getting to the starting line, running into a calm patch; and it was fully thirty-five minutes after the A Class boats were timed to get away that she crossed

COMMODORE W. S. GRAVELEY.

the line. Her skipper and crew stayed with the game though, and gained considerably ere the winner's gun had sounded.

Ten minutes after the big fellows started, the B Class boats went over the line. That was the time between the guns for each class. The entries in B Class were: Ariadne, Bellingham Bay Yacht Club; Madaleine, Narbethong, Eileen and Titania, all of the Vancouver Yacht Club. These boats—and it is in B Class that we always see the most spirited racing hereabouts—were well together all over the course, with the exception of the start, which was most disadvantageous to Madeleine as she got becalmed along with Lavita and was nearly eight minutes getting over the line after the other boats in her class. What he lost at the start, however, Skipper Austin sought to retrieve by good judgment and clever handling, and at the last buoy of the second round he had passed the other boats and was but the half of a minute behind Ariadne, the leading yacht. Here again Madeleine was beset with difficulties, being blanketed by A Class boats, which gave the Ariadne a lead that could not be cut down to the finishing line, and she won, with some three and a half minutes to the good. Narbethong was third, Titania fourth and Eileen last.

In C Class, no Vancouver boats started, only one having entered, the Banshee, and she did

not appear at the line. The boats to start were: Empress II, Seattle, Queen City Yacht Club; Venus, Nanaimo Yacht Club; Two Step and P. D. Q., Bellingham Bay Yacht Club; Dorothy and Aloha, Victoria Yacht Club. This was a very good race, all of the boats finishing within fifteen minutes, the two leaders being less than a minute apart. Empress, skippered by Tod. Geary, a capable youngster when it comes to handling small craft, got first place, Two Step being second, Venus third, Aloha fourth, P. D. Q. fifth and Dorothy sixth. In D Class Marietta, Victoria Yacht Club, was the only outsider, the other entries belonging to the Vancouver Yacht Club. They were Tillicum, Rob Roy, Chemaun and Little Mary. Tillicum was first, Marietta second, Rob Roy third, Chemaun fourth and Little Mary fifth.

Friday's races were for trophies provided by the Vancouver Yacht Club. On Saturday, July 1, the battling of brains and small craft was for perpetual international trophies. There is more zest exhibited in the desire to own these for a year than there is in obtaining a trophy for all time. Meets here, as elsewhere, would be tame if it were not for the knocked about pieces of silver engraved with the names of winning yachts, which are annually competed for. The premier trophy is that for A and B Classes, the one known as the Key City. For the first time in its history it was won last year by a B Class boat, Wideawake, and history repeated itself quickly; for at Vancouver this season, the big trophy was captured by a boat of the same class, the Ariadne of Bellingham, captained by W. H. Abbott, a clever yachtsman, winning the coveted silver.

Though not exerting himself on Saturday, Boreas did better than on the previous day. Very rarely does he frolic and leap on Vancouver waters during the summer months. At the best a ten-knot breeze is as good as the yachtsmen can expect, and that was the average of the easterly wind on the first of July. The squalls, of course, were a little stronger, which was bad for Gwendolyn, a boat which everyone expected would have been stiffened up considerably after her poor showing in the twenty-five mile breeze off Victoria in 1904.

The course was the same as that of Friday. When the big fellows started at 10:30, Lavita had the advantage, getting over the line first. She was followed in the order named by Gwendolyn, White Wings, Gwenol, Maple Leaf and Hiawatha. Just before these latter boats went over, Maple Leaf fouled Gwenol, forcing her against the buoy. Gwenol immediately hoisted her protest flag and later lodged a protest in writing with the judges. In the run before the wind to the first mark, Maple Leaf led. She is a big ketch, and though able to carry much more, her canvas, including fore, main, Jib, stay and working gaff topsails, measures about 4000 square feet. Following her at the first mark the other boats turned as follows: Gwendolyn, Lavita, White Wings, Gwenol and Hiawatha. From the first mark to that off the Spanish Bank under Point Roberts, the wind was well abeam. This gave the boats a chance to use their baloons. On this leg Gwendolyn cut down some of Maple Leaf's lead and in the windward thrash to the starting buoy, Skipper Johnson, of the Queen City Club's boat, by sharp maneuvering managed to work his boat to first place. Positions at starting buoy, first round: Gwendolyn, Maple Leaf, Lavita, Gwenol, White Wings and Hiawatha. On the second round the positions of the boats were altered somewhat, though the Gwendolyn maintained

EILEEN.

MADELINE.

NARBETHING.

her lead. Well handled by her skipper, Captain Gibb, the Gwenol reached home in second place, White Wings, Lavita and Maple Leaf finishing in order named. Hiawatha did not finish.

Honors at the start of B Class were about even. Captain Austin of Madeleine, and Captain Abbott of Ariadne doing some good jockeying for a windward berth, Ariadne crossing the line but five seconds in advance of Madeleine. Titania was about the same time behind Madeleine. Then followed: Arbutus, Bellingham Yacht Club; Brittania, Eileen, Narbethong and Golden Rod, all Vancouver Yacht Club boats. At the first buoy the order of the procession was the same. In the run for the second mark the order was altered somewhat, Commodore Graveley of Eileen, moving into third place and Narbethong into fourth. This was the order at the starter's mark first time around and it was practically the same at the finish. For A and B Classes, the Ariadne made best time, beating Gwendolyn by nearly two minutes, corrected.

There was good sport in C Class. Copper Queen got away first, followed closely by Venus and Two Step. Then over the line went P. D. Q., Empress II, Dorothy, Garland, of Bellingham, and Banshee. The boats kept well bunched in this class until the windward work began, when Empress rapidly pulled away from the others and won handily. Two Step was second, Venus third, Banshee fourth, P. D. Q. fifth, Marietta sixth, Dorothy seventh and Copper Queen eighth.

In D Class the preliminary maneuvering was of the skillful kind, but somewhat blurred by the act of Tillicum, which fouled the buoy and

BANSHEE.

BRITTANNIA.

clung to it until the starting gun had gone. This was protested but nothing came of it. Rob Roy, Skipper MacGregor, a very keen yachtsman at sailing small craft, was the first to finish, Tillicum being second, Chemaun third, Redskin fourth, Aloha fifth. Irish and Little Mary did not finish.

On Sunday afternoon, from four to six, Mrs. Graveley, wife of the Commodore, was hostess at a largely attended reception held at the Club House. It was quite a social event; for Mrs. Commodore is very popular in Vancouver society, and deservedly so.

On Monday the Graveley Club, for boats under

twenty feet belonging to the Vancouver Yacht Club, was sailed for on Burrard Inlet, Tillicum getting first place. There was also a motor boat race; the four firsts being driven by Truscott engines.

The following gentlemen who acted as regatta officials, are mainly responsible for the success of Vancouver's first official international regatta: H. W. Hellem, J. S. Gall, J. E. Miller, J. P. Roberts and O. Moseley.

Thinking that the three days' racing would put the blood of yachtsmen at the desire-for-more mark, yachting enthusiasts of Bellingham arranged a regatta to be held immediately after the Vancouver meet was over. To further enhance

REDSKIN.

things they offered substantial inducements in the form of purses for yachts to compete. To make the Vancouver races a success they sent a large fleet of boats up; naturally they expected Vancouver would reciprocate. But one boat from Vancouver participated in the Bellingham regatta—Madeleine. I do not know of a keener yachtsman than Skipper Austin. Not satisfied after the Bellingham races he sailed his boat to Seattle, competed there in an impromptu race with Gwendolyn and challenged for the Mackie Cup, now held by that boat. This challenge was accepted and the race will take place in July, 1906. With the exception of one yacht, all the Victoria boats continued to Bellingham, where with a good breeze excellent sport was the order. In A class, Gwenol crossed the winning line first but lost to Gwendolyn on time allowance. Gwenol would surely have se-

GWENDOLIN.

cured first money if her main sheet hadn't carried away during the race. She lost by thirty seconds, corrected time. Lavita, the other starter, finished third.

In B Class, Madeleine had hard luck. She was single-reefed and had a considerable lead over Ariadne and Arbutus, the other starters in the class, when her reef pennant broke in a heavy squall and the mainsail started to tear along the points. When the reef was shaken out the sail split from luff to leech, putting her out of the race. Hard luck seemed to be Austin's portion this season, for at Seattle, with race well in hand he had the misfortune to break his gaff.

The race of the C Class boats was a walk-over for Two Step. She beat the other boats by a good margin, making the second best time over the course, all times of other boats reckoned.

ARIADNE.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

RETRIEVING.

By CHARLES H. BABCOCK.

THERE is just one point on which California sportsmen are unanimously agreed: It matters not whether it be the experienced quail hunter or the novice, the man with the single-trigger ejector or the one with the pump gun, even the pot hunter, they all agree that to hunt the California quail successfully it is necessary to have a dog that will retrieve. As they are agreed on no other one point, retrieving certainly must be useful beyond the possibility of contradiction, when hunting these birds.

This is true of almost no other bird, for while a retriever is useful on woodcock, ruffed grouse, bob white and prairie chickens, they are by no means indispensable in procuring a good bag, and are sometimes taken along merely to make a more complete outfit and to add somewhat to the pleasure of the sport.

Woodcock are usually hunted in the swamps where the brush is dense only a few feet above the ground, with underbrush almost totally lacking. This necessitates very quick shooting, the bird usually falling within a few feet of the shooter and on ground where it is easily seen. They carry very few shot and if a bird be in the least wounded it seldom moves from the spot where it falls, and is easily retrieved by the shooter.

Ruffed grouse usually frequent country where the timber is high and fairly open, and though they run when slightly wounded a few shot generally puts them out of action, and the spot where they fall may be plainly marked. Bob white are hunted in almost open country, and prairie chickens in country that is entirely so, and a retriever may possibly be dispensed with.

When, however, your shooting is to be on California quail, do not fail to take along a good retriever, the very best you can procure. To fail to do so would be nearly as unfortunate as to fail to take the gun; in fact it is actually wrong and unsportsmanlike to go without a dependable retriever, as you will be obliged to kill clean and have good luck in finding to bag more than fifty per cent. of the birds brought to the ground.

There are several reasons that make the retriever more necessary in this than in any other kind of hunting. The principal reason is that they will carry away more shot than any other game bird in existence, a few stray shot seeming only to make them fly the faster.

With one or both wings out of commission it is still two to one in favor of the bird, even on open ground, and in the brush—there's "nothing to it," don't look for him!

Then, also, our heavy brush makes a retriever very necessary. This is usually chaparral, fairly dense, with smooth, open foot-

ing beneath. This retards the hunter but gives the bird plain sailing, of which he quickly takes advantage. Perhaps this brush may be short enough so that one may shoot over it to the full range of the gun, and must be an expert to mark his bird within several yards of the exact spot where it fell. At other times the bird, taking advantage of thick undercover, hides away so securely that nothing but the keen nose of the dog will discover it.

Under such circumstances as those cited, and many others, a dog is an absolute necessity. Any kind of a retriever will help somewhat, but in order to do the work properly, the best is none too good.

This accomplishment is not merely the act of going out and fetching the bird the instant it is shot; a dog so doing will at times prove more of detriment than a help to the sport, because of flushing the remaining birds.

The dog must be fully under control, never breaking shot. If he is a pointer or setter and properly trained, he has learned this in other departments of his education. Should he be a spaniel, retriever or mongrel (and many of these latter make first-class retrievers) they must remain at heel until ordered on. It is also very proper to teach them to drop in case they make a flush while retrieving. This will often prevent the flushing of the remainder of the bevy.

The perfection with which a thoroughly trained retriever is able to accomplish his work is astonishing; it is a practical impossibility for a wounded bird to escape if scenting conditions are at all favorable.

In marking down birds be becomes an adept, far superior to the most experienced sportsman, and with an eye that is unerring knows instantly if a bird has been struck.

So long as there is a possibility of finding the bird he never gives up, and if ordered on before finding the bird he to all appearances obeys the command very unwillingly. He cannot openly refuse to obey, but knows his master to be in the wrong. Unnoticed he returns in search of the lost bird again, and there is an added twinkle in his eye as he bounds back with the bird in his mouth and proudly holds it up for his master to take, watches it carefully deposited in the game pockets, and, for the time, he is satisfied.

There are two ways of teaching retrieving, the natural or suasive system, and the force system. The latter way is far preferable when properly taught, though most amateurs teach by the former method, and sometimes get good retrievers in this manner; but as a general rule dogs thus taught are a hard-mouthed, self-willed lot and not to be depended upon, though so long as they are allowed to follow their own inclinations they are certainly enthusiastic.

Briefly stated, this method is taught by beginning when the puppy is yet young and playful and taught to fetch a ball or other object thrown out. He becomes very efficient if he takes to it naturally, but if he should not care to fetch there is little that can be done without resorting to another method. Even when he is an apt pupil he almost invariably chews the object when bringing it, and the habit becomes very enduring. This will be continued when a-field on birds. For this he is either whipped, or nails are inserted through or around the bird. In either case he is more than likely to refuse to fetch, and is then in the same position as the proverbial horse that could not be made to drink. At this stage it is just as well to inquire into the force system, for it will prove the only effectual remedy.

The virtues of this system are now quite generally known, but a few years ago when first introduced it was a very much maligned method—this of course by those who only partially understood the method, the uninformed claiming that the dog became cowed and never did his work cheerfully, but merely because he was obliged to do so.

This, however, is the case only when more force is applied than is really necessary. It is, when properly taught, a perfectly humane method, and the dog, when once he learns that there is no alternative but to fetch, does so in a perfectly cheerful and natural manner.

Better still, the remedy is always at hand to compel him to retrieve, and any tendency toward a harsh mouth can be immediately checked. This, however, seldom occurs under this system, as the dog began retrieving only because he was obliged to, not because he took pleasure in so doing, and he was little inclined to enjoy himself by mouthing the object brought. It is only after he has

THE FIRST LESSON.

fully learned the art that he begins to enjoy it, and by that time a tender mouth is a matter of habit.

A very great advantage of the force system is that it can be taught at almost any age. The old saying about "old dogs and new tricks" is responsible for the retirement of many a capable dog. I have seen good retrievers made of dogs that were five years old, and the ease with which they were taught leads me to believe that the ability to learn is scarcely limited by age. However, the best time to begin is probably from six months to a year of age, and the younger the dog is the more careful you must be in using force.

Personally, I prefer that a dog shall be quite mature before beginning operations, as it has become an axiom with me that the less the dog is inclined to obey at the start, the more positive will be his retrieving later, and the sooner will he become a perfectly finished retriever. In this matter, the advance is almost invariably opposite to the manner in which they start, and thus becomes baffling and puzzling to the novice. Should the dog take hold readily at first, retrieving almost naturally, look out for a slow, trying finish. He has not opposed the will of the trainer sufficiently to become perfectly broken, and the dog's natural will is sure to reassert itself, sometimes with very trying persistency. On the other hand, should the dog stubbornly refuse at the beginning, when he is once conquered the training goes on uninterruptedly to a perfectly satisfactory finish. This fact, more than any other, accounts for the failure of the novice to teach the art. Should the dog make a stubborn refusal at the start, he is given up just at the moment of victory. If he learns in a quick, intelligent manner at the beginning, then later appears not so far advanced, it is sufficient to cause discouragement.

It is almost invariably the custom among those who attempt to train dogs to rate the intelligence of their pupils by the rapidity with which they learn what is taught. It never seems to occur to them that a dog may

"PLACING FINGER OVER NOSE DIRECT HIM AS YOU WILL."

see fit to put his intelligence to a negative use, using it to defeat the very ends which his trainer wishes to achieve. No more should this test of intelligence be applied to the dog than it should to the man, who, refusing to comply with our wishes uses his brain power to accomplish his own ends and further his own interests. Consequently, should you fail to train your dog do not make the usual charge that he had not sufficient brains to learn. The chances are more than even that your powers to compel are less than his power to resist.

The theory on which force training is based is this: That a dog will prefer to hold an object in his mouth rather than suffer physical pain, however slight. In this connection it may be stated that it is best to

inflict as little pain as possible, and yet accomplish the object. This should be set down as a hard and fast rule, in fact almost as the basis of the system; for the dog once cowed comes ahead very slowly, holding back in a dull stubborn way that is in direct contrast to the sharp sprightly action of the dog that has been carried along slowly and carefully in his work.

Trying to do in days what should have taken weeks to accomplish has been the undoing of many a trainer and the ruin of many a dog. It takes time for a dog to grasp what is being taught him, and any endeavor to force him beyond his powers of assimilation can but result in injury.

Different methods of inflicting the punishment are used by different trainers, but the least said about some of them the better.

"TOSS THE ROLL A SHORT DISTANCE."

Perhaps the most in favor is the spike collar. I have, however, long since discarded this as being open to the objection that it produces a dull slow pain, requiring so much force to make effective that either injury or a total mental depression was liable to result. The collar was also likely to be at home when most required, and the less paraphernalia one is obliged to carry in dog-training the better. I think the best method and usually the most quickly effective, is a pinch of the ear. The pain is but momentary and causes no ill effects.

Fifteen minutes three times a day for six weeks, spent in yard training your dog, should put him in such trim that you could finish his education in retrieving in the field. Of course some dogs will take longer, others a shorter time, but six weeks is a fair average.

A good place in which to teach the dog is in a room or small yard, or even in the open if a cord a few feet in length be attached to the collar. Also provide a small stick, or clothespin, or similar object. This is all the equipment necessary unless it be necessary to mention a good large stock of patience. To keep an unlimited supply of the latter on hand one has only to remember that the dog is always perfectly under one's control, consequently there is no occasion to lose temper.

To lose temper is a positive sign of weakness, a confession that the dog is master of the situation. With perfect confidence in one's strength and ability comes the mastery over one's temper. Should you, however, at any time lose your temper, let the lesson drop immediately lest you do more damage in a few moments than can be repaired in months.

All being in readiness, place the dog in front of you, head to the left. Hold the stick to the dog's mouth with the left hand and say "Fetch" at the same time pinching the dog's left ear between thumb and finger of right hand, then with left thumb pry apart the jaws and insert the stick, at the same time releasing the pressure. The dog will immediately eject the stick, when pressure must again be applied, repeating the

"GIVE!"

word "fetch" each time the stick is presented for him to take. Be sure to apply pressure only when the stick is out of his mouth. When he grasps it always let him be at ease.

When he finally holds the stick for a few seconds, give the command "Give," and take it from him. Do not forget to bestow praise in this and every succeeding lesson upon every occasion where it is merited. Praise and caresses become very dear to the dog as his training becomes advanced. Especially is this necessary when he has become broken but not yet cheerful in his retrieving. Nothing cheers him at this time as does an elaborate bestowal of praise.

After a few lessons according to the foregoing instructions, the dog will finally open his mouth without assistance from the left hand and the stick should be immediately inserted. At about this stage he is likely to get the habit of holding his nose straight up, and it then becomes necessary to turn the hand over, back to the front, and placing the little finger over the bridge of his nose, direct him as you will, still maintaining the pressure upon his ear. Another way that he will try to defeat your object is by lying down, but this is easily remedied by stepping upon his toes. A few lessons of this nature will entirely eradicate the tendency toward this annoying habit.

When he gets to the stage where he opens his mouth freely upon pressure, hold the stick an inch in front and oblige him to reach for it, giving him what help and encouragement you can. He will soon reach out and grasp it at the application of pressure, when you may remove it still farther, lowering it gradually toward the floor. If he will not follow it down with his nose, guide him with the finger as before directed. A rapid gain may here be made at times by letting the stick recede as he advances. In this manner he will sometimes follow it to the floor.

When he has reached this stage, substitute for the stick a roll of cloth about two inches in diameter that he may grasp it the more readily from the floor. Be a little easy with with him when you make the change, and he will soon accept the substitute.

Of course, all this time you have continued to repeat the word "fetch" and to pinch the ear if he refused to do so. Sometimes he will take the object in his mouth without being pinched, and on such occasions be unstinting in your praise of his action. Should he ever entirely refuse to take the roll or stick at the elevation at which you are holding it, raise it a little higher and try him again. Before you begin placing the object on the floor, the dog should be reaching for it and holding it without the application of any force, though in subsequent stages you may yet be obliged to apply it.

At the time you begin to place the roll upon the floor you will find that the progress at that stage is a trifle more slow. Before laying the roll flat, you should first let one end rest on your finger, then when he will pick it up nicely in that position lay it flat but hold the hand beside it, each time removing the hand a trifle farther away. Finally you will be enabled to toss the roll a short distance from you and gradually increase the distance.

Then throw it when he does not see the action. This is the final test and if he goes out cheerfully each time and hunts diligently for the roll, you may depend upon him as a thoroughly yard-trained retriever.

You may next substitute a quail or other suitable bird. The chances are good that he will fetch the first time when ordered, though he may refuse. Should he do so place the bird in his mouth and require him to hold and bring it to you. Do not use force here but rather alternate with the roll, using force with that if necessary. Then present the bird, and should he refuse to fetch, place it in his mouth.

When he will fetch the bird nicely try him with a freshly killed one, still warm. Here he may refuse again, perhaps licking the wounds instead of fetching. In this case proceed as directed with the cold bird, and in a short time he will prefer freshly killed birds to any other object, and it is then only a matter of experience for him to improve toward perfection. During the preceding lessons should the dog ever become inclined toward playfulness when the object is thrown out, he must be checked immediately by a sharp command or even a touch

with the whip if necessary, for in this way only can a tender mouth be assured.

In the field should he mouth a bird call out to him instantly, then walk up to him and apply the whip lightly, then oblige him to fetch properly.

Occasionally may be found a dog that at times cannot be moved by the pinching of the ear, and in such cases it may be necessary to supplement this action by stepping upon the toes, though this is to be done only as a last resort. Always bear in mind that the less force used the better, and that the more severe you begin, the more severe you will be obliged to continue, and as a result the longer it will take for the dog to do his work cheerfully—and cheerfulness you must have or the work will never be properly done.

Although no two dogs have exactly the same dispositions, their manner of reasoning is exactly the same in each, and exactly the same methods are applicable, the only variation being in the degree of intensity, which regulates itself according to the stages of advancement.

Should you follow the foregoing instructions faithfully for the next six weeks you may hope to be able at the beginning of the shooting season to have a retriever that will be of assistance to you, and, later in the season, when he has had time to become experienced, you will find that you have one on which you can always depend; and, at the crack of the gun, as the little blue beauty topples the brush, you may call out with confidence, "dead bird, old boy, go fetch!"

* * *

COMING BENCH SHOWS.

The sportsmen of Santa Cruz announce another show which will be held on the Santa Cruz beach in September. The Santa Cruz Kennel Club which is composed of the leading citizens of the county, has for its officers: President, Joseph O. Horne; first vice president, Montroyd Thorpe; second vice president, Major Frank McLaughlin; third vice president, Warren R. Porter; secretary, F. J. Torchiana; treasurer, H. D. Fagan; directors, Joseph O. Horne, M. Sharpe, T. W. Kelly, H. S. Wanzer, Fred W. Swanton; bench show committee, Joseph O. Horne, J. M. Walsh, T. W. Kelly and T. J. Torchiana.

It is said that $2000 will be expended by the club for the purchase of cups and trophies. The show will be held immediately following the San Mateo show, which takes place September 9th. There is some talk of an Eastern judge.

The Stockton Kennel Club will give a bench show also in September.

A very enthusiastic meeting of fanciers was held at Stockton recently. Messrs. McKay, Heffernan and Dentoni were appointed a committee on membership, and C. K. Cadman, J. W. Keyes and Frank Millman a committee on bench show. The officers of the Stockton club are: George E. McLeod, president; Charles Heffernan, vice-president, and Fred Geisea, secretary-treasurer.

* * *

Editor "Western Field": As president of the British Columbia Field Trial Club, I would ask you to draw attention in your columns to our trials which will be held at Ladner, B. C., on September 21, of this year, and following days.

We have splendid grounds, the fields being large, extending in most instances from fifty to one hundred acres, and birds are very plentiful. In no heat last year did the dogs draw blank, and in most cases from five to six birds were found, while in one trial and in one field thirty-five birds were either found by the dogs or put up by the spectators. The birds lie well, mainly owing to the fact that we hold the trials before the shooting season opens.

We have secured the services of Major J. M. Taylor as judge, and this fact alone should prove an attraction to handlers.

The closing date, entrance fees, etc., are as follows:

Derby—Entrance closes September 1; $5.00 first forfeit and $5.00 to start.

All Age—Closes September 15; first forfeit $5.00; $10.00 additional to start.

Championship—To start, $25.00.

Membership (professional handlers barred)—To start, $2.50.

We understand that California will be represented by quite a number of dogs, and trust that this will be the case.

J. L. G. ABBOTT.

Vancouver, B. C. July 19, 1905.

Made for all Rifles

MARBLE'S AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT REAR SIGHT

Illustration shows how sight returns automatically and instantly to correct position for shooting after having been intentionally or accidentally pushed forward or backward, even to a horizontal position. The sight is fastened down by a locking button when desired.

This sight is made with a base for, and is being used with great satisfaction on 1895 Winchesters, which have long firing bolts.

The lower sleeve locks the upper or elevating sleeve and prevents it from being accidentally turned.

These are only three reasons why our sight is better than any other. Our new 56 page catalog gives full description and numerous cuts; also describes MARBLE'S IMPROVED FRONT SIGHT. Send stamp for catalog "H." MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., GLADSTONE, MICH., U. S. A.

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Derby prospects by Doctor Daniels, ex-daughter Ripstone. All have had distemper. Also dam, soon in season, can be bred to Doctor Daniels as now at California Kennels. D. P. Ewen, 20th and Overton, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

DACHSHUND—Fine pedigreed litter ready for shipment. From working parents. Andrew Brown, O K Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

• • •

The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

• • •

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants ,etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

• • •

WANTED—We will pay 20 cents each for copies, in good condition, of our issue of Western Field for the months of April and September, 1903, and February, 1904. Parties having these back numbers for disposal please address this office, No. 4 Sutter street. " Western Field " Co.

• • •

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Mounted and unmounted heads of African big game. The Colburn Co., 1204 So. Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—I have twelve " Al Vista " Panoramic Cameras for sale at exactly one-half catalogue price. Brand new, latest models, all improvements, just from factory. They are in varying sizes, to make pictures all sizes, from 3½x4½ to 9 inches up to 7x7½ to 15 inches. Must sell them, and the bargain is yours. " Al Vista," 4 Sutter St., Rooms 8-9, San Francisco.

• • •

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. " Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

FOR SALE—A magnificent site for a sportsmen's country club and game preserves; 2,010 acres patented land, of which 500 acres are fine lake, 500 acres marsh and tules, the remainder being fine upland grazing land. Handsome groves of timber; six immense ice-cold perpetual springs; place of great natural beauty. Deer, ducks and other waterfowl; pheasants, grouse and fish in abundance; 400 tons wild hay now ready for cutting. All land under fine legal fence; extensive drainage improvements; cabin and barn in good shape. Situate about 35 miles from Ashland, Oregon. Price $15 per acre, less than half asked for adjacent property. Address, for particulars, Frank H. Mayer, Western Field office, 4 Sutter street, S. F.

SOME fine Pointers and Setters for sale cheap. Broken and unbroken. Address Nigger Hill Kennels, Box 752 Grass Valley, Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—Some very fine Angora Kittens, sired by Cherub, holder of " Western Field " Cup for best cat on Pacific Coast. A. J. Oliver, 66 Stanyan St., San Francisco.

• • •

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Prop., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

• • •

SPORTSMEN—I tree bear for you to kill. First-class deer hunting and fishing. A good season is now on. I guarantee a successful hunt. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—Pointer bitch (Dr. Daniels-Lottie Ripstone), 7 months, very handsome, fair field quality, $20.

Male setter puppy, o. and w., 5 months (Harry H.-Peach Mark II), fine in every way, $35. Bitch same breeding, $25.

Male setter, 8 months old, will make a good fielder, fair looker (Jay M.-Alameda), $20.

Broken pointer bitch, 4 years old, $100.

Nice pointer bitch, puppy, 4 months old, $15.

Male 1 year old (Uncle B.-Count's Gift), nearly yard trained. Level headed, medium speed and range. $40.

This stock is all first class and as good as can be bred.

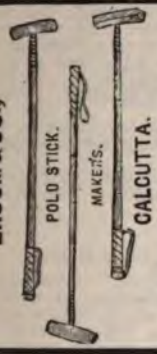
I'm busy and away from the kennels. Don't bother sending for description. Your money will be refunded on return of dog.

We want to close out our extra stock, and this is your chance to get dogs ready for field at half value. California Kennels, C. H. Babcock, Mgr., Ridgewood, Cal.

PURITY GUARANTEED

Dos Mesas Exquisite Wine

During September, an extra discount of 10 per cent in order to reduce our stock to make room for the coming vintage. Send for Catalogue.



POLO ! POLO !!

Eroom's Polo Sticks and Balls

are known all over India, South Africa, Australia, and other Countries where the game is played. Our Sticks are used by all crack players.

Prices moderate.
Good terms to large Buyers.

EROOM & Co.,
Polo Specialists,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Why Not

CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other" Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing

this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

TRADE TOPICS

CONNOISSEURS EXTOL THEM.

There is no end to the making of wines in California, and the qualities of the State product are about as diversified as the brands. While there is considerable good wine produced by the old established and experienced concerns, there are many thousands of gallons of stuff annually bottled by unscrupulous dealers, about whose quality and wholesomeness the least said the better.

That is why wine consumers should be as careful and discriminative in their selections of vintages as they ought to be in the selection of their wives—for wine is like woman, good only when pure. Among the wineries of this State whose products are like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, and whose general excellences have passed into a proverb, are the exquisite vintages of the Dos Mesas vineyard. Their delicate flavor, unrivaled boquet, trueness to type and unblemished purity have made them a standard for comparison, and their fame has spread to foreign lands where they are cherished with the same regards as are the choicest vintages of France and Spain. They are connoisseurs' wines at popular prices, and that is why they have achieved such an enormous demand.

It is with great pleasure that we recommend our friends to give the Dos Mesas wines a fair and critical trial; we believe in pushing along a good thing, and in this connection we confess to a certain small selfishness in the matter—we like to know that when at our friends' entertainments we will be served with the wine of our choice, the rarely good "Dos Mesas" which we have learned to like so well.

A card of inquiry addressed to Dr. H. N. Cross, 319 Montgomery street, this city, will bring you a price list, with samples, if you desire, and we know that you will be glad of our having called your attention to these really magnificent vintages. For home and medical use they are unrivalled, and in their dainty and attractive packages make presentation gifts of the most acceptable kind. The next time you think of wine, remember the name "Dos Mesas," and give your palate a chance to perpetuate the words. One taste will be sufficient.

* * *

AMERICAN TIRES ARE BEST.

The severe test of tires in the Gordon-Bennett cup race has attracted more than usual attention to the matter of the tire equipment of racing cars.

It was while Thery was replacing a ruptured tire than Lancia passed him and kept his lead until the accident that put him out of the running. On no car in the race did a single set of tires serve from start to finish, and in the majority of cases from two to four complete changes of tires were made.

American drivers had less trouble with tires than did any of the drivers of foreign cars, and even on Lytle's Pope-Toledo, which ran 250 miles with a broken lubricating pipe, finishing

twelfth, there was but one change of tires (Diamond wrapped tread) during the race, and this notwithstanding the fact that the flying oil soon covered the tires, rendering them much less impervious to wear and penetration; for oil, being a solvent for rubber, will eventually destroy tires if allowed to come in contact with them.

As compared with results in the Gordon-Bennett race in the past, the entire American showing was distinctly creditable, for never before have American entrants made so much as a respectable start. Indeed, since the Gordon-Bennett race, there is a stronger faith among the trade than there has previously been that America will capture the Vanderbilt cup in October.

* * *

THESE COMBINE COMFORT AND UTILITY.

There is no part of a sportsman's equipment which figures so largely in his comfort and satisfaction afield as his foot covering. Whether this be shoes, boots, moccasins or shoepacs it behooves him to select only the most perfect fitting and easy wearing articles that the market affords, for his feet are as much a factor in his success as is his head, for these are the agents that carry him along the paths of his choosing.

Men of experience have long ago learned to eschew the wondrously built abominations that have been masquerading under the name of hunting shoes and boots, offered to them by makers whose business it is to build foot coverings to sell, irrespective of their value in actual use. The market has been flooded with these worse than merely wretched apologies for foot wear, and thousands of unsophisticated men have suffered discomfort if not even serious injury in consequence. They have proved to be corn and bunion makers, profanity workers and heartbreakers in very sooth.

But there are good foot coverings as well as bad ones, and the best in the market to-day are the admirable and altogether dependable products of H. J. Putman & Co., Minneapolis, Minn., whose boots and shoes are built on honor, on perfect fitting lasts, and of material and attendant workmanship which have made them world famous. "Putman" boots are to-day regarded as the highest examples of sportsmen's footwear. For nearly 30 years this famous company has been manufacturing them, aiming always at perfection and each year evolving improvements, until to-day they stand alone in point of comfort, utility, beauty and long wearing qualities. They are made to measure and so fit perfectly. They are more nearly waterproof than leather has ever been rendered before. Having hand sewed soles they are flexible and soft, so that a new pair of Putman boots start their wearer off in as much comfort as though he had on his easiest old shoes.

They are made in all styles, prices, lengths and heights, and come in various colors to suit individual taste. We unhesitatingly recommend all our friends, be they fishermen, hunters, miners, prospectors, surveyors—in fact all outers—to write H. J. Putman & Co., 30 Bridge Square, Minneapolis, Minn., for their fine catalogue, which illustrates and describes some thirty odd styles of Putman boots, as well as a variety of Indian tanned moose-hide moccasins. It will be sent free on request if you mention "Western Field."

* * *

BALLISTITE BRIEFS.

The fact that Ballistite is growing fast in popularity and favor is shown by the following popular wins:

At Gridley, Cal., June 10 and 11, D. W. King, Jr., and Ballistite tied for high general average.

J. H. Hazelbush won high amateur average at the same shoot, and shot Ballistite.

At the Montana State shoot held at Bozeman, Mont., June 9, 10 and 11, C. D. Plank won high general average, breaking 259 out of 265, or 97.8%; also had a run of 139 consecutive breaks. Mr. Plank also won first expert average at the Northwest Sportsmen's Association shoot at Portland, Ore., June 22, 23 and 24, using Ballistite in all his shooting.

At the same shoot J. W. Braderich won the Anaconda Cup, breaking 25 straight, the only clean score made in this event. He also won third amateur average. He shoots Ballistite.

At the shoot of the Grant's Pass Gun Club at Grant's Pass, Ore., July 4 and 5, R. C. Reid won high general and expert average, making 93.5%, shooting Ballistite.

R. C. Bartlett won first amateur average, and T. J. Armstrong second amateur average, both shooting Ballistite.

It was also a notable fact that every contestant at this shoot used Ballistite the second day.

* * *

THE LEADER SHELLS LEAD.

It's hard to beat the "Leaders." This refers to those that lead in trap shooting as well as to the Winchester "Leader" shells, which seem to be on the top all of the time. From all points throughout the United States come reports of important winnings made with these shells, some of them being very nearly clean sweeps. For instance, the twelfth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, held at Bozeman, Mont., resulted in every medal and trophy contested for, as well as all the amateur averages, being won by shooters that used the "Leader" shells. The exhibition shoot given by the professionals present at twenty-five targets, was also won with the "Leader" shells, the winners being Messrs. H. C. Hirschy, A. Grosebeck and Fred Gilbert. At the Texas State shoot, the high professional as well as the first and second high amateur averages were won by F. M. Faurote, I. A. Dryden and David Curran, respectively, all shooting the "Leader" shells.

At the New York State shoot, held at Utica, the Dean Richmond trophy, valued at $1,500, which was by far the most important trophy contested for at this tournament, and which is emblematic of the two-man team championship, was captured by J. Warnick and Al. Green, both gentlemen using the "Leader" shells. At the tournament of the North Carolina Trap Shooting Association, held at Durham, Mr. G. M. Collins, an amateur, won the high general average, the second amateur average being captured by E. C. English. Both of the above shooters used "Leader" shells. At the Chef Menteur (La.) tournament, Mr. R. E. Saucier, shooting the "Leader" shells, won for the second consecutive time the handsome Du Pont trophy on the splendid score of 49 out of the possible 50 from the 18-yard mark. The high professional, as well as the first three highest amateur averages, at this tournament were also won by shooters that used the time-tried Winchester "Leader" shells, namely: F. M. Faurote, high professional; R. E. Saucier, D. W. Breazeale and "Siligo," high amateur. All the above shot the "Leader" shells.

At the Canton (Ohio) State shoot the Sportsmen's Review Cup, emblematic of the two-man team championship of the State of Ohio, was captured by Frank Hulshizer and Jesse Orr, both using the "Leader" shells. At the Capital City grounds at Little Rock, Ark., J. M. Pemberton again successfully defended the individual State championship in a shoot with S. M. Powell, beating him five targets. This makes the second time Mr. Pemberton has defeated Mr. Powell for this medal. The former gentleman used the "Leader" shells—the shells he always uses.

At Brenham, Texas, Otto Sens won the high amateur average with the magnificent score of 387 out of the 400. Mr. Sens always uses the Winchester "Leader" shell. At Jacks Creek (Texas) tournament, F. M. Faurote was again in evidence and captured the high professional average on 96%, I. A. Dryden being the winner of the high amateur average at this tournament. Both of these gentlemen used the "Leader" shells. On the top of all this is the most wonderful strait run made by W. R. ("Billy") Crosby of 419 without a miss in a regular bonafide tournament. Mr. Crosby has held the world's long-run record of 345 straight since March 31, 1901, and now makes another world's record of 419.

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

IS IN CONSTANT RECEIPT OF
THE NEWEST THINGS IN

SILVERWARE

AND HAS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL
OF MANY ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,
DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

• 104-110 GEARY STREET

"Billy" Crosby, as well as Fred Gilbert, H. C. Hirschy, J. A. R. Elliot, Harold Money, F. M. Faurote, R. R. Barber, the winner of this year's Grand American Handicap, and any number of other famous trap shots swear by the Winchester "Leaders," and have made all their records with these shells.

• • •

UNCLE SAM KNOWS A GOOD THING.

A contract for 3,000,000 rounds of small arm cartridges was awarded on June 27 by the War Department to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The chief of ordinance, General Crozier, in making the award, said: "Although the price offered is high, I nevertheless consider that private plants shall be prepared and have experience in the manufacture of government ammunition, which is needed so desperately and in such large quantities in time of war." In reading the general's remarks, one is strongly reminded of the French phrase, "Pour vire," it is to laugh. Instead of the Winchester Company being unprepared and having lack of experience, etc., as he hints, it doubtless occurs to the initiated that if our ordinance department were as well equipped and as ready to fill large orders as the Winchester people, it would not be necessary to advertise for bids on government ammunition. During the late Spanish-American war, the Winchester Company supplied our army with 100,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and our navy with over 50,000,000 rounds of small and large caliber cartridges. A great percentage of the rapid-fire gun ammunition used by Admiral Dewey and his fleet at that memorable battle of Manila Bay, and a large quantity of the ammunition used by Admiral Sampson's fleet at Santiago, was manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, so it does not seem that this company is in need of much experience in making government ammunition.

HIGH-GRADE WORK.

One of the finest examples of printing that has come under our notice for many years is the beautiful catalogue of brass and iron bedsteads just issued by the Simmons Manufacturing Company, Fifth and Townsend streets, this city. High grade in every particular, and perfect in its mechanical execution, it reflects great credit upon the Simmons Company and more particularly upon the printers and binders, the celebrated "Evening Wisconsin Company," Milwaukee, Wis., to whose skill is due much of the rare beauty of the production. This famous printing concern is now the recipient of orders for fine printing work from all over the earth, and the fact that they were selected by the Simmons Company to handle their catalogue at once testifies to the conceded excellence of their work as well as to their prompt and economical service. For it is well known that with their unparalleled facilities they are enabled to turn out the highest class of work executed in this country, on the smallest possible margin of time and at a cost so low that they have practically out-classed all competition in their particular specialty, high-art catalogue work.

We unhesitatingly recommend all Coast concerns who have any catalogues in prospect to write Manager Jno. W. Campsie of the printing department of the "Evening Wisconsin Company" before placing their final orders, for we are well convinced that it will mean a saving of time and money, as well as prove a source of unbounded satisfaction and pride should Mr. Campsie be awarded the contract.

All you may hitherto have dreamed of the great cost of fine catalogue making may prove to be wrong, when Mr. Campsie's estimates are in hand. Write him in any event if you have a particularly fine piece of printing work of any kind in contemplation. Our word for it, you will be benefited by the small trouble incurred.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

While the echoes of the Grand American Handicap may have died away, Parker Bros. want to call the attention of the shooting fraternity to the performance of Mr. John A. Flick of Ravenna, O., a one-armed shooter who scored with the Parker gun 97 out of a possible 100 at this famous shoot.

The Parker gun also made some very good records at the shoot, winning the World's Team Race with a total of 474 out of 500, and four Parkers out of five shooters in this event. The Consolation Handicap was also won with the Parker gun in the hands of Mr. J. T. Atkinson, tying on 99 and shooting out his opponent.

At Waynesboro, Va., on July 4, Mr. C. H. Newcomb, of Philadelphia, strictly an amateur, won high amateur average, and at Richmond, Va., Decoration Day, also won high amateur average.

At New London, Ia., which is quite a shooting center, it may be interesting to the sportsmen to know that the three handicap events held during their last tournament were all won with the Parker gun. Barton of Chicago, and Gilbert and Garrett all tied on 50 straight, Barton breaking 100 straight to win the event. The second day handicap was won by John Burmeister with 50 straight, and the third day handicap was won by Fred Gilbert with 50 straight. All of the Handicap events were won with the Old Reliable Parker in the hands of amateurs in two cases. In three days' shooting, the Old Reliable Parker made scores of 200 straight, which is a remarkable performance and proves conclusively the reliability and effectiveness of the famous "Old Reliable."

* * *

PETERS' REGULAR PERFORMANCE.

The good work being done with Peters' factory loaded shells goes on without interruption. At the Grand American Handicap June 27 to 30, there was much comment upon the very handsome appearance of these goods and their perfect shooting qualities. They were used by fully 25 per cent. of the contestants, and in some matches by an even greater proportion. Many excellent and even phenomenal scores were made with them. The Consolation Handicap, one of the big events of the tournament, was won by Mr. James T. Atkinson of Newcastle, Pa., with Peters' Ideal Shells. He stood at the eighteen-yard line and broke 98 out of 100. One other contestant tied with Mr. Atkinson, but in the shoot-off the latter won, 18 to 17. In this match two scores of 98, five of 97, four of 96, and twenty-seven other scores of over 90 per cent. were made with these goods.

In the Preliminary Handicap, Mr. Wm. Veach of Falls City, Neb., scored 97 out of 100 from the eighteen-yard mark. On the first day of the tournament Mr. L. H. Reid finished with 99 out of 100, and Mr. Luther Wade had a run of 113 straight to his credit. On practice day, June 26, Mr. Frank See tied for high average, 99 out of 100. All these gentlemen used Peters' regular factory loads. These and other equally notable performances at the famous Grand American Handicap showed that Peters' shells may be relied upon for perfect results, no matter how important the issue at stake.

At Binghamton, New York, June 20 and 21, Mr. Neaf Apgar won high average, breaking 380 out of 400.

At the Rohrers Island Shoot, Dayton, Ohio, June 13, Mr. R. S. Rhoads was high gun with 187 out of 200. At St. Paris, Ohio, a few days later, he won high average for both days, scoring 332 out of 350.

At Converse, Ind., June 22 and 23, high average first day was won by Mr. Austin Flynn, and on the second day by Dr. M. Wilson, both using Peters' shells.

Mr. Neaf Apgar, shooting at Towanda, Pa., on June 3, won high average over all contestants, scoring 180 out of 185, and making one run of 97 straight. Mr. Apgar won high average at Richmond, Va., on July 4, and on the same day Mr. E. H. Storr was high at Roanoke, Va.

On July 6, at DeSoto, Ill., Peters' shells made a clean sweep. Mr. H. W. Cadwallader won high professional average, 95½ per cent.; Mr. E. Shanks high amateur, 91½ per cent., and Mr. McMillan second amateur, 90½ per cent.

At Spring Hill, Tenn., on July 4, Peters' shells were used by the winners of first, second and third averages and the team loving cup. The attendance at this shoot exceeded expectations, as over sixty men faced the traps.

At Corsicana, Texas, July 4 and 5, Mr. L. I. Wade, Texas representative of the Peters' Cartridge Company, won high average, missing only eight out of 350 targets. Mr. Wade is keeping up the fast pace which he set at Indianapolis, and attributes it to the perfect qualities of his Ideal load.

At Abilene, Texas, July 4, high average was won by Mr. W. W. Winniford with Peters' shells; also the live bird event, Mr. Winniford killing fifteen straight. The remarkable part about it was that he used his regular Ideal target load for live birds, and that did the work perfectly.

* * *

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The sixth Grand American Handicap at inanimate targets, held at Indianapolis, Ind., from June 27 to 30, inclusive, under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club, was indeed the largest and most successful meet of its kind ever held in America.

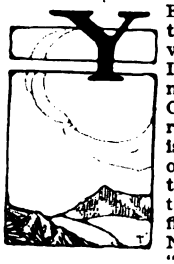
Of the many successful ones who carried away honors we should mention R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Iowa, and W. R. Crosby, who won amateur and professional average respectively.

Mr. R. R. Barber, an amateur from Paullina, Iowa, won the big event at Indianapolis from a field of 335 of the best shots in America, with a score of 99 out of 100, and the preliminary with a score of 98 out of 100. In the Consolation Handicap he scored 97 out of 100, and he also made a run of 157 straight. Mr. Barber's scores, 99, 98, and 97, establish a new world's record for the three handicap events. This new Togo of the shooting world, W. R. Crosby, who won the first professional average with a score of 298 out of 300; Fred Gilbert, who won second professional average with a score of 295 out of 300, and the winner of the high amateur average, all shot Winchester "Leader" shells—the reliable, the uniform, the winning kind—the only kind to shoot. Billy Crosby has held the world's long run record of 345 straight since March 31, 1901, and now makes another world's record of 419 straight with Winchester "Leader" shells.

* * *

REMARKS BY THE WAY.

From the expurgated correspondence of "Western Field's" traveling representative.



YES, it is quite possible for one to dwell unawares upon the very verge of paradise. Don't I know? Haven't I spent months out of each year in Chicago, within a couple hours' run of—But hold on; Chicago is not to be blamed because one of its occasional visitors pictures Paradise as a place where there are trees and shade and flowers and grass, where Dame Nature's face had not been "improved" by asphalt enameling nor the dimples leveled down to "grade." What's the matter with Chicago? She's alright. Lots of vim and go-ahead activeness, there; an amazing amount, considering remoteness from the Pacific Coast and other discouraging handicaps under which her people labor. The trouble with me has always been that a few weeks of Chicago's push breeds satiety and a desire to rest, and then follows a speedy flitting, 'most anywhere. Even the monotonous level of an Illinois prairie looks good at such times, Missouri and Arkansas offer grateful refuge in their hills and lowlands, the Louisiana pineries and marshes claim the

THE "INDIAN"

Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award St. Louis World's Fair

Winner of all important events, 1904.

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

SAVAGE

SAVAGE QUALITY

IT'S A HAMMERLESS SAVAGE RIFLE

That's why it is so easy to sight accurately and to shoot straight. There's no hammer in the way. Just a clear, unobstructed view from eye to tip of barrel.

Strange that device was never thought of before? Well, it was simply left to SAVAGE originality to discover. And that is only one of the many ways in which SAVAGE ideas lead.

"No Savage beast would dare to trifle
With a man who shoots a Savage rifle."

Little Savage 22-caliber (takes three lengths of bullet) Hammerless Repeating Rifle **$14**

And don't forget the Savage-Junior 22-caliber Single-shot Rifle..... **$5**

Handsome Savage Indian Watch Fob sent on receipt of 15c.

We are Rifle Specialists - that's all we make; so when it comes to Rifles, the Savage is different Try your dealer first, but send to-day for catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS CO., 31 TURNER ST., UTICA, N. Y., U. S. A.

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS

Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

advantage of being still farther away, and occasionally the "getaway" lands me in the Western Texas cattle country. Duration of the spasm governs in such cases; when it passes I drift back to Chicago.

Along in the latter part of June business affairs called me to Wisconsin. Association of ideas is a funny thing, isn't it? Heretofore, the mention of Wisconsin has brought three other names to my mind—Father Marquette, Oconomowoc and Schlitz. They sang in the rattle and click as the C. M. & St. P. train threaded its network of switches and fought for escape through miles and miles of factory district and of closely-built suburb—in the smooth, purring monotone that told of breathing room gained, level tracks, and a time schedule to be upheld. Still Illinois. A glance out of the window sent me back to my magazine, vaguely regretful that I had not elected to travel via the Northwestern, so that I might at least have passed through the principality of Dowie, greatest of modern prophets. It is something to have seen a flourishing manufacturing and agricultural community based solely upon nerve and whiskers, but this pleasure was not to be mine until later. The unusual combination of a really good cigar and several uniformly readable short stories kept me amused, until houses sprang up around us again with the masts of shipping showing above them and the brakemen shouted "Milwaukee," with a stressful accent on the first syllable.

Maybe my first thought was to discover if Milwaukee was justly famous for the reason commonly accredited. That is another story. But in acquainting myself with the lay of the land I discovered that Lake Michigan actually has a western shore, whereas I had mentally located its boundary at some unmarked point in the cat-tail marsh where the water deepened beyond comfortable wading. The Chicago plan of demarcation is to dump in cellar dirt until it shows above the surface, but here I found that Nature had attended to this matter—or made a bluff in the right direction. And on this bluff there were trees and closely cropped grass, and bare-legged children were rolling in the shade and nursery maids trundling perambulators along the gravelled walks overlooking the lake, and I felt a mad longing to pull off my shoes and roll and trundle with the rest. Instead, I lighted a fresh cigar and set forth to interview the makers of fish hooks, motor cycles and boats and other articles that sportsmen buy and have fun with. The temptation to rest invariably comes when a fellow is busiest, but at the very least I could enjoy the cool lake breezes, watch the flotilla of white-winged pleasure craft just outside the breakwater and talk fish and game with each new acquaintance, who was invariably a sportsman.

Bingenheimer, the man who makes weedless hooks and lures, was grumbling at his own lack of foresight in not equipping a plant and securing help sufficient to supply the demand. Five hands, working as many hours as the self-respecting help of to-day permit themselves, can not clear the office spindle of orders, and such a state of affairs is not in every way desirable. "Bing" has a weighted hook, guaranteed to run bow down in trolling or casting, and so ride clear over grass and other obstructions. It is one of the latest of his specialties, but I noticed while in his salesroom at 142 Second Street, that the counter demand corroborated all he had told me of its popularity. For other than still-fishing, weedless hooks are now being generally adopted, as they are more economical in the long run, easier on the user's Bingenheimer makes every possible style and variety and invents something new in this line twice a week.

During the cycle boom days the Merkel Motor Co. built wheels muchly like those turned out by scores of similar concerns; at present motor cycles is its specialty, said to be different—in the right way—from others on the market, and certainly enough so to secure purchasers for the machines about as fast as they are turned out. With the best interests of Eastern manufacturers at heart, the transportation companies have placed New York and Milwaukee on about a level footing as regards freight rates to the Pacific Coast, but the latter town can ship to the Atlantic about as cheaply as across the western border of Wisconsin; consequently it looks for its principal market east. Probably the freight association could give a reason for hitching the East to the long end of the doubletree, but most certainly it won't, unless under pressure. The Merkel people want a live San Francisco representative, some one competent to assemble and adjust machines shipped in the "knock-down," as this is about the best way to get fairly decent rates until the railroads have been labored with in the only manner they can understand. The suggested connection would be a profitable one for the right man.

Dozier & Roberts have first-rate sellers in their roller tips and guides, advertised in the

"Western Field," but may yet find it necessary to establish their own plant for their manufacture because of the unforeseen difficulty of getting the work done properly under contract. Bait casters have taken kindly to the new departure, the principle involved therein being understandable at a glance. Ball or roller bearings have been so generally employed in other ways that their application to rod guides and tips should by rights have been thought of long ago.

Marine motors are the long suit of the Beaver Manufacturing Co., 237 Oregon Street, but small engines for other purposes are built by this concern. The John Meunier Gun Co. is perhaps the best known, as well as the oldest sporting goods house in Milwaukee, has a good trade throughout the territory tributary to that city, and in the old muzzle-loading days built many rifles and shotguns—a line of production unprofitable now to the small makers. Until the last few years a few target rifles were made each winter, generally for the conservative schuetzen marksman of Milwaukee and other cities with a large German element, but these arms could not sustain their supremacy over the cheaper Winchesters, Stevens and Remingtons, and so the demand for them failed.

Milwaukee was in gala attire during the days of my stay, but the brass band that welcomed me at the depot met subsequent trains with similar demonstrations of glee. The Modern Woodmen were holding a national convention and I was continually stumbling upon acquaintances from all quarters of the Union. Hotel accommodations, better than a cot in a room with others, were unobtainable; so with regret I turned my back upon this prettiest of American cities and in a couple of hours found myself in Racine, little but lovely, dotted over with sporting goods factories and considerably nearer to Chicago. If the year was a perpetual June and the thermometer could stand about ten degrees higher than I found it here, I would exchange my interest in the Southwest for a brownstone cottage on the Racine lake front. The weather was actually shivery—colder than was last March in St. Louis, and I regretted my undue haste in abandoning an overcoat and "blossoming out" in a Panama and low-quarter shoes. Racine is the home of the Bishop spooling device and other anglers' specialties, but A. W. Bishop & Son were somewhere in Northern Wisconsin, testing their wares on record-breaking bass and muscallonge and so I was denied the pleasure of meeting them. B. F. Flegel, builder of the famous hinged casting hook—as easy to swallow as a section of lead pencil and guaranteed to spread, anchorwise, into a big double hook at the first attempt to disgorge it—told me how his initial desultory attempts at advertising had brought him more business than could be handled this season, and how he proposed making ready to meet next season's demand. Quite naturally he is now a firm believer in printer's ink, as well as in the merits of his hook, which ought to be generally tested on the Pacific Slope.

Out at Racine Junction the Gold Medal Folding Camp Furniture Co. is conducting an enormous business with the United States Government as a regular customer, and shipping each week carload lots for the export trade. Mr. Giddings, the manager, gave me a clearer in-

C. H. REHNSTROM,

TAILOR and IMPORTER

DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

MOVED TO PERMANENT QUARTERS

SECOND FLOOR

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

Cor. Geary and Market Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

sight of the beauties of freight discrimination, by the statement that he could ship in carload quantities to San Francisco for $1.90 per 100 pounds and all the way to Yokohama, Japan, through Frisco, for $1.60. The Gold Medal goods are standard and the Coast demand justifies submitting to this imposition, but I agree with Mr. Giddings that Western customers should be permitted to buy good things as cheaply as their brethren and cousins east of the Alleghanies. At a neighboring factory, that of the Pierce Engine Co., where a considerable acreage of ground space is devoted to the production of small boats, vapor launches and marine motors, Mr. Pierce informed me that he was practically barred from sharing in the Coast trade by freight association rulings. Said he, "It now costs me in the neighborhood of $60 to put down a launch in your territory, and customers will content themselves with inferior goods rather than pay the enforced difference in price. In the motor trade conditions are much the same. Your local builders have the best sort of protection from Eastern competitors."

Across the St. Paul tracks from the Gold Medal factory, is the extensive automobile and motor cycle plant of the Mitchell Motor Car Co., running a double force night and day, in an earnest attempt to clear the order book. The Mitchell light car, selling at $750, is distinctive from all others in the respect that, in appearance, it is a $3000 or $4000 automobile in miniature, perfect in proportion and finish. It is a wonderful hill climber and has all the good features of more expensive cars, together with all necessary strength and motor power. The Mitchell tonneau, 18 to 20 horsepower, has a speed of 40 miles an hour and seems to have met a popular demand at the selling price, $1500.

THE MITCHELL $750 CAR.

Kenosha, reached from Racine by both the Northwestern and C. M. & St. P. railroads and also by the Milwaukee & Kenosha trolley line, is still smaller than Racine, still prettier, and still closer to Chicago. Here are located the Thomas B. Jeffrey & Co.'s factories, their sole product the Rambler automobile. The size, scope and importance of this plant invariably surprises the visitor, however well informed in the matter he may previously have believed himself. The number of factories producing automobile parts is pretty conclusive evidence that many so-called makers are in reality little more than assemblers, but the policy of the Rambler people is to purchase only the raw material and personally conduct every process of manufacture, as in no other way can a guarantee of perfection be safely given. Size up an automobile, consider the different descriptions of skilled labor employed in shaping the parts, the hand and machine tools necessary and the many

The Highest

nutrient quality is found in

Hunter Whiskey

which is made from the choicest of selected grain, most carefully and scientifically distilled and undergoes thorough ageing before it is sold.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

shops that must contribute at the assembling and you will commence to have a hazy idea of what is to be seen at "Jeffries," as this immense plant is called by the street car conductor dwelling strenuously on the first syllable in the manner of his kind. The ground space occupied is not to be estimated in square feet, but in acres; the number of workmen employed would, by themselves, make a sizeable parade on Labor Day, and the present demand for Rambler cars indicates that a still larger force must be recruited and increased working room supplied in the near future.

The Badger Brass Co., at Kenosha, manufactures an extensive line of lamps for bicycles, automobiles and other vehicles. These goods are standard the world over, and will be described and illustrated in a later issue.

for sportsmen; baseball bats, tennis rackets, golf clubs, snowshoes—the list is too long for enumeration. And the logical market for these goods is westward, in the plains and mountain regions and on the Pacific Coast.

The lake breeze freshened and grew colder, and I drifted before it, heading southwest, as is the nature of all Texas-reared stock at the first suspicion of a blizzard. Happily there was a railroad leading the right direction from Racine, a branch of the C. M. & St. P. system, which eventually landed me at Rockford, among the Rock River hills. It was a quicker portage across the St. Lawrence-Mississippi watershed and I was rather surprised to find the Rock apthan was possible for the old-time voyageurs, parently wide and deep enough for steamboat navigation and the good people of the town con-

1879-1905

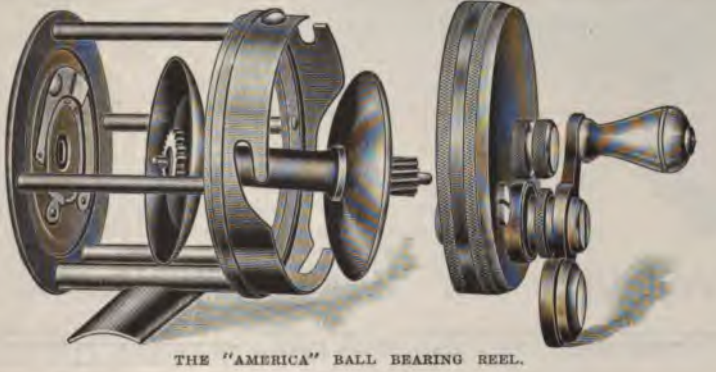
O. W. Nordwell

announces the arrival of his new importations and invites your inspection

397 Bush St., Cor. Kearny Second Floor San Francisco

So much for the sporting goods factories—a few among many—discovered in a three-days' casual jaunt along the lake shore just north of old Fort Dearborn's historic site, within rifle shot of the water route along which the good Pere Marquette, indomitable of will though death stricken, carried the symbol of Christianity and coming civilization only a few short generations ago. The territory with which his name is inseparably connected for all time to come can boast an enormous number of such establishments, their output sufficiently diversified to stock a sporting goods store in practically all lines. Fishing rods, reels and lures, canvas boats, canoes, motor launches and sailing craft, air rifles, pocket axes, gun sights and an innumerable number of patented specialties

fident of securing a government appropriation for its improvement. A noted bass stream, this, though I had no time to test its qualities; but I did see the Rockford small boy jerking sleek and gamey channel cats out of the millrace in the factory district and the temptation to join them in their sport was rather hard to repress. Rockford ranks close to Grand Rapids as a furniture producing point, but bids fair to become more widely known as the town that produces the "America" reel—the "Push the button and twist the wrist" article, which resolves itself into three pieces at a touch, and is as instantly assembled and rigidly locked. The America Co. builds its reels under a patent granted a little over three years ago, a short time to have gained such general popularity.



THE "AMERICA" BALL BEARING REEL.

BEST FOR THE BIG MEADOWS
Good Anywhere

The FAMOUS COSTAR TIED TROUT FLIES are the product of an expert who has made a life study of the requirements of the BIG MEADOWS and adjacent waters. They tempt trout when all others fail. Used and unqualifiedly recommended by prominent anglers

Samples on approval if "Western Field" is mentioned **A. P. COSTAR,** PRATTVILLE, Plumas Co., Cal.

Practical ideas wrought into attained results by skilled workmen, novel features whose merit require no argument, mechanical principles proved in application elsewhere and now first adopted in reel construction—reason enough why America reels find buyers and make friends. The full ball-bearing reel is so nearly frictionless that the spool will revolve at a line strain or starting weight of 7 to 15 grains, and when given ordinary momentum will spin from one to two minutes. A desirable adjunct is the micrometer drag, having a graduated dial by which the friction may be regulated to a nicety, while the America level winder is absolutely unfailing and accurate in action and can be instantly thrown in or out of gear as circumstances render advisable. The America and America-Meek reels are made in all sizes of spool, from 60 to 250 yards and consequently are adapted to all descriptions of fishing. It is safe to predict their coming popularity with the anglers of the Pacific Coast, for reasons set forth in the catalogue lately issued by the America Co., free to all applicants.

The Hastings free running reel is another Rockford production, manufactured by the C. W. Parker Co., 211-213 Walnut Street. The distinctive feature of this reel is the ability to throw it out of gear by a slight thumb pressure when casting, only the spool running, and the friction reduced to a minimum. The makers have but lately introduced this reel, and difficulty in supplying the demand has led to the planning of a larger factory in order to satisfactorily handle next season's business.

"Comfort" Sleeping Pocket

A BED—NOT A BAG

A luxurious, puncture proof Air Bed, that can be inflated in one minute, with Pillow and Foot Pocket, combined with a warm and damp proof sleeping receptacle, packs compactly and weighs but

18 Pounds

Will you send for our circular "D" and let us tell you how we have solved the problem that has vexed many campers? A postal brings it, and it is worth a cent to know what is being made.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co., Reading, Mass.

TRAPSHOOTERS ATTENTION

On September 9th and 10th, 1905, the

EMPIRE GUN CLUB

will hold one of its old-time two days

MERCHANDISE TOURNAMENTS.

OPEN TO THE WORLD

AT ITS GROUNDS

ALAMEDA POINT

There will be prizes, many of which are of extraordinary value, for everyone.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

See Programs for full details.

Fisherman's Luck

in Summertime means freedom from Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER

always brings immediate relief. Be sure that you get the original.

For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co.
Newark, N. J.

BORODONT

TOOTH PASTE

IS

SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT

ASK YOUR DENTIST

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS

EUREKA

Garden and Camping

TENTS

Made in the following

Colors { White / White and Blue Stripe / Brown

This new, improved Umbrella Tent was first designed for Mountain Use; besides being Exceptionally Strong, it is Very Light and Compact. When folded and ready for transportation, it measures 48 Inches Long by 7 Inches in Diameter. It embodies all the Utility of the Regulation Tent, and affords More Actual Space per Square Foot than any other tent. The material is 10 Oz. Waterproof Duck.

We can manufacture any special size or style of Tents to your specification on short notice.

BAKER & HAMILTON

San Francisco Sacramento Los Angeles

PRINTING

WE SELL IT IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

THERE'S A REASON

QUALITY · PROMPTNESS · PRICE · DOES IT

WE CAN POSITIVELY SAVE YOU MONEY, NO MATTER WHETHER YOU ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO OR NEW YORK. LET US ESTIMATE ON YOUR CONTEMPLATED FUTURE PURCHASES. WILL SUBMIT SAMPLES AND REFERENCES.

EVENING WISCONSIN CO.

CATALOGUE PRINTERS,

JOHN W. CAMPSIE,
MANAGER PRINTING DEPT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

Best of Service
Comfortable Sleeping Cars
Low Rates

All these and more if you travel Rock Island going East.

Arrange your itinerary so you will pass through the famous scenery of the Sierra Nevadas and Rocky Mountains by daylight.

Through cars via Salt Lake City or Los Angeles.

Special round trip excursion rates to points in the East on sale Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16 and 17.

Full details and copy of our folder, "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car," free. Write to-day.

C. A. RUTHERFORD,
Dist. Pass'r Agent,
623 Market Street,
San Francisco.

UNSURPASSED FISHING AND HUNTING GROUNDS IN COLORADO

ON LINE OF

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Tickets on sale August 30 and 31
One Fare for Round Trip. Good 40 Days

For Information apply or write to

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.,
647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. DAVENPORT,
General Agent.

C. L. BROWN,
City Ticket Agent.

Marlin

It requires nerve and confidence in one's rifle to face a wounded, charging moose, for a clogged or broken mechanism would mean instant destruction to the hunter.

All *Marlin* Rifles have the famous *Marlin* Breechbolt, which keeps out the rain and snow, twigs, sand, leaves, etc., which are apt to put the working parts of a rifle out of business. *The Marlin is always to be depended upon.* The *Marlin* ejection is at the side, so the empty shells cannot possibly be thrown in the shooter's face at a critical moment. The *Marlin* structure throughout is of the simplest, strongest and most enduring quality. *Marlin accuracy is famous.* A *Marlin* never fails. *Marlin* Rifles are the kind that big game hunters are trusting their lives to every day.

The Model 1893 *Marlin* have "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels, using powerful smokeless loads. The .32-40 and .38-55 are also made with the highest grade of soft steel barrels for black powder. Better bags and eternal satisfaction are yours if you use a *Marlin*. They class by themselves.

Write to-day for real stories of *Marlin* prowess in our Experience Book, and the new Catalog. Free to any address for 6 cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 51 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water don't affect it. Rust repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealer. Sample 1½ oz. tubes sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Model 1893, .38-55, 26-in., ½ Octagon, ½ magazine, Take Down, extra selected and checked, Pistol grip, rubber butt, Special "D" design checking. Engraving No. 40 gold or platinum inlay. Catalog list price $210.25. *Marlin* Model '93 Repeating Rifles from $12.95. Catalog prices. Less at your dealers.

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**

H. L. LORQUIN
323 Kearny St., S. F.
Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.
Telephone Montgomery 761

BOOK on DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED.

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y.

NATURE'S PICTURE GALLERY

The Unsurpassed Beauty

of the scenery on the

Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

has made it world-famous.

Through sleeping and dining cars to all points East.
Open top observation car free to all passengers.

For Tourist Rates and Illustrated Travel Books address
W. J. SHOTWELL, Gen. Agent,
625 Market Street **San Francisco**

THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure, Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different Styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Mooseh'de Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No.200,14** inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 31 Bridge Square, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE GOOSE HUNTER

THE CANADA GOOSE

These pictures in water color. Photogravures colored by hand, combining the talent of six different artists. Geese drawn by Lynn B. Hunt, water color work by S. A. Thors—and others. Size 16x20 on paper 22x28 inches. Prices, $2.00 each, two for $3.50. Photogravures, plain, $1.00 each, two for $1.75. Half-tone reproductions 5x7 sent fr.e.

E. HENDRICH, 218 E. 18th STREET, NEW YORK.

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

AT STUD—$25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905.

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half brother to Plain Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—**The Ithaca Sticks.**

No. 4. List $100.00

We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR **ART CATALOGUE**

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, **PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO**

Dealers!

THROW YOUR LINE among fishermen, and you'll get a STRIKE—with a rush for the goods—if it's the general line of

Pflueger's Fine Fishing Tackle,

made only by the

ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.

Twenty-five years of experience, combined with the largest manufacturing facilities in this country, enable us to produce a superior line of fishing tackle that fishermen insist on having.

PFLUEGER'S PATENTED REVERSIBLE HINGE INSURES FREE SPINNING AND PREVENTS BENDING OR BREAKING

Hooks, Flies, Spinners, Trolls, Phantoms, Reels, Furnished Lines, Everything in Fishing Tackle,

Packed for effective display.

Best Selling Line You Can Carry.

NOTICE.—Free to any dealer in sporting goods, sent express prepaid, 155-page illustrated Catalogue No. F23, Metal Fish Sign and Window Transparency in 8-color lithograph.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co.,
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL No 2 RE & DE-CAPPER. PRICE **$1.50**

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

When you write please mention "WESTERN FIELD."

PETERS

A HUNTING TRIP

can be easily ruined by a poor lot of ammunition. Think how useless all your trouble will have been, if you haven't full confidence in your loads. There is just one way to be on the safe side—use

Peters Factory Loaded Shells

They are just right for field or trap shooting. They were used by the winner of the **Consolation**, and a lot of top-notchers at the 1905 Grand American Handicap. They will never disappoint you.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

NEW YORK: 98 Chambers St. CINCINNATI O.

T. H. KELLER, Mgr.

MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor

Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th St., New York

Seventh Avenue, Amsterdam Avenue and West 130th Street. Cars pass the door. Luxurious rooms for permanent and transient guests.

Restaurant a Feature
Exquisite Palm Room
:: Art Nouveau Cafe :
Royal Hungarian Orchestra

Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the World. Can offer few single rooms, with bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two people, $60 per month.

TRANSIENT RATES

One Room with Bath : : : : : $2.50 per day
Parlor, Bedroom, with Bath, : $3 and $5 per day
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with Bath, : $5 and $7 per day

Every improvement known to modern ingenuity. Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belleclaire World."

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

The German Savings & Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..... .....$2,500,098.42
Capital Actually Paid-up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905.....37,738,672.17

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JOHN LLOYD, President
DANIEL MEYER, 1st Vice-President
EMIL ROHTE, 2d Vice-President

IGN. STEINHART — J. W. VAN BERGEN
I. N. WALTER — F. TILLMANN, Jr.
N. OHLANDT — E. T. KRUSE

A. H. R. SCHMIDT, - - - - - Cashier
WM. HERRMANN, - - - Asst. Cashier
GEO. TOURNY, - - - - - - Secretary
A. H. MULLER, - - - - - Asst. Secretary
W. S. GOODFELLOW, - - General Attorney

FRANK J. CARR, Proprietor Telephone Main 3092

THE MARBLE PALACE

Fine Wines and Liquors

508 MARKET STREET & 9 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1003

Commercial Publishing Co.

PRINTERS, BINDERS,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
ENGRAVERS

HIGH CLASS PUBLICATION WORK
A SPECIALTY

PROPRIETORS

COMMERCIAL NEWS

(DAILY AND WEEKLY)

463 MISSION STREET, CORNER FIRST
SAN FRANCISCO

CHAS. H. KEWELL CO.

MUIRHEAD BUILDING

Junction Hayes, Larkin and Market Sts. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Write for booklet

"All About Stewart Spoons"

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD
Kern Co., California

"BILLY" CROSBY has held the world's long run record of 345 straight since March 31, 1901,

AND

Now makes another world's record of 419 straight **with his SMITH GUN.** You can miss them with the Smith.

Send For Catalogue

HUNTER ARMS CO.,
FULTON, N. Y.

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Continental
Building & Loan Association
of California

Established . . . 1889

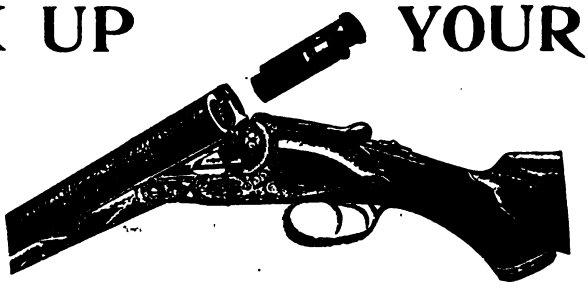
This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal.

LOOK UP YOUR GUN



YOU may need a new one this fall; DO NOT wait until you want it. ORDER NOW. REMEMBER it takes time to make a gun and make one RIGHT. We do not care to make one any other way. If you DON'T know all about a gun, write to us; we may be able to serve JUST YOU. We have had over 40 years' experience, and it's yours for the asking. Tell us what you want. Write today.

PARKER BROS.,

37 CHERRY STREET, MERIDEN, CONN.

32 Warren Street, New York City.

"LITTLE FUZZY"

ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD. AN EXPERT SHOT. HE USES U. M. C.

HITS PENNIES IN THE AIR AT 25 FEET WITH A REMINGTON RIFLE.

"Little Fuzzy", son of Mr. F. F. Forsgard (Fuzzy), a prominent shooter of Waco, Tex., is indeed a boy wonder from the standpoint of marksmanship. At Waco, Tex., March 10th, he broke 72 out of 100 Blue Rocks thrown in the air to the height of 15 feet, shooting a Remington No. 6 Rifle with stock sawed off so as to enable him to use it. This was the first trial he had ever made at 100 targets. At the next weekly shoot of the club he scored 48 out of 50, which many an expert amateur or professional would not be ashamed of with a shotgun.

In making the above scores a REMINGTON NO. 6 rifle and U. M. C. Smokeless Cartridges were used.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT

86-88 First St., San Francisco. E. E. DRAKE, Manager.

AMMUNITION

WINCHESTER

Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANC SCO

A. MULLER, Agent

Glabrough, Golcher & Co.

Fire Arms

AND AMMUNITION

Fishing Tackle

OUTING REQUISITES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

538

MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Catalogue Free

A CLEAN SWEEP AT INDIANAPOLIS

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP, June 28th.
R. R. Barber of Paullina, Iowa, Score, 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, June 29th.
R. R. Barber of Paullina, Iowa, Score 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

CONSOLATION HANDICAP, June 30th.
J. T. Atkinson, Newcastle, Pa., Score 99 x 100

Using DuPONT SMOKELESS

Do You use DuPont Smokeless?

STATE TEAM SHOOT.

R. S. Rhoads, Columbus, Ohio	.93
D. A. Upson, Cleveland, Ohio	.95
F. H. Snow, South Brooklyn, Ohio	.97
J. E. Orr, Newark, Ohio	.96
F. D. Alkire, Williamsport, Ohio	.93
	474

An average of 94.8 per cent.

All of these gentlemen used DuPONT SMOKELESS

WESTERN FIELD.

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. VII | OCTOBBER, 1905. | No. 3

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—A Herd of Alaskan Reindeers
WHERE WATERS MURMUR ..... *F. M. Kelly*
AUTUMN (Poem) ..... *Stacy E. Baker*
OLD CALIFORNIA BEAR STORIES ..... *H. L. Duggan*
COYOTE COURSING ..... *George Crosby*
IN HOC SIGNOS (Poem) ..... *Allan D. May*
SALMON FISHING AT MONTEREY ..... *Thomas Maitland Marshall*
ON THE BAY AT MONTEREY, *A Poem* ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
SOME AFRICAN INCIDENTS ..... *Elmer E. Davis*
OUR OUTING ..... *Alberta Field*
TWO WEEKS IN THE OLYMPICS ..... *Portus Baxter*
THE STILL HUNT ..... *J. E. Sawyers*
SUMMER DAYS IN COLORADO ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
UNCLE SI'S PHILOSOPHY (Poem)
THE SCIENCE OF SILVICULTURE—Part V—Cause and Effect ..... *Clyde Scott Chase*
THE PRESERVATION OF CALIFORNIA GAME ..... *H. Elbe*
BRITISH SONG BIRDS ..... *F. M. Kelly*
NORTHWESTERN DEPARTMENT ..... *Lawrence Irwell*
DOGS AND QUAIL ..... *Chas. H. Babcock*

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

CLAY PIGEONS!!

At the tournament held under the auspices of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association of Tucson, Arizona, the following wonderful record was made with

SELBY SHELLS

Professional HIGH AVERAGE
Amateur HIGH AVERAGE
—AND—
Longest run of consecutive breaks

Vacation Time

Are you thinking of taking a house in the country, or is it going to be a camping trip this time?

You will need fancy and staple groceries, and we are well qualified to fill out-of-town grocery orders for camp or cottage.

We have been shipping groceries to the country for years, and our trade is constantly increasing. Good groceries, good packing and prompt service are the reasons for the steady progress that we are making in our *MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.*

We will gladly furnish estimates, suggestions, and assistance in making up your order, and it will give us pleasure to demonstrate our ability to fill the smallest or largest orders to your complete satisfaction. We are just as careful with small orders as with large ones.

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

"Master Grocers"

432 PINE ST. Private Exchange One | 232 SUTTER ST. Private Exchange 100 | 2829 CALIFORNIA ST. West 101 | 1401 HAIGHT ST. Park 456

OTIS ELEVATORS

HYDRAULIC
ELECTRIC
STEAM
BELTED

PASSENGER or
FREIGHT

FOR EVERY
SERVICE

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit, and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY

Pacific Coast Department Office and Works

509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Private Exchange 527

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

New Southern Hotel
and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO.,
Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

Thoroughly modern, with steam heat and compressed air cleaning plant

CUISINE UNSURPASSED

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING-MEN

LICK HOUSE

O. W. KINGSBURY, Lessee

CORNER SUTTER AND MONTGOMERY STS

QUALITY

IS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION IN EVERYTHING WE DISPLAY. OUR DEPARTMENTS OF CARPETS, ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC RUGS, LINOLEUMS, DRAPERIES, LACE CURTAINS, ART FURNITURE, ALL BY THE LARGEST AND MOST FASHIONABLY STYLED STORE IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO. WE INVITE THE INSPECTION OF LADIES AND MISSES ESPECIALLY WITH OUR

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

BEST FOR LIVE BIRDS

AT INGLESIDE AUGUST 18

DR. SLADE

SHOOTING

BALLISTITE

MADE THE ONLY

CLEAN SCORE

EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS ALSO BEST FOR INANIMATES

BAKER & HAMILTON, Pacific Coast Agents

SAN FRANCISCO SACRAMENTO

THE BIG TREES OF CALAVERAS

A grove of 100 magnificent redwood giants up to 325 feet in height.

Six miles south is the South Park Grove, containing 1 380 trees, several over 100 feet in circumference at the base.

Mere words cannot describe the grandeur of these forests—you must see them—your education is not complete until you do.

$15.00 For Round Trip

A splendid opportunity to see these natural wonders and the country made famous by Bret Harte's stories at a slight cost.

Leave here today and arrive there at 10:30 tomorrow. The route is via Oakdale, Jamestown, Angels and Murphy's. Only 22 miles stage ride. An interesting trip all the way. Fine hotel and many good fishing streams.

For illustrated folders and particulars see agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

San Francisco Office
613 Market Street

Oakland Office
12 San Pablo Avenue

Three Through Trains to CHICAGO

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

daily from points in California via the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Railways,

Over the Only Double-Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

The Overland Limited, the most luxurious daily train in the World. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car, electric lighted throughout, Booklovers' library. Less than three days San Francisco to Chicago. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago without change. For tickets and full information call on ticket agents Southern Pacific Railway, or address

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. & N. W. Ry.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager **R. X. Ryan, Gen'l Passenger Agent**

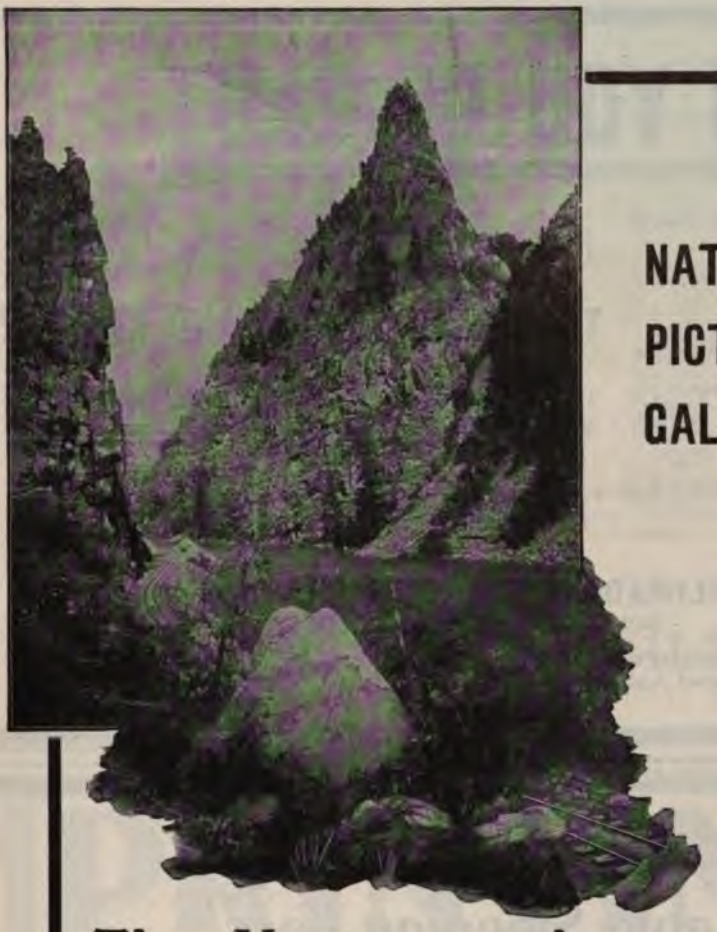
California Limited at Laguna.

Grand Canyon

HE who seeks the best for his eastern journey. travels on the "California Limited" on the Santa Fe, and visits the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way.

Remember

Santa Fe



NATURE'S
PICTURE
GALLERY

The Unsurpassed Beauty

of the scenery on the

Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

has made it world-famous.

Through sleeping and dining cars to all points East.

Open top observation car free to all passengers.

For Tourist Rates and Illustrated Travel Books address

W. J. SHOTWELL, Gen. Agent,

625 Market Street San Francisco

WHEN YOU GO EAST

Take the through cars running via

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Through Colorado and pass the finest scenery in America by daylight.

For full information, literature and sleeping car accommodations, communicate with or call upon

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.,
647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. DAVENPORT, General Agent.

C. L. BROWN, City Ticket Agent.

Best of Service
Comfortable Sleeping Cars
Low Rates

All these and more if you travel Rock Island going East.

Arrange your itinerary so you will pass through the famous scenery of the Sierra Nevadas and Rocky Mountains by daylight.

Through cars via Salt Lake City or Los Angeles.

Special round trip excursion rates to points in the East on sale Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16 and 17.

Full details and copy of our folder, "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car," free. Write to-day.

Rock Island System

C. A. RUTHERFORD,
Dist. Pass'r Agent,
623 Market Street,
San Francisco.

EUREKA

Garden and Camping

TENTS

Made in the following

Colors { White / White and Blue Stripe / Brown

This new, improved Umbrella Tent was first designed for Mountain Use; besides being Exceptionally Strong, it is Very Light and Compact. When folded and ready for transportation, it measures 48 Inches Long by 7 Inches in Diameter. It embodies all the Utility of the Regulation Tent, and affords More Actual Space per Square Foot than any other tent. The material is 10 Oz. Waterproof Duck.

We can manufacture any special size or style of Tents to your specification on short notice.

BAKER & HAMILTON

San Francisco Sacramento Los Angeles

PRINTING

WE SELL IT IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

THERE'S A REASON

QUALITY · PROMPTNESS · PRICE · DOES IT

WE CAN POSITIVELY SAVE YOU MONEY, NO MATTER WHETHER YOU ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO OR NEW YORK. LET US ESTIMATE ON YOUR CONTEMPLATED FUTURE PURCHASES. WILL SUBMIT SAMPLES AND REFERENCES.

EVENING WISCONSIN CO.

CATALOGUE PRINTERS,

JOHN W. CAMPSIE,
MANAGER PRINTING DEPT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

Quail and duck season is fast approaching. We have the boots, shoes, clothing, guns and ammunition that is needed. It will pay you to see

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
601 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

SCHULZE & BROWN
ARCHITECTS
SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

GRAYLING

are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge you selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "S".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR EXPLORERS CAMPERS AND PROSPECTORS
314-316 Broadway, New York, U. S. A

Sachs Brothers & Co.

FANCY GOODS

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Yarns,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

25-27-29-31 & 33 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SAVE THIS COUPON **SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER** SAVE THIS COUPON

14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN, that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

I POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates

Shingle Machines Engines and Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate delivery

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At **Rancho Los Laurelles** you will find a well-equipped hotel and camp under the same management as famous

HOTEL DEL MONTE

With every opportunity for fishing and shooting.

Why not make DEL MONTE your headquarters?

No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions —sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, hunting and all out-of-door sports.

GEO. P. SNELL
Manager, Del Monte, California

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
SAN FRANCISCO.
AMERICA'S MODEL HOTEL

COMBINES ALL LATEST FEATURES OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE. FRONTING ON UNION SQUARE PARK, IN THE HEART OF THE CITY; NO INSIDE ROOMS; ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF; CUISINE UNEXCELLED; SUNSHINE EVERYWHERE; SUPERB VIEW OF BAY AND MOUNTAINS. REMEMBER SAN FRANCISCO'S CLIMATE BEATS THE WORLD; ALWAYS COOL AND BRACING.

JAMES WOODS, MANAGER.

A HERD OF ALASKAN REINDEER.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 7. OCTOBER, 1905. NO. 3.

WHERE WATERS MURMUR.

By F. M. KELLY.

ON AN easy stretch of shallow water, far up a winding river, where low-hanging shrubs brushed against its surface as the breezes from the top of the valley caressed them, and where the sun warmed the gravel of the bottom through the long days, Silversides first felt his life. Strange was it all, that day when his eyes formed in the water and his tail felt its gentle motion. Everything was huge; great were the shadows of the flies that skimmed along above, while the reflections of twig and leaf borne slowly on the current were most menacing. Small wonder that he was awed for a time. Each day, however, as he wriggled about his birthplace, the last of the rounded sac of nourishment going to form his belly, he acquired confidence, grew accustomed to the ripple of the breeze on the water, to the scudding of the leaves before it, and learned to know there are no dangers in the inanimate things of nature, and also what these things are like.

Not until the food of the sac was all absorbed had Silversides to seek for sustenance of another kind. Then he found that the water was full of minute particles suitable to his tiny size, and he would open and close his mouth for minutes on end, letting little trickles of water pass in, when it would be strained through the gills and all that was life-giving retained. As his days increased, larger particles were required, and through all the long shallow reach he would seek for that which would satisfy his hunger. One day eagerness took him far from his usual haunts, and he happened to the edge of a deep, dark pool. He paused, it was so different from anything he had ever seen—so shrouded in mystery, with the reddish and brown-tinged mosses slowly moving on its sloping sides. From the rim, Silversides looked wide-eyed and long; but he wouldn't venture in, that would be rash. Curious, though, day after day he would go to the edge of the pool and linger until the shadows of the shallows were almost as dark as those of the depths. Imperceptibly almost the change came, and the rim of the deep water was at length his living place. Some of his brothers and sisters joined Silversides there, lured by the same desire and the sense of growing. Sometimes they would quest separately, sometimes together. Then, boldened by companionship, they would penetrate farther and farther into the deep water; and, though they knew there was danger lurking there—for had they not often been startled by the heavy splashes of some great live thing in the pool—they seemed to care nought. It was on an occasion of this kind that Silversides learned a lesson he could never forget. More bold than the rest he was in the van of the little shoal. Had he been in the rear possibly all would now be told. The voracious one, swimming about the pool, came from behind; and, before they could scatter and reach safe water, a number of Silversides' brothers and sisters made a dinner for Broadback.

How Silverside's little body palpitated and distended with terror when he got to where the monstrous thing could not follow. Good reason. Had he not seen the great dark and silver body rushing through the water? Had he not seen the great mouth open—the rows of sharp, cruel teeth? And his tender kind

"THE EDGE OF A DEEP DARK POOL."

Photo by W. W. Richards.

vanish as the mouth closed? Very careful was he after that. He left the pool, went by the place of his earliest recollections and established himself in a quiet spot under a shelving bank among the roots of an aged cedar. Safe he felt there, and rapidly he grew in size and beauty, round, red spots showing clear on the soft skin of back and sides. Long was this place his home, and there he came to know of the deep-sided salmon, rock-torn and reddened, that splashed up stream on their life and death mission. From behind the cedar roots he saw the first huge bulk sway wearily into his little pool and halt to rest after the long conflict with the waters of the laughing riffles. The first comer was followed by more of a like kind, and when they resumed their way, others struggled into the place. At first Silversides feared much and lurked in his gray recess. It was hunger at length forced him out to acquire the knowledge that the big fish, in their straining efforts to get far up stream, were not in the habit of feeding; that, instead of destroying him, they brought him unlooked-for joys. What were those round, saffron-colored globes that shortly rolled into the pool in great numbers? They looked inviting, and proved the richest food his gullet had ever passed. Thus a passion for the salmon eggs was acquired, and at every opportunity he would gorge his body with them. When he grew strong, capable even of dropping down to the big pool below, and which he distinctly remembered, he resolved to go. Fear of the big trout had passed, and he sidled by him bravely when he encountered him moving idly about on the day he returned. True, the big fellow didn't want a sharer in his domain, but he realized that he couldn't drive Silversides out unless he beat him in the race for food.

With the warm weather came the gnats, the millers and other things that fly. Invariably Broadback would get the morsel as it trailed along the water, and often Silversides would go without. When he did succeed in closing his mouth over the soft wings and body of a fluttering insect, Broadback would race at him furiously as if he meant to bite him in two. Then there chanced a day when both were hungry, when never a fly

wet its wings on the water of the pool. Evening came, the time of the long shadows, and after the foodless day Silversides and Broadback were longing for something digestible, when there happened a slight stir on the glass-like surface above them, and widening circles spread from the spot. It was a fly, with such wings, and such a fat body. Enough, the trout raced for it and Silversides would surely have taken it if, just as his mouth was opening, Broadback hadn't shoved him to one side. It was Broadback's, but Broadback had never fed that way before. As he grabbed the fly he turned quickly out of the water, beat it with his tail and rushed wildly this way and that. Terrorized at Broadback's frenzy, Silversides sought the very deepest part of the pool, forgot his hunger and trembled there until morning. He never beheld Broadback again and for a long time he looked upon flies with disfavor. Never again did he rush for one until he knew it was genuine. All his own, he swam proudly about the pool; and yet he grew restless and let the desire of wandering take possession of him. Down stream he started. By strange scenes he went, meeting with his kind in many places. The wonder of his journey were the foam-making riffles where his strength was impotent and his body often got bruised against the stones.

Was Silversides satisfied when at length he was swept through a long, narrow gorge and turned around in a great black hole whirling with eddies? No, he would rather the pool from which Broadback had vanished. He lingered though and became accustomed to his new surroundings and the fish-kind that haunted it. Some of them were as large as Broadback, but none was larger than himself. What a famous place it was for food, too. All that passed the pools above and was carried through the gorge swung in the eddies of that deep hole. The memories of other days passed, and Silversides grew content with the company under the shelves of the water-worn rock; he would spend the remainder of his days there. Even as a mortal, he knew not how long they might be. So it is good.

One day as Silversides hung in the quiet backwater, motionless save for the steadying movement of his fins, and watch the swift current of the stream, he saw a bright flash go quickly by. What could it be but a minnow. Ah, it was very like, moved as if alive there in the eddy. It must be his, and Silversides darted for it. Oh! the pain that shot through every part of his being as a hard, sharp thing cut through his flesh. Was he not frantic then? How he tried to get away—would have torn his mouth if the bone had permitted. Useless were his efforts; he could not even get near the rough-edged rocks where what was holding him tight might be severed. Long he struggled for the life of the water until that very water weakened him by drowning. The pity of it—his native element. In a creel passed the last gasp of life; but Silversides is not forgotten; his memory lives. Perchance the same angler lured both Silversides and Broadback, and that same angler might be any one of us. Lucky man!

AUTUMN.

SING ho! for the Fall, with its wild fascinations,
And wander a-field, where the gipsy things grow;
The fields are a-rustle with cool invitations
To linger beneath them an hour or so;
The brigandish bumble-bees grumbling go—
Stern weather is coming these robbers well know!
And Autumn cries ever of Winter vacations,
And Winter vacations are prosy and slow.

The dew-jewels fringe on the green of the grasses,
As Dawn breathes a pean of welcome to Day.
But lo! as we look, all their scintillance passes,
And, gemless, the verdure grows pallid and gray;
The down of the thistle floats, airy, away;
The meadow-rill carols an Autumnal lay;
The leaves murmur low, in a mass that surpasses
Their vespers sung sweet when the summer was gay.

The renitent sun mounts—a monarch most regal!
And rails at the threats of a mutinous sky,
And hark! on the air comes the bay of the beagle;
His quarry, a rabbit, lopes leisurely by;
A cock-pheasant, startled, makes ready to fly,
Though, quicker, a plover wings gracefully high;
Aloft, on the mountain, a lordly old eagle
Shrills loud his defiance, and waits a reply.

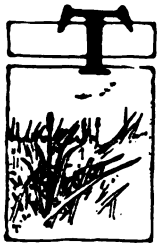
The robin's a-thrill with his best vocal praises,
A bull-frog sound, deep, from the verge of the lake,
And, down in the dell, with the last of the daisies,
The buttercup lingers—a summer time rake!
And sweet, on the breeze, comes the scent of the brake,
High up, to the southward, wing gander and drake—
Their following seeking a sheltered oasis,
To linger still longer for sweet Summer's sake.

The night is a wonder of beauty entrancing,
The moon rays endowing each purpling tree
With garments of grandeur, and star light enhancing
The Autumntide beauties of forest and lea;
The chirp of the cricket rings careless and free;
The nightingale warbles a rollicking glee—
And now, with the shadows of evening advancing,
The whippoorwill calls in a quavering key.

—Stacy E. Baker.

OLD CALIFORNIA BEAR STORIES

By M. L. DUNGAN



THESE bear stories were told me by a settler of Humboldt County, California, in '56, when grizzly, black and brown bear were uncomfortably thick. The country was for the most part wild and rugged, and even the valleys were covered with trees and underbrush, where the brake and flag of the swamp did not intertwine themselves with creeping briars into barriers impassable to man. In this forest brush and tangle, wild animals found an ideal home beside their brothers, the "digger" Indians.

The tales that follow are true, the events occurring about 1860:

Four men sat around a big stick and mud fireplace that crackled warmth and cheer all over the front room of a log house. The room was unusually large for a frontier home, and rude, home-made furniture showed that it served for dining, bed and living room. One of its doors opened on to a rickety porch in front of the house; the other into a storeroom for household goods, food and so on. A second door in this storeroom pointed the way to a lean-to at the end of the cabin, which was at once washroom and general dumping ground for such household goods as were not worthy of the main dwelling.

The eaves of the lean-to were not over eight feet from the ground and access to them, in case of necessity, was made comparatively easy through the kindly offices of a draw-horse standing patiently beside the rear wall, its knotty legs getting a firmer footing in the soft soil at each straddling of the industrious pioneer armed with one of the few implements of his craft—the drawing knife, or as it was more commonly called in those days, the draw-shave.

Three of the men in the house were brothers and were known among themselves and their companion as John, Tom and Bob. The fourth, out of deference to his lack of relationship to the three, was called by his last name, Stover. They were discussing the morrow's hunt, night having come on, while they examined firearms or stretched comfortably under the soothing influence of bacon and brown beans.

Bear had been thinning out the livestock and the men were determined to nail a few pelts to the cabin front. Modern sportsmen would not have fancied their job with the guns they had—long barreled muzzle-loading rifles of small bore. These guns shot hard and straight, but it was rather nervous work reloading one while keeping an eye on a wounded grizzly. Of the four guns in the cabin, two had been discharged of their light loads to make ready for heavy charges of powder and slugs, instead of bullets. The third gun, belonging to Stover, had its hammer off while some necessary repairs went on. The remaining gun carried a handful

of black powder under its cap, with properly patched and tallowed slug rammed hard upon it.

Bob and Tom, the owners of the two empty guns, were molding a few extra slugs by means of brass bullet mold, an iron spoon stuck in the end of a long split stick, and bits of lead. The lead was melted in the spoon and poured into the mold, Bob doing the work and Tom offering the suggestions concerning it and kindly doing the swearing when the worker burned his fingers, Bob's vocabulary in that line being limited, for pious reasons.

While thus pleasantly engaged, out of the blackness of the night came the terrified squeal of pigs and the bellowing of cattle. The dogs on the rickety porch broke into wild barking, but let it go at that, not caring to interfere with the trouble in the corral. John seized his rifle, loaded with the handful of black powder and properly patched slug, rushed out past the terrified dogs on the rickety porch and leaped into the corral. His three companions were on his right and left wing, forming a substantial moral support, but unarmed and breathless. Coming so suddenly from the light made the night doubly black. The corral was shaded by two spruce trees and under them a pig was begging for his life in no uncertain language. A miscellaneous lot of cattle and hogs were on the opposite side of the enclosure, beating against the heavy fence and trampling over one another.

It was easy to locate the pig by his cries and it took but small imagination to picture the pig in a bear's grasp. Some one whispered "shoot," and shortly afterward the handful of black powder leaped into living flame, flashing just past an immense grizzly's shoulder, and lighting up the night. In that brief instant of light the men saw the grizzly as well as if they had had an hour to inspect him through a cage's bars, only he may have been larger in the wild state. The man who whispered "shoot" shouted "run!" and his advice was taken.

The relaters of this bit of history do not agree on all points concerning what followed the incident in the corral. No one ever admitted that he was the first man to reach the rickety porch. However, in whatever order they reached it, the first man had no sooner opened the door and entered than the last closed it with a bang. And the last had no sooner closed the first door than he was called upon to close the second, third and fourth, thus shutting all four men out of doors at the rear of the house. The first man leaped on the back of the patient draw-horse and swung himself on top the lean-to, his coat tails being trampled on several times during the feat by the second man, who was likewise pressed by the third, while the fourth clawed over the three and tied the leader for the ridgepole.

There they sat on top the house waiting for the grizzly to tear out the interior and depart at his convenience. Nothing of the sort happened, for the uninjured but considerably frightened bear had made off in another direction. He had, however, retained presence of mind sufficient to carry off the protesting pig.

* * *

A lanky man in a flannel shirt and overalls came unexpectedly face to face with a grizzly on a mountain trail. The man had a muzzle-loading rifle under his right arm, and, carried by the impulse of the moment, threw it to his shoulder and fired. He was a true shot, the bear was not over twenty feet from him, and in the instant there was in which to make up his mind where to aim, he had selected the left eye. Unfortunately at the very second in which his finger drew back the trigger the bear lowered his head slightly as a preliminary motion toward rearing on his hind feet. The bullet struck just above the eye, flattened against the hard skull and slid along, a misshapen mass, under the skin.

It took the bear very little time to recover from the shock, and the man no longer to realize that he had missed his aim, and in fact had made a mistake in shooting at all. He thought it would have been much better had he discussed the right of way with the grizzly, as the trail was certainly too narrow for them to pass and the brush and briars made it inconvenient for one to step aside. He wondered what the bear would have thought or done had he talked pleasantly to him instead of shooting, and how the affair would have come out then, for to his mind there was but one ending to it now.

All those things went through his mind during the second he stood staring at the

wounded animal. The brain of a man less used to danger would not have acted under same circumstances, but this man had faced bear before. Besides, his brain was of that peculiar and fortunate structure that finds something grimly humorous in all dangerous or sorrowful situations. A very good brain for a pioneer to have!

About fifty yards back of him the trail led out of the thick brush on to a more open hillside, which was, however, dotted with stumps, tree trunks and limbs that had escaped consumption in a prehistoric fire, and low shrubs. Across this opening, some one hundred yards, the forest began, and there were trees there with limbs conveniently situated for climbing. The trail was smooth and slightly downhill, but the unarked way across the hillside was very p and rough, whether to his or the bear's ntage the man was uncertain. He ted over this course with all the speed a man whose brain is not frightened umb but has sufficient fear in it to put the muscles under its control to their utmost endeavor. Behind the man the bear, one eye blinded with blood and the other blood-shot, with pain and fury threw his immense weight into the race with a speed that began to cut down the original handicap. The man clutched his gun, feeling that he could make use of it when treed. It was more weight than he should have carried under the circumstance, but his body felt so light that he did not notice it. He ran straight for the nearest clump of trees across the hillside, leaping shrubs, fallen logs, stumps and all low spots in the ground. He knew from the sound behind that the bear had gained, but he felt no fear for his body was covering the ground so lightly as the mind floats sometimes in a dream.

Some blackberry vines were in front of him, covering shrubs a little higher than usual, and he was appalled to find suddenly that his feet were heavy among them and his body weighed on legs that floundered. Then his foot struck a limbless log that had been burned off to about six feet in length and lay half concealed in the briars. The tree trunk, some eight inches thick, moved uneasily in its bed when he kicked it, but held back

"THE MAN SAW THE BEAR AND LOG RUSHING DOWN THE HILL."

enough to trip the man and hurl him heavily into a little hollow beyond, where he lay half stunned, more by the awful situation than by the fall. He felt something heavy rush over his feet and heard it tear down the steep

hillside. Then he drew himself up on his arms and looked. When the man fell the bear's breath was on his heel, but the log that had tripped him and the gully into which he had dropped shut him from sight of the bear for an instant, blinded as he was in one eye. The log which was shaken in its bed by the man tore loose under the weight of the bear and went bounding down the hill, clearing the gully in which the man lay with one leap. Looking out of his hole and over the low brush, the man saw the bear and the log rushing down the hill, the bear cuffing, biting and clawing the log in his pain and rage.

* * *

A German gentleman, given to wandering about in wild places, had the misfortune to have as his sole companions two mules, one to carry himself and the other his pack. Beside all the other failings of a mule, his pack animal possessed the disagreeable trait of disappearing about packing time. He would stay close around camp all night, in fact his owner was often awakened from a sound sleep to discover his mule standing over him and gazing woefully into his face, but shortly before the coffee pot and frying pan were chucked into their well soiled and greased sack to be tied on top the pack, the beast of burden disappeared and his owner walked and ran from one to five miles before getting him.

The mule was a dark-gray beast, about the color of a grizzly bear, long-haired, mournful and full of eccentricities. One day, during an outing in the mountains of northwestern California, the mule was even worse than usual, and his master exhausted the Teutonic tongue on him before camp was made for the night. His temper was not improved by the persistency with which the mule watched over him during the darkness. He was not a silent watcher, but snorted hot, moist breath into the German's face at intervals, possibly to assure himself that his master still lived. There was no doubt about it for the German always came out of his sleep much alive to the situation.

After a day's endeavor to keep the pack mule on the trail, which in itself is no sport, and a night of night-mule in violent form, the German was moody over his breakfast. The two mules watched him over their grass, the gray taking a particular interest in affairs as he tore up the turf close to the camp fire. Very cautiously the German got his pack together, so as not to arouse suspicion on the part of the pack mule. But for one instant his back was turned and when he looked again the gray had disappeared. The man hastily cut a circle around in the brush near camp, but without success. He then ran to the top of a small knoll that overlooked much of the surrounding country not covered with trees. A half mile away down the hillside he saw the brush moving and his keen eye made out the back of his gray beast among the manzanita. All this time his wrath had been kindling and he decided to discipline the mule with all the strength of his two knotty arms. He selected a mule-size club—one as large as he could carry—and made a careful sneak on the mule, taking care to keep the animal to windward.

His approach was very successful and he soon found himself with only a manzanita between him and his victim. An opening among the manzanita to his right made a rear attack possible. At least so he figured, although he was unable to see the enemy. Gathering all his forces about the club he threw himself upon the rear, club aloft, and at the first glimpse of a gray back, he shouted "Get out of this!" and brought his weapon down with all his strength on the hips of a grizzly calmly feeding on manzanita berries. It is impossible to state which was the more frightened of the two, but both set out without delay for opposite points on the horizon, the German tearing up half an acre of manzanita in his frantic flight to camp and, speaking truthfully, the tall timber.

Feeling somewhat emotional after this incident, and thinking he had had enough of dark-gray mule to last him a lifetime, the German took his rifle and gathered the beast to his fathers, wherever they may be.

* * *

Three women and their numerous children were gathering huckleberries on a hillside, making a sort of picnic out of the work. Among the younger children was a boy of three, who not being of much service as a berry picker, was left with the lunch baskets and a fat, home-made cookie. The cookie lasted no time at all and the boy sat looking intently at the outside of the lunch baskets for several minutes. A cookie taken from the hand of the mother had no ill effects, but

cookies taken with his own hands—there was a difference he could not quite figure out. The recollection of what had happened the last time he took one of the goodies caused him to turn his back on the tempters and roll on his hands and feet, from which position, with much heavy breathing, he straightened himself up on his fat legs. The laughing and the shouting of the children a little distance from him had no attraction for he turned and struck off in another direction. Around among the bushes he wandered, delighted with himself. Now and then he pulled a handful of huckleberries, mashing them, stems and all, over his face in an effort to find his mouth. His hands took up their share of the purple stain and the front of his dress likewise changed color.

Very little did the boy care, for what few berries reached his mouth were well worth any slight discoloration of hands and dress. It is quite probable that he did not figure that far, however. On he trudged, not noticing that the voices of the children were lost. Butterflies flitted about his head and birds sang to him from the huckleberry bushes. New wonders now broke on him. At his feet was a clear, little stream running along between wet sand shores as laughing and happy as the child that discovered it. Along the sand he ran, stopping now and then to dip his purple hands in the gurgling water.

When the husbands of the women arrived the boy was found missing and immediately the search was begun. Each man took a different direction, and it was the father who found the child's trail. He discovered the little shoe prints beside the stream and, knowing that the creek was too small to be dangerous to a child playing on its banks, followed with a light heart. At a turn in the stream he stopped, the blood leaving his face. Along with the little shoe prints were the huge tracks of a bear, the shaggy paws in places covering and obliterating the impression of the shoes. Calling aloud, the father ran forward with all his speed. The boy's tracks, with the bear's over them, went on as before. Around an abrupt turn in this little stream of many bends the shoe prints stopped. The bear tracks went on.

"THE FATHER RAN WITH ALL HIS SPEED."

COYOTE COURSING

BY GEORGE CROSBY

DICK HORTON was leisurely finishing a late Sunday breakfast, congratulating himself that he was free from the store for the day, when there came a sharp ring at his door bell. Mrs. Horton answered it, and Dick heard a voice inquire for "Meester Horton." Dick went at once to the door.

"Hello Ole," he said, recognizing in the young man the son of a country customer. "Come in."

"No, can't stop," said Ole, "say Meester Horton, can't you come out to the ranch this morning with your hounds? There are four coyotes hanging around, trying to get at the sheep."

"Are they there now?" asked Dick.

"They were when I left—sitting on a hill about half a mile away. They bother us awfully lately. We can't leave the sheep a minute any more. Last week I left them right near the ranch while I went in for my dinner and they killed three before I got back."

"All right, I'll go," said Dick. As he was buckling on a pair of leggings Mrs. Horton attempted a mild remonstrance.

"Now Dick, you promised to go with me and hear the new minister."

"Did I?" said Dick. "Well, but you see the new minister will keep; and these blamed coyotes won't. Besides I've got to help Mr. Erickson out. You heard what Ole said about the way the wolves are killing their sheep."

"Dick, you are going just because you like to hunt. You know you are."

"No, 'pon honor," said Dick, brazenly, "I am going in compliance with my high sense of Christian duty."

At the barn, however, no remonstrances met Dick. As he opened the door four powerful greyhounds rushed from a rear stall to meet him. They sniffed at his leggings, saw him reach for his saddle, and then broke out into a chorus of yelping and whining. He was going hunting, sure. They knew it. He was dressed for it. He was saddling his horse; and they capered around him, getting in his way, and nearly deafening him with their noise, until he ordered them all out of the barn. Even then the three old dogs returned and stood in a row with their heads and forelegs just inside the door and strove to accelerate his movements by a chorus of subdued whines; while the big yellow p[illegible] with head and ears erect, looked ove[illegible]

shoulders in stupid wonder, but conscious that something unusual was to happen.

"You rascals," said Dick, grinning at them; "I'll give you run enough before night."

It was a glorious morning in late March. King Winter, after waging for several weeks a desperate but steadily losing contest with Old Sol for the possession of the earth, had this morning capitulated, and the air was like summer.

"I am glad he went," said Mrs. Horton as she watched them ride away. "It will do Dick a lot of good, and surely six days each week are enough for him to be shut up in the house."

The six miles of hard, level road leading to the Erickson ranch were soon covered.

"Them wolves yust go over that hill 'bout one hour ago," said Mr. Erickson, senior, who was herding the sheep. "They no go very far yet."

The country was all open prairie and Dick and Ole headed directly for the hill designated, while the dogs trailed along behind.

"Will they follow the tracks?" asked Ole.

"That blue hound is pretty good at it when the conditions are favorable," answered Dick. "I think he will trail this morning, it is thawing so."

Reaching the hill, the dogs were sent on ahead. They began immediately to spread out and cover the territory, apparently understanding that their hunting ground had at last been reached.

Descending the opposite side of the hill, Mac, the blue dog, dropped his nose to the ground and shot away from the pack. He possessed what is rarely found among greyhounds, a good nose.

But if the other hounds could not follow a trail, they at least knew enough to follow Mac. They had hunted with him before; and when he acted like that they fully understood that things were likely to happen. Dick knew that something was to happen also, and settling himself in the saddle, he rode his game little horse for all he was worth, while Ole, plying the quirt on his half wild broncho, brought up the rear.

Nearly a mile had been passed when the dogs, twenty rods ahead, disappeared over a steep bank into a dry gully. Instantly arose an uproar; howls, yelps, barks, and then reappeared the yellow pup, running at his ed back to the horsemen, while right ne two vicious prairie wolves, raising his yellow fur at every snap. On seeing the horsemen, these left their victim and scurried away across the prairie. Poor pup! He will make a good dog in time, but he is only a year old, and few grayhounds are worth their salt until they are at least two years old. But if the yellow pup had failed to cover himself with glory, the other hounds had done better. Looking over into the ravine, Dick saw that the black brothers, Nox and Shadow, had a coyote stretched out between them—the long fangs of Shadow sunken deep into his throat, while Nox had fastened on his loins a grip under which the bones cracked. Half way up the opposite bank Mac was battling desperately with a wolf which was trying hard to escape from the scene of conflict. The dog was unable to throw his opponent, but he prevented him from getting away. The wolf would occasionally break loose from the hound and make an attempt at flight; but before he could make a dozen leaps Mac would seize him by the hind quarters, jerk him around and compel him to battle again for his life.

This fight appealed to Ole, who rushing his horse into that gully, and up the opposite bank, hurried to the dog's assistance; while Dick, realizing that the most effective way of helping him was to send the black dogs to his aid, rode down to the latter, who were so engaged with their own fight that they did not realize that another was taking place. Their wolf was apparently dead, but to make sure of it Dick struck it twice over the head with his heavily loaded quirt, then jumped on his horse and calling the dogs started to Ole's assistance, who was now out of sight over the edge of the ravine. Half way up the bank Dick looked back. Both hounds had deserted him and gone back to the dead wolf which they were shaking viciously. Riding back again, Dick threw the dead wolf on the horse ahead of him, and this time the hounds followed.

Meanwhile Ole was having the time of his life. He had thrown himself off his horse and entered into the fight with the wildest enthusiasm, striking with his quirt and kicking savagely with his heavy shoes; and now one shoe bitten clear through, and a leg of his trousers fluttering in rags, spoke eloquently of the honorable part he had taken in the combat.

As soon as the black hounds were out of the ravine and saw what was transpiring on the tableland above, there was a mighty

AT THE END OF THE RUN.

rush of swift feet, and the wolf, struck full by the breast of Old Shadow, rolled twenty feet away. He never regained his feet. Every hound, including even the yellow pup, was on him. Shadow had a death grip on his throat and the end came speedily. Ole looked down ruefully at his torn trousers. "He fight like hal," he said, "but I stay with him."

Tying a wolf behind each saddle, they started after the two soyotes that had made their escape. Mac failed this time to pick up the scent and they rode on rapidly over the nearly level prairie in the direction taken by the wolves. Two miles had passed, when far away Dick got a fleeting glimpse of the two coyotes as they disappeared over a little knoll. They appeared to be frightened and were wasting no time in getting out of the country.

Dick's horse had few superiors for wind and bottom, and he thoroughly enjoyed a run with the hounds. Heading him for the knoll Dick let him go at a rattling pace, the hounds running slightly in advance, with heads up, looking in all directions for the game which they knew must be afoot, but which as yet they had been unable to see.

Dick reached the knoll. There they were! a mile ahead and from his position on horseback, in plain sight. He cheered on the dogs and the gallant little black horse sprang away with additional speed. But the hounds were lower down and try as they might they were unable to get a glimpse of the game. Dick tried to send them ahead, but they would not run far in advance of the horse. A couple of miles passed in this way. The horse was getting tired. He barely missed a gaping badger hole such as he was usually very adroit in dodging. Dick began to grow uneasy. "If he gets tired he'll break my neck in one of these holes," he muttered to himself. Then he yelled with delight. As Old Shadow passed over a little rise in the ground a few rods ahead, he saw him suddenly drop his head. His ears lay flat on his neck, and straight as an arrow from nose to the tip of his tail, he sprang away with those long, powerful, thoroughbred leaps that left horse and rider far hind. He had seen the wolves. Dick p

up his panting horse and waited for Ole, who was nearly half a mile behind. Every dog had followed the lead of Old Shadow.

The wolves finding themselves closely pursued, separated. In this way one of them escaped. The other did his best to reach a little creek, fringed with willows and plum thickets. Would he make it? Dick watched anxiously. If he did he might yet escape, as a coyote is as cunning at hiding as any fox. Twenty rods from the creek Shadow reached for a hind leg; the wolf went into the air, and the next instant there was nothing to be seen but a closely packed bunch of hounds with their noses to a common center. The wolf was already dead when the horsemen rode up.

Half an hour later a slow-moving procession wound its way across the prairie toward town. It was the procession of the Conqueror, but it did not look like it. The horses, covered with dried foam and sweat, with cinchas flapping loosely against their gaunt bodies, followed with drooping heads the lagging footsteps of their masters. Behind limped the four great grayhounds, whimpering with the pain of their bruised and bleeding feet. Dick, himself, too sore and tired to ride, trudged wearily at the head of his jaded horse. He was twelve miles from home. By nightfall he would be so lame and stiff as to be scarcely able to crawl upstairs to bed. It would take him a week to recover; but then—Great Scott! What a good time he'd had!

IN HOC SIGNOS.

ADOWN a pleasant country way an old man strolled along;
The light of joy was in his eye and on his lips a song;
For him the dreams of vanished youth had all come true at last;
His weary feet had found the trail that leads back to the past.
How often as a barefoot boy, he trod this very road
That took him to the valley where the winding river flowed.
How often in the olden days his youthful feet had strayed
Through timber where the rabbits lived and big, red squirrels played.

But years had come and years had gone, and in the world of trade
Two decades of his life were spent; his fortune had been made.
The youthful hunter, light of heart, with fancy free and bold,
Became the seeker after wealth, the hunter after gold.
But often in his busy life, forgetting stock and bond,
The man had gazed with wistful eyes his office walls beyond
And longed to pass once more beneath the timber's pleasant shade
Where once the rabbits used to dwell and big, red squirrels played.

And so one day he journeyed back and sought the olden road
And took the gun he almost had forgotten how to load.
The springing step of youth had gone; the shoulders had been bowed,
But, oh, the joy to be again far from the maddening crowd!
At last he saw the timber lay bathed in the summer's glow,
The same old trees still beckoning as in the long ago—
But all at once his eyes grew moist, the picture lost its charm,
'Neath a sign with letters bold, "No Hunting on This Farm!"

—*Allan D. May.*

SALMON FISHING AT MONTEREY.

By THOMAS MAITLAND MARSHALL.

MONTEREY, the old, the tumbled down, with its historic places and air of Spanish indolence, is one of the most delightful spots in California to while away the vacation time.

A varied host assembles here every summer to breathe the pure air, to linger on the beaches that lie along the bay, or to fish in the waters that are teeming with finny tribes. Here the sportsman comes with rod and reel and line, for there is no expanse of water of similar size where there is such a diversity of fishing. From the festive sardine to the majestic salmon there are varieties of fish without number.

In the company of Commodore Charles F. Taylor of the Cosmos Club of San Francisco, that past master in the art that Isaac Walton loved, the author had his first experience in landing that most delicious of all fish, the salmon. On a gray morning in August, in the Commodore's sloop, the Governor Bradford, handled by Captain Billy Noyes, we started out on the bay. There was no breeze blowing and so Captain R. B. Noble in the launch, Mizpah, towed us out into the bay. A panorama of great beauty was all about us. The water was scarcely broken by a ripple. Indistinct in the distance the mountains rose from the water's edge. Before us lay the Japanese fishing fleet. Over a hundred white sails were spread to catch the breeze that began to blow fitfully. Captain Noyes followed suit; we hoisted sail and cut loose from the launch. Slowly we beat out to sea. Back of us and at either side in a great semi-circle lay the white sands and rugged rocks along the shore. To our right lay Monterey. The sun, which was just breaking through the mist, gleamed on the white walls of the old custom house. To its right, like a long finger, was the pier where the fishermen land their catch for the salmon cannery. To the left the towers of the Del Monte hotel showed above the trees that lie about it in semi-tropical profusion. As we proceeded we could see a motley collection of wooden buildings whose roofs projected far out after the fashion of the orient. These were the famous Chinese fish huts.

In former times the Chinese did most of the fishing, but the progressive Jap gradually got a footing until now he controls the fishing business of the day. The quiet fish village of the oriental looks extremely peaceful although it was once the scene of a tragedy. The price of fish was the cause of the trouble. The Chinamen cut the price to get the business away from the Jap. For a while the little brown men stood the cut and then came a change. One night they made a descent upon the village and though they were outnumbered five to one they completely routed their larger, but less courageous, competitors. In the melee a fire started and for a time one of the most picturesque sights in California came near being a heap of embers and ashes. Fortunately the ninth United States cavalry were stationed in the neighborhood and they extinguished the fire after it had destroyed a third of the village.

As we proceeded, the breeze freshened, and when we passed "Lover's Point," the great heap of rocks that forms one side of the bathing beach at Pacific Grove, we were going four or five knots an hour, a speed that would carry our long trolling lines through the water. The Commodore decided that the proper hour had arrived. The Governor Bradford was behaving beaut

CHINESE FISH HUTS AT MONTEREY.

and so smoothly did she cut through the water with her twelve hundred pounds of fin keel that scarcely a ripple lay in our wake.

The Governor Bradford, by the way, is a sloop rig, twenty feet over all. She was built in 1902 by George W. Kneas of San Francisco. She is no doubt the fastest boat of her class on the bay. She recently made the twenty-six-mile trip from Capitola to Monterey in three hours and fifty minutes. But let us get to fishing, though we cannot hurry when we fish as all true fishermen know. Slowly we let out the hundred and fifty feet of trolling line weighted with six pounds of lead which would sink the bait forty feet below the surface where the salmon lives his lazy life, feeding upon the sardines that come into the bay in great schools. Our bait was a five-inch sardine. With deft fingers, made skillful by long practice, the Captain forced the hook through the eyes, pulled it through and fastened it just above the tail, taking a half hitch about the head of the fish. Our hook properly baited and overboard, there was nothing to do but smoke and talk until we had a strike. The Commodore opened the conversation and as it was filled with interesting information, I listened to a soliloquy on fish.

"These sardines that you see jumping up around here," remarked the Commodore, "are a sure sign of salmon. If it wasn't for sardines the other fish couldn't live. They are to the sea what wheat is to the land. They take them out by the ton but still the supply doesn't diminish. The other night the cannery had twenty tons. It is because of their presence in the bay that there are so many kinds of fish here. The skip jack, flounder, yellowtail, king fish, sole, cod, salmon and a dozen other varieties of fish couldn't live if it wasn't for sardines. I have seen a school thirty feet in diameter and thirty inches thick, so dense that they would impede the progress of the boat. You could dish them up by the pail full. The thing that saves the sardine from annihilation is his habit of going far out to sea in the spawning season. They then go out eight hundred to a thousand miles. There they spawn, and for miles the ocean will be covered with myriads of eggs. Forty square miles and an inch thick of fish eggs is a pretty big yarn, but it is a fact. Figures

Photo by Chase. CHINA POINT, THE HOME OF THE SALMON.

won't count them. A portion of the mass will hatch out and start for shore. They are so far out to sea that birds do not disturb them and the fish life that hovers near the shore does not get them. The few big fish that are found in mid-ocean are not numerous enough to destroy them, and so there is a never ending supply of sardines. When a school of the little fellows starts in they are very small. If they do not strike many adverse currents or storms they reach the shallow waters before they are very large. If the sardines are big, it is a sure sign that they have had a hard time getting in."

Further information concerning sardines was cut short by a sudden jerk on the line that made it almost cut into the flesh, and I realized that I had hooked my first salmon. I say hooked rather than caught, for hooking and catching are two different propositions. All was immediately excitement. Even the Commodore, who has caught salmon by the thousand, showed signs. We all jumped to our feet and I began pulling in the line. It came in easily and a sickly feeling came over me that I did not know the difference between hooking a rock and a fish. I persevered, however, until at least a hundred feet of line lay coiled at my feet. Suddenly the line tightened and fifty feet from the boat the great fish came in sight, fighting gallantly. Clear out of the water he jumped, looking like a silver rainbow; then disappeared beneath the surface. Foot by foot he came nearer. I forgot all save the great fish that was struggling for life and freedom. Again he shot to the surface when within twenty feet of the craft, and there he struggled, making gleaming semicircles in the blue water. At last he was close to the boat, where he lay for a moment eyeing me sullenly. "A little closer," said the Captain, and as I hauled him up beside the boat, the net slipped under him and the great salmon was a prisoner awaiting his death sentence. He was mercifully relieved from misery by a blow on the head, and then the quivering form was heaved into the boat. A beauty he was and we all admired him. Afterward we weighed him and he tipped the scales at twenty-six pounds.

For five hours we wandered over the blue waters of the bay. In and out we moved among innumerable fishing smacks. There were over a hundred, each one manned by a Jap who was striving hard to rob old Neptune. Nor were their efforts in vain, for often did we see them standing excitedly in their boats as they pulled in the salmon. They kept up a constant jabber while landing the fish, a jabber which increased in volume and eloquence when one was unfortunate enough to lose a fish. You can imagine what they said.

"Those fellows make good wages," remarked the Commodore. "They have a contract with the cannery at Monterey. They get two and a half cents a pound for fish under sixteen pounds and four cents for the big ones. One of them made a hundred dollars in three days once this summer. They are taking a vast number of fish out of this bay. Some days they land from three to four thousand. The season will soon be over, however, and they will have to lay up for repairs."

GAME—ALL THREE!

The Commodore was again interrupted by a fish on the line and a scene similar to the first catch ensued. The second was not as majestic a fish as the first and hence did not put up as game a fight. Eight times during the cruise were we electrified by the same experience and as the day wore away we felt proud of our catch. About noon the salmon ceased biting. The wind was perfect and the sails darted about over the waters which were tossed into a myriad ripples by the freshening breeze. Great swells came in from beyond the whistling buoy which bellowed like a cow that had lost her calf. Though the conditions were perfect the fish would not bite. We baited our hooks anew but still no luck. The Japs, whose livelihood depended on their fishing, looked long and anxiously at the water but their good fortune had vanished. Now and then a sardine jumped from the water, a sure indication of the presence of salmon, but never a bite. Then a commotion began in the sea. In every direction innumerable sardines leaped from the water and larger fish such as yellow-tail and salmon leaped clear of the surface. Surely they could not be pursuing the sardines which seemed in their leaps like winged creatures. The salmon lost all sense of fear of man and leaped up close beside the boat. Surely some strange monster must be pursuing them. I began to think of octopus and mermen. The Commodore said not a word but looked wise as he scanned the surface. Presently he raised his hand and pointed off across the water. I followed with my eye and there was the long razor-like fin of a shark that was cutting the surface of the ocean.

"Fishing is off for to-day," said the Commodore. "We would need a pump gun and number four shot to get those salmon."

Slowly we beat back toward the pier. The surface of the ocean took on a peculiar purple tint. Innumerable objects that looked like toy balloons covered the surface. They were jelly fish, that filmy thing that has

R. K. THOMAS, OF SAN JOSE, WITH A 24-POUNDER.

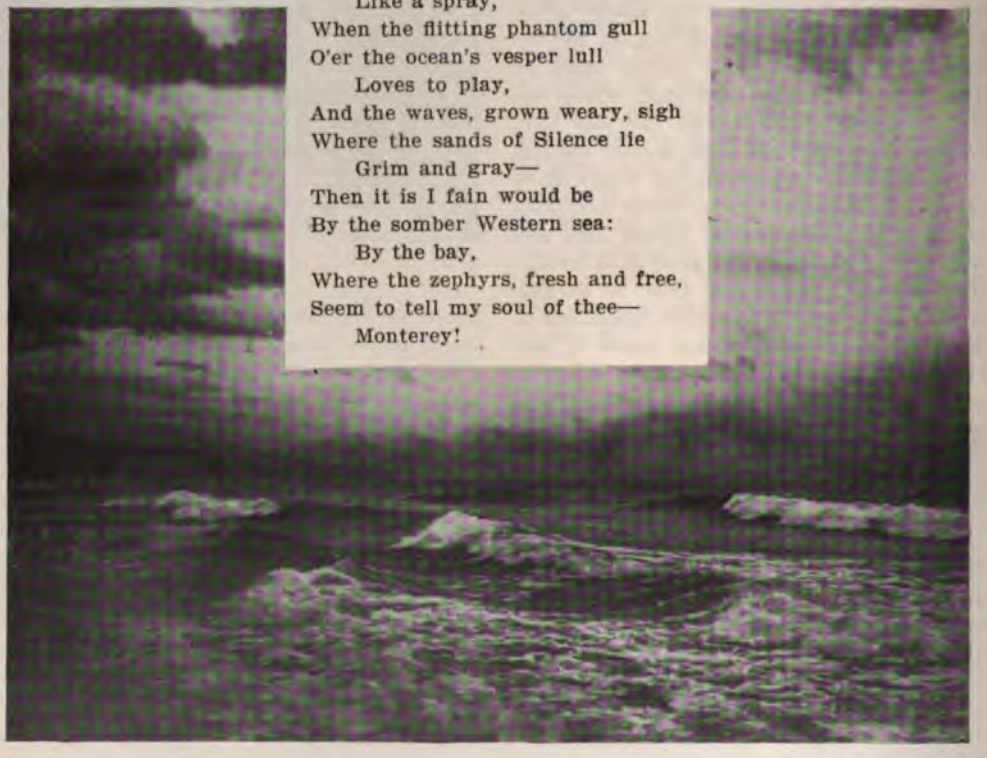
shape in the water but when placed on a board leaves only a reddish stain. I inadvertently reached out and seized one. It closed about my hand and immediately I experienced a thousand prickly sensations. It was as if I had seized a porcupine. I have heard that the whale lives largely upon them. If such is the case he must be as fond of highly spiced dishes as a Mexican. As we neared the shore we saw many pelicans fishing. With their great uncouth bills with pouches underneath they gobbled up the fish. Over them hovered innumerable sea gulls. Occasionally one would dive down and seize a fish that an ungainly pelican was trying to get down his throat. The pelican can swallow only by tilting his bill at an angle and the sea gulls take advantage of his awkwardness to get an easy living.

We approached the pier that runs out from the bath houses at Del Monte. One by one we fastened the salmon to a gaff hook and they were raised to the pier above. When we at last climbed the stairs we saw our eight salmon lying before us, great silver beauties ranging from ten to thirty pounds apiece.

ON THE BAY AT MONTEREY.

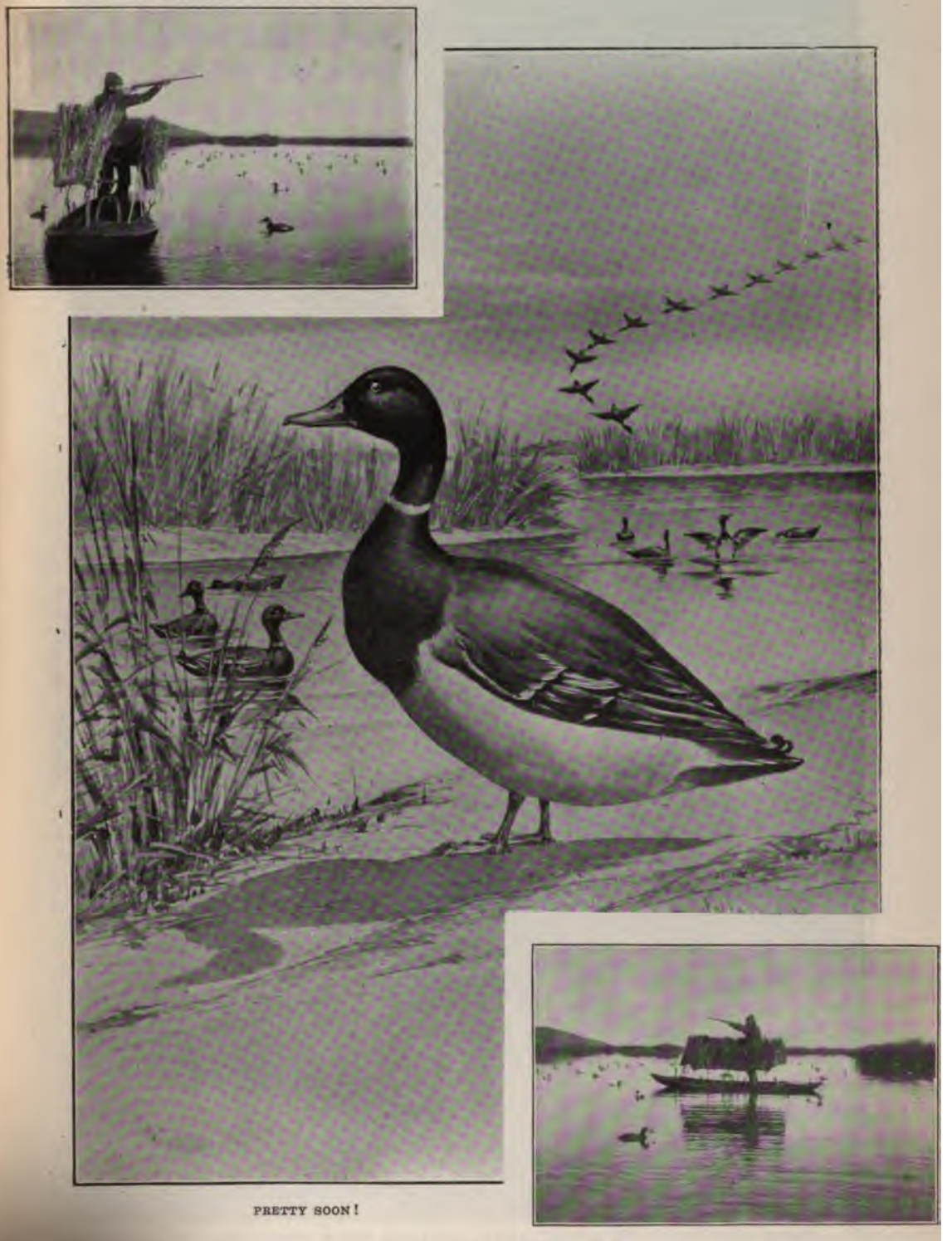
By T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

ON the bay at Monterey,
When the life-blood of the day
Ebbs away
In a flood of sunset mist,
By whose gold the hills are kissed
Like a spray,
When the flitting phantom gull
O'er the ocean's vesper lull
Loves to play,
And the waves, grown weary, sigh
Where the sands of Silence lie
Grim and gray—
Then it is I fain would be
By the somber Western sea:
By the bay,
Where the zephyrs, fresh and free,
Seem to tell my soul of thee—
Monterey!



When the morning, blushing red,
All her Orient wealth has spread
To array
Every wooded vale and hill,
Where the birds their anthem trill
All the day;
When Aurora's golden light,
Swathes the mountain's cragged height
Far away,
And the ocean, pulsing proud,
Blends away in opal cloud
From the bay;
When the curlew's lonely call,
Echoed faintly through it all,
Seems to say:
"Come and listen to the sea,
It is praising—praising thee,
Monterey!"

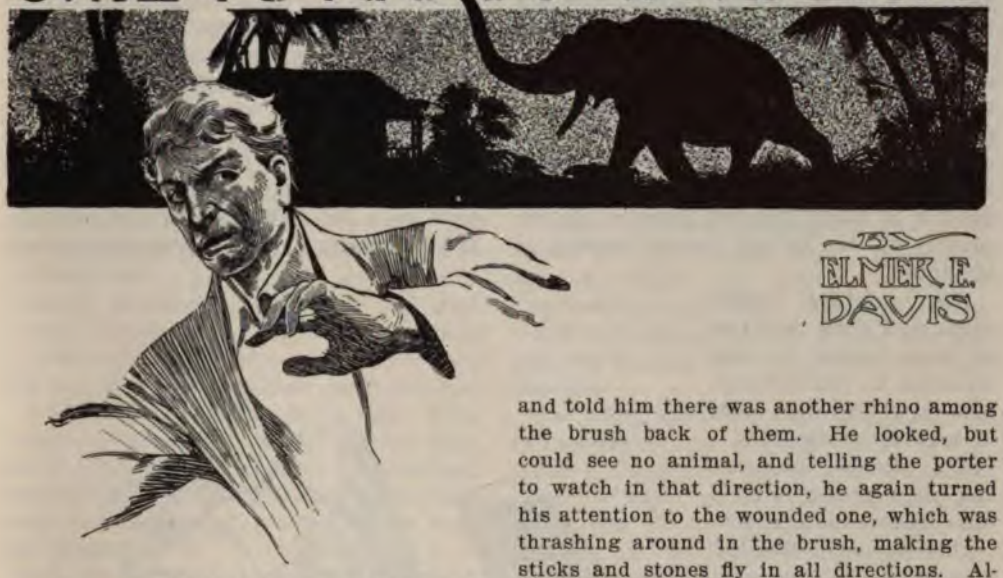
Then it is I fain would rest
By those waters of the West—
By the bay—
Where at morning, night or noon
I can hear the forests croon,
And the spray
Of the billows on the sea—
Like the hopeful heart of me—
Floats away
In a surge of restless tide;
Where the feeble foam must ride
Night and day;
But my heart may there forget
All the failures it has met
In the fray;
And though Fate refuse me more,
Life were blest upon thy shore—
Monterey!



PRETTY SOON!

READY FOR THE PORTAGE.

SOME AFRICAN INCIDENTS



BY ELMER E. DAVIS

MANY adventures happen to people in Africa which the public never hear of, unless through some party not having a hand in the affair, as the participators are, as a rule, people who rarely talk of their experiences.

In 1902, Mr. Eastwood, auditor of the Uganda Railroad, took a bunch of Kikuyu porters and started for Lake Baringo on a hunt, expecting to bag a couple of rhinos and a bull kudu, as these animals are known to inhabit that locality. The country around where he pitched camp was of a rough and forbidding character, covered with coarse brush and boulders, making hunting very difficult and dangerous. However, these two objections did not bother the hunter, for one becomes accustomed to both after being in Africa a short time; and as this was ideal conditions for the animals he expected to hunt, no better location could be secured.

Mr. Eastwood was out wandering through the bush one afternoon about three o'clock, when he caught sight of a female rhino. Stalking to within good range, he shot and wounded the beast, and was about to shoot again when his gun bearer seized his arm and told him there was another rhino among the brush back of them. He looked, but could see no animal, and telling the porter to watch in that direction, he again turned his attention to the wounded one, which was thrashing around in the brush, making the sticks and stones fly in all directions. Although the porter denied it, he must have been looking at the wounded beast for, without a word of warning, Mr. Eastwood was thrown high in the air and landed with a severe shock. He could not for a moment think what had hit him, but he was soon enlightened. A bull rhino had charged him from the rear and, ramming his horn through the hunter's thigh, had thrown him over his back.

Now happened something very unusual for a rhino; after tossing his victim he deliberately turned around to see what further damage could be done. Trotting to the fallen man, who was partly dazed, he tried to kneel down and crush him; but the hunter, seeing what he was after, seized the beast's horn and succeeded in dragging himself far enough away so that the animal's knees caught only one side and arm. While kneeling, the beast tried to beat the man with its huge head, but Mr. Eastwood, with great presence of mind, watched him closely and, twisting around, managed to get his head up close to the beast's body where it could not be reached, but his lower limbs were sadly bruised. After several movements the rhino, feeling satisfied with the damage already done, got up and walked away, leaving his victim sadly mauled. The

porters, who had been very interested spectators of this scene, picked the now unconscious hunter up and carried him to camp, then sent a runner twenty-five miles to Nekuro for a doctor. Doctor Falkner, who was in charge of that district at the time, hurried to the side of the injured man and, upon examination, found one arm shattered so badly as to make amputation necessary; three ribs were also broken, and there was a ghastly hole in the thigh where the horn had entered. It was some time before it was possible to move him, but before I left the country he was up and around, tending to his duties.

Many exciting experiences with lions have taken place during the construction of this railroad. One, in which a lion made it very interesting for a young Hindoo, happened one night shortly after I went up into the country.

This particular lion had been in the habit of coming around the Hindoo camp and walking away with a sheep or goat every night, so one man and his son hatched up a scheme to kill the beast.

There were several old water tanks around the camp which had been discarded on account of leaks. These tanks, which were four feet high and of the same width, were made of sheet steel about an eighth of an inch thick and had a manhole in the top twelve inches across. The man conceived the idea that one of these tanks, after holes had been punched in it, would be a good place to get into and watch for the lion, for the lid of the manhole could be fastened from the inside as well as from the top.

One evening preparations were complete, and rolling the tank outside the corral and into a slight depression where any beast approaching would be seen on the skyline, the man and his son prepared the bait by fastening a young goat to a stake close by; then, getting into the tank, they pulled the lid down and began their long, tedious watch. The goat did his part by bleating incessantly, but ten o'clock came and no lion. The father got thirsty and, telling the boy he would go and get a water bottle, left the tank and entered the corral. The son, thinking he would soon be back, did not bother with pulling the lid over the manhole.

Suddenly, with a terrified bleat, the goat broke loose and ran to the corral, and the next second the boy felt the tank shake as something jumped upon it; looking up, he could see a lion sniffing at the open manhole. The boy was in a deuce of a fix, for the only

"THE HUNTER SEIZED THE BEAST'S HORN."

rifle had been taken by his father when he went to get the water, never dreaming the lion would come in the few moments he would be gone. The boy, upon seeing the lion, yelled lustily; but as Hindoos are not noted for their bravery they discreetly stayed inside the corral, feeling sure the boy was safe in the tank. The lion, being surprised at the unusual clatter made by the boy, jumped down and ran away several yards, giving the boy an opportunity to reach up and try to close the lid down, but before he could accomplish his desire the lion regained his senses and again leaped on top of the tank. This time he seemed determined to investigate the interior and tried to crawl in, but he was too large; so, pulling his head out, he reached down with his front paw which would just about reach the boy. A number of times the lion's claws were fastened in the lad's clothing and the beast would try and pull him out. The clothing, however, was fortunately light cotton material and easily torn, and his efforts were unsuccessful.

Once the boy was in a serious predicament, as the claws of the lion got fastened under his leather belt; fight as hard as he could he was unable to shake loose from the hold; but, with more presence of mind than Hindoos usually have, he managed to unbuckle the strap, and fell back into the tank. This game was kept up until nearly every shred of clothing was torn from the boy's body and the flesh lacerated in many places; for, no matter what shape the young fellow squirmed into, it seemed the lion could touch some part of his body. After a while the lion jumped down and, sniffing at the holes around the sides of the tank, walked away to the stake where the goat had been tied; the boy, seeing this, reached up and succeeded in closing the lid before the lion, who had heard him, could get on the tank again.

After hanging around the tank until it began to get light the lion disappeared, and the Hindoos took the boy out of the tank more dead than alive. He, however, shortly recovered, but carries a good many scars to remember the occasion by.

Over along the Uganda Railroad they tell a lion story in which a particular friend of mine was one of the interested parties, but as he was always a trifle sensitive about this particular story I will mention no names, simply stating that he was assistant district engineer and one of the nerviest men I ever saw. He had been in the country several years and never had the opportunity to kill a lion; so when word came up from his coolie camp that a man-eating lion had made the camp nightly visits the last few nights, he determined to bag the intruder, and sent for a friend to assist in the execution that evening.

Going down to the coolies' camp, he looked the ground over and selected a fig-tree near camp as his headquarters for operations.

These African fig trees grow very large, and in the branches my friend had the men build a "skarm," or platform, for himself and friend to watch from. Of course, no man would volunteer himself for a bait, so a donkey was secured and lashed to a post near the tree.

The friend arrived in the evening and the two ascended to the platform. They were to divide the night into watches of two hours' length, so one could be resting all the time. Hours slid by with nothing to break the stillness but the uneasy tramping of the donkey, which did not take kindly to being kept from its companions. My friend had been awakened at one o'clock by his companion and was sitting about half-awake, wishing a lion would come around pretty soon, when the donkey snorted. It was quite dark, there being no moon, but the stars were shining; he could barely see the outlines of the captive animal, but felt sure the lion was not far away and had frightened the beast.

Awakening his companion, who had been asleep, they both tried to penetrate the gloom, but could see nothing unusual, and thought it must have been a hyena which had frightened their bait. My friend told his companion to go to sleep again and he would continue to watch. He must have dozed a little, for he says he was startled so he nearly fell out of the "skarm" on hearing a fearful sound of struggling from the direction of the bait. He grabbed his rifle and shook his companion at the same time. In a second they had turned their attention to the struggling mass near the post, and could see a large, black thing indistinctly. With one accord they both fired, and fired again, until six shots had entirely quieted the wiggling shadow and it now lay quietly on the ground. Not knowing what might be left unkilled close by, they thought

"HE REACHED DOWN WITH HIS FRONT PAW."

it wise to stay in their retreat, and after an hour or so of excited planning as to what should be done with the skin of the lion, they both went to sleep and did not awake until some of the coolies called to them from the ground in the morning.

My friend says he hastily glanced to where the dead lion was, and knew the whole story in a second. It flashed over his mind that there had been no growling during the struggle in the night, as usually happens when a lion attacks its prey. There by the post was a dead donkey with one hind foot caught over the rope which had been used to hold him fast; it had not been tied very well and had slipped down near the bottom, and the beast had stepped over it and fallen in its struggles to untangle itself, which caused the uproar and its untimely death. It was quite a while before this story got out, but it was too good to keep and they told it on themselves.

On Indian and African railroads the inspectors and engineers have, instead of a speeder such as Americans use, a sort of push-car with a seat, which they call a trolley; the motive power is a couple of good, strong coolies who push the trolley upgrade, and jump on and ride down. As the Uganda road is either up or down grade, there are many opportunities for the motive power to ride.

Mr. Wells, who was inspector between Nekura and Molo Station, left Nekura early one morning on his trolley to go over his division. About two miles out they reached the top of a grade and the coolies jumped on; the car started down and they got up pretty good speed, intending to make a run for the next grade just around a bend, close by. Mr. Wells says they never dreamed of anything interrupting their progress, and were horrified, upon rounding the bend, to see a large male lion standing directly in the

road. If the speed was kept up they would surely run into him, for the beast was apparently as much surprised as the men, and did not seem inclined to get out of the way, but set up a growl. All this happened in a fraction of a second and whatever was to be done had to be done very quickly.

Now most of us, in such a position, would be paralyzed with fright, for when lions are surprised they generally show fight immediately, while if they have time to think it over they usually sneak away and hide. As is generally the custom in that country the inspector had a rifle with him on the trolley, and the brake being handy to his foot he jammed it down hard enough to stop the trolley about thirty yards from the beast. In the brief time it took to stop, the lion had prepared to spring; but the thirty yards were too much for one jump, making it necessary for the lion to run forward several yards, giving the man time enough to seize the rifle and slip in a cartridge. But it was done none too soon, for the lion was already in the air. With coolness hardly to be looked for in such a situation, Mr. Wells put the bullet in the right place, turning the course of the beast, which fell beside the trolley. In telling of the experience, the gentleman said: "There was no time to lose my nerve during the occurrence, but when that huge beast lay there beside me, I nearly fainted from fright." I saw the skin of the lion several days after this occurrence; it was a beautiful trophy, the lion having been a fully matured one.

Everyone in Africa well knows that a rhino has poor reasoning power, and seems to think nothing can stand against one of his rushes. Some crazy old males will attack anything from a poodle dog to a railroad train, but the latter is almost too much for them.

One case of a rhino attacking a train of cars came under my notice while encamped near Nekura. A goods train was crawling slowly up a grade near a station on the Elmentita Plain when an old rhino espied it. Thinking it was an enemy he immediately charged, striking the first car which, being loaded, stuck to the track. The angry beast now stood still and rooted at every car truck as it went past. The guard, who was sitting in the brake van, felt a jar and got up to look out. The rhino, as the last car went past, must have thought the enemy was getting away, for he started after the train and, getting near enough, started rooting the brakevan as he ran along. They were now near a little telegraph station where orders must be taken, so upon arriving, the engine driver stopped.

Leaving the rear of the train, the rhino ran up along the side, bunting the cars until the engine was reached; the driver, seeing him coming, got out an old Spencer carbine and started peppering away at him. The bullets, although not even entering the hide, served to make the beast more angry and he fiercely attacked the engine wheels. The driver, becoming fearful that some damage would be done the machinery, started the engine without receiving orders and, as the road was down grade from the station, soon tired the heavy beast which had gamely struck out after the train again. I have every reason to believe the account I received was truthful, as marks on the engine and cars confirmed it.

Adventures with elephants are of rare occurrence in British East Africa, both because the animals are very scarce and cunning, and because the government discourages the hunting of them. There was one old elephant, however, which seemed to take a particular liking for the quarters of Mr. Hay, an assistant district engineer. Mr. Hay was located at a little siding called Ndenno, only a few miles from our camp in the Molo forests. One night he was awakened by a noise around his hut and, lighting a lantern, stepped out to investigate, walking quietly around, not expecting to see anything worse than a drunken native. He had about circled his camp when he looked up; not more than half a dozen yards away stood a huge bull elephant with one large tusk.

Now this was not a large, glistening, white tusk, because elephants only have glistening white tusks in story books. This elephant had one big, dirty-brown tusk—just how long the tusk was, Hay says he never stopped to measure, for he suddenly recollected some pressing business in the hut and he hastened to attend to it.

After allowing a few moments to get over his scare he took his express rifle and went out again, but could not find the big tusker. Several days after, about a thousand coolies under Mr. Hay were working on a fill, and this old elephant with the one tusk charged

down along the work, driving the coolies to seek shelter in the forest. Several times after that the big fellow appeared, but no one was able to get a shot at him.

They tell a very amusing story at the expense of a certain hunter in Africa who, with a partner, started one day on a rhino hunt. They became separated, and this certain hunter found an old female rhino and a very young one. Thinking to capture the young rhino, he shot the old one and, having only two porters along at the time, had to lay down the rifle and help capture the little fellow which weighed about three hundred pounds. It took a few seconds only for the embryo giant to realize that he was in trouble, but when he did he got into action very quickly; and the other hunter, coming upon the scene about this time, saw the young fellow lay out both porters and hunter in a twinkling. Standing very handy, he would butt them down as fast as they would get up. The spectator stood behind a bush and enjoyed this scene until the belligerent beast had butted the three so far apart that they were able to get away, one by one, to nurse their bruises.

"THERE BY THE POST WAS A DEAD DONKEY."

OUR OUTING.

By ALBERTA FIELD.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."—Shakespeare.

OOD in every thing! well, no, not exactly, for later on notice evidence to the contrary on the part of three baggage burros and some bacon, to say nothing of the dog.

But, to begin at the beginning, above all things select congenial men and women as companions on your quest of the aforementioned "trees and brooks," else 'twill be a wilderness indeed; then, if you wish to experience a world-forgetting-by-the-world-forgot sensation, not obtainable under conventional conditions, do as we did and take the train for one of the picturesque sections of Western country, and there you are—or, at least, well on your way. When you have gone as far as the cars will take you, the next move will be to hunt up some sure-footed saddle ponies (if you don't know how to ride, learn! it will not take long and you will get a lot of experience thrown in) and a few meek-faced burros to carry your baggage. On the backs of these unwilling vans strap pack saddles and fill them with blankets, a frying pan, a camp kettle, coffee pot and some gunny sacks containing a goodly supply of coffee, flour, baking powder, sugar, salt, beans, bacon and matches—a large and luxuriant supply of matches, for a cheerful blaze is an excellent antidote for homesickness—and you are ready to mount your cow ponies, and, livestock permitting, be off for the wilds, sans guide, sans mirror, and sans most everything else that goes to make up the elaborate paraphernalia of a modern camping outfit, and if you meet with no mishaps you will very likely have the time of your life.

On my own most memorable outing of this kind our little party consisted of four ladies, five men and some dog. Of the latter there is much to be told, though after the first day out we were sans dog and sans bacon, the two having eloped in company during our first halt, and when discovered were journeying homeward at a rapid pace, the bacon a bite in advance with the dog an extremely close second. Doubtless at the first turn in the trail, when the danger of pursuit appeared small, the two renegades "assimilated" and travelled onward over one set of legs; at any rate neither dog nor bacon ever returned to the meatless pilgrims who long and loudly mourned—the bacon, for along this trail save for an occasional cotton-tail, the game was noticeable for its absence.

The next mishap to our cavalcade was the stampede of a couple of our "baggage wagons" who turned tail at the prospect of a stiff climb and hustled off down a side trail at a pace that threatened dire misfortune to their top-heavy burdens. As they flew past the jutting rocks we could hear our kitchen furniture thumping and banging against the projections and at every reverberation our hearts responded, for to be without frying pan and coffee pot, to say nothing of their potential contents, is a catastrophe to be appreciated only by those who have experienced it. But as luck would have it, in this instance, after a swift and hot chase, the "baggage smashers" were headed off and we continued on our way without further molestation from dog or beast.

Our destination was a lonely mesa in the Mogollons, a range of mountains which runs across Yavapai County, Arizona, where hunters were few and game reported to be abundant. Since the loss of our solitary side of bacon the promise of meat—be it feathered or furred—was a prospect that sent a thrill of joy to our hungry stomachs, and our eagerness to reach the delectable country was equaled only by the aggravating fashion in which the last ten miles seemed

inclined to "rubber" themselves into double the distance. The nearer we came to the desired goal the further away it seemed to move. Most of our party, however, were well acquainted with the elasticity of a miner's mile, so we, or rather our common carriers, trudged on patiently, buoyed up by the remembrance of a certain adage which advertises that all things will come to him who steps lively while he waits.

Not until nearly sundown did we strike the trail that would lead us over the last mile of our journey; hungry, for our diet for the last two days had been confined to camp biscuit, beans and coffee; and tired, too tired to even sing a greeting to the tall pines whose "boundless contiguity of shade" would afford us shade and shelter for the next two or three weeks. Even our "baggage wagons" had become apathetically amiable and behaved almost as meek as they looked, stepping gingerly along the trail with their packs of mutual provender. Doubtless they had in mind the rewarding measure of barley that awaited them and which would form the *piece de resistance* at their meals during their sojourn on the hill tops.

But alas! when we did reach what we had supposed would be our journey's end, our troubles were by no means over; for a cool spring, billed as a perpetual resident, had followed the example of our "baggage vans" and silently stole away underground or overhead; so, weary and cross, we were obliged to again set forth, two by two, in search of a more compact stream if such could be found in this lack-water land.

At the end of an hour's search I chanced to be of the lucky pair to discover a sly little pool that had formed beneath some jutting rocks, and by repeated shots we advertised our victory in search of the needful. My own enthusiasm, however, was somewhat diminished when, as I was thrusting aside some luxuriant fern leaves that overhung the still if not deep waters, I unearthed a round brown "stone" that turned out to be a human skull, the sole mortal remains of some lone prospector who had died here, presumably alone and far from friends or physicians, with only the mournful pines to sing a long requiem to this drift of human flotsam. When the tent was stretched, this Yorick emblem was perched high up on the pole and kept watch and ward over Camp Nowhere as long as it was in existence, and on our last afternoon was taken down and buried deep under a giant pine with due respect if little ceremony.

As we were anxious to "rough it" in the fullest sense of the word, only one small tent had been brought along, and that was occupied by the mother chaperon, the rest of the ladies electing to sleep on rubber blankets at her tent's right hand, with no other shelter than the star-hung wheel of blue above our heads, while the "braves" sought slumber at various outposts that suited their fancy.

This first night all were supposed to be too weary to be facetious, and satisfied to sleep the sleep of the "tired out," a program that would have been carried out by the feminine members if left to their own devices. As it was, however, about midnight we were awakened by a sense of chilliness, only to discover that our warm blankets were gradually moving away like a beautiful dream. With amazement we watched them travel off as though possessed with feet, moving slowly toward a big stump at the far side of the camp. As soon as we could recover from our surprise we made a hot and hasty sorti blanket-wards, and discovered the stout cords attached to the lower corners of our covers, evidently the work of our "funny man" who was slyly manipulating the strings to our discomfort. After a short but successfully waged battle we discovered our treasures and retired to our somewhat humpy resting place, which in our weariness we had neglected to upholster with pine twigs.

Our next great awakening was along toward morning, when we heard a violent commotion in our culinary department, and discovered that an army of skunks were holding high revel in our "kitchen" and were causing our cooking utensils to furnish merry music as they hustled them about in their quest for provender, meagerly rewarded in this instance. As soon as we recognized the nature of our visitors, with one accord we accepted the discretion and valor axiom and patiently watched the scrimmage from afar, a sorrowful if silent audience who fully appreciated their inability to cope with these amply armed marauders. But this was the last of our midnight disturbances, for we had learned

and lived, and in the future all of our belongings were hung high in hackberry cupboards and our blankets were "staked" at sundown so we rested undisturbed by either skunks or funny man.

Game in the shape of mountain partridges and wild turkey was fairly plentiful, and two deer and one bear rewarded the valor of our mighty hunters, also providing a satisfactory and substantial addition to our somewhat depleted larder. We roasted our venison on forked sticks stuck in the ground before a big fire of pine logs, each participant at the feast cutting off a slice of the meat as it was cooked to his liking, or more often when he saw a chance to get in line and secure his share. The bear steaks we fried in the frying pan over hot coals and when combined with cuts of venison turned out eating fit for the gods.

The pleasantest hour of the twenty-four was after supper, when the whole company, tired out with the day's pleasuring, sat around the roaring fire of fragrant pine boughs and sang songs and told yarns more remarkable for thrilling adventure than veracity. This amusement was varied by the exchange of confidences in regard to our happy homes "back East" that we were in no hurry whatever to return to, and dear friends that we had not the least desire to see. Above our heads the stranger skull, who, could it have spoken, might have told a tale that would have revolutionized existence, grinned and grinned—silently, while we happy mortals beneath it grinned and grinned noisily—such is the distinction between the quick and the dead.

The next most enchanting hour (always excepting the meal hour) was just after dawn, when all about us the birds awoke and called to each other softly at first, and then more vigorously as they came to a full realization of the pleasures and responsibilities of the new born day. Now and then a dull-coated jay, catching sight of the various unfeathered species stretched on the ground beneath him, would berate all creation at the top of his rasping voice with emphatic reservations for our crowd in particular. The sweet whistle of the rich voiced and coated cardinals, more brilliantly red than our Eastern species, would float up to us from the cañon below, their thrilling choruses accentuated by the rapid song

"GAME WAS PLENTIFUL."

vocabulary of the insistent orioles and mocking birds.

With our field glasses we could watch the mother partridges leading their pretty families carefully through the mazes of the catclaw tangles, and though never so hungry we always hoped that the man with the gun would fail to see and secure them for our breakfast, though when that sad fate did overtake them we were able to pick their pathetic little bones with epicurean enjoyment. Occasionally two or three ravens, scenting or seeing from afar some signs and tokens of humanity and its accompanying refuse, would drift in upon us from the sunny plains below, true followers and representatives of a civilization that by its luxurious waste and destruction provides both feathered and unfeathered "grafters" with an easy living. Even some livid-necked buzzards discovered us and filed solemnly beyond our camp and perched on the adjacent rocks—waiting, doubtless hopeful that, like the lone prospector, some one of us or our beasts would succumb to the inevitable and fall into their unclean clutches. It came to my mind that possibly these were some of the same birds of evil portent who had to do with the emptiness of our grewsome find

and were waiting to perform the same delicate operation upon some of our own unwilling noddles.

But on our last morning all speculation was cut short by one of the surprises that an Arizona climate is liable to spring on one. While we were packing and taking sad farewells of our once happy home, we were suddenly enveloped in a cloud filled to overflowing with hail and snow, and we could hardly see to mount our frightened steeds and find our way down the steep trail toward the desert where the July sun was beating a blinding rhythm of heat on the white sand, and only gray lizzards and jack rabbits were awake to see our hurried and demoralized descent from forty to a hundred and ten in the shade.

TWO WEEKS IN THE OLYMPICS.

By PORTUS BAXTER.

IF YOU are a mountain climber I know that you will enjoy a trip to the Grand Divide of the Olympic Mountains in Western Washington. There is no grander jumble of peaks in the United States, and the scenic panorama cannot be surpassed by Europe's most celebrated wonderlands.

Prior to the time I had seen with my own eyes the wonders of the Olympics from the romantic Antlers on beautiful Lake Cushman to the headwaters of the big rivers which work their way either to Hood Canal, a part of Puget Sound, or the Pacific Ocean. I looked upon mountain climbing as a fad. I am willing to confess that I have experienced a change of heart. Give me the opportunity and I would live in the wildest country imaginable, spring, summer and fall.

One sees the Olympics northwest from Seattle. They appear like a wall with sharp peaks. The condition of the atmosphere has much to do with the sight offered, and a tourist who says, "What a grand sight!" one morning, is often compelled to seek a more expressive adjective when sunset comes, or when on the following morning the peaks loom up clearer and brighter with glistening snow. I have seen the time when the valleys of the Duckabush and Docewallops rivers on the canal side of the mountains could be seen from a point near the Grace M. E. Church in Seattle.

"I have heard a great deal about the Olympics," said a tourist, "but I have waited here a whole week and yet not caught a glimpse of them. I am beginning to think there is no such group of mountains." He was simply unfortunate in being in Seattle during the smoky season.

Photo, Murdock. MT. STEEL AND MAIN DIVIDE.

Murdock (Seattle), Photo. LAKE CUSHMAN FROM COTTONWOOD GROVE.

LOOKING DOWN RIVER FROM HOODSPORT ROAD.
Murdock, Photo.

It was in the fall of last year that I made my trip to the Grand Divide of the Olympics. I was accompanied by L. F. Murdock, who enjoys the distinction of being the first to take large pictures of that unfrequented region. He was favored with beautiful weather, and obtained over forty views, showing the features of the entire thirty or thirty-two miles from the Antlers.

Taking a steamer at Seattle at 8 o'clock September 2, we arrived at Hoodsport in the evening, and on the following morning tramped through the forest nine miles to Lake Cushman. Even the trip through this forest, which is located on the foothills of the Olympics, is worth going many miles to see.

Lake Cushman is the most beautiful little body of water in Western Washington and is located at the very foot of Mount Rose. It is about two miles long, and its shores are dotted with pretty little bays. Small streams of ice-cold water pour into it from thick woods, and at the northwest corner the wild and swift-flowing Skokomish River comes tumbling in like a race-mill.

The Antlers, a summer resort, the most unique in the United States, is located on the left-hand shore, half way up the lake. It represents an expenditure of $30,000, and

is owned by Russell Homan, a rich New Yorker, who spares no expense to make everything equal to the most exclusive New England resorts. Frank Reid of Buffalo, New York, is associated with Mr. Homan in the management of the place.

The Antlers consists of three buildings, a main hotel building and two cottages. They are all made of carefully selected logs and finished inside with native Washington fir. They are the most expensive buildings of their kind in the country, and immense fireplaces are made of bricks, which were transported from Seattle at great expense. Large elk heads, the trophies of many exciting hunts in the mountains, are found in the drawing room and dining room, and explain the name of this beautiful and secluded home. Even now people come way from New York to enjoy the scenic wonders, fine fishing and splendid accommodations to be found at the Antlers.

Mr. Murdock and myself were fortunate in having Roland Hopper, who knows the Olympics almost as well as his brother Stanley, decide to accompany us on our long trip.

We started out with a pack train of two horses on the morning of September 7, and made our way leisurely up the valley of the Skokomish to the first divide, a distance of twenty-two miles, arriving on the morning of the third day. The first eight miles is not difficult, with the exception of the Devil's Staircase. The chances are greatly in favor of losing a horse either in going up or down, but we were fortunate enough to get over all right. If you are not encumbered with horses there is no trouble at all, because you can climb around the base of the rocky promontory.

The eight-mile point is usually spoken of as Camp Four. From this place on to the Divide the trail leads up and down steep and tiresome "hogbacks." In one place there is a mountain jungle, which I look upon with dread mixed with respect. Any one who can go through it without using profane language is deserving of the highest commendation.

At the Divide we pitched camp in a grass-covered and well-sheltered nook, fully 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It made no difference which direction we went, grand wild scenery lay before us. Our nearest neighbor was Mount Steel, which is usually spoken of as being 7,000 feet high. I think that accurate figures would prove the altitude to be under estimated. Next to Mount Olympus it is the highest mountain in the entire system. So far as I have been able to learn, Roland Hopper is the only one who has been to the top of it. He made the ascent when there was much more snow than when we were there. In front of our camp, far down below, lay the headwaters of the Skokomish River. We could look for miles down the valley, on either side of which towered rough and sharp peaks dotted with snow. In the distance arose Copper Mountain and the Three Sisters. Mount Skokomish rises directly from the head of the Skokomish River. Its side is covered with rough ridges of snow and ice, forming the glacier which bears the same name.

Only a short distance from our camp lay the Big Meadow, with its thick covering of rich grass, and myriads of pretty wild-flowers. Sparkling streams, fresh from the snowbanks above, flow through it, furnishing the moisture needed in the hot days from July to September. Until one actually sees the beautiful meadows in the Olympics he cannot understand how such things exist.

The distance from the first divide to the Grand Divide is estimated at eight miles. I think they are cowboy miles. On this tramp we took nothing but packs containing provisions and blankets. Mr. Murdock and Mr. Hopper shouldered between sixty-five and seventy-five pounds each, while I was let off with half that amount. There is some advantage in being a "tenderfoot," after all.

The hardest part of the trip was the descent from our camp to the base of Mount Steel. It has been most properly named the "Drop." It is possible to take horses down it, but so many have been killed that we thought it best to avoid a probable catastrophe by leaving ours to wander around on the Big Meadow. For three-quarters of an hour we went down, down, down. The path was almost perpendicular and we were compelled to grab at friendly twigs to keep from sliding. Near the bottom of the valley we encountered dense underbrush, dripping with dew, and in a few moments we were soaking wet from head to foot.

The trail over the base of Mount Steel into the Valley of the Duckabush, which leads directly to the Grand Divide, is good and not nearly as hard to travel as one might imagine. Beyond this, however, are

three rough "hogbacks" with deep gorges between. Once in a while the trail leads along the edge of a deep cañon, and a misstep means serious injury and probable death.

After descending the third "hogback," we crossed the Duckabush River and took the steep climb to the Grand Divide, where we camped on the shore of Lake Marmot. It is a wilder spot than the First Divide, and the surrounding mountains are more barren and precipitous. Mount Steel was still our neighbor. We had worked our way two-thirds around it. The ascent from this side is impossible, as the upper slope is nothing but rock pitched at such angles that there is no opportunity for a foothold. Even the most approved appliances used in the Alps would be of no use here.

Beyond Mount Steel, directly at the head of the Duckabush, is the big Duckabush Glacier. In the night following a very hot day, we could hear rumblings and crashes, as big chunks of ice and tons of dirt tore loose and went tumbling down the mountain to the river.

At the back of our camp arose a badly cut-up range of mountains about 500 feet high. Back of these, in the hollows of which are little lakes, arose another series of peaks from which we could look down on the headwaters of the Quinault River, and the immense glacier at its side, more properly than head. A cross-cut range of mountains separates the headwaters of the Quinault from those of the Docewallops. It will be observed that the Quinault, Duckabush and Docewallops Rivers all rise very near together, yet the first mentioned flows into the Pacific Ocean, while the other two twist and wind around among the mountains until they finally terminate on the shore of Hood Canal.

From one of the high peaks on a clear day we got a fine view of Quinault Lake. There is so wide a difference of opinion as to the distance from where we were to it that I will not even attempt to estimate it. We could see the reflection in the water. We could not see the ocean beyond. Perhaps this was due to a slight haze. Mount Olympus, with its big, white snow dome, was also in sight, and at our feet lay Skookum Mountain, the cleanest-cut peak in the Olympics.

We spent a week in this wild Garden of Eden, climbing peak after peak. Every trip brought forth new beauties, and when we finally left for home we felt that we had only commenced to familiarize ourselves with the wonders everywhere visible.

It is certain that the grandeurs of the Olympics have not been underestimated, and that in the future parties will follow the same trail we did to feast their eyes on the wondrous sights and revel in the delights of nature.

Murdock, Photo. SKOOKUM MOUNTAIN. HOME OF THE ROOSEVELT ELK.

The Still Hunt

BY J. E. SAWYERS

THE gray dawn of the first morning of the open season found our hunter where the blacktail deer feed on the coast ranges in Oregon, ready to endure the long, hard tramp over mountains and through almost inpenetrable thickets in search of the antlered prize. The balmy air was ladened with the perfume of many varieties of wild flowers, and as he wound his way through the forest ever changing scenery enhanced the pleasure of the quest.

Sometimes he followed along just below a great cliff of rocks, shaded by overhanging foliage of many shades of changing green; then through vast tracts of timber, where the tall fir trunks towered above with a beautiful carpet of vines and mosses beneath, while here and there could be seen the first golden rays of the morning sun reaching down to paint with living colors the wild flowers.

In such places the hunter often relaxes his vigilance—in fact forgets that deer inhabit such beautiful woodlands—but when he sees a scudding deer disappear into a gulch or covert then he resumes the hunt with a vengeful determination. Then he looks for the heart-shaped tracks with a keen, eager gaze, hoping that some thoughtless deer may stand out so conspicuous that the inexperienced hunter might be able to see it. But as he wanders through the silent timber he realizes that hunting is one of the fine arts. To figure out the deceiving outlines of a deer when it is concealed in the tangled maze is one of the charming features of still-hunting.

Every hillside is carefully examined, every noise analyzed and the wind fully considered, for the latter is sure to warn the game of man's approach. So the hunter continues his course, winding over ridges, then into cañons and over benches covered with shrubs, always reading the signs of the alert quarry. At times the hunter is apt to lose interest and the hunt seems to drag, but the finding of more fresh signs revives his spirit and hope leads him on from vista to vista.

The hunter crawls into the brushy ravines where the deer love to lie, then crouches to watch for the game. He may only see the tip of a horn or a patch of reddish brown, but he recognizes those meager outlines as the welcome introduction to the object of

the hill. However the mere glimpse of the game is not sufficient for the sly deer is an adept in deceiving the hunter and is very likely to disappear at the most interesting stage of the game.

The mountain's peaks stand out rough and grand against the soft sky and somewhere amid the dismantled mass and wild scenery the game will of those quiet hills rest or lie down. During the night when the owl utters its weird cry and the night-hawk whirls its noisy course in the open spaces the wild deer seeks its bed of fern and grass and the dark forms glide over the fields and grazing lands in search of food. Their tracks in the sand show their pathway.

It is the habit of the deer to feed in small companies of two, three or five, and one of the first deer seen in the dim morning may be the sentinel which must be shot from the hunter. But the hunter's pleasure is greatest when the finest specimen refuses to divulge the secret part of its wild flight and a stray and distant bullet only hits giant trees and mountains while the roars & echoes when the deer has ceased the mountain storm and shows the least deer that is ever guessed where the deer were headed for as they passed that way in their furious bounding flight.

The timbered mountains towering sublimely above all crowd down close to its tortuous course where the forests almost meet above in foaming torrents. Deep in the dark grottos our hunter as he sits musing and the longing to kill something is dormant for his soul is drinking in the very inspirations of Nature's God. The shimmer of reflected light caught upon the dewdrops on the shaggy fringes of the dark-green firs along the mountain side and reaching to the very summit cause the whole scene to sparkle like a fairy sea.

The hunter is lured by the spirits of Nature's mysterious patronage and as he [illegible] the [illegible] the deer [illegible] brought to a realization that time is flying swiftly and [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] sights are [illegible] everywhere but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

a deer at rest. Noiselessly and stealthily the hunter follows through the mountain solitudes. A soft rustle of leaves draws his attention and presently a lynx strolls into view. The hunter waits for a favorable chance to take aim, the sly cat discovers a rabbit and endeavors to sneak nearer to it, but before his fatal leap is made the shot is fired that closes his career.

As far as the eye can see great green hills stretch away and join with heaven's blue. And below him, a big cañon extends toward the peaceful valley. The hunter resolves to make one more search for game, before starting on the homeward journey. Cautiously he crawls through the more thickly timbered sections. Finally a fawn is discovered in a small opening, and he observes the beautiful, spotted creature, until it becomes startled and bounds away into the brush.

Below the bluff is the lair of a wary old buck, and many hunters have often tried to outwit the monarch of the cañon. The hunter creeps silently up to the edge of the cañon and looks anxiously for the big deer. He knows that the buck is hidden beneath the undergrowth in the ravine and thinks of skilled hunters who have failed before. But his search is in vain and he tramps onward. So all the afternoon he wanders about, waiting patiently for eventime. He selects a place from whence he can see where the first shadows hover over the choice browse, and the most likely place for the big deer to take his evening meal. When the day is far gone the dwellers in the forest come out to feed on the glades. After the sun has plunged down beyond the distant hills, the buck pricks his ears forward and listens, then crawls out from his hiding place. After gazing intently around until satisfied that no lurking enemy is near, he steals softly to a clump of arrowwood to browse on the tender shoots and buds. But in the silent moments that precedes the darkness, the hunter steals nearer the unsuspecting deer, parting the leaves and branches from his pathway with his hands, until he reaches a place affording an unobstructed view of his quarry. A single rifle shot breaks the evening stillness and the royal buck falls forward and lies still.

AFTER A STILL HUNT.

SUMMER DAYS IN COLORADO.

By T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

THERE is only one State in the great West that California has cause to envy," said a recent writer in a New York sporting monthly, "and that is Colorado. Yet the topography, resorts and outdoor sports of the two States are peculiarly contrasted, and so different in each that they can never be regarded as rivals for the hand of public favor."

This is summing up the facts in a nutshell. California, as all admit, stands distinctly forth as one of the most favored of the world's natural sanitariums, health, pleasure and sporting resorts. But Nature, with the same lavish generosity, has blessed Colorado with equally numerous though different beauties, opportunities, attractions and catholicon qualitites, such as are not to be met with in any other quarter of the globe. California—at least the southern portion of it—is an unparalleled winter resort. It is the Italy of the new world—rich in climate, fruits, flowers, distinct features of scenery; a "happy hunting ground" for the sportsman, and a haven for the invalid—although I believe the average nimrod and angler would much prefer northern California for ideal hunting and fishing grounds. Where can you beat the black bass fishing of Yolo County, the rifle sport of the Santa Cruz Mountains, of Siskiyou and Shasta counties, or the angling at Lake Tahoe?

Truly, Catalina is the angler's paradise, but deep-sea fishing lacks the peculiar attractions of fresh water. The angler of the sea has little in common with the river fisherman. Tuna and yellow-tail, tarpon and many other salt water fish are productive of much sport, and are truly "game"; but your humble servant would rather catch one basketful of wide-awake trout than a schooner full of sea fish. Don't ask me why; perhaps its because my experience in salt water angling is limited. But I will accord to Catalina the distinction of being an ideal fishing ground, so that to those who enjoy best the salt water fishing Southern California may atone for her shortcomings as a hunting ground; she is certainly out of the ring when it comes to trout fishing, and similar sports. But our climate, in this sunny southland, is incomparable. The year 'round it is especially adapted to a certain class of eastern invalids. Its mild climate effects many cures—"miraculous resurrec-

A COLORADO MOUNTAIN LAKE.

A VERITABLE VALLEY PARADISE. SUNSET IN THE ROCKIES.

tions"; yet there are a great many "lungers" and others chronically afflicted, who go hence in grief and disappointment, later to derive benefit, if not a cure, from the balmy regions of Colorado. The reason is for the *materia medica* to decide; the writer would not attempt it.

Only in a few narrow sections of central and northern California may there be said to exist "ideal" summer resorts. All the wealth of Southern California millionaires can never make it a popular summer resort. On the other hand Colorado is a poor place to winter —the last place in creation that an invalid should seek to hibernate; but in summer it has the original garden of Eden "beat a mile, and then some," as the Arizona cowboy puts it. But if I were a millionaire, I know of but one way that I could express my appreciation of both States. I would spend my winters in California and my summers in Colorado, and the rest of the world could go wagging on as it pleased. So far as the climate is concerned both States are fortunate. As for the unhappy "lunger," one of them sized up the situation very cleverly just before blowing his brains out in Chicago last winter: "The world's all right, brother, and a fine place, but it isn't made to suit invalids."

Duck, quail, and the smaller game are more plentiful in California, and there are many opportunities presented the hunter here which are not to be found in other States; but for the larger game, such as bear, elk, deer, wild sheep, bob-cats, etc., all who have hunted in Colorado will agree that it is the nimrod's paradise. Our President is not the only sportsman aware of that fact. Indeed, Colorado sportsmen wish it were not so favored, for every summer finds hundreds of eastern sportsmen hurrying thither to increase the slaughter. At the present rate of increase, even this hunting-heaven will soon be stripped of its mountain monsters. Thanks to the famous "Wild Horse Jerry" (Jerry McGann), whose wholesale roundups created such consternation in the west years ago, the wild horses, which numbered 50,000 head twenty-five years past, are now extinct, except for an occasional

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

"THOSE MIGHTY MOUNTAINS OF MINERAL-TINTED GRANITE."

I wish that we had been able to take a camera, for I believe that could we have photographed some of the scenes in that vicinity it would have been an inspiration to the public, as produced in the faithful and artistic manner characteristic of "Western Field." I have never seen on canvas anything to compare with the pristine beauties of that marvelous section—those ancient forests, those mighty mountains of mineral-tinted granite; those gigantic boulders so phenomenally poised on the lofty peaks of crystal; those clear, glass-like lakes; those misty veils of water fluttering from the porphyry cliffs; those bewildering, solemn cañons and somber gorges; those cataracts and cascades; those brooks and rivers and incomparable woodland wilds. You don't have to "hike" a thousand miles to find a bear track, and then go home with an excuse woven from whole cloth, and nary a pelt. The bears are actually there, as demonstrated by the President on his last hunt. Then there are bob-cats, an occasional elk, wild sheep, deer and—and—fish! Incidentally a stray cougar and other game.

Our party equipped for the hunt at Fort Collins. One of us carried a 45-90 Winchester, another a 30-30 Marlin, another a 38-55, and the writer a .303 Savage. Each of us also took along a .22 caliber repeater for rabbits and target practice; also revolvers. The latter were utterly superfluous; in fact I never found a hunter who knew what he carried one for, but nevertheless our party had to observe the time-honored custom and strap them on. Mountain (spiked) shoes, corduroy, flannels and sombreros or mountain hats, composed our wardrobe. We left Fort Collins with two wagons loaded to the gunnels. One of these is some place yet in the wilds of the Rockies, the other is lying in repose near Steamboat Springs. The writer recommends anyone happening upon the same itinerary to take mules, leaving the wagons for someone else as green as we were. Unless you have a wagon that can run smoothly on a trailless slant of 60 degrees, and drop over a precipice for a hundred feet without damages—in fact, unless you have a wagon especially constructed for the gods and charmed to invulnerable longevity, leave it behind. Anticipating difficulty, although not expecting to venture so far as we did, we engaged a teamster for one of the wagons; a member of the party essayed to drive the second, and the other three, including the writer, followed behind on horseback. An extra mule was hitched to the rear of the hind wagon to be used in emergency. We could have used a half-dozen more before getting out, but, not having them, left a good portion of our paraphernalia in the mountains.

Our first camp was on the forest-fringed banks of Pine Creek, an ideal camping-ground, though we remained only till morning. The following night found us camping in Dead Man's Cañon, on the creek by that name, where it roars down the most formidable of cañons to the beautiful valley of the Laramie. We pitched tent about an hour before sunset, and before dark had killed nine blue grouse without stirring from sight of camp. We could have killed a hundred just as easily, so thick were they, but having no use for more than we could eat, left them for "seed." The Laramie is alive with trout of many kinds, so we had fish and fowl for every meal. Passing from Dead Man's Creek we crossed the Medicine Bow range, where we ran across our first "snowshoe" rabbits. They are smaller than our California jack, and larger than our cotton-tail, also much finer eating. They make a fine pie, in the hands of a good campfire chef. This country contains three distinct species of grouse, none of which I ever saw before or after leaving there; and we also found many sage and "fool" hens, as well as several "squatters," or mudhens. Chipmunks also abound there in large numbers, and red squirrels are plentiful. This game afforded us ample practice with our .22's which we took advantage of in order to make certain of our marksmanship when we ran across a bear, or other worthy animal. Tracks of both were plentiful, and although we discovered two "humpback" and one silvertip cub, too young to slay, we failed to run across the mothers. However, we spent little time looking for them, as we were anxious to reach North Park. This was our next camp.

North Park is one of the prettiest sections of Colorado. It is forty miles wide and sixty long, a veritable valley paradise, stocked by nature with many varieties of game, yet with little evidence even of the woodman's axe. To the east rose the Medicine Bow Mountains, infinitely beautiful in their garb of pine, cedar, fur, spruce, tamarack and snow-white crests, towering like mighty sen-

A TYPICAL COLORADO "SILVERTIP."

tinels above the vast expanse of rugged grandeur. To the west stood the Park range, to the south the Continental Divide, while northward lay the Laramie hills. Our tents, two in number, were pitched by the Canadian creek, a tributary to the North Platte. While at this camp two members of our party succeeded in killing a black bear weighing a trifle over 380 pounds. They were a whole day "gulching it out," owing to the distance from camp and the inaccessible nature of the country. With this feather in our cap we were induced to remain several days making a specialty of bruin. The result of a week's sojourn was three bobcats, two smaller bears and one fine, fat deer. We then crossed the Michigan, tarried a day at Walden, and went on beyond the Big to the Little Grizzly. Our permanent camp was on the summit of Park range, the Great Divide. On one side the waters go down to the Little Grizzly, the North Platte, Missouri and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. On the other side we watched them trickle away, as the snow melted, to Bear Creek, the Yampa, the Green and Colorado rivers, on to the Gulf of California. Here, in the waters of the Grizzly and in a larger stream, the name of which we did not know, we caught brown Scotch by the bushel, also brook, rainbow, Loch Leven, Mackinaw and *Salmo mykiss* (?), which I suppose were remotely imported stock. Anyway they were plentiful, and with the exception of a few places in California I have never found fishing grounds to beat those of this section of Colorado. There were also many of the less wanted squaw fish, square jaws and squealers (but no suckers!)

Here, also, in this primitive wilderness of the West, where human beings have little more than penetrated its density, where the roar and whistle of the locomotive is never heard; where the smoke of the camp-fire is comparatively unknown, the hunter and angler may even yet enjoy the primitive sports of his breechclout progenitors, with less discomfiture and all modern facilities in the way of tackle and ordnance, hence with keener pleasure. Delightful days, warm evenings, abundant shade, exciting climbs, ideal camping spots, good water, inspiring scenery, and fish that "ain't too lazy to bite," or game that will condescend to be shot at without the formality of a hound chase, make it the ideal land for outdoor sport. It is the only place I know of where deer can be killed on an average of three or four a week. And no man ever ate finer flesh than that of the

Colorado deer, especially the deer of Routt county in season.

Bears, too, are still as plentiful there as they once were in the other western States before the exodus of pioneers from the east. We carried back to civilization a number of fine trophies, including five bearskins, eight deer skins, and the hides of twelve bob-cats, besides numerous minor pelts. We returned, too, with a clear conscience, for we could look our fellow sportsman in the eye and say truthfully that we had passed up several fine deer, refusing to slay them simply for their skins. Altogether I have found that bears are anything but dangerous to man; they are so "easy" it seems a shame to slay them. No animal ever had a worse or less deserved reputation for manslaughter, assault and battery and mayhem, yet the average bear in Colorado wouldn't dream of attacking a man even if starving. They either run, or stand and look silly. Let those gainsay it who will; the writer speaks only from his own experience. They are

"SOMEWHERE UP HERE WE LEFT OUR WAGON."

formidable to cattle, sheep, fowls etc., and we do not endorse a butcher for taking a shot at one whenever the opportunity presents itself. The shortage of deer to-day is more attributable to the carnivorous appetite of brother Bruin than it is to the ruthless of reckless-living hunters. So if you have grudge against the bear go to Colorado if you have not got to Colorado anyway. You have never spent an ideal summer unless y

ONE OF OUR SUCCESSES.

WHERE TROUT ARE TOO PLENTY.

passed it in the wilds of this prodigious wonderland. And if you ever happen around Steamboat Springs you may find the remnants of our last camp wagon stranded on a precipitous mountain above the village. At this point we were forced to abandon it, returning to civilization. If you can scheme a way to get that wagon down the mountain, it is yours—for the getting. I *think* it's still there.

A ROUTT COUNTY BEAUTY.

mustang found in the wilds of the Rockies. Wild sheep, also, are becoming yearly more scarce, and are skulking farther up in the mountains. But the bear and deer are still plentiful. At present Colorado may safely be said to be the foremost large game region of the United States.

The writer had the good fortune to be born in California and is proud of the fact; but too many of our "native sons" get the idea in their heads that California is "IT," the first, last and only State in the Union. Not so, my dear. Let yourself circulate for a few years; blow around with the breeze and take a look at other countries, then you'll drift back home with a better appreciation of your own State and a proper regard for others. A few months in the Columbia river country; a jaunt through Washington, Idaho and Montana, and a summer in Colorado—away from the cities—will do you more good than a year's subscription to "Western Field," which is saying considerable, for a year's subscription to "Western Field" is similar to taking the trip by proxy.

California has her advantages; it is a grand old State; but if you want to spend an ideal summer—the kind you read about in Bertha M. Clay's story books—pack up your paraphernalia and hit the high spots for the Rockies. Go to Colorado!

Cripple Creek, Pike's Peak, the Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, etc., are about the only features of Colorado that the average railway nomad is acquainted with. They are all beautiful and inspiring, but to "do" Colorado properly the tourist must forsake the railroads. It is a known fact that railroads invariably make "bee lines," cutting directly through the most accessible territory; and in Colorado this "accessible territory" but vaguely represents the inaccessible. There are a thousand grander natural gorges than the Royal Gorge yawning unknown to the world in the wilds of Colorado. Looking from a train window you get but a glimpse—a suggestion—of the real haunts and scenes there existing. When you have seen the "Switzerland of America," Manitou, the Crystal Caves, the beauties of the Boulder Country, Ute Pass, Green Mountain Falls, and all the other fairyland scenes reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, take a trip into the Divide Creek, or the Roaring Fork Country, or to the San Luis Valley, or to White River, and if you are a hunter or fisherman, with a true appreciation of the open-air sports, you will fancy yourself transplanted in Elysium.

The outing season begins in Colorado in May, lasting to the middle of October. Camping, climbing, hunting, fishing, trapping—anything that you want, in fact, is there to be enjoyed. June 1 is the first day of the open season; and although the mountain streams are seldom clear enough on this day to afford good fishing, nearly every train, no matter the direction in which headed, will be found after the season opens to contain all the way from ten to thirty fishermen. One will be weighted with heavy slicker, gum boots, rod, reels, lines, hooks, fly and plain, pot metal, and fine steel, big and little, with brand new basket; and he will be already smoking his camp-fire meerschaum, briar, clay or cob pipe. Another will wear a heavy pair of lace-boots, another "just his shoes." Some will have costly split-bamboo poles, others plain poles. Some will carry a "brown hackle," or a "black ant," others a "coachman," or a redworm. Then there will be the fellow with the fancy new duck suit, and next to him the angler with any kind of clothes he happened to have on. One will be bound for Gunnison river, another for Wood's Lake, still another for Roaring Fork or Trapper's Lake, and so on down the line. Then come the fish-stories, the resumé of last season's fish marvels, etc., and finally, after several stops, the last of the original crowd has left the train and other fishermen are stepping aboard, bound for still farther retreats. All the railway points are filled with anglers. But much as Colorado has been frequented by pleasure seekers there are whole leagues of it practically unknown and untrodden. When, after weeks of climbing, trudging, and difficult progress, you have pursued some emerald trout stream to its lofty source and find yourself standing on some dizzy pinnacle fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, gazing across the vast infinitude of scenes, the marvelous panorama of landscapes, you will begin to understand something of Colorado's grandeur.

The writer once passed a summer in this enchanted land of mountains. It was a summer never to be forgotten. I was with a party of four hunters enjoying a bear hunt in the wilds of the Cache la Poudre country.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE WESTERN FIELD CO., (Incorporated)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street. Telephone, Main 1262.

Eastern Representative: E. T. Keyser, 5 Beekman St., New York.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

A TIMELY EVOLUTION.

THE world do move," and as a material proof thereof, we point with unbounded satisfaction to the slow but steady evolution of a general public sentiment in favor of rigorous game protection, as evidenced by the favorable editorials on that subject in hitherto antagonistic publications throughout the whole country, as well as by advanced positions taken by individuals and associations to the same end.

Less than a half decade ago California was practically without a single beneficent law for the protection of game. Furred, finned and feathered game was slaughtered with a prodigal recklessness that was appalling, and what few legal restrictions were imposed by statute were observed only in the breach. To-day our State has as good game laws as any in the Union, and, what is even more to the point, these laws are uniformly respected. The great daily papers which, hitherto, under a misconception of the facts, have used all their vast influence to retard and obstruct our preservative measures, have now evolved to a correct view in the premises and, with but a few trifling exceptions, are now fighting shoulder to shoulder with us in the good cause. Among the general public the evolution has been even more prompt and thorough. Our sportsmen are a unit in their desire to have the game logically and effectually conserved, not only from the selfish standpoint of a perpetuation of their pleasure, but from a wider and cleaner consideration of the features involved. They are enthusiastic in their support of all consistent legislation to protect game, and the best evidence of their sincerity is the universal demand among them that their privileges be actually cut in half. It was the sportsmen of this State in convention assembled that advocated and demanded a reduction both in the time of open season and in the number of game creatures that might be legally taken each day. What opposition has developed to the contrary has come only from those mercenarily interested —from the market butchers and market dealers who naturally have only a commercial, and therefore sordid interest in game.

And this much-to-be-appreciated evolution is timely in the extreme. It means the avoidance of the practical extinction of one of the State's most valuable assets—a resource whose value is as great sentimentally as it is incalculable intrinsically. It means the perpetuation of a cause that is wider-reaching in its effects than the casual thinker probably realizes. It means the perpetuation of the inducement that leads the men and women and children of this overstrained civilization back to the woods and streams, close to the clean, pure heart of Nature where they can, for awhile at least, purge themselves of the curse locked in with the paved streets and unhealthy houses, and get back more nearly into the healthful, normal conditions, physical and mental, that are their rightful heritage.

"Western Field" glories in the approaching consummation of its work. The time is now close at hand—and getting closer each

day—when American people will recognize the value of its game and be commensurably jealous in its protection and propagation. It has been a hard, bitter, unremitting fight, but the victory is all the sweeter in that the end a thousand times justifies the scant means but conscientious motives with which we have labored.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

AS COMPLEMENTING our article on "Timely Evolution" elsewhere in these columns, we beg to congratulate Deputy Game Warden Walter R. Welch on his recent notable achievement in organizing at Livermore, Alameda County, an association for the protection of game which numbers at the outset over 100 members, comprising therein the most prominent and influential citizens of that favored section.

This organization was proposed at first to be known as the "Livermore Game and Fish Protective Association," but so great was the enthusiastic interest displayed that the organizers, proposing to extend the good gospel throughout their entire county, decided to change the name to that of "Alameda County Game and Fish Protective Association," the members pledging themselves to extend the scope and interest of the organization to every part of the county instead of making it merely local in character.

As a straw in the wind of public inclination, the above presages good things for the Alameda County sportsmen, and will operate beneficially upon other portions of the State. It is an example well set and worth following.

A DISCRIMINATION THAT DISCRIMINATES.

WHILE in the establishment of a prominent sporting goods dealer the other day, we overheard an edifying discussion of discriminative laws that set us to thinking. "Speaking of discrimination," said he, "how about the discrimination against California in the matter of freight rates from eastern centers?" In the interesting twenty minutes which followed, the whole secret of the present business stagnation on this coast was revealed. Having in mind the popular belief that there was in actual existence such a quantity as an Interstate Commission, whose duties are presumably to equalize and regulate all transportative charges, it was astonishing to have the dealer prove, by indisputable evidence, that at least sixty per cent. of the Eastern factors were debarred, by prohibitive and discriminating transportation charges, from entering the great Coast field at all. As an example, he showed that certain lines of merchandise on which the charge to California points was $1.90 per hundredweight, were, nevertheless, shipped from the same Eastern points, *through this city to Yokohama, Japan*, for only $1.30 per hundred! He cited dozens of such examples, and subsequent independent investigations fully confirmed his contention.

It is easy to understand, in light of these revelations, why Eastern manufacturers decline to bid for Coast patronage, and why prices here are from ten to thirty per cent. higher than elsewhere in this land of freedom and "equality"(!) We understand now why Pacific Coast magazines of tremendous circulation are denied the advertising patronage that is showered upon less deserving east-of-the-Rockies contemporaries; it is forcibly borne in to our comprehension why whole lines of trade are stagnated, why automobile dealers, for instance, are losing money in spite of a healthy and increasing demand for cars, and sporting goods dealers and hundreds of other tradesmen are going to the wall.

California may be, as we boast, an independent empire in itself; our natural advantages and resources are doubtless many and singular to this State; we certainly have a lot of easy going, credulous, willing to be imposed upon people in this Land of the Setting Sun, but a captious critic might insinuate that we lack the courage to assert our rights—and he would not be so very far wrong.

We take no quarrel with the railroads; they are rather to be commended for their laudable tact and assiduity in improving their opportunities. But with the inefficient, incapable and incompetent aggregation known as the Interstate Commission we take full issue. President Roosevelt has shown himself competent to grapple with the gravest national questions. There is room for the swinging of his hunting knife and big stick in quarters that every suffering Coast tradesman will be only too glad to point out.

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec.,, Grass Valley, Cal.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

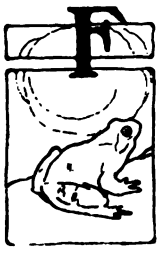
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and August 25, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; fined $50.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch; fined $30.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham; fined $20.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $25.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble; fined $20.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum; fined $25.

A. Camello, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable; fined $20.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $20.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer; jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis; fined $25.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall; case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb; case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph; discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah, Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea; fined $25.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph; fined $25

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Web Toms; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch; case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl; case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; fined $25.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession. M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY 27.

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in possession Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, Covelo. Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Geo. Stimson; $25 fiine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close season, Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possession, Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possession, Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped bass, Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized striped bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession close season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officers A. F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, Sonora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Rio Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, Tahoe City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close season, Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; ten days in jail.

R. P. Poe, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

C. M. Anderson, killing quail close season,

Willits, A. W. Ralph; $25 fine.

C. S. Gruning, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

A. B. McCutcheon, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Ah Sing, Fresh buck horns in possession, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Charley Borson, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Miss F. Louise Sheppard, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls, A. F. Lea and Wm. Rae; $25.

Chas. Noyse, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

E. Chapman, killing deer out of season, Happy Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

There were also seized over 3,000 pounds of undersized striped bass; 250 pounds of unlawfully possessed trout and 10 illegally used nets.

ARRESTS MADE FROM AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 25.

E. P. Lounibos, shipping doves in concealed packages, Glen Ellen, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.) underweight striped bass in possession, Sacramento, George Neale; $20.

Luke Petrich, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, J. C. O'Connell and J. H. Davis; $25 fine.

T. G. Canckwell, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

T. A. Lang, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25 fine.

Richard Faulkerson, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25.

Louis Saroni, having spotted fawn in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; dismissed.

Dennis O'Leary, killing a doe, Stonyford, J. R. Martin; $50.

Tony Bezoni, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

White McClure, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

Henry Christopher, killing deer close season, Yreka, T. W. Birmingham and A. E. Doney; $50.

Chas. Kisaki, killing quail close season, Monrovia, Manuel Trijo; $25 fine.

J. Cavagna, killing a spotted fawn, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $75 fine.

H. Matushara, using set net, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $100 fine.

Al Quinn, killing a meadow lark, Ione, J. E. Kelly; $25 fine.

Ray Streeter, shooting on enclosed land, Alhambra, Eldridge S. Freer; $25 fine.

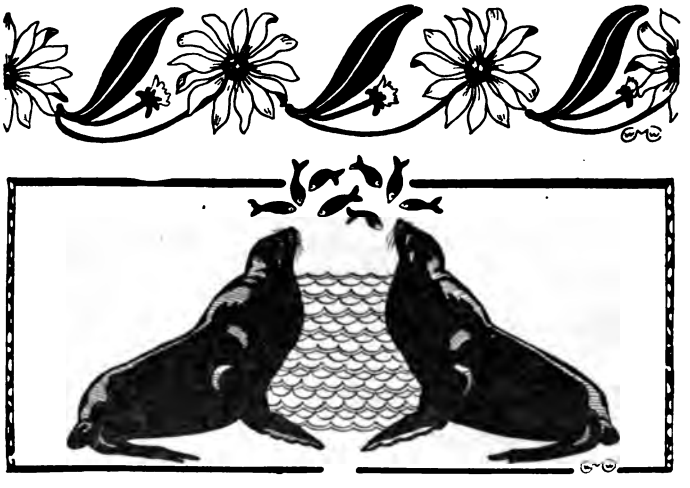
Joseph Flamini, taking young of fish, San Rafael; $25 fine.

Herman Stolz, quail in possession close season, Sacramento, George Neale; dismissed.

Lee Yoke Suey, offering for shipment dried California shrimp, San Francisco, Chas A. Vogelsang and E. E. Pedlar; case pending.

Stephen Billeci, using small mesh net for taking striped bass, Pinole, J. H. Davis, J. C. O'Connell and Antone Soto; $200.

[Note. The fines paid from August 1 to August 25, 1905 aggregate $785. There were upward of 450 deer hides seized; 400 pounds black bass seized bearing net marks, and 2,550 pounds striped bass, underweight, were also confiscated. two set nets were seized and destroyed. A very good month's work, and one reflecting great credit up on Mr. Vogelsang and his efficient deputies.—Editor.]



Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to Aug. 15th, 1905.)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Dove.	Plover.[1]	Snipe.[2]	Woodcock.[3]	Rail.[4]	Duck.[5]	Geese, Brant.[6]	
EASTERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 16			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. [7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[9]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year	May 1-July 15[11]	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[8]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year			Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1		6
	7	New York[7]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 16[7]	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	8
	9	New Jersey	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 15			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[9]	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 15[9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[12]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[13]	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	11
	12	Maryland	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1			All the year				Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1			Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	13
	14	Virginia	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[9]	14
	15	West Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[14]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[14]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[14]	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[9]	15
	16	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15		Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 1-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	16
	17	Kentucky	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[9]	17
	18	Ohio	Dec. 31-Nov. 10	To May 15, 1906				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	18
	19	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[15]	To 1910		To 1910	All the year	Sept. 1-Sept. 8	Sept. 1-Sept. 8	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	19
	20	Indiana[16]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[17]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[17]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[17]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[17]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Illinois	Dec. 31-Nov. 10	To May 15, 1906	To May 15, 1907	To Apr. 29, 1906	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	21
	22	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[18]		Oct. 15-Sept. 1[7]	All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[19]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[19]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	23
	24	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[9]	24
	25	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15[9]	25
	26	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[7]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[9]	26
	27	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July	Aug. 1-July 1	May 15-Sept. 1[7]			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	27
	28	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	28
	29	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1							May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	29
	30	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	30
	31	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[9]	31
	32	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1910[7]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[7]				Apr. 16-Sept. 10[9]	32
SOUTHERN.	33	North Carolina[7]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	33
	34	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1				Local laws			34
	35	Georgia[7]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]		35
	36	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		36
	37	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				37
	38	Mississippi	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							38
	39	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	39
	40	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year[7]							40
	41	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1907	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[9]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	41
	42	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1							42
	43	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan[20]-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1					43
	44	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1						44
	45	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		45
PACIFIC.	46	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[7]		Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	All the year[7]	46
	47	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 2-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	All the year[7]	47
	48	Utah	All the year[7]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	48
	49	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	49
	50	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	50
	51	Oregon	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1909[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	51
	52	Alaska		Dec. 15-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	52
	53	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 16				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 16[7]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16	Feb. 1-Sept. 16	53
CANADA.	54	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 1[7]	All the year[21]	54
	55	Yukon[7]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				July 1-Sept. 1			June 1-Sept. 1	June 1-Sept. 1	55
	56	N. W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 31	May 5-Aug. 31		May 5-Aug. 31	May 5-Aug. 30		56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[22]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 15		58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Jan. 16-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1			Mar. 1-Sept. 15		60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 2-Sept. 15	Dec. 2-Sept. 15[7]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Aug. 15[7]	Mar. 1-Aug. 15[7]	Jan. 1-Aug. 15		Mar. 1-Aug. 15[7]		62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1				Jan. 1-Aug. 10	Jan. 1-Aug. 10			Mar. 1-Aug. 10		63
	64	Newfoundland		Jan. 15-Oct. 1			Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 15-Aug. 31			Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 15-Aug. 31[23]	64

MAMMALS.

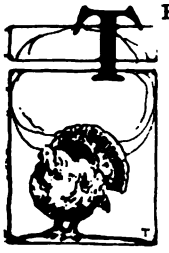
		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[2]	Moose.[3]	Caribou.[4]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[5]	Squirrel.[6]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasants.[7]		Birds Protected in a few States only.		
EASTERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 20, 1913	1	PTARMIGAN.		
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2	Nebraska	All the year.	
	3	Vermont	Forest Oct. 15-20		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910	3	Colorado	All the year.	
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1909						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1907	4	Washington	Dec. 1-Sept. 1,[7]	
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5	New Mexico	All the year.	
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6	Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	
	7	New York[7]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]	Local laws	To 1910	7	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov. 8						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	8	Yukon	Jan. 15-Oct. 1	
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9	N. W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	10	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		11	Nova Scotia	All the year.	
	12	Maryland	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	12	Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.	
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		13			
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	14			
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15		15	BAND HEN.		
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[7]		16			
	17	Ohio							Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 15[7]	To Nov. 15, 1909	17	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 30[7]	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913	To June 16, 1913			Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 30	To Feb. 24, 1911	18	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
	19	Indiana[16]	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[17]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[17]	To Apr. 29, 1909	19	Wyoming	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.	
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 29, 1913						Jan. 1-July 1		To Oct. 1, 1910	20	Colorado	Oct. 1-Aug. 1.	
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[7]						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Jan. 1, 1910	21	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.	
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[7]	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year						22	Nevada	Feb. 18-July 15.	
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year					Jan. 1-Sept. 1		To Dec. 1, 1910	23	Utah	Dec. 15-July 15.	
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1						Jan. 1-July 1		To Feb. 28, 1907	24	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15.	
	25	Kansas					To Mar. 15, 1909		All the year[7]		All the year	25	Washington	Dec. 1-Aug. 1.	
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 15-Aug. 15	All the year			Nov. 15-Aug. 15		All the year			26	Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.	
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]				27			
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year	To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[7]			Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28			
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year[7]			All the year	29	RINGNECK.		
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1913		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[7]			To Sept. 1, 1909	30			
	31	Colorado	Oct. 15-Sept. 30	To Nov. 1, 1907			To Oct. 16, 1907	All the year[7]			All the year	31			
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1									32	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]									33	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
	34	Georgia[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Local laws			34	Delaware	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.	
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905	35	Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.[7]	
	36	Alabama	Local laws									36	Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.	
	37	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						Local laws		Local laws	37			
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]									38	CURLEW.		
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]						May 1-June 1[7]		To Nov. 1, 1907[7]	39			
	40	Louisiana	Local laws								To Mar. 14, 1913	40	New Jersey	Jan. 1-May 1.	
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1909	To July 1, 1909[7]				41	New York	Jan. 1-Sept. 16.	
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				To July 1, 1909[7]	42	Long Island	Jan. 1-July 16.	
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 15, 1910	All the year[7]			Jan. 1, Dec. 1,	43	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-July 15.	
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 15, 1910	44	Virginia	Jan. 1-July 31.	
											To Mar. 1, 1911		North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 15.	
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	45	Nebraska	All the year.	
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			To Sept. 1, 1906	46	Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	47	Utah	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[7]			All the year	47	Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 15.[7]	
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 4, 1909	48	Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.	
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1911	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			To Jan. 15[7]	49	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15.	
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[7]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1.	50	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.	
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]				51	Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 15.	
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 15.	52	Utah	May 1-Sept. 15.	
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 16-Sept. 1		All the year	53	Oregon	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	54	Yukon[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1			54	Washington	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
	55	N. W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Nov. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 15[7]			55	N. W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.	
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			56	Yukon[7]	June 1-Sept. 1.	
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1					57			
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]						58	CRANE.		
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]					All the year	59			
	60	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15						60	Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.	
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1909		Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1910						61	Colorado	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.[8]										62	North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.	
	63	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1911	To Jan. 1, 1911	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[8]						63	Colorado	All the year.	
													Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.	
													Washington	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.	
													N. W. Territories	Jan. 1-Aug. 1.	
													Yukon[8]	June 1-Sept. 1.	

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Bears: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Geese, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-25; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (Shirell, butterball, cornerback, pintail, redhead, sprigtail, whistler, widgeon, and scaup ducks, geese, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 15. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Gallies: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 15 counties to Mar. 11, 1909. 6. Allisdon above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1910; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except coot. 13. Except rail, coot, gallinule, woodcock, and snipe. 14. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 15. Except white-tailed deer in Lowndes, to July, 1908; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 16. Geese only. 17. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 18. Except with dogs or snares. 19. Except wild turkey, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 20. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 1; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 21. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 22. Except west of the Cascades, in 1905, Sept. 9-16. 23. Sec. 869, Ch. 189, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 10. 24. Nov. 8, 10, 13, 17. 25. Except bears, May 1-Oct. 1.

*Limit of 200 not yet reached.

THE PRESERVATION OF CALIFORNIA GAME.

By H. ELBE.



THE subject of game protection is one in which should engage the attention not alone of the votaries of sport, but also of all other right-minded citizens loyal to the interests and traditions of their country.

During the past three centuries the English-speaking people have expanded over the earth's surface, waging fierce warfare upon those who strove to check their onward march, but meeting with no bar sufficient to check their progress. Limited at first to the confines of one small island, they have engaged in an expansive movement of such magnitude that to-day there is no section of the globe free from their dominating influence.

When, with the discovery of America by Columbus, the great work of colonizing our continent began, various nations strove to gain a foothold. Spain, France, England and Holland each succeeded in planting their banner on North American soil, but the Anglo-Saxon alone maintained his hold on the newly acquired territory and opened up its wonderful resources. But it was under the banner of the United States, and not under that of England, that it was thoroughly exploited.

The Americans, when they became a nation, began an expansive movement that was truly wonderful. Previous to the Revolution they were confined to the territory adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard. Under English rule it had taken 150 years to advance from the Atlantic to the Alleghenies, but when untrammeled by England it took only sixty years to cover the distance intervening between the Alleghenies and the Pacific Ocean. In winning this territory they contended with savage foes, and the difficulties and dangers which beset them would have disheartened a less hardy race. We who travel in comfort and are rarely more than a few miles from civilization can hardy realize the hardihood necessary to boldly plunge into the wilderness, through unblazed territory where white men never had trod and with no resources to fall back on in case of disaster. Continually at war with hostile tribes of Indians, they did not know what instant they might be overwhelmed, but their adventurous spirits forced them ever onward.

Following in the steps of these intrepid explorers, trappers and prospectors, came the hardy pioneer settlers—yeomen warriors who recognized no master and quailed at no terrors. In obedience to the instincts working within them, they left more settled communities in the East to try their fortunes in an unsettled land, and made homes for their wives and children. Courage, resourcefulness and a dominant spirit distinguished these people, for without the possession of these qualities they could not long have withstood the rigors and perils of the frontier.

It was but natural that these people should depend largely upon their rifles for sustenance, consequently the spirit of the chase was deeply imbued in their natures, and the majority of the men and boys were skilled in the use of firearms and well versed in woodcraft. Living constantly in the open air and leading decidedly active lives, they, as a rule, possessed constitutions like iron, and when put to the test were capable of enduring untold hardships with stoical indifference. At times they engaged in desperate conflicts with the aboriginal tribes which jealously strove to bar their way across the frontiers, but opposition only strengthened their determination to settle on new territory, and no rebuff could check their onward march.

Conditions such as the above produced men like George Rogers Clark, Daniel Boone, Michael Steiner, James Robertson, Andrew

Jackson, David Crockett, Sam Houston, Thomas Walker, John Finley, Casper Mansker, Simon Kenton, John Sevier, and hundreds of others who were vitally concerned in the upbuilding of the new nation. They were a conglomerate mass, for in their veins flowed the blood of English, German, French, Irish, Scotch, and Dutch progenitors, of an adventurous, strenuous type, whose dominant qualities were imparted to their offspring. It was men of this stamp who endowed their descendants with the wonderful capacity and resourcefulness which have distinguished the Americans in the past, but how long these qualities will endure among metropolitan residents, subject to the artificial, enervating conditions which prevail in large cities and towns, is a question of great moment. Already the Anglo-Saxon element among our population shows certain signs of degeneration such as has marked the Latin races. Irritability, nervousness, and proneness to dyspepsia are symptoms of a loss of physical power which sooner or later must be followed by a corresponding deterioration in stamina, if not in mentality.

Delve in the history of our nation and you will find that, with rare exceptions, our greatest Americans were country-bred and raised, or, failing to possess this advantage, employed a goodly proportion of their spare time in outdoor exercises and sports. And, where there has been an exception to this almost general rule, depend upon it that he who made his mark under the discouraging and sordid conditions of life in a crowded city, never reached the zenith of his powers under such circumstances.

The sports of the chase are always associated with country life, and thus we find that many of our foremost citizens were devoted to hunting. George Washington loved to follow his pack of hounds; Daniel Webster engaged in the more prosaic, but no less enjoyable, sport of shooting woodcock and grouse over his well-trained setters; Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison and Lincoln were adepts with the rifle, and many a deer, bear and turkey fell to their weapons. Of our later presidents, Benjamin Harrison and Cleveland were devoted to the use of the scatter gun, and spent many hours in wildfowl shooting. Lastly, President Roosevelt, who represents the very best type of American, possesses a passionate fondness f outdoor sports, especially those which rela to the chase.

Every man who is addicted to field spor should read President Roosevelt's "Huntir Trips of a Ranchman," "The Wilderne Hunter," "Hunting the Grizzly," and oth books and articles relating to sport whi trace to his pen. The layman, too, can lea much concerning our President's characte istics if he will give a little time to t perusal of these tales, for in his graphic a truthful pen pictures of life on the frontie Roosevelt's nature is unconsciously laid bar Years before he was thought of as a pos bility for any high office in the gift of t American people, his honest, straightforwa recital of facts, without the embellishmen and exaggeration which usually accompa tales of the above character, led many to b lieve that the author must possess tho qualities which go to make the ideal Ame can citizen.

Unlike the majority of our foremost me Roosevelt was reared under conditions u favorable to greatness; for the hardshi and tribulations which entered into t early life of so many of the makers of hi tory did not assail him. Reared in the l of Luxury, his might have been the life the sloth, but fortunately he possessed strenuous nature, and a few years after h graduation from college we find him i stalled on a cattle ranch in the Dako "Bad Lands." It was there he learned le sons of incalculable value in later life. A ardent hunter, he soon realized that the ma who would be successful in his quest f game must depend upon his own resource Wealth could buy many things, but it cou not purchase the ability to shoot straigh or the success which results only fro persistence and intelligent effort; it cou not purchase a downy couch on the drea sage brush plains, or a drink of water wh the hunter's lips were parched—and whe after traveling miles to a water hole, found it barren of moisture; it could n guarantee him a shot at a silver tip aft long hours of waiting among the gloo shades of the mountain fastnesses, nor cou it afford him protection from the fury the wounded beast if his shots went ami Shorn of the comforts which wealth giv

us in civilized communities, Roosevelt here learned the lessons of self-reliance, and to his credit be it said that he was an apt pupil and learned them well. There will be many tasks to overcome in the future more difficult, perhaps, than any he has tackled in the past, but the self-inflicted schooling he underwent during his life on the frontier, where a man was judged not by his possessions but by his merits, will stand him in good stead.

And the experiences Theodore Roosevelt underwent, and which developed his best qualities, should be open to every American youth. Of course, we realize that civilization is steadily encroaching upon the hunting fields, and that the inroads of the ever-increasing number of sportsmen makes it a difficult matter to prevent the extermination of game; but, nevertheless, every right-minded citizen of this commonwealth should lend his efforts to avert the threatened dissolution of what should be considered an American's birthright.

We have not now a very long list of large game, as elk, antelope and mountain sheep are practically extinct in this State. However, we have many sub-species of the *Cervus*, or deer family, which have afforded Californians a great deal of sport, and will continue to do so for years to come, providing they receive rigid protection. It is pleasing to note that infractions of the laws which govern the slaying of deer are yearly becoming less, and it is now possible to secure convictions for violations in localities where, some years ago, the court proceedings were farcial.

But large game is not always accessible, and as the rifle is a decidedly dangerous weapon, except in the hands of skilled, level-headed men, its use is frowned upon in settled communities or on land given over to grazing. This naturally limits the average sportsman to the use of a shotgun when on his weekly outings, and it has proven a fair substitute for the rifle in keeping alive the hunting spirit, and for these reasons, too, we find devotees of the scatter gun far outnumber those who prefer the rifle.

In reference to our present protective measures: It has been claimed by a certain class of agitators that class legislation has crept into them. If so, it is limited to those measures which favor two classes—the market hunter and his parasite, the game dealer, on one hand, and the wealthy sportsman who, through his ability to lease large areas of the most desirable hunting territory, is enabled to make large bags and persists in doing so. The market-hunters and dealers represent but a small proportion of the citizens of the United States who are benefited by the presence of game. Reckoning its value from the mercenary standpoint of dollars and cents, no community realizes one-half as much benefit from the slaughter and sale of game by market hunters as it does from game killed by the man who shoots merely for sport. One market hunter will kill more game in a season than twenty sportsmen who go a-field only occasionally and who are satisfied with a limited bag. In order to cover expenses the market hunter must bag on the average two dozen birds per day. His expenditure of ammunition is less than half of that which would be used by each of the twenty sportsmen aforementioned and of a poorer grade. As a rule, he is as parsimonious in some respects as he is prodigal in others, and I believe that after a conservative estimate of the qualities he possesses, the majority of citizens will agree that the average market hunter is not a credit to any community. Furthermore, the expenditures he makes do not, as a rule, benefit its most deserving citizens. Figuring the value of game to a county or community as low as the prevailing market price, it will be found that its destruction by the market hunter results in a loss of at least one-third of its value to that county or community. To begin with, the greater proportion of the game killed is shipped to large cities outside of the county, and his ammunition and a certain proportion of provisions and other supplies are shipped to him from those points. Expressage eats up a certain percentage of the proceeds, and there is much game shipped for which no returns are made, either because it has spoiled in transit, because the market is glutted, or because the game dealers, largely represented by a rapacious class of foreigners, have rendered false returns.

It should be remembered that those interested in marketing wild game are mercenary in spirit, and consequently the slaughter is

limited only by the law. There are a few among the guild who are interested in the perpetuation of game, but the vast majority are perfectly willing to kill the geese that lay the golden eggs. They consider that all restrictions placed on the sale of game, in order to insure its perpetuation, savor of class legislation, regardless of the fact that had such restrictions not been passed, most varieties of game would now be on the verge of extermination. Inasmuch as game is yearly becoming scarcer, and its perpetuation under present conditions is by no means assured, the laws which permit its sale in the open market savor of class legislation and do not safeguard the interests of the majority. Such laws favor primarily the market hunter, game dealer and game hog, and, to a less extent, a certain class of citizens who are fond of wild game but find no pleasure in its pursuit. It is reasonable to expect that if the sale of game was entirely prohibited, a larger proportion of our population would go afield, and it is more than likely that some of the stay-at-home man's friends would be among the number, and would occasionally favor him with the gift of a brace of ducks or a couple of brace of quail or other game. Failing to be so favored, he would have the alternative of going afield himself or devoting his gastronomic energies to domesticated varieties of fowl, which are just as palatable and nourishing as the wild species. It never has been proved that the gourmand or epicure suffered any great privation when game was withheld during the close season, and it is likely that he would continue to exist if it were denied him during the open season. At any rate, the fact remains that where there is one man who values game solely for its edible qualities, there are a half dozen others who find even greater pleasure in its pursuit and are thus doubly benefited by its presence. Not only this, but the nation is indirectly benefited when its citizens can be induced to engage in sports of the chase. The time has not arrived when we can throw aside all safeguards and place our dependence upon arbitration and diplomacy to settle disputes which may arise with other countries. Until the good red blood in our veins is displaced by water, we will not submit to indignities from any nation; and while it should never be said that the United States was guilty of tyrannical acts, when it becomes necessary to protect our country from the onslaughts of another nation let us be able to uphold the traditions of the past, and show the world that so far as courage, tenacity and resourcefulness are concerned the American of to-day is quite the equal of his illustrious ancestors who made history in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

As President Roosevelt has tersely stated "a life of ease, free from engagement in outdoor sports and labor tends to soften the fibre of a man's nature." It renders him incapable of enduring hardships, and eventually will deprive him and his descendants of the power to cope with the problems of life under any except the most favorable conditions.

The Boer war taught the British that soldiers reared under the debilitating conditions of metropolitan life were incapable of combating on an equality with a rustic race and so forcibly has this lesson been impressed upon them that every effort is being made to encourage the engagement in rural pursuits.

Nor is the above the only ill result of constant limitation to metropolitan surroundings. The natural exuberance of youth which is present to some degree even in the half-starved children of the slums, will find an outlet in some channel, and it is apt to be an undesirable one. Nor will the refining influences of wealth and good breeding always protect a youth from the dangers which lurk in the cities. In his efforts to relieve the monotony of existence amid metropolitan surroundings he is very apt to overstep the bounds of propriety, and in this he is sure to be assisted and encouraged by degenerates of his own class until vice becomes confirmed and health and character are undermined.

It is true that accidents will happen in the field, but for every victim who meets death by such means a hundred lives are insiduously sapped by indulgence in vice. If you were allowed to make a choice, you would far rather see your son carried home dead as the result of an accident in the field than to have his corpse dragged out of a gin mill or house of ill repute. Or, perhaps, you think *your* son is of a different

mold than the rest? Well, don't be too sure; even angels have fallen—so it is written—and your offspring is only human. At any rate, statistics will show that in proportion to the number of gunner's deaths those directly attributed to accidents in the field are few and far between.

Communion with Nature in her various aspects is a sure aid to the development of health and broadmindedness, and there is no individual so mean that he is not benefited even by brief intervals of emancipation from sordid pursuits and surroundings. Outdoor life cannot insure the conversion of a rogue into a saint, but it will surely aid in chastening the turbid spirit and in eliminating much that is vile in a man's nature.

Inasmuch as the presence of game and fish in reasonable numbers is a vital necessity to induce thousands upon thousands to engage in outdoor recreation, steps should be taken to perpetuate and, if possible, to increase the present supply. The constant swelling of the ranks of sportsmen makes it imperative that more rigid protection of game and fish be instituted and the open seasons shortened. Unless this is done we encourage the growth of the preserve movement whereby the sportsmen in modest circumstances will in the end be largely deprived of shooting privileges. Such institutions are totally un-American in character and their spread should not be encouraged. By the expenditure of money and through the influence of social prestige, the wealthy sportsman is enabled to secure exclusive privileges on large tracts of desirable territory—much more than he actually needs to insure himself reasonable bags; and, as a consequence, the increasing drain on outside grounds available to the average sportsman, soon renders them barren of fur, fin and feather.

So far as the farmer or land owner is concerned, he cannot be blamed if the shooting privileges on his lands are knocked down to the highest bidder. Too often those who enjoy free sport on his domain fail to realize that they are under obligations to him, and are guilty of acts of vandalism which justify him in excluding them from his lands. As a rule he has nothing to gain by their presence, and often the risk they occasion is great; stock is injured or killed, fences demolished, barnyard fowls shot, crops partially or wholly destroyed, and often when he goes forth to protest against shooting on his land he is met with insult. Certainly, the privilege of shooting on a man's land is worth something, and in the majority of instances when the farmer is properly approached, and is reasonably certain that the shooter will not abuse his hospitality, consent is cheerfully given.

Unless the land owner (who virtually has a stronger claim on the game harbored on his domain than the sportsman who journeys forth to kill it) sees fit to aid in the enforcement of restrictive measures, our game never will receive proper protection. His interest and sympathy must be enlisted, for it lies with him whether the game on his land shall be indiscriminately destroyed or receive the protection which is its due. He must be convinced that the game laws are just, and are instituted for the good of the commonwealth; that they are not an imposition on the farmer and, furthermore, that they should be observed in the same spirit in which other laws are observed. Unless you can bring these facts home to him, he will not aid in their enforcement.

We have heard the statement made by sportsmen interested solely in upland shooting that "it is useless to waste time and money in an attempt to prevent the extermination of wild fowl; that, being migratory, they are doomed to destruction, etc." Such views are short-sighted and selfish, for even if these sportsmen are not votaries of wild-fowl shooting, the perpetuation of our present supply should engage their earnest attention. Cannot they realize that, once wild-fowl are practically exterminated, those who engaged in their pursuit would turn their attention to upland game, and with dire results?

There is no species of game or fish in California that is found in such abundance that its closer protection is not desirable, and sportsmen may as well awaken to the fact now as a few years later when the supply is drained to the vanishing point.

In writing as I do, I refer generally to conditions throughout the State, and not to any particular sections. It is possible that in a few isolated spots upland game may have increased as rapidly as it is being ex-

terminated in more exposed localities, but a general average will surely show a great dimunition in the supply of game. Take our valley quail: ten years ago it was not a difficult matter for a good shot to bag from fifty to one hundred quail in a day's shoot in numerous localities in this State, but it is doubtful if, under the most favorable conditions, the same grounds would now yield a bag of twenty-five birds; and this, mind you, despite the fact that the sale of quail has been stopped, and the past three seasons have been decidedly favorable to their propagation.

It is the writer's humble opinion that the open season on valley quail is altogether too long; and, furthermore, that the bag allowance is too liberal. The season on the above species should not open before November 1st and should not extend over a period of more than four months. The daily bag limit also should be reduced to fifteen instead of twenty-five birds, and then, perhaps, there would be an appreciable increase in the number of quail.

Just what action sportsmen will take in the matter of game preservation and propagation is always a matter for conjecture. Here in California we try to avoid the issue, and look askance at any movement to better existing conditions. We of the present generation are just as thoughtless as the sportsmen of the past decade, and just as prone to over-indulgence as they were. Our bags are more apt to be regulated by law than by common decency, and there seems to be a great desire among sportsmen to bag the limit. Why can not we be satisfied with a bag of twenty-five ducks or a dozen quail killed in a sportsmanlike manner, and why must gunners who profess to be sportsmen resort to such a nefarious method as the baiting of ponds in order to gratify their hoggishness? Surely such a course is but one remove above bunco steering and should be prohibited by law. It is utterly unfair to the great majority of sportsmen, and is, besides, a reflection upon the skill and fair-mindedness of those who make it a practice.

There are some who still contend that wild-fowl are as plentiful to-day as they were ten years ago, but they are laboring under an hallucination. Thorough investigation will reveal the fact that the northern flight has decreased at least seventy-five per cent. in that time, and is still decreasing at an alarming rate. Under existing conditions it will not be long before our main dependence must be placed on locally bred birds, and then unless we mend our ways the end is in sight. Furthermore, it is useless to try to shift the blame for this deplorable condition of affairs; gunners, and not egg-gatherers, are responsible for the rapid extermination of wild-fowl. If this is not so, can any one inform us regarding a shipment of *duck* eggs consigned to any port in America? It is true that the natives of Alaska gather a few eggs for home consumption, but the number is infinitesimal. One reason is that the natives are so few in number, and the breeding grounds so widely distributed and so inaccessible, that it is impossible to secure great numbers of the eggs even if they were marketable. On the other hand, I have seen ducks and geese shipped—not by the sack, but by the ton—from points in the San Joaquin valley and other sections, and the number of birds the market hunters accounted for during the entire season must have been tremendous. I have seen them bag thirty and forty ducks at a single discharge of a "bull gun," and occasionally one shot would mow down as many as seventy-five birds. At times when the markets were glutted, thousands of ducks and geese were poured in only to be dumped on the garbage heaps. But even these conditions did not stay the slaughter. On every side the ducks were bombarded, and from the time they left the northern breeding grounds until they migrated in the spring they were subjected to continuous persecution. And the market hunter was not altogether to blame for the rapid extermination. "Sportsmen," so called, were even more prodigal in their waste of game, and so long as they had shells and shots were offered, they kept at the slaughter.

In order to perpetuate the remnant which is left it is imperative that firstly the bag limit be reduced to twenty-five ducks per day; and secondly that the sale of same be prohibited. We have arrived at that stage when we must choose between two things: Either allow the continuance of market hunting and the killing of excessive bags, (which means the almost total extermina-

tion of wild fowl within a very short period) or prohibit the sale of wild fowl and cut down the limit one half, thereby insuring the perpetuation of our present supply.

So far as our valley quails are concerned it is safe to say that fully fifty per cent. of our sportsmen devote themselves to its pursuit, and barring only the Virginia partridge or "Bob White" there is no gamier bird in America. Unlike the latter it thrives particularly well under the natural conditions which obtain on wild uncultivated land and there is therefore a peculiar charm in its pursuit. The valley quail is found in the greatest numbers far from the haunts of mankind and often on grounds of a character which test one's lungs and endurance, but who will forget the thrill which courses along one's spine when with a roar of wings, a large bevy breaks cover and scatters out in the sage on a hillside, and once they are made to lie no species of game will afford keener sport.

It should be our earnest aim to give our own distinctive species of game bird all the protection possible, so that its numbers may be swelled instead of diminished. To accomplish this result with any degree of certainty it would be necessary either to prohibit the killing of quail—say every third season—and deprive our sportsmen of quail shooting for the entire season, or else attempt the introduction of new species which would not only populate various sections of the State where the native partridge does not thrive, but would also furnish the means whereby we could have alternate close seasons on quail without working hardship on those who engage in upland shooting. Judging from information given the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners by their agent, Mr. H. T. Payne, and such information as I have been able to gather from reliable parties who are thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the various species and sub-species of partridges found in Mexico, the outlook for the successful propagation in this State of the "elegant" and "Montezuma" quail is very bright. Those who possess an intimate acquaintance with the partridges above enumerated confidently assert that they are bound to thrive in California, especially throughout the San Joaquin valley where conditions are eminently suitable to their propagation. Other species of game birds which should engage the attention of California sportsmen are the "Dah Chee" partridge of China and the Virginia partridge or "Bob White."

It is true that several attempts have been made to acclimatize the last named species and without success, but so far as I know the topography and natural conditions which characterized the sections where experiments were conducted were not entirely favorable to the birds. We should not be discouraged by a few failures but should persist in our efforts until it is shown beyond the shadow of a doubt that success is impossible.

I would suggest that those interested in the introduction of new species of game inaugurate a movement for the acquirement of funds to be used for the above laudable purpose. Heretofore efforts to propagate new varieties have been confined mostly to private individuals, but the time has come when sportsmen in general should awaken to the needs of this State and put their shoulders to the wheel. Don't stand back and say that it is none of your pie, but agitate the matter among your sportsmen friends, contribute your mite and thus show your public spirit. Surely if Mr. W. A. Bash of China, who is not even a native of this State, was generous enough to favor us with a donation of two dozen "Dah Chee" partridges, we who reside within its confines should not stifle our interest and generosity to such an extent that we will not recognize our obligations to posterity. Let us be up and doing and use the columns of this journal in airing our views and discussing our needs. Surely the editor and directorate of "Western Field" will lend their aid and something will be accomplished.

BRITISH SONG BIRDS.

By LAWRENCE IRWELL.

A CAREFUL study of British song birds during my residence in England has led me to the conclusion that the subject is worthy of more attention than it has received. Common as birds are, especially in Great Britain, there are numbers of musical people who are not interested in their songs and who cannot distinguish the melody of the blackbird from that of the thrush, although both birds sing throughout the spring, and may be heard in the largest cities, including London. When we remember the number of English song-birds, we quickly realize that it is not so bewilderingly large as to make the accurate knowledge of their music any great task. Of the six hundred birds which are included in Dresser's "List of European Birds," some three hundred and seventy-five species are on the list of British birds, and these are further reduced to two hundred, which are all that can fairly be called common. But many of them are sea-coast birds, and we may say roughly that hardly more than a hundred species are ordinarily to be met with in the fields and woods of England, and of this number not half are song-birds in the widest sense of the term. It would seem, then, that any trained naturalist with a rudimentary knowledge of music could make himself familiar with these few songs —certainly less than sixty.

May is, I think, the best month in which to study the English birds. The leaves are not so thick as to be an obstacle to observation; the birds sing almost continuously, which is not the case in the hotter and more busy June days; there are no young birds around to bewilder one, as there are in July and August. In point of weather, it is not, as a rule, the best month in the year. Often it is cold as March; often come days when all growth and spring glow seem stopped by cloudy skies and bitter northeast winds, when the frozen palms of spring close over us once more; when the more delicate songsters will only sing on the sheltered, sunny edges of the woods, and even then sing hardly joyously; when most Americans sojourning in England begin to think that the charms of May are overrated, that the poets have sung of it in vain. But, by the seventh of June, any conscientious observer will gladly admit that the thirty-one days of May have done more to enlighten him in bird lore than he was led to believe when he began to investigate the subject. On the other hand, some few birds sing in winter or in very early spring and in that almost silence it is easy to become familiar with their songs and thus have ample time to spare for the spring arrivals. The bird which comes first on the list of English, and indeed of European birds, is one of those who dares to sing amid the bare, ruined choirs of the leafless trees. This is the missel-thrush—a most persistent warbler, singing until late in the May twilight, and singing, too, in the wild winds and drenching showers of less pleasant February and March. If not a dweller in communities like the rook, yet as many as half a dozen pairs seem to frequent one shrubbery, building in the tall trees and shrubs within sight and sound of each other. To the song-thrushes it appears to have a curious antipathy and to this I attribute the fact that those birds do not venture to lift up their voices in a c[illegible] which I have in mind in

which some missel-thrushes choose to dwell. The song of the missel-thrush is a very powerful one, "rich and mellow," one authority calls it. To my hearing there is a harshness in it that suggests a scratching sound. The length of the strain is similar to that of the blackbird's song, but the whole performance is a wild parody of the blackbird's music. It might be described as the work of a blackbird gone crazy, for the sweetness of that bird's silvery voice and the thoughtful deliberation of its utterance are absent. The missel-thrush is a bird that has not, perhaps, impressed its voice on the English mind as its wild, harsh joyousness perhaps deserves. None of the poets has sung of it, while the song-thrush, Shakespeare's throstle, and the throstle, too, of Tennyson after him is loved with a love very little short of that which is bestowed on the nightingale. Even Newman could turn aside from more transcendent things to sing the charms of the "Winter Thrush," and it appears to have been Wordsworth's favorite songster, and that it awakened more feeling in his mind than did the nightingale, which he dismisses, rather unceremoniously, indeed, in favor of the stock-dove. There are, at least, few lines in the poetry inspired by bird music which are more tenderly beautiful than those which he addresses to a thrush:

"Thou thrush that singest loud, and loud and free,
Into yon rows of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree."

"Loud and free" exactly expresses that jubilant lyric with no note of sadness in it and very little of tenderness and which could only bring discord and an added grief to the sad heart of the listener.

To turn to another poet. If any one who was unfamiliar with the thrush's song were to ask me how to distinguish it, I should say, "Read Tennyson's 'Throstle'" and it will be unfamiliar no more, for the bird's songs is enshrined in those few lines—their spirit, their rhythm are there, and if we go out with that poetry in our minds we shall find no difficulty in recognizing at once that wild pæan of the spring, that song of exultation, of triumphs, poured forth by the glad songster from some tall tree, and which seems to flood gladness around. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" asks Shelley; and although the thrush's song may be heard in November it brings all spring to the Englishman's heart.

The song of the blackbird is often classed with that of the thrush, but unless contrast is a kind of relation, there is little reason for so bracketing them together. Indeed, the blackbird's song is unique, as Drayton knew three hundred years before our time:

"The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature had him mark'd of purpose t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be.
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play."

The sound is really more instrumental than vocal, and if we wish to recognize it, we must dismiss from our minds the wild ode of the thrush, and listen, some early spring day, for a lay of which musing thoughtfulness is the chief characteristic, There is no hurry here, no careless rapture; it is a meditation, a soliloquy. The bird sends out its strains as if for its own amusement, its own fancy, careless of who hears it, full of tenderness too, and the sound liquid and soft as that of a silver flute. The *timbre* alters wonderfully toward the end of the summer and becomes harsh, almost unmusical; and we recognize then the likeness between the voice of the blackbird and that of its wilder cousin, the missel-thrush, although the resemblance is not very marked after one has studied the two sounds.

The voices of the two thrushes and the black-ousel are a prevailing item in spring music, the blackbird beginning its song almost before daylight (and it sounds sweeter in the silent dewy dawn that at any other time) the missel and song thrushes singing until late in the dusk of twilight. Of the ring-ousel, which follows the thrushes in scientific lists, I might say much, for it is common in West Herefordshire—if not elsewhere—and its pleasant song, compounded of the songs of many other birds, is heard there all through the May days. But it cannot be classed among birds which are common throughout England, and therefore I pass it by and turn to the water-owzel—al-

though here, too, I might say we have a local bird to deal with. "I am sixty-two," wrote Ruskin, "and I have passed as much time out of these years by torrent sides as most people, but I have never seen a water-owzel alive." From this assertion I should conclude that I am to be congratulated, for in a few weeks by the side of the streams in the lake district of Cumberland I passed quite a little time in the glad company of the little water-owzel. It is possible, but not probable, that Ruskin did not recognize the bird when he saw it. In some parts of the country it is rare, so that it must be catalogued among those treasures which England holds only in its wilder nooks. In May it has almost ceased to sing, and a little later one may see the young birds, with speckled plumage and white bibs, being initiated into the art of getting a livelihood. On many boulders we may watch them curtseying in their automatic fashion with a drooping movement of one wing, and opening and shutting their white eyelids perpetually—a habit which seems almost universal among these little creatures. The sweet wren-like song of winter and early spring perhaps owes some of its charm to the music of the brook which accompanies it; that louder voice often drowns the bird's voice and makes it difficult to catch each note, but to those who haunt brook-sides and know the bird by its characteristic plumage, the song, too, soon becomes familiar. In May, a monotonous *chack, chack*, is all we hear of its voice; but if I were to chronicle the call notes and the notes of alarm of pleasure which many meetings with the birds reveal to us, this little article would become a book.

The brook reminds me that no kingfishers add their flash of blue and green glories to the beauties of these little streams; and to hear a sedge-warbler we must descend to a valley where there are the reed and willow beds which seem necessary to its happiness. There any May afternoon one may hear the hurried grotesque chatter and see the little brown bird with that unmistakable warbler stripe over its eye, flitting or climbing restlessly among the willow herbs and bushes which follow the course of the stream. The creature is not shy, and there is always time to notice that although it stays among lowly things, reeds, rushes and underwood, the is yet a curious similarity of manner t tween it and the wood warblers and t chiffchaff, birds which love the height a spaciousness of great trees. But no one c ever mistake its voice for that of any oth bird; none so hurries and precipitates, blends so strangely and deftly the notes other birds with its own.

Before leaving the brook, I must say few words about the sand-pipers. They a a migratory race, and may be seen on ma little streams in early and late spring, b it is only in the wilder districts that th build their nests. They are noticeable bird and their flight is a remarkable one, a co trast to the straight, heavy flight of t water-owzel, whose neighbors they are. is sinuous as the course of the stream th frequent, and at first sight one might tal them for swallows grown to an abnorm size. But their coloring corresponds to th of the waterbrooks — it is gray as t boulders on which they stand, white as t foam around those boulders. Their son uttered on the wing, consists of hardly mo than three notes; and of these, as of t water-owzel, in order to recognize the son it is necessary to know the birds by sigh because, unlike thrushes and blackbirds, i addition to many others, their music is no their characteristic; it does not force itse upon one's ears. The first attraction will b the pleasant appearance of the creature then its nest, shapely and neat and abou the size of that of a pipit, which nest i much resembles.

The wheatear, winchat and stonechat i scientific lists follow the water-owzel, bu are hardly to be called songsters. They a have an unexpected way of finishing the short and somewhat sweet little warblin songs; but being birds of striking appea ance one is likely to recognize them by sig first and then trace their songs home. Th wheatear is a bird of the wild uncultivate downs and wastes; the winchat loves gor fields; the stonechat, too, likes somethi of wildness in its surroundings, but haun desolate roadsides rather than wastes open country. Unlike the wheatear and t winchat it remains in England throughou the year. The redstart is a bird of garde and orchards and is known rather by its

markable white, black and brownish plumage and by its bright blue eggs, than by its low song. That song bears a striking resemblance to the loud and varied notes of the wren and yet it lacks their vigor and sprightliness and is somewhat monotonous. It may be well described as a low, weak wren's song without any of that dashing vivacity which seems to be characteristic of the music of that active little creature.

I believe that the robin's dreamy and plaintive warble is familiar to almost everybody. Most of us, I think, connect birds' songs with poetry, and if the thrush's song is a wild but classic ode, the robin's will recall the quiet English poetry of the seventeenth century. In that poetry a stanza with a short line at the end is not uncommon; and the robin, also, closes its sad little strains with a shortened cadence which is musical and plaintive.

Leaving the robin we find ourselves in the presence of the first of bird artists. Now comes a singer who has neither equal nor second. If his song is unknown to some Americans who read this, I would say go to England and you will hear music solemn and yet jubilant as ever came from any bird; a voice of decided sweetness and variety and with a supreme power of impressing itself on the very inmost fibre of our minds, and bringing us into some mysterious sympathy with things beyond our understanding; and when one hears it one quickly realizes that the voice is that of the nightingale. Its song has been described many times; poets have loved to sing of it, and Milton, in his "O nightingale that on yon blooming spray," has, with his curious and accurate felicity, found exactly the word that expresses one of its chief charms—"its liquid notes."

Wordsworth's lines:

"Those notes of thine, they thrill and pierce,
Tumultuous harmony and fierce."

express other of its beauties. Keat's famous ode has in it less of the nightingale than of his own feeling on hearing this bird's song, yet his epithet "full-throated ease," hits that carelessness of utterance, that unpremeditativeness joined with a supreme finish which places it above and beyond all bird artists. But its best—its most wonderful achievement is the marvellous crescendo on one note, almost human in its artistic perfection. This is "the one low piping sound more sweet than all" of Coleridge—the poet who has so defended the bird against the charge of melancholy that all other defenses must be very poor, amateur efforts—

"'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warbles his delicious notes."

It is difficult to understand how the fable of the melancholy nightingale managed to creep into the minds of men; not only is the song exultant but every movement of the bird is full of *verve* and joyousness.

The whitethroat, usually an early spring arrival in Great Britain, is sure to make itself known to us as we walk along the hedgerows, by flitting upward and singing its very joyful, but a trifle monotonous song as it flies, and then diving into the hedge and singing from that retreat. It is a song that is most difficult to describe, but in this case one first learns to know the bird by sight, and the song soon becomes familiar. The lesser whitethroat is a bird of another habit, skulking among underwood, whence is heard its trill or shake running on into a strain which resembles the song of a blackcap sung in an undertone. It has also been likened to the twittering of a swallow, but it is more hurried and vehement. The blackcap ranks next to the nightingale without a doubt. Its remarkable power, its jubilant quickness of utterance, its wonderful execution as well as the quality of the voice, must strike us at once and it is surprising that so high an authority as Mr. Burroughs, in his idyl of English song-birds should call it "a rare and much over-praised bird." Concerning the first of these adjectives, the word must be regarded as relative. In some districts the bird is far from rare; in some seasons it is common. From my point of view its song can hardly be overpraised. But in saying that it comes next to the nightingale as an artist, I do not mean that its song bears any resemblance to that of the nightingale. Its strain is a more continuous warble, without those "flashes of silence" which make the nightingale's song so unique; it is a warble and not an impassioned declamation.

Another of the *Sylviinae* with a hurried,

cheerful song is the garden-warbler, which may be heard from the underwood of some shrubbery or wilder wood. Unlike the more interesting *Phylloscopi*, who come next in scientific classification, it sings from one spot, from which it seldom strays and to which it returns season after season. All British birds have migratory tendencies, but the summer migrants, those little, joyous incarnations of spirit who set forth on what appear to be feeble wings, not knowing whither, at the bidding of hereditary instinct to which they dare not be disobedient, are of all birds surrounded with the greatest mystery and romance. Still more wonderful is the fact that individual birds return to individual spots. To that tangle of wild rose-bushes at the edge of the wood, which the garden-warbler loved last year, it will return this summer; there we shall listen to its joyous voice, and not in vain, although, of course, death comes to birds as well as to mankind.

In March and April we may, perhaps, hear the tiny song of the little gold-crested wren as it moves among the evergreens of the shrubbery or the many yew trees of the hedgerows. But that song is little more than a sharp *tee-tee* ending in a soft trill, inaudible unless we are close to it and apt to be entirely passed over in May and June among so many louder voices. The golden-crested wren is nearly related to the three *Phylloscopi*, birds with a curious individuality of their own; widely distinct as to their songs but alike in color and in habit. The wood wren's voice is the most noisy and far reaching of the three. It has two quite distinct songs, the first a monotonous yet musical whistle repeated rapidly five or six times and sometimes running on into its other song which begins with a *twee-twee-twee* and ends in a very joyous trill. These loud ringing notes are repeated again and yet again through a whole May morning, the tiny body of the singer absolutely quivering with the exertion which it repeats so untiringly. It is a most persistent singer, singing as it searches leaf after leaf of the tall trees, singing at is moves to another tree, singing if a human being approaches its nest, singing if one looks into the nest. The strangely resonant and metallic notes of the chiffchaff bear no resemblance to the music of any other bird, except, perhaps, that of the great titmouse. As a rule, two notes only are limit of its song, but sometimes I seem to hear a third added. One swallow may not make a summer, but one chiffchaff's ringing voice does make spring, and it seems to arouse the spring feeling in every Englishman's heart. The bird sings until late in the autumn. The willow wren's song has of late been much extolled by some bird lovers, two authorities having praised it very highly. To me it is disappointing, thin in quality and little varied; but the "dying fall" at the end is really beautiful. It is almost an echo of the first notes—ethereal music hardly to be heard by mortal ears. And as with the three other *Phylloscopi*, the form and color of the bird is very attractive and wonderfully suited to the trees which it inhabits. Not that it is of their color, but it is a hue which takes their color, as a more exact match would not do—it reflects the green and is flecked over with the shadows of the leaves. The birds themselves are almost leaflike in their motions as they flutter among the foliage or move hither and thither as lightly as leaves dance in the wind. If these warblers are the birds designated *Kakochrooi* and *Kakobioi* by Aristotle, I must resent both terms on their behalf, for they are singularly attractive little creatures both in color and habit. (The first term means "bad color," the second "living a bad life.")

The sedge-warbler demands no detailed attention and the list of summer migrants closes with an exceedingly interesting, and in some districts, a rare, bird, the little grasshopper-warbler. Its song is so unusual, so unique, so monotonous, so unlike any other English bird's voice, that if once heard it is never forgotten. It consists only of a prolonged sound as of the reel of a fishing-pole quickly wound up, with alternations of loud and soft, as if a door were being opened and shut between the listener and the singer. To see the shy little creature will require more patience and perseverance than can be expected of anybody but a professional ornithologist who has trained himself to wait for hours to obtain one audience with one bird.

I now come to a very homely bird—the hedge sparrow—singing among the low hedges, and in winter approaching human

habitations and singing around them as it picks up crumbs with the house sparrows. It is a bird which is often overlooked on account of its unassuming, quiet ways. But its sweet song and its gentle, trustful heart give it an interest and an individuality of its own quite apart from that interest which all these winged creatures who are free of that element into which we cannot rise, must inspire in us even if they are only clothed in the dull brown and only sing the homely little song of the hedge sparrow.

It is doubtful whether any of the three titmice can be called songsters in any sense of the word. The sawing note of the great titmouse is unmistakable. The blue titmouse makes himself familiar by his pretty feathers and his few rather unmelodious but very joyful notes are soon recognized. The long-tailed titmouse who passes much time with the golden-crested wrens in winter, is an exceedingly loquacious bird and makes its presence quickly known by its pert, chirping prattle, but it has even less claim to the title of a song-bird than have its two larger cousins. The wren's bright little poem, a mighty song for such a small creature, has a wonderful amount of animation and dash, and heard in the winter sunlight is very welcome to most people. But it has little sweetness or modulation, and the wren is one of those birds which are valued because they sing during the dark days.

The wagtails do little more than utter a swallow-like twittering and they are a family of birds which are difficult to distinguish owing to their changing winter and summer suits. I therefore pass them over and turn to the pipits. The tree-pipit's song is unmistakable, loud, a little metallic and reminding one of a caged lark. It loves to sing and soar, but rises from a perch on a tree near its nest, not from the ground. Meadow-pipits are more engaging birds than the tree-pipits. Through the winter, flocks of them abound in the pastures and as early as February their wild, sweet, jubilant song is uttered flying or. perching. At times, when hungry, I suppose, they let you come quite near enough to see their spotted, thrush-like plumage and their quaint, crested heads, and at other times a movement causes the whole flock to wing their way far from you.

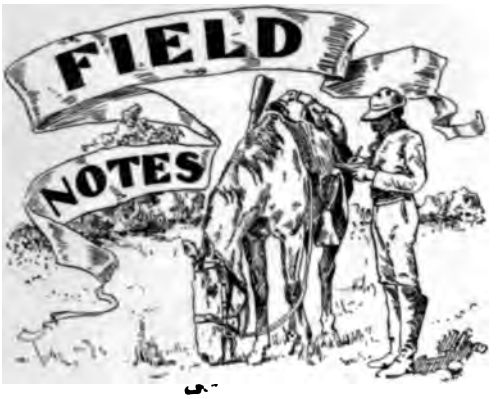
Passing by the shrikes and the fly-catchers we come to the swallow, twittering from its straw-built shed or from the telegraph wires, where it likes to sun itself and dress its blue feathers. Its song is too well known to need comment, and from its familiarity is sometimes used as a sort of standard of other and less familiar songs. The notes of the martin bear some resemblance to those of the swallow, but it sings very seldom. Its "Dominican severity of dress, dark gray, blue and white only," says Ruskin, "distinguish it from the swallow with its light brown bodice and much longer tail."

Turning to the finches, the goldfinch has little more than a musical twitter for a song, and its cousin, the linnet, warbles somewhat as does the swallow, but its voice is of a finer quality than that of the swallow. The chaffinch's pleasant little *chanson* is quite the most pervading of all spring songs and is loved because it means warmth and sunshine and green trees. The greenfinche's song is quite unique—a long trill softly uttered and a few warbled notes are all its music, but they are unlike those of any other bird. They belong essentially to summer, as the chaffinch seems to belong to spring, and the charm of the performance is well described as the result of its "airy, subdued character, as of wind-touched leaves that flutter musically." It is a bird of shrubberies and orchards and revels in warmth and sunshine. All my recollections of it are connected with June and greenness; "a brother of the dancing leaves," the bird seemed to Wordsworth as he watched its careless happiness among his orchard trees. The bullfinch is better known by its sad, sweet call-note than by its feeble song which is difficult to hear and indeed can only be heard when we are near enough to the bird to distinguish it by its handsome plumage as well as by its soft, sweet song.

The buntings may be dismissed with a few words. The corn-bunting's queer song of several notes, uttered as if with closed beak, is quite unmistakable and so is the "depressed lumpy" form of the singer sitting on a bush uttering its monotonous notes hour after hour. More varied is the yellowammer's song, and this, like the greenfinch's, is redolent of hot summer afternoons. It consists of six or eight descending

notes, uttered rather hurriedly and ending on a long note, or sometimes two long notes which are generally lower in pitch than the preceding ones. It is a song which varies in different districts and sometimes the last notes ascend instead of descending. And at times one of the long notes is omitted. Like the brown bunting and whitethroat, the yellowammer is a roadside bird which seems to travel along the most frequented roads, and because its song is so familiar it is easy to note the variations. And it is one of the few songs which are easy to imitate by whistling and which remain in our recollections as does some familiar air in music.

The skylark by its joyous song inspired one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful and best known passages—the lark arising from his bed of grass and soaring upward singing as he rises and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; singing "as if he had learned music from an angel as he passes sometimes through the air about his ministering here below." And it inspired, too, one of the finest odes in the English language, Shelley's masterpiece—his "supreme ode." But, as may be said of another ode, it is "not in tune with the bird's song and the feeling it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first, dies down before the close into Shelley's ever haunting melancholy." Like Keat's "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song; it does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspire that quivering, ascending embodiment of joyousness, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens. The skylark may be heard as early as January first—so I have been told. The woodlark may be heard even earlier, I am sure, and its song, uttered from trees or when flying, we may recognize from its likeness to that of the skylark, although it lacks much of its rush and spirit.



THE GRIZZLY BEAR AGAIN.

SINCE your Oregon correspondent, Mr. W. H. Boren, has taken such a hard shy at W. Scott Conway over the latter's bear story, and so flatly contradicted his statements regarding the size and ferocity of the grizzly bear, I cannot refrain from putting in my oar in an effort to help Mr. Conway out of the deep water into which Mr. Boren thinks he has upset him.

From Mr. Boren's own statement it is plain to see the kind of rocks on which he has wrecked his own argument. These are time and locality. According to his statement he has not hunted in the real grizzly country, and no "tenderfoot" of only twenty-five years' experience on the Coast has any right to the expression of an opinion on the size, habits, and actual existence of the grizzly bear, except in so far as what "some one has told him," who was on the field of action during the earlier days when the grizzly did really exist on the Coast. With Mr. Conway, I am firmly of the opinion that the grizzly has been practically, if not actually, extinct for more years than Mr. Boren claims to have been a "hunter and guide."

Mr. Conway is unquestionably right in his assertion that "Monarch," now in Golden Gate Park, is not a grizzly. Neither the shape of his head, color, size for his age, nor his movements have any resemblance to the true grizzly of California, and the true grizzly never did exist any place else.

That all wild animals are instinctively afraid of man is undoubtedly true, and that when not wounded, and given a chance to escape, will at least walk away from him. But startle a grizzly when close to him and it will generally be found more congenial to his tastes to fight than to run away. If any one doubts this let him ask John Searles, who, after the most terrific fight any man ever had with a wild beast and lived to relate it, what effort "Old Clubfoot" made to get away from him in San Francisquito Cañon in the latter sixties? This was a deliberate attack upon a man armed only with a common sheath knife, and certainly, under such circumstances, not hunting a scrap with a sixteen-hundred-pound bear. Ask Dan Huston, who, a few years earlier, was attacked in Swartout Cañon by another of these real grizzlies that met him on the trail and deliberately "came for him" before Dan had even time to make the least belligerent demonstration, and chewed his arm into pulp after he had put a ball through the center of its heart.

As to climbing, a grizzly cub, like a young goat, may possibly reach the high position of the top of a small stump, but an adult neither can nor will attempt to climb any kind of a tree whatsoever. This is not what "some one told me," for I have hurriedly taken a tree or two myself.

The home of the big grizzly was the Coast Range Mountains of Southern California. There they reached the greatest size and were found in the greatest numbers. One morning in 1862 I stood on the southern rim of Bear Valley, back of San Bernardino, and counted sixteen feeding in the valley, and all in sight at the same time; and others have counted more in the same place.

Now, as to size; and this is not what "some one told me," either. I saw one weighed, in '63, on the ore scales of the Green Lode mill, that tipped the beam at a little over twenty-two hundred pounds. He was killed close by and hauled in on a sled. On the 26th of August of the same year, I helped to kill one, after he had attacked and killed one of my hunting companions, that, while we had no means of weighing him, we estimated to be even heavier than the one I had seen weighed. And I can assure Mr. Boren that if he had seen one of its tracks he would have thought—in his limited knowledge of the grizzly—that "a deer had lain down" there in fact.

I am aware that naturalists claim that we have but one species of bear in the United States, and that the variations in color and size are nothing but the result of environment and age. Whether these scientific gentlemen have ever seen a real grizzly or not, I do not know. But I do know that the grizzly, as found in his true home, was always a grizzly whether one year old or fifty; always showing the same distinguishing characteristics of head and coat, and always the same long hindfoot mentioned by Mr. Conway.

The real grizzly was rarely, if ever, seen in the country of which Mr. Boren speaks. And it is safe to say that not a half-dozen have been killed on the whole Coast during the last twenty-five years. As a confirmation of this, I have a friend who makes a standing offer of $500 to any man who will show him an opportunity to get a shot at a true grizzly. And I am very much afraid that unless he finds some other way to spend that five hundred it will figure in his will.

This grand monarch of the mountains, whose peerless courage was worthy of the nerve of the most intrepid sportsman, is gone forever. A few of the older generations of men who have met him in his native haunts and measured courage with him know what he was. To all others his character, his ferocity, and his remarkable vitality will be, for all time, only tradition.

H. T. PAYNE.

HOW TO SOW WILD RICE.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Achille Roos, one of California's best esteemed sportsmen, we are enabled to give our readers the following dependable instruction for the sowing of wild rice, that natural and most eagerly sought food of all our most desirable water fowl. These instructions are the results attained by one of Mr. Roos's correspondents, who has had a life-long experience in the successful propagation of this valuable cereal.

"Put the rice in coarse linen bags. Sink the bags in water over night before sowing, and let the rice soak until morning. The husks are dry, but after being so soaked, the rice will sink at once to the bottom into the mud. Take the rice out of the bags and scatter it on the water. Sow in water from six inches to six feet deep with soft mud bottom, or in low, marshy places where it will be covered with water the year round. If sowed in a lake, sow in the bags. Sow just before the water freezes, and when all the diving ducks have gone south. The spring-time is the best in California where the waters are open most of the winter. Another method is to knead the well-soaked seed into balls of clay which allow to get hard and firm before sinking, as then, by the time the clay is dissolved the rice will be thoroughly water-soaked and so remain where it is placed."

* * *

HAD A GOOD TIME.

After two weeks of good sport in the "wilds" of Mendocino County, we have returned to civilization again. A grand time was experienced, though we were amongst the rattlesnakes, hornets and panthers. The big prize shoot was at the headwaters of the Indian Creek, near the Clow ranch, where C. H. Clow, of Mendocino County, G. J. Brooks of Alameda County, and Robert R. Russ of San Francisco, got a fine 450-pound black bear. The big fellow was treed by two of Clow's "varment" dogs after a chase of four hours. The bear took to a big redwood tree and stood up on his hind legs looking down at the dogs and G. Brooks who happened to be ahead of Russ and Clow. Brooks gave him three shots before he reached the ground and he was then pounced upon by the hounds. When he received his first ball he was 200 feet up in the tree. He was a fine specimen; he should have been for he lived entirely upon Clow's good mutton. On the fishing and other hunting trip was G. Hughes, W. Johnson, F. Holman, G. Brooks, R. R. Russ and C. H. Clow of Mendocino County. We all got the limit in all the game in season. Johnson got the biggest trout, on the Nevarra River. We had bear meat for a week steady, and trout three times daily.

ROBERT R. RUSS.

OUR MASCOT—"BUSTER BILL" PRATHER.

A 450-POUNDER.

STRINGING HIM UP.

A NEW ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Advance Club, an athletic organization composed of persons of the Jewish faith, is taking an active interest in athletics in this

city. The club is composed of 150 members and among the number are some of the best known athletes on the Coast. Clubrooms of the organization are in the Jefferson Square building, and every night young men are busy at work under the watchful eye of competent instructors. Bob Leandro of the Olympic Club has charge of the indoor classes. Within the next few weeks there will be a boxing tournament. The opening of the winter session gymnasium classes tonight (Thursday) will bring out nearly all the members. The club is affiliated with the Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association, and future events will see the wearers of the winged A in competition.

* * *

RUSSIAN RIVER BASS.

To the Editor of "Western Field": Always an enthusiast on the subject of black bass fishing, I read with much interest the article by W. R. McFarland in a recent issue of "Western Field." Speaking of Russian River bass, I know of no other stream within short distance of our metropolis whose possibilities for play of rod and capture of fish are greater. For the past three years I have spent my vacation fishing along its banks, from Korbel's to Duncan's Mills, ferreting out the favorite haunts of the bass; I have grown to love this ribbon of Nature, twisting and knotting its wooded slopes together, and what a man loves he defends.

Many so-called fishermen are claiming there are no bass to be found in the Russian River, that owners of summer resorts who advertise in "vacation" books should be prosecuted. I venture to say these very people are generally enjoying the warmth of their beds until the sun is up, then go down to rig up a forked stick in the sand and let the reclining pole do the fishing.

But Mr. Bass is a fastidious fellow, he has preferred foods and he objects to certain methods of being served that food. An angler whose heart is in his work soon has little "teasing" devices. (I refer only to still-water fishing.) It has been my experience after using varied bait, such as tender angle worms, minnows and fly, that nothing can surpass a live, struggling grasshopper in obtaining the big bass. This tempting bait, with a proper manipulation of the pole, has brought to my basket many a shining beauty. Indeed I may say preference has been marked, for oftimes on the same leader have minnow and grasshopper struggled for freedom. The grasshopper's body is well adapted to shield the entire hook, leaving full play of his vigorous legs. No sinker should be used on the line. A gentle cast up stream, a slow swinging back up stream again, of the tip of the pole as the line floats down, leaving a loop of line on the surface as an indicator, keeps the bait in motion and surely secures a prize.

If only a fisherman would watch his floating loop of line and not wait for that well-known telegraphic "tick-tick" up the arm in turn transmitted to the brain, with a second's hesitation as to whether the fish has taken the bait! Mr. Bass has undoubtedly taken it, but finding a string attached thereto has very sensibly expelled it. The dangling line speaks all too plainly of lost bait, lost opportunity.

I feel that I cannot praise the grasshopper's alluring powers too highly. I am perfectly aware of the fact that opinion "wags" against me, but many a fine catch has hung on the old water tank at Camp Vacation as proof of my story and of my bait.

So, too, I would say as does Mr. McFarland "to ye basse fisher, go a-fishing," but to his advice and the fisher's pocket let me add a grasshopper can. W. P. WILLIAMS.

THE RETURN.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Devoted to Sport in Washington and British Columbia. Conducted by F. M. Kelly.

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address, F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

QUITE a little ripple of excitement has been awakened on Vancouver Island because of the petition of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club to have the open season for mountain quail open on the same date as that for blue grouse. With the game club, a great number of lovers of the gun differ regarding the premature opening of the season for this bird. In the first place, they are not over-plentiful, and in the second place, this bird is a late comer, and the young ones are easy prey before they have grown strong and learned in the ways of the wilderness. It is, as I stated before in this magazine, for a certain class to practically control the shooting to suit themselves. It looks that way, anyhow. The season for grouse opens on September 1st. Now the grouse and mountain quail haunt the same hilly sections. Why, reason certain sportsmen, should we go after grouse without shooting mountain quail if we happen upon a covey? Besides, when the pheasants are being hunted next month, we won't want to come so far after game, we have the wheat fields of our farmer friends to shoot over; and those who haven't got that privilege, why, a walk after mountain quail they won't find will do them no harm. They ought to be satisfied sure because we have left them the smell of the forests and the fresh, pure air of the hilltops. The argument that every one should have the same chance is certainly a strong one; but every one does not want the same chance, even if the birds were to be exterminated. There are sportsmen who wouldn't care to go that far—not anywhere near it.

* * *

Now that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has acquired the entire southern portion of Vancouver Island, the officials are giving a great deal of attention to the propagation and preservation of our fish and game. They fully realize what valuable assets these will be, as they have learned from experience in other districts. It is their intention to maintain, so far as it is in their power, the present status of the Island as a sportsman's paradise. In the past, our game laws have been "more honored in the breach than in the observance," owing to the fact that there were no game wardens appointed to enforce the laws. The C. P. R. now proposed to pay wardens of its own, and to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law any and all who may be found breaking it. This is certainly a good move on the part of the railway company, as, owing to such protection, bird, beast and fish will have every chance to thrive.

In order to try and set myself right I suppose I must give a little attention to a certain letter of protest which appeared in the July number of "Western Field." Mr. Musgrave, secretary of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club, was the protestor. I think the gentleman mentioned must imagine that there are no other parties interested in the preservation of game, other than those who are members of the Fish and Game Club; and that this same club is the center of all that pertains to shooting and fishing on Vancouver Island. Undoubtedly it is so to some who belong to it. There are others who do not belong to it, however, who have the matter of fish and game preservation just as truly at heart. That the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club has done a great amount of good, I readily admit; and no one has taken more pleasure in publishing the facts in the columns of this magazine than myself. It is hardly reasonable to assume, however, that this body is an infallible one; nor is it too much to assume that because of supporting the farmers in the agitation for fining and imprisoning trespassers upon enclosed lands, that the officials of said club will have the privilege of hunting there. In the item referred to by Mr. Musgrave, and which appeared in the May issue, I cannot for the life of me see why he should take it that the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club was referred to. It certainly was not mentioned, though I suppose he thought that what was "Caesar's must be given unto Caesar." He guessed partly right, for while I knew of non-members who were supporting the enclosed land measure and the $50 fine, I had the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club in mind as the most important factor in the issue; and I am still of the same opinion with regard to this most iniquitous, narrow-minded piece of legislation which the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club saw fit to work through the legislature and have set down as a part of the game laws of British Columbia. Think of it, a two-rail fence means enclosed land, and it can be miles from nowhere, with no stock whatever on it. Since that was injected into the laws of British Columbia, and before the C. P. R. took over the Dunsmuir interests, I held that Mr. Dunsmuir could prohibit shooting on the many thousands of acres of land owned by him, which would mean that there would be mighty little shooting for southern Vancouver Island enthusiasts. It wasn't Mr. Dunsmuir's pleasure to follow such a course, however, nor did he intimate that he could; but not so the C. P. R. Mr. Dennis, a prominent official, gives the people of Vancouver Island to understand that, according to the law, his company can stop the killing of game anywhere within its land limits just as easily as the small land owner. A nice kettle of fish, I should say. Of course, the C.

THE GORGE, VICTORIA, B. C.

P. R. will not do any such a thing, for that would be against its interests; but it shows that this clause was not considered from every standpoint, nor was it worked through the legislature in the interests of the majority of people who love an outing with rod or gun. Regarding the proposed stopping of Sunday shooting, I certainly understood the position of the game club in the matter, and cannot see how such an observant personage as Mr. Musgrave could imagine that whatever a person might write about the fish and game question must have to do with the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club. One may be partly wrong in a great many things; one can be wholly right but in a few things. On the topic of wild life, on those who presume to regulate it, one may write as one believes. Game and fish are a common heritage, belonging to the people of the land; and fish and game clubs, as they are for the enactment of measures deemed essential by their members, they need not presume that all that is done must be good. It is reasonable to suppose that, no matter how good the intention, it is possible for a measure to work injury and to be very narrow in its scope. The Vancouver Fish and Game Club is a worthy institution, it has done splendid work and it is a surety that it will do more good in the future. At the same time, there are many on Vancouver Island who take issue with its members on this enclosed land business. As it is now, it is next to impossible for a sportsman, who has not plenty of money to buy the rights, or who is not the friend of a farmer, to indulge in the pleasures of pheasant and California quail shooting, for all who are aware of the habits of these birds know that their favorite breeding grounds are in the stubble of the wheat-fields. If this is not protecting game for a privileged few, we would like to be corrected. Knowing these things, why should a club of sportsmen work against their sport, if they could not have privileges extended to them by friends out of town? These things make those who cannot expect to be so favored a little bit doubtful as to the aims of certain organizations. It is certainly very nice for the farmers to have game clubs working in their interests, so that their live-stock will not be "peppered with shot by so-called sportsmen" who make "use of abusive language when the owner expostulates with them." It is to laugh. Does Mr. Musgrave know of a farmer who got so close to a pepperer of his live-stock as to stand for abusive language without lodging a complaint with the proper authorities—the police? I think not. A "so-called sportsman" who would "pepper" live-stock would not care to wait for the appearance of Mr. Farmer. At least we think not. Again, we have not heard of many cases of live-stock peppering; but we occasionally hear of a man being shot—by accident. Might it not be the same when a cow is hit? Some people will say that it must have been deliberate. We grant that there are a number of so-called sportsmen who should not be permitted to leave town with a firearm, nor should boys under certain age be granted the privilege—though there are some we know who are just as competent as any man—but the majority certainly do not realize the power they possess, showing no judgment whatever. A gun license would simplify matters immensely.

* * *

During August, to the lover of strenuous trolling, the waters off Victoria cannot be surpassed anywhere else in the world. This will undoubtedly appear to be a broad assertion, and yet it is no broader than the facts warrant. Where else can you hook from twenty to thirty salmon, ranging from five to ten pounds, with an occasional Spring, which might go forty, between daybreak and breakfast any morning during this month, weather permitting? A number of boats took as many as that during the season of salmon. Most of them, however, troll with a hand line, a few only enjoying the excitement with the rod. Though they do not take the fly, these fish, when strongly hooked, give con-

THE MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA.

siderable close attention to the angler, even though it is said that they are not as game a fish as the salmon of the North Atlantic. I should think, however, that a 50-pound tyee, and they are not scarce in some of our rivers, would give a sportsman as much trouble as a ten-pound fish of the Atlantic kind. For myself, I think that the sporting qualities of our salmon are much maligned, owing to the fact that they will not take a bunch of feathers, and I want no better excitement than the playing of a salmon when it is heavy enough to buckle a stout rod from tip to reel.

* * *

At the opening of the shooting season on September 1st, game of all kinds seemed to be more plentiful than at the same time last year, with the possible exception of blue grouse, which seem to become more scarce every year in certain localities. Willow grouse, though, were very plentiful, and it was quite common to see large coveys of young birds during an off-day's jaunt in the country a week or so before the season commenced; while, it is many a long year that has passed since blacktail were so numerous in the vicinity of Victoria.

* * *

The present season has been remarkable for the few forest fires occurring in these parts. Generally, during the month of August we are feeling pretty smoky, inhaling the smoke-laden atmosphere. The sun was oftimes obscured or showing yellow in its altitude; but we have not known the taste of smoke this year, and are not likely to now, unless it be from our camp-fires.

* * *

With the close of August the salmon packs of the entire Northwest were practically completed. At the present writing, the exact figures are not available, but they are estimated as follows: Alaska, 1,600,000 cases; British Columbia, 1,250,000; Puget Sound, 800,000.

* * *

Trapping salmon on the coast of Vancouver Island has proved most successful, and more traps will be constructed next year. It is also rumored that several canneries will be erected in close proximity to Victoria.

* * *

Tennis is the chief outdoor sport of our August in the Northwest. In every city of consequence, and in many towns of Washington and British Columbia, annual tournaments take place in which British Columbia and Washington lovers of the racquet do battle for the supremacy of the courts. This August has been no exception to the same month of former years, the only difference being a larger number of enthusiasts of the game entered in the various events. Of course, the principal features of '05 were held at Portland, but the local tourneys of Northwest clubs were most successful. What is more, there seems to be a decided improvement in the average play over that of past seasons, which is flattering to those who assiduously practice to become efficient players. In these efforts for supremacy and proficiency, a friendly spirit of international rivalry is responsible. Because of this, it may be asserted that our tournaments produce playing of a highly creditable kind and hard to beat. There are splendid players in Washington and British Columbia, and the stars are not confined to the sterner sex by any means.

* * *

For the tennis championship of British Columbia, Captain Wright defeated J. Tyler. The ladies' championship was won by Miss Pitts. For the championship of Washington, J. Tyler defeated the former champion, S. L. Russell, while the ladies' championship was won by Miss Bell.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

DOGS AND QUAIL.

By C. H. BABCOCK.

THE fifteenth of October! What a world of recollection and anticipation is brought to the mind of the sportsman at the mention of that fast approaching date which heralds in the four months of the year in which many pleasurable days will be spent afield with dog and gun. The crispness of the air of the evenings in the latter part of September enforces thoughts of the pleasures of the hunting field, and verily he who has not experienced these impelling forces calling him away to the freedom and pulse-quickening emotions of sports afield, has missed one of Nature's best gifts to man.

On the fifteenth of February the gun was carefully laid away, and the noble dog—veteran of many a quail hunt that will live long in memory—was relegated almost to the position of the pet. Almost, I say advisedly, but not quite. Memories of those happy bygone days still cluster round him and are often recalled by that look which can emanate only from the mild eyes of the trained bird-dog, for no other animal—no, not even man—can lay claim to the variety of attributes which are his alone. A curious blending of pathos and passion, of cunning and of frankness, of wisdom and humility, of strength, courage, sagacity, all dominated by love, and so plainly written on his countenance as to be unmistakable.

Dreamily now in the evening you sit before the blaze made necessary by the first warnings of approaching autumn; at your feet your favorite dog, a fitting companion to your present train of thought, for you have felt the call that comes only to the sportsman, as gently as the leaf floats on the water, yet carrying you as resistlessly as the leaf is carried by the current of the stream.

Gradually your thoughts take definite shape. Past hunts are recalled, hunts in which your companion by the fireside earned the place he now occupies in your affections. How plainly you can see him gliding over the hillside, seemingly without effort, so smoothly and swiftly that only those tapering legs appear to move. Then the point, with its assurance of a thrilling hour of sport. Your finger longs to pull the trigger once more to prove that hand, eye and nerve still work in unison.

How you long for the few remaining days of the close season to slip by. It is a call that demands action and, arising, you take down the gun from its resting place, assemble it and run your eye over its perfect barrels.. A gentle tap, tap on the floor, and your attention is called to the old friend who appears to be thinking in unison with you.

"It won't be long, old man—just a little

TWO SPOT.
Virgil N. Tognazzini, Owner.

over two weeks, and we'll be after them again," and the look from the brown eyes seems to signify that he understands.

"Pleasure in killing! You must still retain, rampant in your breast, some of the instincts of the primeval savage," accuses the gentle maid. I admit it. So do we all in some form or other, for I have no doubt that nicely prepared quail are as much in demand by the dainty lady of to-day as they were by those of prehistoric times.

To hunt California quail properly requires considerable knowledge which must be gained principally through experience, but a few remarks upon the subject will not be amiss at this season of the year when we are all preparing for the opening of the season.

First, as to guns: There is a fast growing tendency toward the smaller bores, and the twenty-gauge, with its light weight, small shells and ease of manipulation, was never so popular as to-day. Doubtless the twelve-gauge is the more killing gun, but the tendency of sportsmanship is undoubtedly to relegate it to the position now occupied by the ten-gauge, once so popular. Sixteen is a splendid size and is sufficiently large for use on so small game as quail. The small bores shoot just as hard as the larger ones; that is, each individual pellet has just as much force; the most that can be said against them is that they chamber less shot. However, if they are properly bored, and the bird is centered, they will kill with uniformity up to thirty-five or even forty yards, and in quail shooting it is very seldom that longer shots than this are attempted.

The general impression of the small bores seem to be that they either kill cleanly or miss cleanly, and with a full choke this is undoubtedly the case. Unquestionably a twenty-gauge in the hands of an expert is a very killing weapon, the ammunition and gun are much lighter and the two pounds thus saved amounts to considerable at the end of a day's tramp and also in quickness of handling. The load is a very pleasant one to shoot, the recoil being slight, and the game is not mutilated when shot at close range. Altogether, to my notion, it is the ideal gun for this class of shooting.

Straight stocks are an advantage to most shooters and are so considered nowadays by the majority. This is largely on the principle that it is easier to point a straight stick at an object than it is a crooked one, all up-to-date shooters of to-day shooting with both eyes open, and merely feel that the gun is properly pointed, as did the archer of old. As to the make of gun there is little choice so long as you procure it of a reputable maker. It is largely a matter of individual taste. This is also true of the various brands of smokeless powders.

Number eight is the proper size of shot. It kills cleaner within range than a larger size of shot, and is less likely to do damage from stray pellets beyond the ordinary range of the gun. The latter is sometimes a very important feature when there are several guns in the party or when shooting among stock.

The next thing to be considered is the dog, and here we have a more difficult task before us. It is just as well in the very beginning to disabuse our minds of the erroneous idea that a cheap dog will do, or that such a dog can be found that will do the work perfectly. A really good dog cannot be sold for less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and more money is likely to buy a better one. In fact, any dealer in first-class trained dogs would be willing to pay that amount for a perfectly trained dog rather than to raise and train one himself, so it is of little use for the amateur to try to find one at a less figure. True, cheaper dogs can be picked up any day, but they are usually a delusion and a snare, and after trying a few of this sort you will conclude that the best is cheaper and conducive of infinitely more pleasure.

Having bought your dog of a reputable dealer, do not go afield with the idea that you fear the dog will prove faulty and you intend to find it out immediately. This is a poor frame of mind in which to go afield, and a slight error, easily corrected, is likely to be misconstrued into something more serious, and the old saying about "hunting trouble and finding it" is likely to prove true. Before buying the dog, you have likely stipulated that he must not be over three years old, and I have yet to see the dog at that age that was so strictly honest that he would do everything just right when he instinctively knew that he could do otherwise if he chose. Consequently, when you take your new dog afield for a try-out, you will find that the try-out is not altogether one-sided. The dog is testing you as well, and will possibly go as far in that direction as he deems perfectly safe. Therefore, a little authority exhibited at the start may cause a dog to work perfectly that would otherwise become unmanageable; for, be it known that many a perfectly trained dog thoroughly enjoys a relaxation from the exacting duties of faultless performance, and if unrestrained would retrograde to his natural condition. Perhaps not being steady to wing or shot is merely a matter of a change of masters. It is a common occurrence for a dog to "break" regularly when hunting with one man, and still be perfectly steady when hunting with another. However, the more you know personally about the proper handling of a dog the better success you will have, and the less need of the dog being absolutely perfect.

As to a choice between a pointer and a setter there is very little, generally speaking. There are good and bad ones of both breeds. Here again individual taste must govern. If you prefer the pointer it is best to buy that breed, and if a setter is your preference, you could not be contented with a pointer. It is noticeable that the last really good dog one has come in contact with is likely to govern the choice to a great extent.

Now, as to hunting our game little bird, the California valley quail. You will be obliged to hunt him many a day before you fully understand his many wiles for circumventing the shooter and his dog, but there are a few set rules that you may depend upon his following, and also that it is best for you to follow, provided you are to hunt him at all successfully.

I take it for granted that you own a well-trained dog, obedient to whistle, steady to point, wing, shot and back; also that you will hunt in the hills among brush or sage. This is the usual locality chosen for the sport and is, at any rate, more difficult than level-ground hunting, and consequently any advice on hunting in hilly country will fully cover any exigencies that may arise on level ground. The nature of the bird is the same whether found in the extreme north of the State or in the southern part, the principal difference in their actions being caused by their surroundings, but more especially by the cover.

You may fully depend upon them seeking the very best protection that is afforded when they are disturbed, and they seem to know what that is almost instinctively. It may be among the tules, a bed of cactus, heavy brush, high trees—and, sometimes, when all these are handy, our cunning little friend will choose a nice little piece of stubble over which is posted a sign reading "No Shooting." Perhaps some will wish to ask me if I intend to insinuate that a quail can read? Well, hardly; but experience is a great teacher, and I have actually seen quail driven from tules onto protected ground, though you could never induce them to leave to go to any other cover. Birds hunted much

LADY'S PRINCE GLADSTONE AND TWO SPOT.
Owned by Virgil N. Tognazzini.

by field-trial handlers—or rather used for training purposes by them—will frequently refuse to go to any cover at all and sit calmly on the open, bare ground, possibly flushing from there to the branches of a bare tree or to the roof of a building, thus defeating all attempts to get point work on them. This, of course, when there is no protecting, heavy cover available. Field-trial handlers seldom shoot birds, and the wise little fellows soon learn this.

In order to insure a good day's sport it is very necessary that you should look well to your very first action. You must not only be careful about which way you flush, but you must use extreme care about your direction of approach when you first come under their notice.

Now we will imagine a small valley or "draw," as it is called, fairly level and covered with nice, low sagebrush. Adjacent to it is a ridge covered with high, coarse brush, a sure protection for the birds so long as they choose to remain. A nice bevy of birds at feeding time is likely to be found at the edge of the sagebrush. Now, nine men out of ten would cast off their dog up the middle of the draw, where the going was easy, and would themselves follow. Their dog is a good one, and swinging off right and left soon locates the bevy, but in so doing it is noticeable that he approached from the open side and that the quail have already taken notice. Up come the guns, the birds flush (if you are so lucky as to get a flush) and are gone in the brush where they are safe. Of course, the hunters blame the brush and, after repeating the performance a few times, return home with "flat coats." On the way it is just possible they may meet the tenth man with all the quail a self-respecting sportsman should carry, just returning from a similar piece of country. He had a wise head, and knew the game, and also was not afraid of a little exertion at the start, provided it brought its certain results.

His practical eye takes an inventory of the country. At a glance he notes the low cover and also the place where the birds may lie. Perhaps he even decides they may be already in the brush, and at any rate he takes no chances. Motioning in his dog, he slips on the lead and proceeds carefully through the brush along the top of the ridge. If the dog is a veteran and to be trusted, perhaps he lets him quarter to a limited distance; if not, he proceeds to do the driving alone. Should the dog not locate the bevy, the hunter advances until he is sure he has passed it, then turning about he skirts close to the edge of the brush and on the outside.

The birds have now been driven into good cover, and possibly, as they know the sportsman to be between them and their desired protection, they scatter out and lie closely. Should they still remain in the band, the idea is to get them properly headed, then flush and, making all the noise possible, scatter them into a desired location. The second flush is better than the first, and every bird that gets up singly and drops into good cover can be counted upon to be lost out of the band and thereafter to lie well.

Should the dog locate a bevy a sufficient distance from bad cover, always make a detour, getting next to the cover, and flush them to the open, if possible driving them slowly for a distance first. Should you be so fortunate as to own a dog that will assist in driving, as a collie herds sheep, you have indeed a prize and he will prove to be as useful as several men for the purpose as his nose and instinct are of great assistance. Such a dog may sometimes be found, but if you are the happy owner, don't sell him.

A bevy of birds flushed from the side of a ridge will usually alight at the foot of the ridge opposite, provided the valley is not too wide. They will then almost certainly run up hill. Do not, however, follow them, as they will surely continue running; but, instead, as quickly as possible, detour and head them down again. This is a good rule to follow in most instances, as it gives the birds the impression that they are surrounded, and they will then scatter and hide. To scatter them is always necessary—it is useless to attempt to get good shooting so long as they remain in the band.

Should you flush a band from below, on a hillside, and they fly over the ridge, you may usually depend that they will drop just over the brow of the hill. In this instance it is necessary to follow quickly, flushing from behind. They will then strike the foot of the next ridge and, if headed, will probably scatter. If they fly around the end of a ridge they are likely to fly perhaps one or

two hundred yards, alighting just below the top and then running up. Of course, the proper way to circumvent this is to go in the opposite direction an equal distance, then top the hill and drive them down.

Should they be feeding on level ground in the only piece of good cover in which they would be likely to scatter, and this of limited area, it is useless to expect them to scatter without flight. In this instance flush them to open ground without shooting; then, going around them, flush them back again to the original cover, shooting as they rise; then they will surely lie well. This idea should be borne in mind: Shooting always has a tendency to scatter the bevy, consequently if they are headed for an undesirable cover, hold your fire, as the band can then be driven out again. Do not forget that it is the noise and not the number of birds killed that causes them to lie.

It is unsportsmanlike to shoot into the midst of a flushed bevy of quail, wounding more than you kill. Choose a single bird for your aim. This is always best, anyway, as, if one shoots at random at the flock, he will probably find that the holes are larger and more numerous than the birds, and a hole through the air will be reward of the chagrined shooter who stands wondering if he could hit a barn without being inside of it.

Finally, I would advise every one to go hunting. It is the healthiest sport in the world. You will be happier for it and live longer, and perhaps in the end have just as much or more money. Short trips, and often, should be the rule, and above all do not try to get all the birds at one outing—they will keep nicely if they are not killed, and then you are a sportsman, consequently generous, and so you do not care if the other fellow gets a little pleasure also.

A WISE PURCHASE.

Mr. V. A. Caglieri is to be congratulated on his recent acquisition of that very good dog Avalon, which he purchased from the Del Rey Kennels a short time ago. Avalon is a prince of purple breeding, and under the efficient handling of Mr. Charles Babcock has developed into a particularly good field companion. We understand that he will be entered in all important field trials the coming season, and we confidently expect him to make an excellent showing in the exceptionally brilliant company in which he is sure to find himself.

• • •

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB OF AMERICA.

At a meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, held in New York City on August 31, 1905, it was ordered that the Sixteenth Annual Field Trials of this club be held at Stevenson, Baltimore County, Maryland, and that the headquarters of the club during the trials be at Avalon Inn.

At the same time, Mr. C. Staley Doub of Frederick, Md., was made chairman of the committee on arrangements, the other members of this committee being Messrs. A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass., Henry Dickson Bruns, M. D., New Orleans, La., Ernest Gill, Gowanstown, Md., T. Dudley Riggs, Stevenson, Md., and Charles F. Brooks of Sandy Springs, Md.

A new class, to be known as Class G, Pack Stakes for dogs and bitches 15 inches and under, to bona fide property of the party making entry at the time of entering and starting the class, eight dogs constituting a pack, was ordered to be added to the premium list. Fee to start $10. First prize $40, second prizze $25, and in case of five or more entries in this class a third prize of $15 to be given.

In Classes E and F open pack stakes, four dogs constituting a pack, the fee to start was changed to $10, and the prizes were changed as follows: First prize $40, second prize $25, and in case of five or more entries a third prize of $15.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON, Sec.

September 1, 1905.

• • •

DODGE HAS A DARK HORSE.

Considerable interest is being displayed over a dark-horse entry which Kennel Master Dodge promises to spring on the next P. C. F. F. trials in January. So reticent is our good friend of the Stockdale Kennels that he won't even divulge the sex, let alone the breeding, of his assumed wonder, contenting himself with hinting darkly that there are some surprises in store for the Coast fancy.

Among some other promising dogs that Mr. Dodge has in his string, one in particular, Combination Boy, looks like a "comer" to us. He is not only a crack winner on the bench, but his breeding insures high field quality, and he is as classy a specimen as we have seen in years. Mr. Dodge has had the misfortune to lose a number of good dogs lately, among which were the good little bitch Nellie Wilson and the very promising derby futurity Redwood, of whom great things were confidently expected by all who had the pleasure of seeing him at work. Mr. Dodge is in a measure consoled by a fine Combination Boy-Midget litter of four (three dogs), which surely ought to contain a prize-winner, if blood, intelligence in nicking and perfect handling go for anything.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

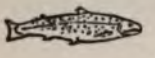
Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

MRS. NELLIE BURRELL SCOTT will be pleased to accept commissions for fish and game paintings in all mediums. Studio, 740 Shrader street, San Francisco. Reception and exhibition Wednesday of each week.

* * *

DACHSHUND—Fine pedigreed litter ready for shipment. From working parents. Andrew Brown, O K Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

* * *

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants ,etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

* * *

AIREDALE Terrier Bitch, King's Gypsy, by Ch. The New King, out of a Ch. Clonmel Monarch bitch, for sale. A fine specimen and winner in the East. Write for particulars. A. K. Warren, Bakersfield, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—Mounted game heads, fur rugs and skins. Dealer in glass eyes and supplies. A. E. COLBURN, 1204 So. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Grand pair (dog and bitch) blue ticked English Setter Puppies, whelped April 26th by the thirty-times winner Mallwyd Bob-Champion Albert's Rosalind. These puppies can win in any competition, and are going to make good field dogs. $35 each, or $65 for the pair. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

FOR SALE—A magnificent site for a sportsmen's country club and game preserves; 2,010 acres patented land, of which 500 acres are fine lake, 500 acres marsh and tules, the remainder being fine upland grazing land. Handsome groves of timber; six immense ice-cold perpetual springs; place of great natural beauty. Deer, ducks and other waterfowl; pheasants, grouse and fish in abundance; 400 tons wild hay now ready for cutting. All land under fine legal fence; extensive drainage improvements; cabin and barn in good shape. Situate about 35 miles from Ashland, Oregon. Price $15 per acre, less than half asked for adjacent property. Address, for particulars, Frank H. Mayer, Western Field office, 4 Sutter street, S. F.

SOME fine Pointers and Setters for sale cheap. Broken and unbroken. Address Nigger Hill Kennels, Box 752 Grass Valley, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Some very fine Angora Kittens, sired by Cherub, holder of "Western Field" Cup for best cat on Pacific Coast. A. J. Oliver, 66 Stanyan St., San Francisco.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Prop., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

* * *

I MAKE bear hunting a specialty. Will take parties out until December. Fishing first-class. Bucks are fat until October 15. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

* * *

FOR SALE—Pointer bitch (Dr. Daniels-Lottie Ripstone), 7 months, very handsome, fair field quality, $20.

Male setter puppy, o. and w., 5 months (Harry H.-Peach Mark II), fine in every way, $35. Bitch same breeding, $25.

Male setter, 8 months old, will make a good fielder, fair looker (Jay M.-Alameda), $20.

Broken pointer bitch, 4 years old, $100.

Nice pointer bitch, puppy, 4 months old, $15.

Male 1 year old (Uncle B.-Count's Gift), nearly yard trained. Level headed, medium speed and range, $40.

This stock is all first class and as good as can be bred.

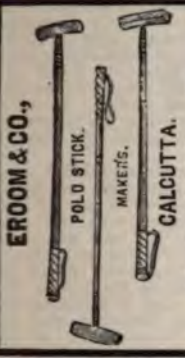
I'm busy and away from the kennels. Don't bother sending for description. Your money will be refunded on return of dog.

We want to close out our extra stock, and this is your chance to get dogs ready for field at half value. California Kennels, C. H. Babcock, Mgr., Ridgewood, Cal.

PURITY GUARANTEED
Dos Mesas Exquisite Wine

During October, an extra discount of 10 per cent in order to reduce our stock to make room for the coming vintage. Send for Catalogue.

H. N. CROSS, M. D.,
319 Montgomery St., San Francisco



POLO ! POLO !!

Eroom's Polo Sticks and Balls

are known all over India, South Africa, Australia, and other Countries where the game is played. Our Sticks are used by all crack players.

Prices moderate.
Good terms to large Buyers.

EROOM & Co.,
Polo Specialists,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Why Not

CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other"
Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing

this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

THE AIM OF EVERY GUN owner is to keep his gun faultless—the finer the gun the harder he tries. If he uses "3 in One" the easier he tries.

"3 IN ONE" oils every action part properly, cleans out the residue of burnt or smokeless powder, prevents rust on every metal part, cleans and polishes the stock, contains no acid. Write for generous sample—free. **G.W.COLE COMPANY**

143 WASHINGTON LIFE BLDG. NEW YORK

TRADE TOPICS

"HOW TO CATCH WOLVES"

Is the title of a treatise by Ernest Thompson-Seaton, the well-known artist-author, a copy of which will be sent to anyone gratis on application (if you mention "Western Field") by the famous Oneida Community, Ltd., of Oneida, N. Y., the celebrated makers of the world-famed "Newhouse" traps.

Praising these famous traps would be tantamount to insulting the intelligence of our readers. For everybody knows the virtues of these indispensable adjuncts to the trapper's profession. For many decades they have been regarded as the only dependable traps procurable, and your great grandfather used them with as much pleasure and profit as your great grandson will after you—that is provided there is anything left to trap, which is doubtful if the intervening generations employ these "sure catchers and firm holders" as an old trapper friend of ours succinctly puts it. If you ever want a trap it wants to be Newhouse. Write to the Oneida Community to-day for a descriptive list of them. It will be like meeting with a coterie of your oldest and best friends.

* * *

A NEW LYMAN-MAUSER SIGHT.

When, above an average half lifetime ago, Mr. Lyman put into the hands of grateful sportsmen his wonderful peep sight, it was cheerfully conceded that an advanced invention of incalculable value had been made in firearm appurtenances. His ingenious application of a fixed optical law to an appliance for directing and securing the perfect alignment of sight along gun barrels, so indispensible for good results, has resulted in the bettering of the shooting of every man who has ever tried the Lyman sights—and who has not!

Most inventors produce one thing and then stand still. Not so with the Lyman people who have kept full pace with every improvement in modern firearms, and who have adapted, extended and applied their famous sighting principle to every known make, style and model of small arms worthy of serious consideration. Their latest achievement has been the perfecting of a Lyman rear sight for the Mauser rifles, thus completing their line of sights for all modern weapons, and incidentally supplying a long-felt and loudly voiced need.

The new Mauser sight is an extremely acceptable modification of the Lyman principle, is small, compact and absolutely dependable in point of maintaining its adjustment, the method of attachment and operation in use being a marvel of mechanical execution. Its addition to the Mauser rifles will make those famous weapons at least fifty per cent. more useful to big game hunters, and owners of these weapons will gladly welcome the new acquisition and its great possibilities.

LLOYD J. TOOLEY, HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD BAIT CASTING, 194 FT. 9 INCHES.

WONDERFUL BAIT CASTING.

It has been contended that a cast of over 175 feet with the one-half-ounce weight in Tournament casting is impossible, but at the International Casting Tournament held at Chicago, August 18-19, this was most emphatically shown to be wrong.

Mr. Lloyd J. Tooley, using an "Alamo" Tournament rod and a Shakespeare Standard Take-Down reel made a cast of 194 feet and 8 inches perfect, exceeding the previous record by 21 feet and 8 inches—an enviable world's record cast.

The rod used by Mr. Tooley is six-strip split bamboo, designed and built by the Alamo Rod Co., Kalamazoo, Mich. It is 4 feet, 10 inches long, made in two pieces, a tip joint 42 inches long, and a butt joint 16 inches long; the tip joint is fitted with three special agate guides, the first having ¼-inch hole, the second 3/16-inch hole, and the third ⅛-inch hole, and a special offset agate tip having a ⅛-inch hole, the first guide being raised 3/8, the second 5/16, the third and tip ¼ inch from the surface of the rod.

Mr. Tooley explained that the guides so placed, being highly polished, offer almost no resistance to the line, while if they were larger or set lower there would be much more friction, caused by the line coming in contact with the rod and greatly retarding its movement.

The butt joint has a special improved double grip, and the Kalamazoo trigger, set in position for the second finger in such a manner that the rod is perfectly balanced.

It is handsomely wound with pure silk, having very narrow windings at intervals of about two inches at the butt and gradually narrowing until the tip windings are very close together. The real beauty of the rod, however, lies in its perfect poise and absolute harmony of action, which proves the correctness of its design.

The reel with which Mr. Tooley did such remarkable casting is a Shakespeare Standard Take-Down No. 2 Long Spool, this being a regular stock reel, selling at a nominal price.

This reel is the latest production of Mr. Shakespeare's up-to-date reel factory, and is fitted with his new take-down device, the most simple and at the same time the most perfect take-down or take-apart device on the market to-day.

Many will say that Mr. Tooley could not have made this cast if he had not used an outfit built especially for this purpose. That the beginner may not be discouraged and that the game may be helped along, he has asked us to say that the rod and reel used by him at Chicago were the same he has used on all his fishing trips this summer. More than this, Mr. Tooley, using the same rod and a Shakespeare Level Winding Reel, won the distance and accuracy event at the Open Tournament of the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly Casting Club, held July 28, 1905 by a score of 98 7/10%, which was the same score that won the International event at Chicago.

Also, at this International Tournament in the long distance championship, Mr. Tooley won second prize with an average score of 176 29/60 feet, five consecutive casts; Mr. David Osborne third with a score of 167 45/60 feet; and in the ½-ounce distance and accuracy event, Mr. W. Kidder won third prize with a score of 98%.

All these prizes were won with Shakespeare Standard Reels and Alamo Split Bamboo Tournament Rods.

* * *

NEW IDEAL BULLET LUBRICATING AND SIZING PRESS.

The Ideal Mfg. Co. of New Haven, Conn., have just perfected a new bullet lubricating and sizing press (see illustration). It is designed especially for use in military armories or where great quantites of bullets are made. It is made especially large and strong so that it will stand the constant hard use that is called for in such places. The implements now used are so very light and small, being designed only for individual or home use, and the hard work called for at the armories during the past year has demonstrated their unfitness for those places. As a comparison as to the difference in strength only, we would say that the new press weighs twenty-five pounds, while the small tool weighs but three pounds. Every part of the press is made

proportionately strong. There is nothing to break or get out of order, and a very important improvement is that the die bed is adjustable and may be set to the most exact nicety and fastened in the required position. We would say that the same dies and punches that fit the small tool will also fit the new press, so that those who have one of the smaller implements who desire the larger press will only have to purchase the press without the tools. All military shooters attending the National and New Jersey meetings at Sea Girt who may be interested in the new press or other of the Ideal armory implements, will have an opportunity to see them in operation on the ground, for the Ideal Co. will have a complete outfit there on exhibition, and after the New Jersey meeting it will be given as a prize to the company team winning the Ideal Company Team Match (Match No. 5), see page 29 official program of the Sea Girt Shooting Tournament of 1905.

BLACK JACKS

THE FAMOUS OLD LEATHER BOTTLES AND MUGS, REPRODUCED AND MODERNIZED, MAKE THE MOST DESIRABLE OF TROPHIES. MOUNTED IN STERLING SILVER. ASK TO SEE THEM.

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS, DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

104-110 GEARY STREET

GEMS OF ART.

No other American painter of game and fish has ever attained to the degree of accuracy in drawing, feeling in handling, and color values, and general pictorial harmony that characterizes the work of Mrs. Nellie Burrell Scott, whose beautiful trout and bass pictures have been among "Western Field's" most attractive features. An ardent sportswoman of indefatigable energy, she has improved California's unexcelled opportunities to the full, catching, herself, the fish she so admirably depicts and faithfully reproducing in her on-the-spot sketches, the evanescent beauty of our fresh and salt water kings. No sportsman's dining-room or den is complete without one or more examples of her exquisite work, and discriminative art lovers the world over are beginning to appreciate this fact. Although a rapid and voluminous worker, her paintings are nevertheless executed with a conscientiousness and fidelity that immediately gives them a high intrinsic, as well as artistic, value. All lovers of art should avail themselves of the opportunity to visit her studio at 740 Shrader street, where many beautiful examples of her fish, game and flower paintings are on exhibition Wednesday of each week.

* * *

PROTECTS THE EDGES.

Among other very clever Marble tricks there is one which will appeal to every man who has use for an axe, and especially he who has occasion to pack those useful implements about the country to any extent. We refer to the Marble Axe Edge Protector illustrated herewith, a little convenience that should be in the possession of every camper, canoer, wood chopper, huntsman, of every one, in short, who either at home or afield has use and employment for a sharp axe—and any other kind is an abomination.

This edge protector will be very much appreciated on account of the safety and convenience with which this style of axe may be carried in wagon, canoe or pack. The protector may be attached or detached in an instant and may be carried in the vest or coat pocket without inconvenience.

Marble's Axe Edge Protector is made in sizes to fit axe blades from 4 to 5½ inches in width. Be sure to mention width of blade when ordering. The price is absolutely nominal—about the cost of a good imported cigar, and as an investment it is about the most profitable one that has come to our notice in a half century of woods loafing.

* * *

RECORD MAKERS.

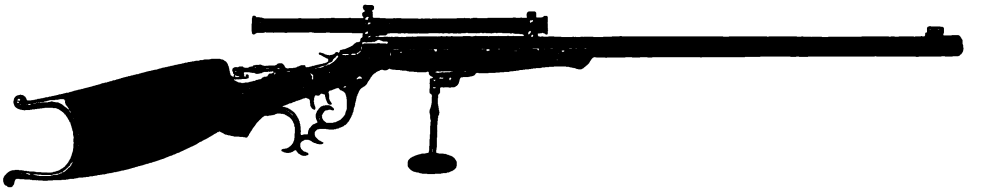
We take pleasure in presenting herewith a cut of the famous Stevens-Pope rifle equipped with Stevens' telescope.

This model and the Stevens Ideal "Schuetzen" rifle, have scored such a remarkable series of consistent, notable victories during the past year, that they have been declared to be practically invincible at competitive target shoots.

At the National Meet of Sharpshooters, known as the Bundesfest (Union Hill, N. J., June, 1904), at the U. S. .22 Caliber Rifle League Competition (Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1905), at Zettler Club Shoot (New York City, March, 1905), at Charleston, S. C., Schuetzen Verein Jubilee, May, 1905, and at New England Shoot of Rifle Clubs (held at Springfield, Mass., August, 1905), Stevens and Stevens-Pope rifles carried off premier honors by an overwhelming majority in each instance and strikingly demonstrated their marked superiority in every particular.

The Stevens always puts the shots where most needed. In the hands of a marksman they are an unconquerable factor at every competitive shoot in which they are entered.

With the exception of the Charleston (S. C.) and Union Hill (N. J.) tournaments referred to above, the use of Stevens' telescopes was permitted in each of the important national con-



STEVENS-POPE TARGET RIFLE FITTED WITH STEVENS TELESCOPE.

tests enumerated, and materially contributed toward raising records.

The field for this most efficient and practical accessory is rapidly expanding. The day is not far distant when the telescope will be just as popular and essential at a tournament as a Stevens' target rifle is itself.

Stevens' Target Rifles are all listed in Stevens' Catalog No. 51. The Stevens-Pope Model, fitted with Stevens' Telescope, is illustrated and described in detail on pages 20 and 21 of Stevens-Pope catalog. Stevens' Rifle and Pistol Telescopes are fully described in a special telescope catalog—beautifully printed and illustrated. Any or all of these valuable reference books will be mailed upon application to J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

• • •

A CARD

To Our Friends and Patrons:

On the morning of August 13th, our factory at Nos. 215 to 231 Bay street, in this city, was destroyed by fire.

So far as the stock in process of manufacture, patterns and tools are concerned, the destruction is almost complete. We have, however, held our organization together, and the same men who built up this business can, and will, continue it. A temporary shop has been secured and permanent buildings and equipment will be installed as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

With the latest improved tools, labor-saving appliances and special facilities for manufacturing, a full line of engines will be placed on the market at an early date, unexcelled in merit.

We have on hand, in our Mission-street store, and in our various agencies, a stock of engines from which to fill current orders.

A report has been circulated that, owing to the fire, we are going to retire from business. We hope you will do what you can to overcome this impression.

With sincere thanks for the many kind offers of help, and sympathetic words, we are, very truly yours,

HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS.

• • •

TYPHOID FEVER STILL RAMPANT.

Our attention has lately been called to the prevalence all over the country of Typhoid Fever. This serious malady seems to be always with us. In spite of the methods of boards of health and others to cover it up, or to hide the fact from the general public, the interior counties and the mountainous districts are especially afflicted, and efforts toward prevention do not appear to be effective.

Now, physicians well know and, in fact, it is generally understood by the people, that these germs of typhoid are distributed in drinking water, on certain vegetables, and in uncooked foods of different kinds; filtration of water is not a sufficient preventative, as some cases seem to have an unknown source of origin. But we have, in a very simple medicine, a complete method of protection against this great danger.

It has been well proven that the germs of typhoid fever die, or cannot develop, in the presence of two well-known fruit acids—citric and tartaric. The first is from the lemon or lime, the second from the grape; and a combination of these two in powder, pill, or dissolved in some liquid, although taken only once a day, will keep a person in robust health, even in a typhoid environment.

The most perfect combination of these medicines, occurs naturally in a claret punch, made of a good pure claret, with lemon juice, sugar and water; a little ice does it no harm, and it should be taken with the meals, although this is not necessary—it is just as effective between times. As California produces so much good, cheap wine, there seems to be no reason why people should contract this dangerous disease. And, while this article is written in the interests of the general public, we desire to call attention to the particular health-giving qualities of the Dos Mesas exquisite wines.

These wines contain naturally a large percentage of tartrate of potash, tartaric acid and phosphates; in the red wines, especially, these elements together with the coloring matter, or natural tannin of the grape, make an ideal combination of brain foods and aids to digestion, in addition to the prevention against the dread typhoid conditions.

We think that if the people would drink less water and consume a little wine, water and lemon juice with their meals, a great gain for health and strength would result. And, we are certain, that once you try the Dos Mesas wines, either for this purpose or as a beverage only, you will surely continue to use them. Their purity, bouquet and flavor are absolutely guaranteed, and they are now known as the highest grade of the various types of wines raised in this country. Dr. H. N. Cross, the grower, gives his personal supervision to the care of these wines, from the time the grapes are picked till the living wine is placed in the bottle, and the satisfaction of the purchaser is assured. Connoisseurs have pronounced these wines much superior to the imported, and they are to be had in nearly all the first-class eating places on the Coast. A trial will convince the most skeptical.

• • •

A FINE OUTING.

Last winter the Southern Pacific (Sunset Route) inaugurated a 1000-mile hunting and fishing trip through Southwest Texas and Old Mexico.

The venture was strikingly original and the outing a pronounced success, a fact fully attested by the statements of the thirty or more prominent capitalists and professional men from the North and East who accompanied the party; furthermore, by the many flattering press notices that appeared in the leading journals of the country, narrating events and incidents of the trip. We understand the Southern Pacific Company are about to project a similar outing that will start from Houston, November 15th, and remain out fifty days.

In order to cater to those who are disciples of Isaac Walton, as well as Nimrod, the trip this Fall will be made along the Gulf Coast between this city and Arkansas Pass. Camps will be pitched alternately near the seashore, or inland in the dense thickets, so that those accompanying the party can enjoy both fishing and hunting for big game.

The party will be in charge of a well known Southern Pacific official and a celebrated hunter and frontiersman will act as guide-in-chief. The latter owns one of the best trained pack of deer and bear dogs in the Southwest, and as

THE "INDIAN"

Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award St. Louis World's Fair

Winner of all important events, 1904.

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

SAVAGE

HAMMERLESS SPORTING RIFLE

This Repeating Rifle has many telling features that recommend it to the sportsman who knows a superior rifle when he sees it. Let's look at just one.

Take the SAFETY FEATURE for example: 1—There is no hammer to catch on anything. 2—The cartridges lie side by side, not end to end—can't be jammed together and exploded. 3 Even if they could be exploded, the shooter couldn't be injured, because of the solid wall of steel between him and the cartridge. 4—There is a safety device that locks the mechanism—both trigger and lever. You could throw the rifle all around without the least danger of discharging. Can you do that with any other rifle? These are a few of the features that make Savage Rifles different—superior. Ask your dealer. If he won't tell you, write to us for a catalogue. The catalogue tells also about the Savage 22-caliber Hammerless Repeater—another Rifle wonder.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.,
24 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y.

B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS

Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

game of this kind is very plentiful in the country to be traversed by the party, some royal good sport is guaranteed.

Saddle horses and hunting wagons will be the means of transportation while en route. Experienced cooks, waiters and camp servants will be provided by the management who have fixed a price of $6.00 per day as the cost of the trip, which includes board, lodging, and one horse and transportation beyond Bay City..

For detailed information, address O. J. ANDERSON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent S. P. Co., Houston, Texas.

* * *

A NEW WINCHESTER.

The Winchester Arms Co. are now offering a new model in .32 and .35 calibers, called the "Self Loading 1905 Model," a description of which will interest our readers:

It is a hammerless take-down, and is the first rifle of the self-loading type made for center fire ammunition, the cartridges it handles being of the modern smokeless powder type, using metal patched bullets. The .32 caliber shoots a 165-grain bullet and gives a velocity of 1400-foot seconds and a penetration of 21 7/8-inch dry pine boards with a full metal patched bullet, and 11 boards with a metal patched soft point bullet. The .35 caliber shoots a 180-grain bullet and gives a velocity of 1400-foot seconds and a penetration of 18 7/8-inch dry pine boards with a full metal patched bullet, and a penetration of ten boards with a metal patched soft point bullet, at the standard testing distance of fifteen feet from the muzzle. As these figures show, both cartridges give excellent penetration, and with metal patched soft point bullets they have great shocking effect on animal tissue.

As its name indicates, this rifle is self-loading. The recoil of the exploded cartridge ejects the empty shell, cocks the hammer and feeds a fresh cartridge from the magazine into the chamber, leaving the rifle ready to shoot upon the operator's pulling the trigger. By means of the trigger lock, the trigger can be locked if desired so that the rifle can be carried with the hammer at full cock when loaded. The magazine is of the box type and holds five cartridges. By inserting a cartridge in the chamber before placing the loaded magazine in the gun, the operator can have six shots at his disposal. If rapid reloading is desired, extra magazines can be carried in the pocket loaded, ready to replace an exhausted magazine in the rifle. The operation of this rifle should not be confounded with that of machine guns, which reload and fire to the extent of their magazine capacity without stopping after the trigger is first pulled. In using the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle, it is absolutely necessary to pull the trigger for each shot, which places its operation as completely under the control of the operator as that of any repeating rifle. The operation of this rifle is simple and easily understood. The working parts are few and strong, and as there is nothing complicated

in its construction, it is not apt to get out of order when used with ordinary care.

These rifles are made with blued trimmings and a plain walnut stock and forearm not checked. The barrel is round, 22 inches long and is fitted with Sporting front and rear sights. Octagon or half-octagon barrels or barrels longer than 22 inches cannot be furnished with this rifle. The stock is 14 inches long and finished with a rubber butt plate; drop at comb, 1 3/8 inches; drop at heel, 2 1/4 inches; length of gun over all, 40 inches. Fancy walnut stocks and forearms, plain or fancy walnut pistol grip, stocks checked or unchecked, and stocks having special length or drop can be furnished for this gun when so ordered at the same list prices as for other models.

A DELIGHTFUL BUSINESS.

One of the objects of every sportsman should be to make a collection of his own trophies. Each year thousands of the most magnificent specimens of both birds and animals are simply allowed to spoil after being killed. This should not be. There is no reason why all who kill birds and animals should not preserve them in the shape of mounted specimens. If unable to send them to the taxidermist, the art of taxidermy may be easily learned at home. The work is very delightful and interesting. When one once commences to make a collection of his trophies he is apt to make the work a regular hobby. Any one wishing to learn exactly how to master the art of taxidermy, can secure full information by addressing the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebraska. This school teaches the art by mail. They are perfectly reliable, and our readers may patronize them with safety.

C. H. REHNSTROM,

TAILOR and IMPORTER

DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

MOVED TO PERMANENT QUARTERS

SECOND FLOOR

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

Cor. Geary and Market Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

STEVENS SHOOT STRAIGHT THE WORLD OVER.

The subjoined article, clipped from the April 19th issue of "Reynold's Newspaper," Birmingham, England, illustrates anew the striking superiority of Stevens rifles. These famous and time-honored firearms enjoy both a national and international reputation for accuracy, and this latest link in the long chain of Stevens successes proves once more that the Stevens always puts the shots where most needed.

* * *

"GUARDS BEATEN BY CIVILIANS.

"Remarkable Shooting Yesterday.

"A match with miniature rifles of the smallest caliber took place yesterday between a team of the most doughty champions of the Scots Guards pitted against twelve civilian riflemen of Southfields Rifle Club, in which the Guards were severely beaten. This is a significant portent, not only in regard to the shooting powers of our paid national defenders, but equally significant of the inferiority of British-made rifles to those of the United States. The Guards, firing with rifles made by Greener of Birmingham, got an aggregate total of only 1949 points, against an aggregate of 2167 made by the civilian team, which fired with a rifle, the Stevens, produced in the United States. The crack shot of the Scots Guards, the instructor of musketry to the battalion, made for his side the best score, as was to be expected but it was absolutely eclipsed by a civilian, this competitor not being by any means the best shot in his club. The victorious civilian, Mr. Newitt, at the first of the two ranges scored every point possible but one out of the maximum of 100, making 99 points. To do this he had to put nine bullets within a circle of half an inch in diameter, the tenth being merely a hair's breadth out. Yesterday's phenomenal performance by Mr. Newitt is not quite a record for the club, a fellow-competitor who went through the Boer campaign as a member of the Mounted Sharpshooters holding the club record of a perfect score, in which all ten shots were placed within the half-inch circle. This club champion is Mr. A. J. Comber, who won the Queen's Silver Medal at Bisley within a few days of his return from South Africa.

"Lord Roberts had promised to attend this match, to show his interest in civilian rifle shooting, but failed to attend, sending a telegram instead, with a promise for some day after Easter."

* * *

THE POPULAR PETERS.

Mr. James S. Day, traveling in Central Texas for the Peters Cartridge Company, is proving his ability as a shooter by taking high average at most of the tournaments in his territory. At Fort Worth, August 18th he scored 93%, and at Will's Point, Texas, August 17th, he was again high, breaking 108 out of 115. Mr. Day shoots Peters "Premiers" and "Ideals" equally well.

At the one day shoot of the Lamar Gun Club, Paris, Texas, August 25th, Mr. L. I. Wade won high average—93%. Messrs. James S. Day

and C. D. Ellison tied for second average, all using Peters factory loaded shells. Messrs. Wade, Day and Ellison also won first, second and third averages at Wolfe City, Texas, August 24th.

Messrs. Wallace Miller, J. S. Day and L. I. Wade won second, third and fourth averages at Wootan Mills, Texas, August 21st and 22d, all using Peters shells. Mr. Wade was also high gun at Forney, Texas, August 23d, breaking 100 targets out of 105.

• • •

A GOOD, NEW GUN.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Company's new gun, "The Simplex," which is being distributed in this territory by Baker & Hamilton, Pacific Coast agents, will appeal to that large and constantly increasing class of sensible sportsmen who desire a well finished and good shooting, dependable weapon, rather than a high priced engraving and gilt smothered one that a duck hunter is afraid to take out in rough weather.

These Simplex guns are exactly what their name would indicate, the lockwork parts comprising only four non-breakable pieces, and yet insuring that perfect action and silky responsiveness which characterize all good mechanical corstructions.

The materials used are the best of their respective grades that money can buy, and the workmanship, fit and finish are a revelation at the very low prices at which these really excellent weapons are offered. In the two cheaper models "Trojan Nitro Steel" barrels and fine grain, dark, imported walnut stocks are furnished, while in the five higher cost patterns, carefully selected and finely figured imported wood in the stocks, and Krupp Fluid Steel in the barrels, offer a combination of great value. The taper choke boring system is used throughout, and these guns are guaranteed not only to shoot as well as any arm on the market, but also to never shoot loose with any charge of powder that can be safely used in a high grade barrel.

These guns have many improvements, new and singular to themselves, which must be seen to be appreciated. It will fully repay any one contemplating the purchase of a real business gun to write Baker & Hamilton for descriptive catalogue and prices of the Simplex guns. The prices, especially, will astonish you, and an examination of the gun itself will further increase your surprise and admiration.

• • •

ANOTHER WINCHESTER LANDSLIDE.

Winchester "Leader" shells again win the Grand Canadian Handicap. This is a brief and accurate way of giving the result of the big shoot of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association, held at Ottawa, August 16, 17 and 18. Every event but one was won by shooters using the time-tried and reliable Winchester "Leader" shells—the only kind to shoot. The events won with Winchester "Leader" shells and the winners, were: Grand Canadian Handicap, Mr. G. W. McGill, Toronto, Ont.; Two-Man-Team Championship of Canada, Messrs. A. W. Throop and W. J. Johnston of the St. Hubert Gun Club, of Ottawa; The Mail Trophy (five-man-team championship of Canada), Sherbrooke Gun Club; Eight-Man-Team Championship of Canada, Stanley Gun Club; the Gray Cup, awarded for the high amateur average of the tournament, Mr. T. M. Craig Sherbrooke; the Du Pont Trophy, awarded for second high amateur average of the tournament, Mr. T. Upton, Hamilton Gun Club; first, second and third high expert averages for the tournament, J. A. R. Elliott, E. G. White and F. C. Conover, respectively; the Kynoch Cup, Mr. T. M. Craig; the Kirkover Cup, G. M. McGill, The Carling Cup, J. M. Howard. The Laflin & Rand Cup, W. J. Johnston, and the three prize shotgun events, T. A. Duff, Toronto; T. Upton,

The Exquisite Flavor

of

Hunter

Baltimore

Rye

and its mellow deliciousness appeal most strongly to people of refinement, hence it is called

The American Gentleman's Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Hamilton, and C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, respectively.

Fred Gilbert, shooting the Winchester "Leader" shells, the shells he always shoots, won the high average at the Indian Shoot, which was held at Spirit Lake, Iowa, on August 22, 23, 24 and 25, with the splendid score of 771 out of the possible 800 targets. Mr. Gilbert also captured the Championship Cup with the score of 50 straight in this event.

W. R. ("Billy") Crosby, another world famous shooter, and who bye-the-bye, holds the world's record for the longest straight run, 419 without a miss, and who uses nothing but Winchester "Leader" shells both at the trap and in the field, was the high gun at the Chicago Trap Shooters Annual Tournament, which took place at Chicago, Ill., on August 17, 18, 19. Out of the 600 targets Mr. Crosby shot at in this tournament, he missed but six, and thus finished with the splendid score of 594 out of the possible six hundred, and made a straight run of 214 without a miss. First day, 197 out of 200; second day, 200 out of 200; third day, 197 out of 200. How is that for going some?

J. A. R. Elliott, still another world famous scatter gun artist, and one that always shoots the Winchester "pump" gun and the "Leader" shells, was the king bee at the Atglen (Pa.) Tournament, which was held on the 30th ult. Out of the 175 targets shot at in this tournament, he missed but four, thus finishing with the score of 171 out of 175.

* * *

NOTICE.

To Manufacturers, Dealers, Exporters, Agents and Users of Firearms:

In the fall of 1903 we issued a notice that patents owned by this company were, in our belief, infringed by the Savage rifles, and that suits for infringement would be brought to protect our rights. Two suits were brought by us and vigorourly defended by the Savage Arms Company. These suits came on for final hearing before his honor Judge Platt, of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Connecticut. The opinion of the court was handed down on July 7, 1905, and it was found that infringement existed, that an injunction should issue, and that an accounting for damages and profits should be had. A final decree has been entered. For your information we quote briefly from the language of the court bearing upon some of the important points in controversy. We urge you to read the same carefully, as it establishes clearly our exclusive rights to certain valuable features of construction which for several years have been distinctively characteristic of the Marlin take-down rifle.

Referring to Claim 27, Hepburn Patent No. 434,062. This claim is for the extractor as used in Marlin guns and as copied in Savage guns. The court says.

"The defendant has copied precisely this manner of mounting the extractor in the breech-block, and gets, as Hepburn does, the benefit of the walls of the groove in the breech-block. To prevent longitudinal movement, instead of using the enlargement and corresponding recess, he drives a pin through the shank of the extractor so that it is friction-tight, and obtains the same result. This makes the removal of the extractor more difficult, but as I understand the law, it is well settled that a deliberate impairment of the utility of the patented construction, leaving its essential function in full operation, will not avoid infringement." The court then orders:

"Upon Claim 27 of Patent 434,062 let there be an injunction and accounting."

Referring to Hepburn Patent No. 584,177. This patent relates to the well-known Marlin Take-Down Rifle .22 Caliber Model 1897, copied by the Savage .22 caliber take-down rifle. The Court says:

"It is equally clear that Hepburn was the first one to think out the peculiar form which we find in both complainant's and defendant's structures. When the splice is made on the side instead of the top it becomes an important invention. That was the real advance in the art. Each side plate is independent, one plate carried by the stock and the other by the barrel, and the great ingenuity resides in separating the side plates and in the attachment of the internal mechanism partly to one plate and partly to the other, in such a way that the entire organization works harmoniously and is also easily reached for purposes of cleansing and repair.

"The Bennett Patent No. 487,406 is admitted to be the nearest approach to the Hepburn invention which the art produces. Here the side plates are both rigidly attached to the barrel. The mechanism is in a cavity between the rigid side walls. To prepare for its introduction is strictly inside work, and a solid block of metal must be milled out therefor in advance. The connection is provided for by making the tang G, carried by the stock portion and sliding into the space between the rigid side plates, and must of necessity be less efficient than the connection provided by Hepburn's construction. And again, after taking down the Bennett gun, the cartridge handling mechanism is not by that act rendered accessible in any such sense as it certainly is in the Hepburn construction. The manifest differences are those which are inherent in the methods of taking the guns down.

"Every fresh examination of this matter brings the court the more clearly to the conclusion that Hepburn invented a new and distinct type of take-down magazine gun, and from the view point thus reached, the defendant has, it would seem, without any serious straining of the doctrine of equivalents, come about as near as its peculiar style of cartridge handling mechanism will permit to offering the public a gun containing a copy of that invention. The differ-

1878-1905

O. W. Nordwell

announces the arrival of his new importations and invites your inspection

387 Bush St., Cor. Kearny Second Floor San Francisco

BEST FOR THE BIG MEADOWS

Good Anywhere

The FAMOUS COSTAR TIED TROUT FLIES are the product of an expert who has made a life study of the requirements of the BIG MEADOWS and adjacent waters. They tempt trout when all others fail. Used and unqualifiedly recommended by prominent anglers

Samples on approval if "Western Field" is mentioned **A. P. COSTAR,** PRATTVILLE, Plumas Co., Cal

ences which defendant's counsel so ingeniously point out finally resolve themselves into immaterial differences which are inherent in the variant action of the operative mechanism of the two guns, and beyond all that, they appear to be studied evasions, which may perhaps be somewhat hidden from the ordinary observer by using those inherent differences as a cloak to cover them. Indeed, it is so plain that he who runs may read it, that the defendant's method of taking its gun down would never have existed if Hepburn had not blazed out the trail so that it could be followed."

The court adds: "Claim 4 being valid and infringed, it is unnecessary to waste space or time upon Claims 1, 2 and 3."

Of Claim 1 the court briefly states: "Defendant copies this feature identically and for the same purpose."

Of Claim 2 the court says: "Defendant appears to have made assurance doubly sure in the matter of abutments."

Of Claim 3 the court says: "Defendant has copied this with engaging accuracy."

Of Claims 7 and 8 the court says: "The essential features of these claims are that they provide 'means' for holding the breech-block against 'accidental detachment' when the gun is taken down."

The court says of the Savage gun: "Nothing except an out and out duplicate construction could be more clearly an embodiment of the terms of said Claim 7."

Of Claim 8 the court says: "The means employed by defendant to hold the breech-block in place have been alluded to, and the means for securing the parts in operative position, which is done by the thumb-screw, is identically the same as that used in the patent in suit."

The court decides: "The claims at issue are

"Comfort" Sleeping Pocket

A BED—NOT A BAG

A luxurious, puncture proof Air Bed, that can be inflated in one minute, with Pillow and Foot Pocket, combined with a warm and damp proof sleeping receptacle, packs compactly and weighs but

18 Pounds

Will you send for our circular "D" and let us tell you how we have solved the problem that has vexed many campers? A postal brings it, and it is worth a cent to know what **is** being made.

Metropolitan Air Goods Co., Reading, Mass.

valid and infringed. Let an injunction issue and a master be appointed to take an accounting."

We herewith again notify you that under the patent laws of the United States any person who makes or sells or uses a patented article, without permission of the owner of the patent, is an infringer. You will see, therefore, that any person using a Savage rifle covered by the above patent decisions, any person who sells or has sold such a rifle, is liable to the Marlin Firearms Company.

We shall continue to push this matter vigorously and take such action and bring such further suits as may be necessary to fully protect the rights of this company as against all violators.

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
Mahlon H. Marlin, Pres't.

* * *

THE REGULAR PETERS PERFORMANCE.

At Framingham, Mass., July 4, high average was won by Mr. George C. Finch, an amateur, with 90.6 per cent.

At Bangor, Me., July 10, Mr. George E. Barker was high, 96 per cent.

At Manchester, N. H., July 22, Mr. Elmer E. Reed won the State championship trophy with 94 per cent.

At Springfield, Mass, July 25, Mr. J. S. Fanning won high average, 95 per cent., which is the record for the Springfield grounds.

At Concord, N. H., July 21, first average was won by Mr. G. M. Wheeler.

All these shooters used Peters factory loaded shells.

At Mt. Olive, Ill., August 12 and 13, Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, shooting Peters Ideal shells, won high average with 94 per cent.

On July 28 at Plant City, Fla., Mr. Percy C. Logan of Bartow, Fla., broke 100 straight targets, regulation distance, using Peters factory loaded shells.

At the annual meeting of the Ohio State Rifle Association and Ohio National Guards, held at Newark, O., July 24 to 29, many of the best scores were made with Peters factory loaded ammunition. The score made by Lieutenant Benedict, who won the skirmish run 96 out of 100, has never been equaled. Another remarkable score was that made by Private Bradshaw, who won the individual skirmish and the Peters trophy with a score of 95 out of 100, distance 1,000 yards. All of the revolver matches were captured with Peters cartridges, and in the Sixth Infantry match, Colonel E. T. Miller, Adjutant General, although not posing or claiming to be an expert, made the excellent score of 50 out of a possible 50 at 500 yards. Colonel Miller's sighting shots included a 5 which gave him eleven straight bullseyes.

Peters cartridges also maintained their excellent reputation at the tournament of the State Rifle Association, Creedmoor, N. Y., July 26 to August 1. The winners of the All-Comers' Short Range, All-Comers' Mid Range, All-Comers' Long Range, Thurston, Re-entry Revolver, and Rapid-Fire Re-entry Revolver, all used Peters cartridges. In the Mid Range match, Lieutenant Casey made a run of seventeen consecutive bullseyes. It was demonstrated anew that Peters .30 government .22 long rifle, and .38 S. & W. special smokeless cartridges possess in a higher degree than any other make the essential qualities of uniformity, high velocity and properly designed bullet.

At Centralia, Ill., August 15, W. D. Stannard was high professional, H. W. Cadwallader, second high professional; Mr. Shanks of Centralia, high amateur, and Mr. P. Neal, third high amateur, all using Peters' factory loaded shells.

At San Marcos, Tex., August 14 and 15, M. E. Atchison was high amateur, and C. F. Gilstrap, second amateur. Wallace R. Miller was high professional on the second day, and Ivey Johnson of San Marcos, won the Peters' cup with 45 out of 50, breaking his last 25 straight. All these gentlemen used Peters' factory loads.

At the Interstate Shoot, Kansas City, Mo., August 16, Wm. Veach won high average over all amateurs and professionals—score 192 out of 200—using Peters' factory loaded shells.

Mr. A. W. Kirby of Greenville, Ohio, in a series of contests ending August 14, cleaned up about all the prizes in sight, winning first prize, the Hunter Arms Co. trophy, and the Peters' medal. Mr. Kirby used Peters' Ideal shells exclusively, and in this contest scored 632 out of a possible 750 from the twenty-yard mark.

At the Interstate Shoot, Kansas City, Mo., August 16, 17 and 18, the high general average for the first day and the high amateur average for three days was won by Mr. Wm. Veach of Falls City, Neb. Mr. Veach was third in the general averages and Mr. E. W. Arnold of Larned, Kas., landed the third amateur average. Both gentlemen used Peters shells.

On August 15 the newly organized gun club at Durand, Wis., gave a very successful one-day shoot. It was managed by Mr. B. O. Seymour, and everything went off in fine shape. Mr. Seymour was high professional, and first and second amateur averages were won by Mr. H. Nickels and Mr. J. H. Stearns, respectively. All these gentlemen used Peters' factory loaded shells.

Mr. J. E. Vaughan, representing the Peters Cartridge Company in Southern California, recently made a very excellent record, shooting at 650 targets in five different towns and breaking 96.1%. Mr. Vaughan is demonstrating to the sportsmen of California the superior qualities of Peters' factory loaded shells.

At the tournament of the Orange County Gun Club, Middletown, N. Y., August 15, 16 and 17, Neaf Apgar won the high general average with Peters factory loaded shells.

At the Bound Brook (N. J.) tournament, August 19, Mr. Apgar was again high man, breaking 143 out of 150.

Telephone Main 487 PRIVATE ROOMS

PAUL'S
Hotel and French Restaurant

Game Dinners a Specialty

COMMERCIAL LUNCH, 50c DINNER, 75c

375 Bush Street
SAN FRANCISCO

TELEPHONE PRIVATE EX 460

HANDSOMEST AND BEST VENTILATED CAFE IN THE WEST
All on the Ground Floor

Thompson's
GRILL AND CAFE
30 Eddy St.
San Francisco.

FIRST IN QUALITY

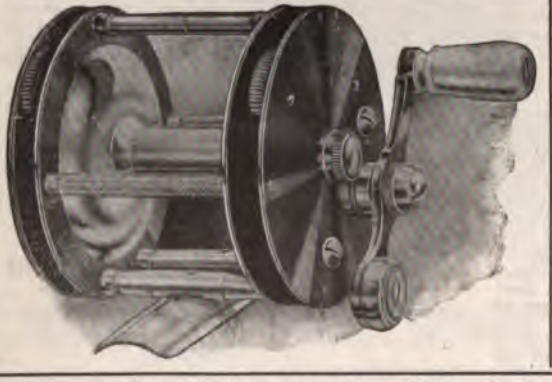
BECAUSE of our Experience.

FIRST IN SALES

BECAUSE of the Buyer's Experience.

Remington Typewriter Company

New York and Everywhere



SHAKESPEARE STANDARD REEL
and
SHAKESPEARE TOURNAMENT ROD

BROKE WORLD'S RECORD at the International Casting Tournament held at Chicago Aug. 18-19, 1905. Mr. L. J. Tooley with a Shakespeare Standard Take-Down Reel, and a Shakespeare Tournament Rod made the new World's Record Cast of 194 feet and 8 inches perfect. This is 21 feet, 8 inches farther than any previous cast and attest the unsurpassed qualities of Shakespeare Reels and Shakespeare Rods. Send for free booklets and descriptive matter to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Jr.
447 Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

Marlin

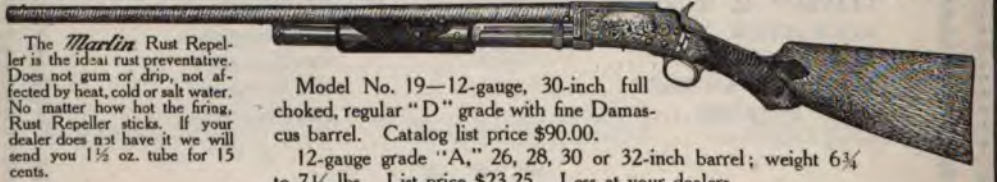
Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardiest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

The *Marlin* 12-gauge is especially adapted to all forms of wild-fowl shooting where the gun is exposed to many hardships, yet must remain in perfect working order and be able to reach the strong flying ducks and geese at long range. It combines the balance and ease in handling of the best double guns—with the superior sighting and shooting of the single barrel. Made for both black and smokeless powder.

The *Marlin* has ⅓ less parts than any repeating shot-gun made, therefore, weighs less and is assembled in half the time. The *Marlin* is the original solid top and side ejector, there is a solid shield of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties can't throw in your face.* The *Marlin* breechbolt shuts out the rain or snow, sand, twigs or leaves. *It keeps the shells dry.* This is a *Marlin* feature. No other gun has it. Accuracy in *Marlin* repeaters is absolute; they are always to be depended upon.

The *Marlin* 12-gauge new model No. 19, has two extractors, two-piece safety automatic recoil device and other important refinements. If you shoot you should know all about *Marlin* repeaters. Let us send you our 1905 Catalog and our book of real "Marlin Experiences." *Free for 6 cents postage.*

The Marlin Firearms Co. 51 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



The *Marlin* Rust Repeller is the ideal rust preventative. Does not gum or drip, not affected by heat, cold or salt water. No matter how hot the firing, Rust Repeller sticks. If your dealer does not have it we will send you 1½ oz. tube for 15 cents.

Model No. 19—12-gauge, 30-inch full choked, regular "D" grade with fine Damascus barrel. Catalog list price $90.00.

12-gauge grade "A," 26, 28, 30 or 32-inch barrel; weight 6¾ to 7¼ lbs. List price $23.25. Less at your dealers.

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**

H. F. LORQUIN
323 Kearny St., S. F.
Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.

Telephone Montgomery 761

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905	37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, Jr., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

Directors—F. TILLMANN, Jr., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W S. GOODFELLOW.

"NEWHOUSE" WOLF TRAPS

No. 3, No. 4 and No. 4½ Newhouse Traps are especially designed for wolf trapping. Send for our illustrated circular, "How to Catch Wolves," by Ernest Thompson-Seton, the well-known artist, author and trapper. We can supply you with Newhouse Wolf Traps, the most perfect trap in the world—absolutely guaranteed. Other traps are but modifications or imitations.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

ONEIDA Branch Factory—Niagara Falls, Ont. Address Inquiries to Department "F" NEW YORK

BORODONT

TOOTH PASTE

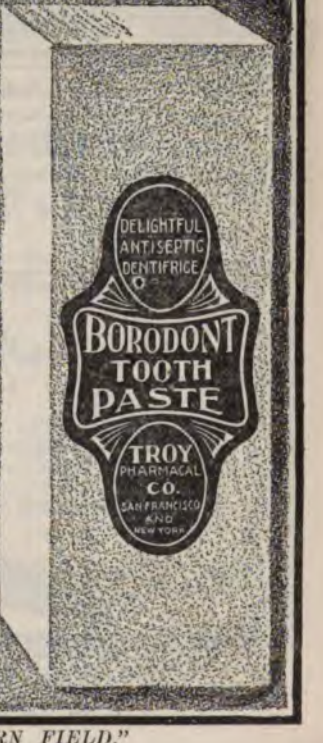
IS

SCIENTIFICALLY

CORRECT

ASK YOUR DENTIST

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS



THEY'RE MADE TO MEASURE

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove *and* fit all over.

For a Quarter of a Century Putman Boots have been the Standard among Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best) and we have learned through our personal contact with them **how** to make a perfect boot. Putman Boots are in use in nearly every civilized country in the World. They are Genuine Hand Sewed, Water Proofed, Made to measure. Delivery charges prepaid, and cost no more than others. Send for catalogue of over **30 different styles** of boots, and self measurement blank. **Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins.**

Illustration shows **No. 200,** 14 inches high. Bellows Tongue, Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather **water Proof,** black or brown color. Made to measure and delivered for ...**$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 31 Bridge Square, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE GOOSE HUNTER

THE CANADA GOOSE

These pictures in water color. Photogravures colored by hand, combining the talent of six different artists. Geese drawn by Lynn B. Hunt, water color work by S. A. Thors—and others. Size 16x20 on paper 22x28 inches. Prices, $2.00 each, two for $3.50. Photogravures, plain, $1.00 each, two for $1.75. Half-tone reproductions 5x7 sent free.

E. HENDRICH, 218 E. 18th STREET, NEW YORK.

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

AT STUD—$25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905.

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half brother to Plain Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—**The Ithaca Sticks.**

No. 4. List $100.00

We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR **ART CATALOGUE**

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

New Lyman Rear Sight

FOR MAUSER RIFLE

(Patented)

No. 35 **Price, $7.00**

Very accurate and easily adjusted. A specially constructed base renders it easily attached to bolt stop. When on rifle, there is nothing to interfere with loading from clips. Slightly elevating slide, it is easily turned to one side, allowing removal of bolt.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION

MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

At Trinidad, Col., Sept. 4-6,

THE DENVER POST TROPHY

Was won by Mr. George W. Maxwell, of Holstein, Neb., who broke 98 out of 100 from the 18 yard mark,

Using NEW SCHULTZE.

Mr. W. R. Crosby won first general average with 338 out of 400. Mr. H. G. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., won first amateur average with 386 out of 400. Mr. Harold Money won second general average with 387 out of 400. All three of these gentlemen used

NEW E. C. IMPROVED

Phone Grant 95

Buttrick's

Cafe and Grill

42 California Street

San Francisco

Grill Open From
8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

THE

SPORTSMEN'S CAFÉ

413 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of

IKE DUETCH

(Formerly of Crystal Palace.)

Merchants' Lunch, private rooms.

Game Cooked for Sportsmen Free of Charge

LARGE BANQUET HALL

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc. We can teach you with complete success by MAIL. Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips. DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies. Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.

"Have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines [including WESTERN FIELD.] Let us explain our school fully. Send Today for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 130 T St., Omaha, Neb.

HAYDEN'S IMPROVED

Pocket Water Filter

Small, Efficient, Durable
It Filters Through Charcoal

A NECESSITY FOR

Sportsmen, Hunters, Wheelmen and Tourists.

SPECIAL OFFER

With a view to introducing this filter directly to far western sportsmen, I have consummated an arrangement with the publishers of this magazine whereby I am enabled to offer a full year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD, together with one of these improved filters for the small sum of $1 25. Remit in any way convenient, except loose in mails, addressing always

CHAS. A. HAYDEN
South McAlester, I. T.

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

---

Made for all Rifles

MARBLE'S AUTOMATIC FLEXIBLE JOINT REAR SIGHT

Illustration shows how sight returns automatically and instantly to correct position for shooting after having been intentionally or accidentally pushed forward or backward, even to a hor izontal position. The sight is fastened down by a locking button when desired.

This sight is made with a base for, and is being used with great satisfaction on 1895 Winchesters, which have long firing bolts.

The lower sleeve locks the upper or elevating sleeve and prevents it from being accidentally turned.

These are only three reasons why our sight is better than any other. Our new 56 page catalog gives full description and numerous cuts; also describes MARBLE'S IMPROVED FRONT SIGHT. Send stamp for catalog "H." MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., GLADSTONE, MICH., U. S. A.

For information and booklet

ADDRESS

R. H. CURRY, Prop.

The Geysers, Sonoma Co., Cal.

UNDER EXPERT MANAGEMENT

The Hotel has been thoroughly renovated—Ice and Electric Plants enlarged—The table supplied with the best the market affords. . . . .

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

Peters LOADED SHELLS

FOR A MAN WHO SHOOTS

NOTHING is so exasperating as to find after long anticipation and careful preparation for a hunt that his ammunition is not "up to the scratch." Those who are wise enough to provide themselves with

Peters Factory Loaded Shells

never have this experience. Peters "League" is better than any other shell loaded with black powder. The "Referee" is the only shell of its kind on the market. Peters "Ideal," "Target," "Premier" and "High Gun" complete a line easily better looking and better shooting than any other make. Try them and see.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY,

New York: No. 98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, Mgr.

Cincinnati, Ohio

MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor

Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th St., New York

Seventh Avenue, Amsterdam Avenue and West 130th Street. Cars pass the door. Luxurious rooms for permanent and transient guests.

Restaurant a Feature
Exquisite Palm Room
:: Art Nouveau Cafe :
Royal Hungarian Orchestra

Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the World. Can offer few single rooms, with bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two people, $60 per month.

TRANSIENT RATES

One Room with Bath : : : : : $2.50 per day
Parlor, Bedroom, with Bath, : $3 and $5 per day
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with Bath, : $5 and $7 per day

Every improvement known to modern ingenuity. Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belleclaire World."

The December Number of

Western Field

Will be a special holiday edition that will mark an era in sporting journalism. The issue will be one of . . . . . .

50,000 Copies 50,000

And everyone knows the quality of "Western Field's" holiday issues—best in matter, best in illustrations and unapproached in artistic makeup.

No Extra Charge

Will be made, either for this special issue or for advertising space therein. Dealers and manufacturers don't overlook this opportunity. Make your contracts now, so as to obtain choice position. Better write to-day. . . . . .

Western Field Co.

4 Sutter St., San Francisco.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1003

Commercial Publishing Co.

PRINTERS, BINDERS,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
ENGRAVERS

HIGH CLASS PUBLICATION WORK
A SPECIALTY

PROPRIETORS

COMMERCIAL NEWS

(DAILY AND WEEKLY)

463 MISSION STREET, CORNER FIRST
SAN FRANCISCO

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather a delight, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1.50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.

Box 399 Denver, Colo.

WM. CRYER

Designer of

Sailing Yachts, Launches, Row and Hunting Boats of all Descriptions

Plans, Specifications and Prices Furnished upon application.

Yard and Shops

601 Illinois St., San Francisco

Telephone MINT 1006

"The Needle Shower"

A perfect sanitary appliance and health promoter—Builds nerve and muscle and keeps the body in prime condition—Adapted to any bathroom. Can be seen at our salesrooms 328 Stockton St.

WM. F. WILSON CO.

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS
METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in Fish and Oysters

FROGS AND TERRAPINS ALWAYS ON HAND

93 California Market, S. F.

Orders delivered for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

"The Sportsman's Guide"

Contains the fish and game laws of North America, instructions on hunting, fishing, ski-running and other kindred sports, and more valuable information to sportsmen than all other guides combined. Subscribe now and get this valuable magazine for only

25 cents for one year.

The Sportsman's Guide, Fryeburg, Maine.

Fisher & Co.

(Incorporated)

HATS GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

Established in 1851

Hat Boxes, Dress Suit Cases, Valises, Bags and Umbrellas. Shirts and Underwear to order.

9 Montgomery St. San Francisco

BOOK

on

DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED.

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N Y.

AT STUD$—25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905.

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half brother to Plain Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD
Kern Co., California

The Hunter One-Trigger
Absolutely Perfect

Put on any L. C. Smith Hammerless Gun, new or old. Send for catalogue.

HUNTER ARMS CO.,
Fulton, N Y.

Smith Guns Shoot Well

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Continental Building & Loan Association

of California

Established . . . 1889

This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal.

LOOK UP YOUR GUN

YOU may need a new one this fall; DO NOT wait until you want it. ORDER NOW. REMEMBER it takes time to make a gun and make one RIGHT. We do not care to make one any other way. If you DON'T know all about a gun, write to us; we may be able to serve JUST YOU. We have had over 40 years' experience, and it's yours for the asking. Tell us what you want. Write today.

PARKER BROS.,

37 CHERRY STREET, MERIDEN, CONN.

32 Warren Street, New York City.

"A GOOD BAG"

Is Assured All Sportsmen Who Use

U.M.C. AMMUNITION *AND* **Remington SHOT GUNS**

THEY NEVER FAIL **NEVER DISAPPOINT**

Always Reliable Under All Conditions

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG.

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT

86-88 First St., San Francisco. E. E. DRAKE, Manager.

AMMUNITION

WINCHESTER

Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO — A. MULLER, Agent

10 cts. NOVEMBER $1.0

WESTERN FIELD

CLABROUGH, GOLCHER & CO.

538 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

GUNS and HIGH-GRADE AMMUNITION

all kinds
all makes
all prices

Send for Free Catalogue

THE LAFLIN & RAND CALENDAR

FOR 1906

(see cut and description in reading columns)

WILL BE ISSUED IN DECEMBER

To those who send us the Brand of Powder they Shoot and 10 cents in coin or stamps

DON'T FORGET FULL NAME AND STREET NUMBER

Address Advertising Division

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER Co.

170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. 7. NOVEMBER, 1905. NO. 4.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—Duck Shooting, Reproduction from Painting .....
A NIGHT'S SPORT ..... *James Fullerton*
THE MOUNTAINEER (Poem) ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
IN THANKSGIVING (Poem) ..... *Montezuma*
THE FISHERS (Poem) ..... *Harry Dominy*
AMONG THE RED GROUSE ..... *R. Clapham*
OUR FIRST BUFFALO ..... *John B. Haas*
SOUTH COAST FISHING—Part I—After Albacore ..... *Stillhunter*
A DREAM OF THE MARSH (Poem) ..... *Tom Veitch*
HUNTING IN THE MOLO BUSH ..... *Elmer E. Davis*
THE HUNTER'S SONG (Poem) ..... *J. A. Buchanan*
THE RED FISH LAKE OF IDAHO ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
GOLF WEEK AT DEL MONTE ..... *Arthur Inkersley*
NORTHWESTERN DEPARTMENT ..... *F. M. Kelly*
THE NORTHWESTERN TRIALS ..... *Special Correspondent*
THE VINCENT CUP RACE ..... *Arthur Inkersley*
YACHTING IN THE NORTHWEST ..... *F. M. Kelly*

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

CLAY PIGEONS!!

At the tournament held under the auspices of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association of Tucson, Arizona, the following wonderful record was made with

SELBY SHELLS

Professional HIGH AVERAGE
Amateur HIGH AVERAGE
—AND—
Longest run of consecutive breaks

THE MASTER GROCER

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

A matter of health
GROCERIES

S. F. Stores:
432 PINE STREET
232 SUTTER STREET
2829 CALIFORNIA STREET
1401 HAIGHT STREET
Oakland: 13th and CLAY STREETS

Telephones:
Private Exchange One
Private Exchange 100
West 101
Park 456
Main One

OTIS ELEVATORS

HYDRAULIC
ELECTRIC
STEAM
BELTED

PASSENGER or
FREIGHT

FOR EVERY
SERVICE

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit, and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY
Pacific Coast Department Office and Works
509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 527

New Southern Hotel and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO., Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

Thoroughly modern, with steam heat and compressed air cleaning plant

CUISINE UNSURPASSED

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING-MEN

LICK HOUSE

O. W. KINGSBURY, Lessee

CORNER SUTTER AND MONTGOMERY STS

for the morning after
JACKSON'S
NAPA SODA

QUALITY

is the first consideration in everything we display. Our assortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.
·FURNITURE·CARPETS·RUGS·DRAPERIES·
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

BEST FOR LIVE BIRDS

AT INGLESIDE, AUGUST 13

DR. SLADE

SHOOTING

BALLISTITE

MADE THE ONLY

CLEAN SCORE

EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS ALSO BEST FOR INANIMATES

BAKER & HAMILTON, Pacific Coast Agents

SAN FRANCISCO SACRAMENTO

OVERLAND LIMITED

HAS ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN EVERY BERTH

THE NEW COMPOSITE-OBSERVATION CARS, THE TRAIN LIBRARIES, (GET CATALOGUE FROM PORTER) EXCELLENT DINING CAR SERVICE, AND THE COURTESY OF THE ATTENDANTS MAKE THIS ONE OF THE FINEST TRAINS IN AMERICA.

¶ THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND THE NOVELTY OF CROSSING THE GREAT SALT LAKE BY RAIL, MAKE THE TRIP ONE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.

¶ SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO IN LESS THAN THREE DAYS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Three Through Trains to CHICAGO

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

daily from points in California via the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Railways,

Over the Only Double-Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

The Overland Limited, the most luxurious daily train in the World. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car, electric lighted throughout, Booklovers' library. Less than three days San Francisco to Chicago. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago without change. For tickets and full information call on ticket agents Southern Pacific Railway, or address

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. & N. W. RY.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO.

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager **R. X. Ryan, Gen'l Passenger Agent**

California Limited at Laguna.

Grand Canyon

HE who seeks the best for his eastern journey, travels on the "California Limited" on the Santa Fe, and visits the Grand Canyon of Arizona on the way.

Remember

Santa Fe

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

HOT SPRINGS,
ARKANSAS,
THE GREATEST HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT ON THE CONTINENT.
FAMOUS ALIKE FOR
RECREATION AND REST.
ELEGANT THROUGH SERVICE
VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN
ROUTE.
FREE ON REQUEST-FINE LITERATURE, ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE, CONTAINING ALL INFORMATION ABOUT HOT SPRINGS. ADDRESS ANY AGENT OF THE COMPANY.
W. J. SHOTWELL, General Agent
625 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN YOU GO EAST

Take the through cars running via

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Through Colorado and pass the finest scenery in America by daylight.

For full information, literature and sleeping car accommodations, communicate with or call upon

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.,
647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. DAVENPORT, General Agent.

C. L. BROWN, City Ticket Agent.

Best of Service
Comfortable Sleeping Cars
Low Rates

All these and more if you travel Rock Island going East.

Arrange your itinerary so you will pass through the famous scenery of the Sierra Nevadas and Rocky Mountains by daylight.

Through cars via Salt Lake City or Los Angeles.

Special round trip excursion rates to points in the East on sale Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16 and 17.

Full details and copy of our folder, "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car," free. Write to-day.

C. A. RUTHERFORD,
Dist. Pass'r Agent,
623 Market Street,
San Francisco.

EUREKA

Garden and Camping

TENTS

Made in the following

Colors { White / White and Blue Stripe / Brown

This new, improved Umbrella Tent was first designed for Mountain Use; besides being Exceptionally Strong, it is Very Light and Compact. When folded and ready for transportation, it measures 48 Inches Long by 7 Inches in Diameter. It embodies all the Utility of the Regulation Tent, and affords More Actual Space per Square Foot than any other tent. The material is 10 Oz. Waterproof Duck.

We can manufacture any special size or style of Tents to your specification on short notice.

BAKER & HAMILTON

San Francisco Sacramento Los Angeles

Fine Roadbed — SALT LAKE ROUTE — Elegant Equipment

AMERICA'S NEW SCENIC LINE

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

Combines all the Latest Improvements for Making Travel a Pleasure

THE BEST DINING CAR SERVICE IN THE WEST

The Direct Route to Salt Lake City and all Eastern Points

formation and Descriptive Literature Gladly Furnished by Any Representative

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

T. C. PECK,
Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent

Here's Your Chance!

A great half price Offer

Read every word of this announcement, for it is the opportunity of years. Never before was such an offer given to the public, and it is safe to say never will it be made again. This year several magazines have increased their subscription price, which shows how much greater this offer really is. Only a limited number will be sold at this price, therefore we advise everyone to accept this without delay. When we have received a certain number, we shall withdraw the offer.

Cosmopolitan

having now passed to the ownership of the most successful publishing house in existence, the Hearst organization, will shortly become the most widely read magazine in America. Over

500,000 copies a month

will shortly be required to fill the demand, while within a year it will outrank every other magazine in this country. "The best, no matter what it costs," is the motto of its editors, therefore it will be in Cosmopolitan that you will find the writers of world-wide reputation; the matters on which they write will be questions on public tongue; its fiction will be masterpieces of pen-craft; its whole contents will set the standard for magazine perfection. We cannot tell to-day who will be its contributors, for to-morrow's sun may shine upon a new-born Conan Doyle, or the author of another "David Harum," and should such be, you will find it in Cosmopolitan.

Our Extraordinary Offer

As noted above, we have secured a limited number of subscriptions to The COSMOPOLITAN Magazine and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS We will send these two magazines in conjunction with WESTERN FIELD for one year to any address for only $2.50—just one-half of the list price. This offer good only until December 31, 1905. After that time WESTERN FIELD will be advanced to $1.50 per year and the above clubbing offer to $3.00.

Fill out this coupon—cut it off—mail it TO-DAY,—and secure the greatest bargain that will ever be offered to the reading public. Do it *to-day*, SURE! We also want agents to work this great proposition for us.

Cut this Coupon off, and send To-day!

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....
State.....

Quail and duck season is fast approaching. We have the boots, shoes, clothing, guns and ammunition that is needed. It will pay you to see

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
801 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

GRAYLING

are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge your selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "S".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR EXPLORERS CAMPERS AND PROSPECTORS
314-316 Broadway, New York, U. S. A

SCHULZE & BROWN
ARCHITECTS
SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

Sachs Brothers & Co.

FANCY GOODS

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Yarns,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

25-27-29-31 & 33 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Attention, Sportsmen!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At RANCHO LOS LAURELLES you will find a well-equipped Hotel and Camp under the same management as famous . . . . .

HOTEL DEL MONTE

with every opportunity for fishing and shooting. The one resort of California that combines the attractions of all others--sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, hunting and all out-of-door sports.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager
DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

Why not Make Del Monte Your Headquarters

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates

Shingle Machines Engines and Boile—

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD

Bullock & Jones Co.
Mens Tailors
and
Furnishers
108-110 Sutter Street
San Francisco
Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 406

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICA'S MODEL HOTEL . . . .

As it will appear upon completion of the North Wing, now being erected . . . .

EUROPEAN PLAN

A MODERN, ornate Structure of Stone and Steel, Magnificently Equipped and Sumptuously Furnished: facing a Beautful Tropical Garden-Park in the heart of the city, adjacent to the Shopping District, in the immediate neighborhood of the Principal Clubs and one block from the Amusement Center —An Unsurpassed and Ideal Location. Write for Handsome, Illustrated Booklet (free) about Cosmopolitan San Francisco and the Hotel St. Francis to

JAMES WOODS
MANAGER

PRINTING

WE SELL IT IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

THERE'S A REASON

QUALITY · PROMPTNESS · PRICE · DOES IT

WE CAN POSITIVELY SAVE YOU MONEY, NO MATTER WHETHER YOU ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO OR NEW YORK. LET US ESTIMATE ON YOUR CONTEMPLATED FUTURE PURCHASES. WILL SUBMIT SAMPLES AND REFERENCES.

EVENING WISCONSIN CO.

CATALOGUE PRINTERS,

JOHN W. CAMPSIE,
MANAGER PRINTING DEPT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

WESTERN FIELD

VOL. I

for
ment
a
ell."
more
praise,
that I
get my
a deer
best hunter in the country
loaded and the "jack
For the first time in my life
the water's depths. The night
the lake as placid as if it were
of glass. It was an ideal night for
spearing.

There may be some who think such a method of taking fish unsportsmanlike, and compared with the six-ounce rods and light tackle now in use it might be so considered; but as compared with a "bell cord" and three large vicious hooks attached to a spoon, as was usually used in those days, spearing was the most sportsmanlike and gave the fish the better chance. It was not the novice who could go out and stand on the bow of a boat and strike a maskalonge in four feet of water. It took long practice to guage the re-

WESTERN FIELD

VOL. 7. NOVEMBER, 1905. NO. 4.

A NIGHT'S SPORT.

By JAMES FULLERTON ("Elk").

JUST four of us—Jim M., an old frontier tough, Frank F., a well-known shanty boss, Billy R., a roving rake, and the writer, the "kid" of the crowd. Jim came to me that afternoon some thirty-five years ago and just mildly hinted that he knew a kid with sporting blood in his veins that could get a chance to go spearing fish that night if he was not too lazy to get the "fat pine" split up and piled ready.

The kid tumbled to the idea and at the same time into his canoe and glided swiftly out into the stream, headed for a point on Big Island where lay a forest monarch crumbling away from the fat knobs that neither time nor weather seem to be able to decay.

I was a pretty lusty kid in those days, and sport of any kind would induce me to work as nothing else could.

The axe fairly flew, and so interested was I in seeing the pile of "fat" accumulate that there was a large punt load before I realized that I was not cutting firewood for the settlement.

What a difference it makes to a boy whether he is splitting fat pine to fish with or kindling for the cook stove! 'Twas ever thus and will be to the end of the chapter. For hours I had dug out knobs and split, entirely forgetting that I had two good long miles to paddle for my supper and the sun had almost set. I threw out my trolling line and trusted to luck to catch a good big fish and so appease the wrath of my boarding "missus"; but no such luck—my speed was too great. She must be propitiated with promises from the results of the night's spearing.

Jim was in the house awaiting my arrival and looked decidedly incredulous when I told of the pile of "fat," but concluded I might have enough for two punts for an hour or so, and accordingly Frank and Billy were invited to share the results of my labor. That one trip taught me how much fat one boat needed, and in the future I cached any surplus.

After stowing a midnight lunch and the inevitable jug in the boats we paddled for the fat pile. Old Jim looked in amazement and finally blurted out: "Kid, you're a trump! I'll take you hunting deer this fall." I don't know that I ever experienced more satisfaction than from that rough praise, especially as I had never dared to ask that I be allowed to get my initiation as a deer hunter with the best hunter in the country.

The punts were soon loaded and the "jack lights" ablaze. For the first time in my life I looked into the water's depths. The night was dark and the lake as placid as if it were a sheet of glass. It was an ideal night for spearing.

There may be some who think such a method of taking fish unsportsmanlike, and compared with the six-ounce rods and light tackle now in use it might be so considered; but as compared with a "bell cord" and three large vicious hooks attached to a spoon, as was usually used in those days, spearing was the most sportsmanlike and gave the fish the better chance. It was not the novice who could go out and stand on the bow of a boat and strike a maskalonge in four feet of water. It took long practice to guage the re-

fraction, and some more to make allowance for motion of both boat and fish.

A good spearer takes his fish at the back of the head. I have seen a mill hand stand in the shadow of the saw mill and spear twenty bass during the noon hour, everyone hit about the head; and I have thrown that same spear a hundred times an hour in the same place, only to see the bass dart away and possibly an old black sucker come up on the spear.

The excitement of seeing a large fish, chasing it from place to place till one gets a chance at it and then the final attempt to impale it, furnishes excellent sport. There is something about the darkness, intensified as it were by the glare of the jack light, that is weird in the extreme.

The punt was flat-bottomed and would glide along smoothly in four inches of water. In the bow was a pole, on top of which was fastened a grate about eighteen inches long. In this grate the spearsman kept the fat frying. The grate projected over the water and was high enough so as to be above the spearsman's head. In the stern a man sat working the boat gently forward with a single blade paddle. This man is guided by the spearman, who waves his hand to one side or the other as he happens to see a fish, and it is quite a delicate business to get up the right speed and exact angle a man wishes to strike from, with nothing to guide you but the wave of a hand.

The animal life one sees is worth the trip, and you never forget the electric shock of that quivering pole the first time you drive the barb into the back of a thirty or forty pound maskalonge.

It was about 2 A. M. when we reached the house with a nice lot of maskalonge, bass and eels to divide among our friends next day.

One thing about spearing that makes it preferable to casting, you are not subject to the vagaries of the fish. The results depend on the fisherman's skill rather than the fish's desire to eat. Many a time after that have I gone out, often alone, and poled my boat with the spear, not so much for the fish as to be out with nature where I had her practically all to myself. One great delight was to see how near we could come to deer feeding along the water's edge. That was before the days of snapshot cameras and flash lights, but those pictures are indelibly engraved on my memory. Would that I could transfer them to canvas.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

ALONE he lives, apart from all the world—
Afar from Strife's eternal, turpid stream—
Alone!—where Nature, like a scroll unfurled,
Reveals the beauteous wisdom of her Dream.
No soulless toil, no vain ambition, greed
Or selfish aim, disturb his pensive soul;
There is no fear of Fate, no grinding need,
No grim desire for prestige or control—
No bootless quest, no Dead-Sea fruit, no pain
Of dumb regret; no barren hope, no care,
No aching brow, or dull and throbbing brain;
No endless fear of Folly's fatal snare;
No envy, malice, scorn or cold contempt—
Naught but the silence and the solitude.
From all Life's dark, conflicting paths exempt,
Save that lone path that leads him through the wood—
The flow'r-fringed way which winds among the hills,
The simple way of peace, contentment, joy—
The hunter's way! o'er rocks, and glades, and rills,
Which keeps the man through all his years—a boy!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

IN THANKSGIVING.

Oh! Land of Promise, prophesied of old,
Where maids are fair and men are strong, and Time
Halts lovingly before thy scroll unrolled—
Where earth and sea and sky are flecked with gold,
Riches that daunt man's weak impoverished rhyme—
Sing, California, praise to Him who wrought
Thy myriad blessings; thankfully acclaim:
Here is the golden fleece which Jason sought;
This is the Mecca of of the Argonaut;
Praised be His holy name!

—*Montezuma.*

THE FISHERS.

UNDER the stars and over the bars
Of the swirling Fraser river,
A fishing skiff put forth one night
Whilst the moonlight was aquiver.

Coiled up and wet lay fathoms of net
Back in the stern of the boat,
Weighted with many a piece of lead
And buoyed by many a float.

A swarthy two were all her crew,
And they pulled a sturdy oar,
Out into the night through the pale moonlight
But always away from shore.

On the Fraser's bank where the reeds grow rank
A scow-house anchored lay,
Within, the women and children slept
Till the men should return with the day.

Where the waves cap white on the gulf at night,
With net half in, half out,
The snare was laid where the salmon played
And the skiff was tossed about.

The moonlight failed and the dark prevailed,
The far-off shore waves boomed,
And grim and swift through the muck and mist
A steamer's dark prow loomed.

A shock, a crash! And lanterns flash
Out on the steamer's deck.
A gurgling cry and the waves ride high
Over a tiny wreck.

'Twas but the sound of two men drowned
Whilst the darkness shrouded them—
The waters for their winding sheet,
The white caps for its hem,

On the Fraser's bank where the reeds grow rank
A scow-house anchored lay,
Within, the women and children slept
Till the men should return with the day!

—*Harry Dominy.*

IT is the eve of the 12th of August in an old Yorkshire country house, and from the comfortable smoke-room and hall issues the sound of manly voices, and on the air rises the odor of tobacco and cigar smoke. There are some half-dozen friends of the owner's gathered together to help him in taking toll of the grouse on the well known Burn Moor. The house is situated in the western part of the county, amid the large grasslands and limestone-clad heights which form part and parcel of the Pennine Range. Round it on all sides are woods well stocked with pheasants, hares and that ever plentiful and mischievous creature, the rabbit.

The house party includes the host and two of his brothers, myself and a friend, and the local doctor. Most of us had arrived the day before from our various occupations in the city, and were in consequence tremendously keen to again handle a gun and hear the swish of a fast-flying grouse. Burn Moor is one of the best of the northern moors, and as shooting over dogs has practically gone out of date, the birds are driven to the guns and large bags are usually the result. The smoke-room atmosphere has become blue and cloudy and the contents of the whisky decanter have considerably lessened, when our host lazily gets out of the easiest of easy chairs and intimates that he is ready to turn in. As too much smoking and talking over the "Scotch" is not conducive to steady nerves in the morning, we all follow his example, light our candles, which in the old house take the place of gas or electricity and each betakes himself to his respective apartment.

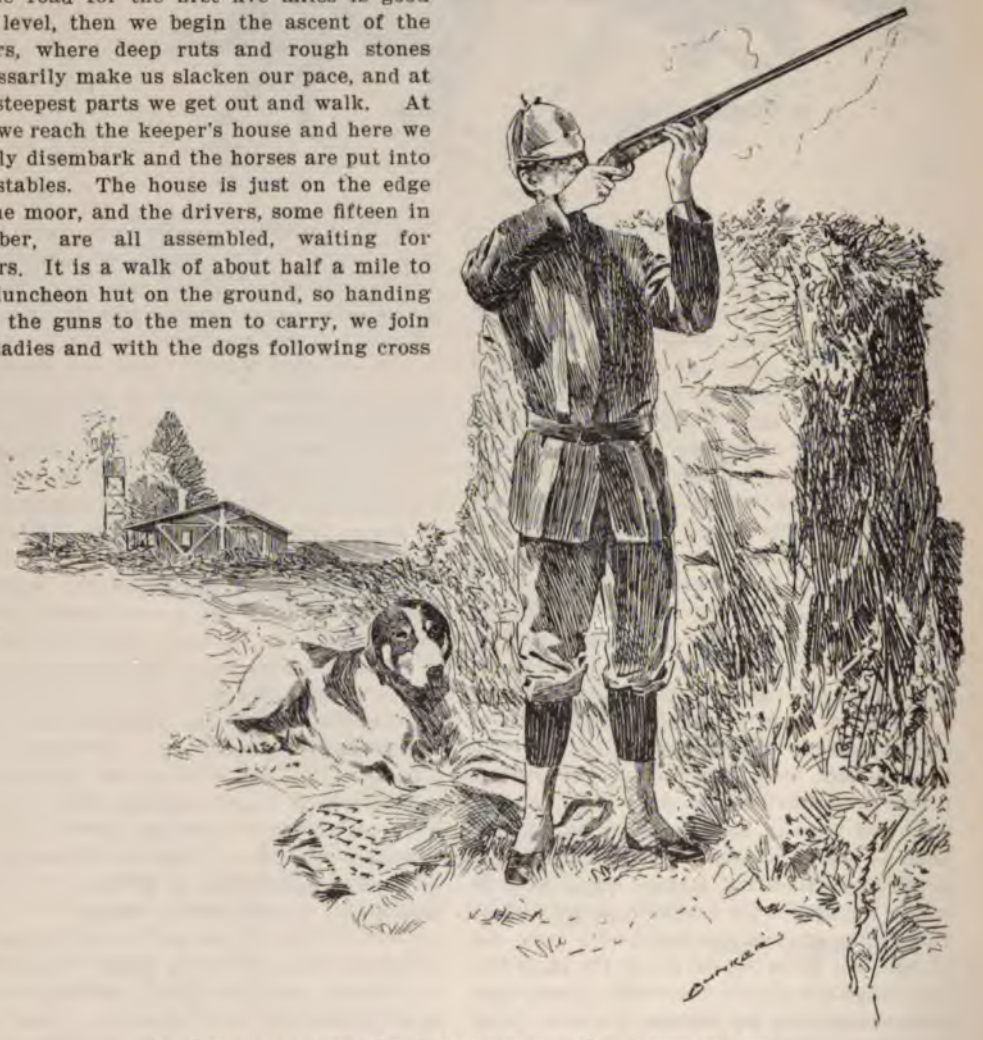
I climb into the softest of beds and lie awake some time, thinking of the coming pleasant days and hoping for "straight powder" on the morrow, to be awakened in the morning by a banging on the bedroom door and my host's voice announcing that it is 6 o'clock. As we have some seven miles to drive before we reach the ground, I climb out of bed, splash into a cold tub, then down to the breakfast room, where most of the guests have preceded me. The maxim is "Ladies first" but I must beg the reader's pardon for not introducing the feminine part of the establishment sooner; however, better late than never. It consists of the host's wife, her sister and a friend, the three daughters of the house and two of the squire's sisters, all dressed in rough tweed costumes and serviceable boots. More than one of this party can give a good account of themselves when handling a gun. Breakfast of the real northern kind is well patronized

by all and half an hour is spent afterward filling cartridge bags, getting out guns and gun cases and overlooking the commissariat department.

At 8 o'clock the waggonette and a pair of brown cobs is announced at the front door. Coats and waterproofs are stowed away, cartridge bags and guns follow suit and the ladies take their seats, the host on the box with myself on the seat beside him. The others come on in the doctor's dogcart and the luncheon follows us in another dogcart with four of the men. The dogs run gaily ahead with barks of joy, knowing well that the opening of another season amongst the heather has begun.

The road for the first five miles is good and level, then we begin the ascent of the moors, where deep ruts and rough stones necessarily make us slacken our pace, and at the steepest parts we get out and walk. At last we reach the keeper's house and here we finally disembark and the horses are put into his stables. The house is just on the edge of the moor, and the drivers, some fifteen in number, are all assembled, waiting for orders. It is a walk of about half a mile to the luncheon hut on the ground, so handing over the guns to the men to carry, we join the ladies and with the dogs following cross the well remembered purple heather as we have done on many a previous twelfth.

The dogs consist of an old pointer, two black retrievers, a red Irish setter and a lemon and white Clumber spaniel, also an aged animal but still keen as mustard and well able to find any wounded birds. We reach the hut, a two-roomed wooden structure with a corrugated iron roof, built under the lee of a gentle slope, with a small stream running close by filled with the brown cold peat water. The first "drive" takes place over some two miles of ground and the "butts" or shelters behind which the guns stand are in a long line some eighty yards apart in close proximity to the hut. The



"AS THEY SWING OVER AND PAST ME THE SECOND BARREL SPEAKS.

keeper from the other side of the moor arrives, and his confrére who followed us with the men also puts in an appearance. The drivers have gone back to the further end of the ground and so we allow them nearly half an hour, in which interval the guns draw lots for the position each men shall take.

The "butts" are manufactured in semi-circular form, of peat sods, with a growth of heather on the top layer, and are about five feet in height, effectually shielding the gunner from the eyes of oncoming birds. Each one bears a number and in the draw for places, I fill the position of No. 4, with the doctor on my right and our host on my left. The two keepers help to swell the number by taking up the vacant butts at each end of the line. I fill up the old cartridge bag; pick up the hammerless twelve-bore, call Don the retriever, and walk over to my place, which is, as a rule an excellent position. The old dog knows his business and flops down on the burned ground behind the "butts" which is kept clean to allow of picking up more easily the killed birds.

It is a glorious August morning, fine and warm, with just the slightest breeze blowing toward us, which will, however, considerably increase the pace of the grouse as they fly over. The ground in front is level for some distance and then dips below a slope beyond; the outline of the heather is clear and distinct between earth and sky. I slip a couple of shells into the breech, snap it to, lay the gun on the "butt" in front of me

and sit down on a portable walking stick seat to smoke the remains of the morning pipe, till I think the drivers have had time to get to their starting point.

Away on the left I can see the red flag of a "stop" who is placed there to turn any birds which may attempt to turn back from

the guns when the shooting begins. I am watching the smoke rise and blow from the pipe bowl, when a sharp report and then another from down the line to my right, warns me that the game has begun. I hastily stuff away the pipe, seize the gun and keep my eyes fixed on the sky-line ahead. Almost immediately a small crowd of fast-flying specks appear clear against the sky and as they rapidly draw nearer I can distinguish the swift and straightforward flight of the a small "pack" of birds coming right at me, when I instinctively pick out the leader at about forty yards distance and, aiming well ahead of him, press the trigger. As the sharp crack rings out I have the pleasure of seeing his wings shut and hearing the thump as he hits the ground close to the butt. As they swing over and past me, the second barrel speaks and one of the last of the departing birds joins his comrade on the heather. Surely a good omen! The first shots of the day, a right and left and both birds down. Out fly the empty shells from the ejector and I am ready for the next lot. Don rises to his feet at the shot, but lies down again, too well broken to leave his place till the drive is over. More birds swing over to my left but out of range, and I see the slight puffs of smoke from my host's gun and distinctly see the first bird fall.

Some few minutes pass and nothing stirs, but suddenly I see the red flag of the "stop" greatly agitated and hear yells from his position. I look toward him and see a large "pack" turning from his direction and over toward the guns; I devoutly hope they will come my way. They slide under the slope of the hill, out of sight, when all at once I see the whole pack of some fifty brace or more flying right toward me. Again the leading bird gets it, a little cloud of feathers and a flapping in the heather on my right,

"WELL SHOT, INDEED!"

are proof of his downfall. The second barrel catches another, but he carries on, only to tower up in the air all of some hundred yards behind me. The guns are going on both sides of me and now the birds are coming pretty steadily. I see the doctor scientfically bag a brace and then three single birds come high and wide over my "butt." I take a long pull at the last and see him shut up and collapse, striking the ground an awful whack as he pitches downward. A lucky shot, for he was quite fifty yards off and going like a rocket.

As I fill the empty chambers another small pack comes straight over the "butt" and I clean miss the leader, though he looked an easy chance, but drop one of the stragglers as they skim away behind me. I can now hear the shouts and cries of the drivers as they draw nearer, and some birds which had

settled and not quite reached the line of "butts," now rise and come on. I get another right and left, and the doctor bags a brace. As the beaters appear in sight another small pack rises and flies between our host and my position, out of which I ac-

count for a bird and he manages to drop one to each barrel. The drive is practically over so I step out and let the old retriever hunt up the slain.

As I take the first bird from his mouth I hear yells of "mark! mark!" behind me, and turn just in time to pull on a single bird which had lain till nearly trodden on and then got up. He shivers to the first barrel but the second stops him and I have the satisfaction of picking up my six brace of birds for the first drive. The slain are gathered up and the host jots down each man's count. My total luckily stands first, with his five and a half brace a good second; one of his sons has five brace to his account. The total for the drive is twenty-eight brace —a pretty good average to begin the day.

Another drive follows which accounts for twenty-six and a half brace more, and then we adjourn to the hut for luncheon. Cold rabbit pies, beer and cheese, oatcake, etc., form the staple condiments, and wine and other delicacies follow after, then pipes and cigarettes in which two of the fair sex join, are lit, and we sit out in the warm sunshine on the heather for about three-quarters of an hour till the "drivers" again go back and begin to drive the ground the other way.

We again draw for places for the "Ghyll" drive, so called on account of the "butts" being in line along the banks of a creek running across the moor and with the high stony banks on either side. In the draw I get No. 1, the end position, and I make my way over to it, accompanied by one of the daughters of the house eager to have a few cracks at the birds. The others reach their various positions and we sit and talk for a few minutes on various topics, till I hear a low whistle on our left and look up just in time to see three birds whistle past, in shot, but behind us like a flash, before I can get the gun up.

It behooves us now to look out, so keeping pretty low, we watch the long expanse of heather ahead. It is a long, flat stretch, with a large heath-clad hill some mile and a half back, from the upper part of which the beaters are descending in a long line, with their flags waving. The birds from the high ground usually fly straight over, and do not sink the hill, though when there is no wind they often drop to the level and skim toward the guns just above the heather. What little breeze there was has now dropped, and in the distance I can see what appears to be a goodly pack of birds coming in our direction. I hand the gun to my fair companion, and now they are in plain view, coming at a pretty steady pace and packed close together. When within forty yards I give her the word; *bang* goes the right barrel; well shot, indeed! Down comes one of the foremost birds, and as they swing behind and over, the second barrel rings out, but they still carry on. Never mind! one out of two; pretty good shooting for a lady at fast-flying grouse. I snap in a couple more shells and we again wait and watch.

Here they come! I take the gun this time, and as some dozen birds come straight off the hill, going great guns, I aim a good ten yards ahead and pull: A ball of reddish-brown comes whirling down, and then another, and I am rewarded by my companion's "Oh! what a dandy shot!" A brace and a half to our account so far. They come now, pretty fast, in smallish lots, and I manage to stop three and a half brace. Just as the drivers appear in sight a sparrow hawk sails over pretty high up, but knowing the fondness of his kind for young grouse, I take a pull at him and he collapses over and over, to come whirling downward, winged, and pretty savage with claws and beak when one of the men goes to pick him up. I gather up the slain, and walk over

to the others; the total adds up to thirty-one brace—the best drive of the day.

After a short interval a move is made to the fourth and last stand, which is this time behind a stone wall which divides the moor into sections. The birds are driven from some rough ground, composed of heather, rocks and coarse bent grass. Some are already flying in for their evening feed on the young heather shoots, so we step briskly over to the wall and take up our positions. The drive is soon over, and the total is twenty-four and a half brace, with two hares which one of the guns bagged as they slipped past his stand. I managed in this stand to bag one high-flying bird which, as he whirled downward, hit the wall and was literally smashed to a jelly, so great was the force of the concussion. The beaters appear, the birds are all safely gathered and put in the game bags and baskets, and we make back to the hut where a cart is in waiting to take the total bag of 110 brace to the keeper's house.

The evening is now drawing on, and so, after a last slight attack on the remains of the luncheon, the cobs are harnessed up and we take the road for home. The evening air is somewhat chilly and the overcoats and wraps come in very handy. When we hit the good going on the lower road, the horses jump into their collars and spank along, knowing well there is a warm stable and a good feed awaiting them on their arrival.

Once in the house the rough homespuns are exchanged for the more congenial evening dress, and then dinner is announced. After this meal is over, and a short sojourn has been made to the drawing room with the fair sex, we retire to the cosy chairs in the smoking room. There the day's sport is freely discussed and hits and misses are criticised or applauded. We do not sit up very long, as keen moorland air has made us all feel somewhat drowsy, so at length the candles are lit and soon the silence of night reigns over the house.

Rising betimes we prepare for another day's sport which turns out much like the previous one; the bag totals 101 brace, and for the first five days of the season, one hundred brace a day are averaged. With a few days' mixed shooting on the lower ground a couple of weeks passes all too quickly. I mount into the dog-cart at the termination of my visit with much regret, to return to town and office toil once more.

Days like the above are of course varied by wild and windy spells, when the birds come high and at terrific speed, and the gun has to be held straight on and well ahead to stop these high-flyers; but, taking the rough with the smooth, grouse shooting at driven birds requires a keen eye and a steady hand to maintain one's average, and it is given to but a few favored ones to turn out really first-class performers at the sport.

To the feminine mind—that is, to those inclined for out-door sport—it has a charm of its own. To watch good shots at work, and wander over the stretches of purple heather, with an occasional bunch of the rarer white kind, which is hailed as a sign of good luck, makes a day full of varied incidents which are not easily effaced from one's memory.

TROUT LAKE. A FAMOUS COLORADO RESORT.

W. W. Richards, Photo

BAD LANDS, LASSEN COUNTY.

W. W. Richards, Photo

ON THE BIG STONEY.

TWO CALIFORNIA VISTAS

OUR FIRST BUFFALO

BY JOHN B. HAAS

FIVE hundred miles along the South Platte and not a tree to be seen. Level as a floor, and with the exception of some deep mud to pull through a good road with plenty of fine blue-grass for feed. The only drawback was the lack of fuel. Nothing, only what was by courtesy called "buffalo chips" was available, and sometimes even these were scarce, so that we learned to provide en route. Every wagon had a gunny sack hung on the back end in which dry "chips," whether of buffalo or ox production, was picked up and deposited. And what a time our women had cooking and baking with those!

Pat Ryan stood by the ill-smelling, pungent, smoking fire. He had got up from his knees, where he had been busy blowing the odorous coals into life. The tears were streaming down into his beard and a drizzling rain was doing its worst to put out the fire.

"Faith," he said, "if the divil had no better fuel than this in the hot place, the divil a bit would the poor sinners suffer."

"Yes, but he has, Pat," one of the boys reminded him, "and you needn't flatter yourself that you will get off with a roast over wet buffalo chips. Try another blow!"

"Oh! but you are good at blowing!" was Pat's answer. "Blow yerself. It's a cup of hot coffee we want, and we want it bad. I'll make it if ye can make the water boil. Sure, ye wouldn't ask the ladies to cook this fine morning."

It was a dreary morning. Everybody felt blue, and it was doubtful whether we could get that cup of hot coffee. But help came. One of the boys had, on strolling about, discovered a broken ox-yoke which some campers—for a wonder—had left behind. There was a shout of joy as he threw it down, and Pat was quick in grabbing the ax and cutting it up.

What a glorious comfort a bright blazing fire is to the campers on such a morning! All signs of grumpiness were gone and even the women crawled out of the wagons and got us a good hot breakfast.

All day it drizzled, so we did not stop for noon, as usual, but made an early camp. Toward evening the rain ceased. Pat had saved some of the wood of the ox-yoke, and we were lucky in finding a branch of sage-brush near the bluffs. Pat had gone out with the cattle and hadn't forgotten to take the old "yaeger" with him. We heard him shoot. "Pat has shot another buffalo," Herrmann said.

"There he comes," one of the boys said, as he saw him coming toward camp. "But the buffalo isn't following him this time," referring to an adventure Pat had several days before. Pat hadn't shot a buffalo, but came in with a fine antelope on his shoulders. And wasn't he the proudest man in camp?

"You would have saved carrying him if you had made him follow you into camp and then shot him," Louis Golden ventured.

Pat gave him a look as he turned his back on him, grumbling something about a "Fool Dutchman," then turning to us said: "I let the cattle feed on toward the hills. Looking ahead I saw something—for all the world looking like old Mrs. O'Neil's goats, that she kept down near the river in old St. Louis. The cattle kept on feeding toward them. There were three of them. I saw them raise their heads several times. 'I'll have one of them if I can only get near enough; sure, they are pretty things,' thinks I. I saw they didn't mind the cattle at all, and I made sure to keep old Dir-- Then I saw th stop. 'Oho, s easy!' And I gave a leap a

"And

Next day was my day off duty, and after helping the others hitching up the teams, three of us, Nason, Fuller and I, saddled our horses and started for a hunt in the hills south of the river. Following a swag or shallow gulch we reached the top and beheld a high plateau stretching away as far as we could see, here and there interspersed by low hills. Not a tree or bush in sight. We soon saw a number of buffaloes, scattered over the plain, but too far off for a shot, and as quick as we rode toward them, the wind favoring them, they galloped away. We spread out and skirmished about for a while. At last Nason succeeded in getting near enough to one that was grazing on a high ridge. Getting off his horse—the animal wasn't used to shooting—he took aim and fired, while we closed in. But what was that! We heard another shot with not more than a second's time between the two. There could be no echo there. Neither of us two had fired.

When we looked up the buffalo had gone. Nason stood there reloading his gun.

"Where's your buffalo, Nason?" I asked him.

"By George! I hit him, sure enough, but where the deuce is he?"

We rode around the base of the ridge. There, at the foot of an abrupt precipice, perhaps fifty feet high, lay the buffalo, shot through the eye.

"You never made such a shot before, and you never will again," I remarked.

"Right you are, John! and if I hadn't hit him in the eye it wouldn't have hurt him a bit. Just look at the heavy coat of hair and dry mud on his head. A rifle bullet would never penetrate it, much less a ball from a smooth-bore."

Fuller had just gotten out his knife to skin him when we were startled by a voice saying: "Buffalo mine; me shoot 'im."

There stood a young Sioux Indian, close behind us, leaning on his rifle. That explained the mystery of the second shot.

I don't believe that I ever saw a finer specimen of the Red Man, as he stood there like a statue.

Nason, an old U. S. trooper, looked at him.

"The devil you say! I shot that buffalo a few minutes ago, and now you say you shot him!"

The Indian held up three fingers. "You—men." Then he held up one finger. "Me—man. Me shoot buffalo." "Say, boys!" I said, "he thinks sure he shot the buffalo. We can't carry much of it to camp. Let's take some meat and give him the hide and the rest." The others agreed.

"Say, Mr. Indian," I addressed him and pointing to Nason, "he shoot—you shoot. All right! We take so much meat, we hungry—you," and I pointed to him, "you take all." With the help of signs I made him understand. He looked pleased, and laid down his gun as we did ours, and even helped us skin the animal. It was wonderful to see how handy he was with the knife. We cut out a goodly piece of the hump.

Then there was another trouble. Neither Nason's nor Fuller's horse would permit them to get near them with the meat, and my pony shied greatly, too.

Well, I own that I was getting angry at these capers. Drawing the pony up as near as I could to the carcass, I grabbed a handful of the blood and dabbed it right up into its nostrils. That had effect. It quit shying and after I got into the saddle, Fuller handed me the meat.

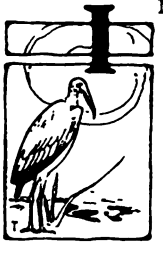
Fuller and Nason shook hands with our Indian, and when I shoved him my bloody hand he grunted a pleasant "How!" and shook it well.

We left him in possession of the buffalo, and striking northwest over the rolling plain until we struck the road, we soon overtook our train.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "STILLHUNTER."

I. AFTER ALBACORE.



IN ALL the hunter's vocabulary there is no sweeter word than "memory." "I remember" has begun more good tales of the hills and the forests and the seashore and the hunting lodge than all the rest of the set phrases any language ever produced. And so, in this, as in those papers that may follow it, I am going to tell some of the things that I remember, some of the things that, as the prophet said, "mine own eyes have seen."

I never was much of a trout fisherman, though I am ready to admit that it is a great game, ready to believe all the wondrous tales the gentlemen of the fly-book and the creel tell me when they come back from the region of deep pools and seventeen-inch trout. But they can't pity me because I am not of their guild, not a bit of it; I know a thousand miles of smooth blue and green and amber sea where I have had just as much sport as they ever did, have had just as many hard fights and whence I have brought home finny wanderers that were every bit as good when the cook got through with them as any rainbow they ever pulled from the plashing headwaters of Kern or McCloud. Sea fishing is all its most ardent devotee ever said it was—and more, too, when you know how to go about it; but just as in all other fishing, there are those dwellers of the sea for which it is more sport to angle than for some others. A foot-long Jack smelt will give you more business to attend to than a three-pound sculpin, and a fifteen-pound albacore will provide more real angler's delight than a three-hundred-pound sea-bass.

And, by the way, I never caught either a sea-bass or a tuna, but I have seen many a well-painted albacore hung on the dining-room walls and called a tuna—so many indeed that I am getting a bit shy of that tuna myth, while as for the black sea-bass, the simon pure jewfish, you can have just as much sport with a shark hook, an ear of corn and a fat hog in some muddy wallow as you can in taking one of these. A barracuda, which is no fighter at all among game fishes, is a better catch than a jewfish, from the fisherman's standpoint as well as from the sportsman's. I take it that the tuna, when a real tuna is taken off the south coast—about once in ten years—is a fighter; had I the time and the opportunity I should go against him myself in time. If he resembles the albacore as much in habits as he does in dress, there will be plenty doing for

me, for I have seen some small albacore that could keep one man busier than two men ever ought to be.

A friend of mine has described this fish as "a muscle with a bone put through it," and he was well acquainted with the beast, too; but it is more than that, for, added to its muscle and its grit it has brains, and it follows their lead in every move it makes, whether it is beneath the boat, among the propeller blades or out in the clear sea at the end of three hundred feet of line. Any kind of bait, so long as it looks alive and moves well through the water will draw a bonita, and it is always hungry. Yellowtail have their "off" days, so do most of the other coast fish, but when you come on a school of albacore or one feeding alone he will always make a rush at your bait, no matter though he be stuffed to the gills with small smelt and anchovies.

But, as I said before, "I remember." I was sitting one day on the far corner of the Redondo wharf—old south-coast fishermen will recall the days when they hauled in mackerel and yellowtail and bass over this floor until their arms gave out, Wharf No. 1, by the way—fishing for "yellow bellies," as the bass that used to play about the old piling were called. My leader, its one hook well covered with a live smelt, was floating some three feet beneath the surface, and somewhere below the ounce of lead held it true in the swaying tide. Three times had I changed the bait, three times raised and lowered the hook, but no bass came. Tiny perch nibbled at the squirming smelt, sending anxious thrills up and down my spine, and still no bass. As a rule I am a patient fisherman, but this was too much, and I started to reel in, ready to go back into the surf where the yellowfins were "running" thick and fast.

For a moment I leaned back, the better to see the whole of the wharf that I might gain some idea of what the rest of the fisherfolk were doing—and in that moment something struck my leader. It was a strike such as no bass ever made, yet I was fishing for bass, had bass on the brain, so to speak, and, mechanically, my hand did just what it would have done had the call been that of a yellowbelly—slipped down to the reel-seat and threw the leather brake against the flying wheel. Alackaday, something snapped, my line fell slack, and when I reeled in I was short one leader and one good triple gut bass hook, a loss not easily to be overlooked, especially when one is robbed by a finned rascal whose shadow one does not even see.

And then, hot on the trail—if fishes make trails, came a blue-backed fish, built like a torpedo and zigzagging with lightning speed here, there and everywhere through the schools of anchovies and young mackerel that played around the wharf. With him and after him and around him came more of his kind, some one yelled "Skipjacks—look out for your lines!" and there was a general pulling in of thread by the rod-and-reel fraternity. Some of those outfits would have held Jonah's whale and Jonah's fish story both at the same time, but they were all afraid of the "skipjacks," whatever they might be. I was rather young at the sea-fishing game just then, and here was a new word for my lexicon which I determined to appropriate—and I did.

Some young fellow, built like Tom the

BEATING ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.

"WHERE ALBACORE ARE FOUND THE YEAR ROUND."
(*Little Harbor, Catalina Is.*)

Sailor, and fishing with a piece of some lumber schooner's cable for a handline, got one on, "fought" him for a moment much as Sinbad might have fought his anchor, had he chanced to be called upon to heave it alone, and threw out on the deck of the wharf a dark-skinned fish, larger than the largest mackerel I had ever seen, yet very like the tribe of blue-backs. Stuck with a knife, blood flowed from his round body in cupsful; sliced up for bait (for I was informed that he was of no use as food), the flesh was as dark as ever bear rump from high Sierras. I did not, at that time, nor do I yet, apprehend for what purpose these fish are taken with hand lines if their flesh is useless for food, for heaven knows that the only excuse the handline fisherman has for living is that he fishes for food.

However, I am neither so ethical nor so esthetical as I pretend to be, so I refuse to discuss the matter further, save to say that then and there, on the old Redondo lumber wharf I went up against the gamest fish that swims, and one that goes back into the water every time I land him, just because he is such a fearless-hearted old pirate that I am not quite sure that I have any claim on his life. At any rate, on this memorable occasion I dug down into my fish basket and found a short piano-wire leader—relic of a shark fight I am going to tell you about some time—and, using it for a leader, put a large-size eyed bass hook on my line, removing the now useless sinker. Then I skewered on a fat but unwise young mackerel, and, the weight of the fish carrying the line, threw out. The wriggling silver-sided bait had sunk a bare foot beneath the water when, with a rush like a huge mackerel striking a red fly, an albacore was upon it. No foolishness about him; he grabbed fish, hook and all in his mouth and started out to sea.

I knew that thirty miles across the channel he would have to bring up on Catalina's shore, but I was some feet short of having thirty miles of line on my reel, so I struck him, gently but firmly, as a slight reminder to return. The hook went home on the first strike, but I had to put on the brake to turn him. Once turned, he came for the wharf at express-train speed, and I did a lively job of reeling for a few minutes.

At last I caught up with him and had him almost at the top of the water, directly beneath me and within two feet of the mossy piers and safety. Nowadays I would give him another chance for his life, but I wanted to see him then, wanted to get a little better acquainted with him, so I lifted him out and weighed him—carrying him the length of the wharf to the bait house to perform the operation—seven pounds in all, including the mackerel, which he had worked off the hook and swallowed, and which might have weighed two ounces. This, however, was but a small albacore, specimens weighing twelve

and fifteen pounds having been taken off the same wharf since that time.

Once more my memory serves me well, and I remember a bright afternoon at Newport Beach. The wharf was crowded with people, curiosity seekers for the most part, who had less than no idea of fish or fishing methods, but would make general fools of themselves every time one of the older crowd made a catch. Of course, they were each and all armed with long poles, hired from the bait store, which they could not handle, and my companion, who was having reasonable luck with the "yellow bellies" at one outer corner of the wharf, soon found himself bordered on either side with a fringe of these. He said nothing, being of a timid nature and doubtless appalled by numbers, but I saw him slip an old reel, wound full of a rotten, superannuated line, out of his basket and lay it down between his legs on the wharf. Soon he had a strike, landed another bass and was pleased to see the gang around him augmented by fresh arrivals who had seen his catch.

Then he took off his leader, very gently and noiselessly and mysteriously, so that those around him gaped more than ever, reeled in all the line, unseated the wheel and put on the old spool and string. Running the line out through the guides and tip, he added to it one large hook. The wonder on the surrounding faces deepened—but they didn't for a moment neglect to crowd more closely than ever, if possible, and you who have been there know that the green wharf fisherman is the most assinine idiot that ever was given breath, and the most troublesome. Very graciously and sweetly my friend asked for a small smelt for bait; seven or eight were stretched out toward him, from which he selected one, to the delight of the donor, and proceeded to affix it to the hook. Then gently overboard it went, drifting away from the piers a bit ere the most bold of the waiting ingenues could ask why this sudden change in bait.

Came from the deeps of sea, like a flash of blue-black lightning, an albacore; dallied this albacore with the smelt for an instant, and was gone, taking the bait in his iron jaws. Sleep seemed to have seized on my friend; he let the bonita go out to the full length of his first mad run. Then, very gently, he turned the now thoroughly aroused fish, turned him, but did not attempt to reel in any line. Of course, the fish came straight for the wharf—but at a point some hundred feet from where my friend sat. At first I did not see the beauty of the scheme, but, just as the bonita reached the row of piles, he turned himself and ran up them, *inside* the lines of all the crowd, now tumbling over themselves to see this "fight," as they called it. About this time a judicious application of the brake put new speed into the fish, and—as had been planned—the line parted, leaving behind a nice tangle of outfits and my friend apparently very much downcast at having lost his albacore. Most of the pseudo anglers spent the rest of the time trying to untangle themselves on the afterpart of the wharf, or squaring themselves with the baithouse man—and I don't believe there was one that realized how he had been handled, or one but that commiserated with my friend over the loss of his fish and "fine leader." Probably they were back on the wharf the next day, plying their annoying amusement, but for the rest of that afternoon we had a clear field and good sport. I sincerely hope that that skipjack worried the hook out of his jaw in some manner, for he was certainly a wonder for speed and quick moving in the water—too fine, in short, to die, and then he had done us a good turn and deserved his liberty.

There was another day off this beach, a morning beclouded with fog, an afternoon shod with green-gold sea and crowned with all the halcyon hues of Adriatic skies. We scudded before a fresh breeze, directly away from the land out into the sea. To the north and west we could see the shadowy shape of Catalina, and beyond her the irregular outline of some other one of the Channel Islands, dimming upon the horizon until their blue haze made one with the skyline. Trimmed down so that she just held her own with the wind, our little boat was yet going at a speed sufficient to make trolling with rod and reel from her stern just about all a man could tend to and do it well. I have trolled in the deep sea from gasoline launches and rowboats and steamboats and motorboats, but for the genuine pleasure of sea fishing—for the catching of the fish

is a minor thing, you can buy them on the mainland, if need be—give me a good sail-boat, well handled and kept close-hauled so that she does not travel too fast when the breeze rises.

Well, as I started to say before, I was trolling over the stern on this particular afternoon. At the end of some hundred and fifty feet of fine Cuttyhunk there dallied a bone jig, for this was a good barracuda day, and I wanted to try a whirl at these salt-water pickerel ere I made an end to my vacation. We had passed through a large school of yellowtail, whirled in our tracks and beat through it again, taking from their gilded hordes two of the finest, but I did not care for yellowtail, and I was the dictator, so here we were.

A gull came wandering along, lazily, as is usual with South Coast gulls, and stopped to have a chat with me from a secure perch on the dipping boom, and I for a moment let go my watch on the jig, skipping along astern, sometimes on the crest of a wave, again a foot or less below. About this time, as was to be duly expected, a bonita came along. He made up his mind in half a minute, and in the next fifteen seconds laid hold on that jig with no uncertain grasp. I had not known before that bonita would take notice of a jig—nor, indeed, will they unless unusually hungry—and, accordingly, I supposed I had hooked a good-sized yellowtail. I gave a yell to the boatman who did something to the sails (I promised him I wouldn't tell what) and we immediately began to slow down. This was just what the fish wanted; he got in his back-action pull and was three hundred and fifty feet of line to the good by the time I woke up. Now, a yellowtail, in occasions like this, will sometimes, in fact very frequently, break water in one splashing leap. This fellow persistently kept below, and I began to give up the yellowtail idea. At the end of this long bit of line he sulked for a few minutes and then I threw the hook into him a bit. This woke him up, and for fifteen minutes we had as pretty a fight right there out of sight of the mainland and with only the gulls and the boatman for spectators as anyone could wish in wildest dreams of the trout of Whitney or Shasta or El Diablo.

And the beauty of it all was that I did not

"THE ONE ENEMY FROM WHICH THE ALBACORE CANNOT ESCAPE."

know what I had until he came alongside, all blue and gold and with the sheen of the multi-colors of the mackerel tribe on his back and on his flanks. But he was by no means dead, and I wouldn't let the boatman stick the gaff into him, not I, bad as he wanted to. I lifted the twelve-pounder—he could not have weighed less, and, while I was fighting him I would have guaranteed that he did not fall short of twenty-five—into the boat, slipped the hook from his jaws and sent him sailing back overboard where he speedily recovered himself and swam away, much to my companion's disgust. "Them hogs don't do nothin' but eat good fish," he said.

Of course, the proper field for all fishing for fish of the open sea is the open sea, even though they do come up around the wharves and close to some rocky points. He who angles for yellowtail and barracuda from a pier, though I have seen both these fish caught in numbers by handliners at Redondo and Newport, is sooner or later going to use up much good tackle, to say nothing of patience and temper, while the feat of taking a barracuda or yellowtail from a wharf with a rod and line is one I have yet to see accomplished, though I suppose that with all conditions working exactly for the fisherman it might be done. I have seen it tried many and many a time—and always the man behind the tackle lost.

With the albacore, skipjack, bonita, horse mackerel, or whatever you choose to call him, all this is different, and if you are prepared with sufficiently strong tackle, bait of almost any old kind, so long as it moves, and a little bit of that common sense which is very necessary to landing any large fish, you may take the biggest bonita that swims from the end of any deep-water pier with a slender rod and a fine line. I have only one regret anent these skippers, and that is that they are not good to eat—though I suppose one could, under forced draft, make a meal off one. An old fisherman who formerly made a regular run to Clemente and other of the further coast islands has told me that the steaks cut from the side of small albacores, and parboiled before being fried, are excellent. I took his word for it, however, but there are so many other good fish in the sea that I can catch, that, hereafter, as heretofore, I shall put my bonita back into the blue water of their home.

With regard to bait for albacore—there are many things in use, each and any one of which seems equally as good as any other. I have seen them taken on bits of red flannel, gobs of clam, live smelt, dead smelt, and, as I mentioned above, on bone jigs. How they would look at a spoon, I do not know; some day I am going down to the sea in my ship and try trailing a spoon in my wake for a few hours, and, if the barracuda will let me alone for long enough—for they are great spoon-grabbers—I will find out something more about the gustatorial tastes of my torpedo-shaped friend.

THE DREAM OF THE MARSH.

A BOY upon the hearth rug lies,
And drowsily through half-closed eyes
Gazes at the softening glow,
And dreams of marshland long and low.

He sees the dull grey marsh afar;
He sees the willits on the bar;
He hears the curlew's plaintive call,
And sees the breakers rise and fall.

He hears the green teal's whist'ling wings—
Within his ear the gun's roar rings!
Above the ebbing tide he sees,
The feathers twisting in the breeze.

He hears the lone snipe's dismal cry,
A-drifting down from wintry sky;
He sees against the breaking day
The morning flight far o'er the bay.

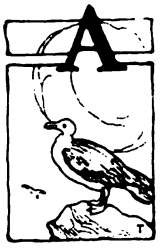
He sees the dark-grey flats of mud,
Far out the slow receding flood,
The plover running here and there,
The driftwood that the bay tides bear.

He sees the blind of broken reeds;
The winding slough that bayward leads;
The morning's rosy glow uprolls
To him, there dreaming by the coals.

—*Tom Veitch.*

HUNTING IN THE MOLO BUSH

By ELMER DAVIS



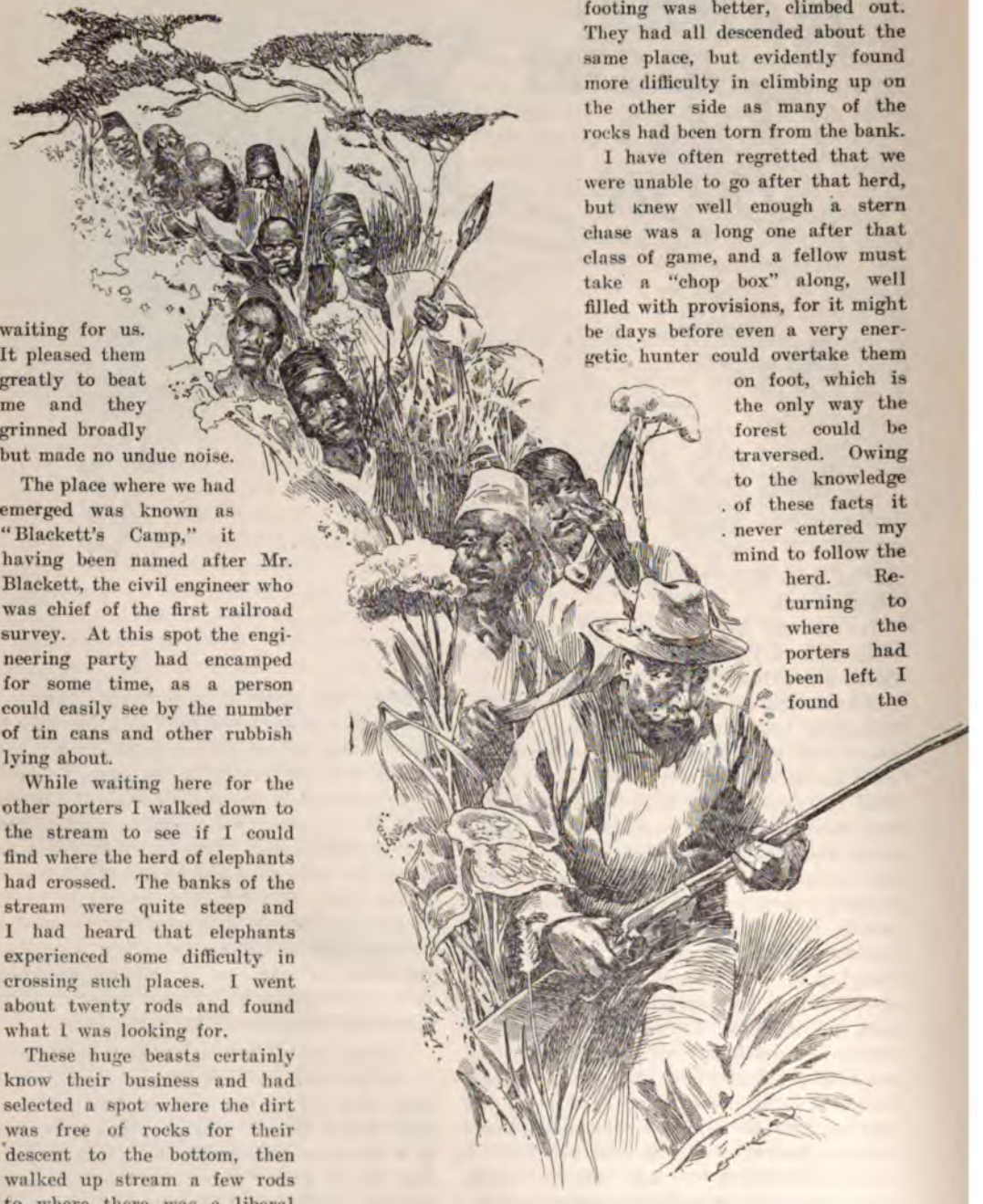
AROUSING myself early one morning I hustled over to the porter's camp, routed out twenty-five of the dusky fellows and told them to make preparations for a day's hunt. As the said preparations consisted of putting on their zebra-skin sandals and borrowing knives from their friends, they were ready before I was.

It was yet dark as we left camp and started down the hillside through that profanity-provoking forest and jungle. We had traversed about half the three miles intervening between camp and Molo plains, and it was beginning to get light enough to walk along without getting hanged by some vine, or tripping over some log covered with dry leaves, which in semi-darkness looked more like good footing than the path did itself, when I heard a slight noise resembling a sharp expelling of the breath through the mouth. This noise seemed to come from directly in front. I was walking ahead and, stopping to listen, heard the noise repeated several times, accompanied by a slight snapping of breaking twigs and brush. We walked on cautiously about fifty yards and came to a place where some large animal had been lying down; here we stopped and looking more thoroughly in the jungle found where a herd of elephants had been very recently—so recently in fact tnat the brush was just springing back into place after being pressed down by the animals' feet.

Our approach had no doubt alarmed them and they were occupying their time putting as much space as possible between my guns and their precious hides.

They had gone in a different direction than the one we were following so we left their track and continued down toward the plain. But keep the path we could not, for the elephants in coming up from the direction of the plain had tramped bushes and thrown down trees over it until it would be a job for even an Andorobo to know where it had been. Every porter thought he knew where it should be and every one selected a different place. The only thing we could all agree on was that we should go down hill to the plain of which we could catch occasional glimpses through the brush.

Calling the porters together I told them I did not care which way they went, but if they were not on the plain as soon as I was they would be sorry for it. They took this as a challenge to beat me down, and chattering like a lot of boys they broke up into several parties and disappeared. Six of them stayed with me, and hunting the most accessible spot we renewed the descent. We heard nothing of the other parties until, emerging from the forest near a little stream, we found one party sitting down



"WE RENEWED THE DESCENT."

waiting for us. It pleased them greatly to beat me and they grinned broadly but made no undue noise.

The place where we had emerged was known as "Blackett's Camp," it having been named after Mr. Blackett, the civil engineer who was chief of the first railroad survey. At this spot the engineering party had encamped for some time, as a person could easily see by the number of tin cans and other rubbish lying about.

While waiting here for the other porters I walked down to the stream to see if I could find where the herd of elephants had crossed. The banks of the stream were quite steep and I had heard that elephants experienced some difficulty in crossing such places. I went about twenty rods and found what I was looking for.

These huge beasts certainly know their business and had selected a spot where the dirt was free of rocks for their descent to the bottom, then walked up stream a few rods to where there was a liberal outcropping of rocks on the opposite side for a foothold to climb up. From the appearance of the near bank one would imagine the beasts had, one after another, gathered their feet together and slid down the smooth bank to the bottom of the stream, then going where the footing was better, climbed out. They had all descended about the same place, but evidently found more difficulty in climbing up on the other side as many of the rocks had been torn from the bank.

I have often regretted that we were unable to go after that herd, but knew well enough a stern chase was a long one after that class of game, and a fellow must take a "chop box" along, well filled with provisions, for it might be days before even a very energetic hunter could overtake them on foot, which is the only way the forest could be traversed. Owing to the knowledge of these facts it never entered my mind to follow the herd. Returning to where the porters had been left I found the stragglers had all arrived. Questioning the first party, I took a mental note of the order in which the others had arrived, for reasons that will appear later.

We started out to the left through the brush where I had seen my first rhino some time previous. In hunting I never keep but one or two porters close to me, making the others stay two or three hundred yards behind where they will be handy if called. While hunting in the bush it is always best to be keenly alert, for any clump may conceal a cranky rhino, who would take unholy pleasure in sticking his ugly horn into the hunter's anatomy, unless said hunter is exceedingly nimble in getting out of the way by stepping quickly aside and letting the beast continue his way. This has often been done, for a rhino, although he develops tremendous speed from the first jump, can not turn very quickly and will usually go thundering along in a straight line, turning neither to the right nor left but knocking everything down which gets into his way; bushes, ant-hills, saplings, humans or anything not too large must succumb to his weight and strength.

This morning we caught sight of no rhino or any other game until about ten o'clock, when one of the porters called attention to something moving among some old dead trees which had been killed by a previous prairie fire. Looking steadily for some time I could see no movement and turned to walk in a roundabout way to get a better view; keeping concealed as much as possible and watching closely, I saw a pair of horns raised slowly into the air as a large waterbuck looked up from his feeding. He was apparently unconscious of our presence and it seemed a shame to kill him, but the porters needed the meat and I wanted the horns, so that signed his death warrant. As the rifle cracked he appeared to be tired and lay down as carefully and methodically as if he was going to take a nap. I could hardly believe he was hit, for beasts when struck will show it in a very plain manner or at least run a few yards. Standing for a few moments I waited to see if he would get up, but he was down for good and dead as a stone when we came up—much to the disgust of the porters who were Swahilis and wanted to *chinzey* (bless) the meat before the last kick was given, while cutting the throat.

When the other porters came up they found out why I was so particular to remember the last bunch to reach the plain in the morning; there were five in the bunch and I selected them and one of the next last bunch to dress and carry in the water-buck which weighed about five or six hundred pounds. This method of selection tickled the remainder of the gang who made very uncomplimentary remarks to the luckless six as we left them.

The balance of the forenoon was spent in fruitless search for more game, so we sat down under a bush while I ate lunch. This lunch was not so hearty a one as I formerly took on my hunting trips, for I had learned many things in a short time, and not the least among them was the fact that I must not eat or drink much while tramping, and do with as light a breakfast as possible before starting out. If I ate a hearty lunch while out on the plains it seemed to take away all my snap and ambition, but if only a slight lunch of a few crackers and a cup of tea was taken I would remain fresh and lively all day. But what a wonderful dinner I would eat in the evening! Three meals condensed into one was only a teaser and I am most heartily glad my appetite did not follow me to America where grub is dear.

After lunch we started again, taking a direction which would lead through several small and beautiful valleys near the forest and ultimately to the place where we had emerged from the jungle in the morning. We had gone about a mile when I espied a hartebeest about two hundred yards away, feeding between me and two large boulders. Pulling up the rifle I took an off-hand shot with not the least doubt in my mind I would see the animal roll over, but he only jumped as the bullet sped over him and hit one of the rocks. I tried again; another miss! the bullet striking under him. Another jump and I was mad and shot again; the bullet may be going yet for all I know where it hit. The poor beast seemed bewildered and I tried again at him, with no better success. This time he hesitated no longer but dug out for the open plain. It was abominable bad shooting and there was no excuse for it, but I think it was a lesson for me not to get too conceited.

The attitude of the animal has often puzzled me, but I have come to the conclusion that the steep banks on either side of where he stood in the little valley must have cast back the echo so quickly that he could not

tell from where the shot had been fired, and the boulders on the opposite side from me must have given forth a vicious spat as the bullet struck, which kept him from running in that direction. As it was he finally ran toward me but I was so disgusted I concluded to waste no more cartridges on the "hoodoo." Shortly after, while passing through some brush I had an experience which might easily have been more than an incident. The brush was very thick and causing me considerable trouble, when I stopped suddenly on hearing a blood curdling snort and brush cracking, as if some large animal was coming down the side of the hillock at the foot of which I was. Now in a case of this kind I like to be where all operations are in plain view, but knowing I could not get into the open I stood still and listened. During the fraction of a minute which the animal took to reach my vicinity I was in no small suspense, knowing if I could not dodge it my prospects were good for being run down, as in that thick brush a beast would be upon me before it would be possible to step aside. Of course I could step aside any time, but the predicament was much the same the hartebeest had been in while being shot at. I did not know which way to step, the beast was coming down the slope, but whether it would pass to the right or left of me was uncertain, so I simply stood still; the agony was soon over as the bay side of a large hartebeest flashed past within a few feet of me. Did I shoot at him? Decidedly not, I was too busy thinking of getting out of the way about that time to declare war on anything, for I fully expected to see a rhino or buffalo jump right on top of me. The porters, whom I had not seen since entering the brush, met me upon emerging on the other side, they had not seen the cause of all the commotion, but also thought it was a rhino on a rampage.

Situations such as the one just described, are what makes big game hunting so fascinating to some hunters; not because they wish to be killed, but because the extreme tension on the nerves draws all the vital forces to that center, causing an exhilarated feeling similar to the effects of a strong stimulant; this tension, if too severe and prolonged, leaves a person somewhat unstrung, but taken in moderate doses I know of nothing to compare to it as an invigorator. Many times while hunting in African jungle I have been in situations where my life was not worth a cent if circumstances had been a trifle different. A man will enter brush where every indication points to the fact that it might be inhabited by an unseen rhino or buffalo—the most wicked beast in Africa—but while the passion is burning in a person, although he is keenly alive to the danger, he feels capable and strong enough to outwit the beast in his chosen stronghold. It is this passion and feeling of power in the presence of beasts known to be your superior in strength and fierceness which makes their conquest worth while.

I fully appreciate the fact that all people will not agree with me in this matter, but if they only could enjoy the feelings cool, nervy sportsmen have, while matching wits with big game, under conditions where nothing will save their life but cool judgment, I am sure the skeptics would say "well if a sportsman is somewhat of a barbarian he certainly knows how to get the good things out of life."

But let us return to the hunt. We knew the hartebeest which had caused such a commotion coming down the slope did not do it just to scare us, for if ever a beast was in a hurry to vacate a locality it was he. One of the porters climbed a tree to get a better view of the hill side but could see no animal so we continued our way.

Soon after, on coming suddenly around a boulder, we surprised a reed-buck; he started hastily away but a quick shot caught him in the back of the neck as he ran up the slope. While the porters were dressing the buck I walked over to examine a peculiar formation in the hill side, caused by some volcanic disturbance, which left a hollow separating two portions of the hill which were originally one hill; it appeared as if one half of the hill had been cut off and moved several hundred feet away from the remaining portion. One thing very noticeable was the difference in the soil of the perpendicular sides and that of the level bottom, the sides being red volcanic matter, while the bottom consisted of black mud soil such as sometimes comes from volcanoes in eruption where fissures open in comparatively level places. Returning to where the porters had been left I found the others had arrived and detailed two of them to carry in the buck.

Shortly after, as we were walking silently

along through a grove of trees, I caught a glimpse of several red objects through a thin fringe of brush; circling around to get a better view, the animals became alarmed and darted away in the direction of the valley we had just left. I saw the horns of a pallah buck in the bunch. Now a good pallah's horns are something to be proud of, and as we had not half enough meat for camp I returned to the valley to try and bag this fellow; but it was useless, for after playing "hide and seek" over two hours, they escaped me entirely, although I had caught sight of them five or six times.

I am convinced that the pallah antelopes have pretty good reasoning power, for more than once have they beat me in a game of wits where most species would have contributed a specimen to my collection. The sun was now getting low and we were eight or ten miles from camp, with a hard row before us, so we started, in as direct a line as possible, for a trail which, although somewhat longer than the one the elephants had obliterated, I knew would lead up through the jungle to the railroad half a mile from our camp. I made up my mind not to look for more game, and was stepping along pretty lively when one of the porters seized my arm and pointed ahead. There about a hundred yards away were two old rhinos and a young one. Soon as I saw them it was plain to me that our movements were being closely watched by the trio. Now, I had not come out after rhino this day, and to kill one would have been wrong as we would be compelled to leave the body to rot.

"SHE CHARGED ME AT FULL SPEED."

We stood and yelled, clapped our hands and threw stones at the offending beasts, for they were directly in our path, but they would not budge. Leaving the porters behind I walked up to a stump of a fallen tree, within forty yards or so of the stubborn brutes. Now I cursed my luck for leaving my kodak behind; it had not been brought as the shutter was out of order. There stood the beasts which I would have given dollars to have a good picture of. They seemed undecided what to do, but stood switching their little tails in an angry manner while they watched us.

Suddenly the male bolted away through the brush, the female and young stood for a few moments longer, then trotted toward me. This deliberate method of investigation did not suit me very well, so when the beasts arrived within about twenty yards of my stump I yelled and threw a piece of stick at them. This the old one seemed to take as an insult, and with a snort charged full speed. The stump being overgrown with suckers on one side, the rhino miscalculated my location and did not strike the stump, but crashing through the green shoots tore on past the porters, who had quickly got out of sight when they saw the beast coming. The young one followed close to its mother's heels and in a few seconds they were both out of sight in the brush. Our path was now clear and no farther incident happened, but it was quite dark when we arrived in the vicinity of the path. We spent over an hour looking for it and finally after a hard climb got back to camp.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

AT dawn the antlered monarch stands
  Upon the mountain's rugged crest;
Proud ruler of his forest bands,
  The proudest king of all, and best;
His head he tosses in the air
  From lofty summits wafted down;
No monarch can with him compare,
  No monarch wears more regal crown.

The while his mates are feeding still,
  In peaceful, quiet vales below,
He standeth guard upon the hill,
  For near approach of dreaded foe
His vigil keeping; he surveys
  The hunter's snowy tent afar,
Till with the sun's dispersing rays,
  The gates of morning stand ajar.

Be mine to lay the monarch low;
  That regal crown be mine to gain;
Far better conquer such a foe,
  Than glory win on battle plain;
For such a conquest kings might vie,
  And princes strive with baser clay;
A prince, a sovereign am I,
  And to the chase away, away.

—*J. A. Buchanan.*

C. E. Worden Photo

A. P. COSTAR, OF BIG MEADOWS, MAKING FLY ON STREAM TO SUIT CONDITIONS.

THE HOLE HE LIVED IN.

AN 8-LB. RAINBOW, CAUGHT SEPTEMBER 2, BY C. E. WORDEN, ON COSTAR FLY, BIG MEADOWS.

Photo by Geo. Grignac.

THE RED FISH LAKE OF IDAHO.

By T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

NO STATE in the entire Northwest, not excepting Washington and Montana, contains more wonderful scenic beauties, more sublime topographical marvels, more far-reaching possibilities for the gold, health pleasure or game-seeker than does Idaho. From the trout-teeming lakes of the extreme north, Pend d'Oreille, Kanuska and Cœur d'Alene, to the most southerly point in the Bear Lake country, Fish Haven, it is a comparatively unexplored wilderness of primal possibilities, of indescribable mountain grandeur, unsounded lakes, unsullied streams and crystal, snow-swathed peaks. The great Bitter Root Mountains—which is in reality but another name for the terminal spur of the Rockies—stands like a mighty, insurmountable wall between the famous wonderlands of western Montana and the magnificent wilds of northeastern Idaho. Southward arise the giant Rockies, to the east of Salmon River, and from their icy summits the eye can roam away into the vast garden lands of the Yellowstone, almost to the Teton Range, which, like another wall, divides Wyoming from Idaho. And in all that vast area of lakes, rivers, mountains, woods and cataracts there is not one mile of monotony, not a league of commonplace scenery, not a foot of territory that is not rich with mineral and sportive opportunities —not a hill or peak or valley that would not inspire the *verve* of master-artists, or grace the most exclusive canvas. The writer has passed a good portion of his life in various regions of the West, from sun-kissed San

Diego to the mist-enmantled city of Puget Sound, from the arid mesa lands of Arizona and New Mexico to the sagebrush plains of Wyoming and Nevada, but the most enjoyable years he has experienced were those which he spent in central and northern Idaho—not from any social or domestic tie, but from the standpoint of a sportsman, a lover of the mountain-wild, a knight of the rod and gun.

Tourists who come West often form a superficial conception of our country from the narrow purview of a car-window. The truth is that but few parts of the West can be seen from a railroad, and these parts are seldom representative. A railroad is invariably constructed through the most accessible territory, regardless of scenic or other conditions. So it is in Idaho. Except from Rathdrum to Ewartsville, where the Northern Pacific passes through a narrow strip of lake and mountain country, the tourist has no opportunity to catch even a fair glimpse of the mountain marvels and landscape beauties lying concealed beyond the scope of vision. The sportsman, especially, must leave the train and go far inland to begin, even vaguely, to realize the extent of his piscatorial and hunting opportunities.

It is only in the heart of the great wilderness that Nature, in her pristine glories, can be discerned, whether you go to California, Idaho or any other section of America; but when it is considered that the entire population of Idaho is at present below 175,000, or less than the total of a single city in California (for instance, Los Angeles), one begins to understand why Idaho possesses so many advantages for the sportsman. Most Western States, as a result of the constantly increasing exodus from the East, are rapidly being filled with brainless butchers and market hunters, so that many of our former game retreats and famous hunting grounds are now but the devastated haunts of a few wild-eyed does that must breed their scanty young upon the jump, or find them butchered by inhuman idiots; that, or the toddling fawns are left motherless before they have learned to rely upon themselves. Unfortunately even in our own fair California—once the greatest land upon the globe for every manner of bird and beast—the deadly work of the human hog and butcher is terribly manifest. Every motherless fawn in our mountains—every crippled doe and broken-winged dove tells its pathetic story of the needless slaughter and heartlessness of the amateur—a story that should awaken our legislature to more stringent action.

In Idaho, at present, there are but two railroads crossing the State, the Northern Pacific by the Lake Pend d'Oreille country, and the Oregon Short Line, in the southern part, which extends via Montpelier and Huntington, the former in the Bear Lake country. It is about midway between these two lines, or more definitely speaking in Boise, Custer, Idaho and Lemhi Counties, that the best deer, elk, sheep and bird districts are found—a country so wild, so mountainous, and—it might be said—so inaccessible, that even yet the mountaineers and tourist-sportsmen have made but little inroad upon the game. In Custer County alone, it may truthfully be said that there are more elk and deer than in any entire Western State; while wild sheep, deer, bear, mountain lion (the so-called "cougar" of the north) are plentiful.

Every stream is literally alive with bull, mountain and salmon-trout, while such rivers as the Payette, Snake, Boise and Weiser abound also in "squealers," squaw-fish, square-jaws, carp and other varieties, not to mention the bony and despicable "sucker," which—when properly baked—is not "so worse." Snake River contains, in season, vast schools of salmon and sturgeon, which come up from the Columbia at Pasco. But it is of her trout-streams and red fish lake that Idaho is particularly proud. Of the former, there is no stream in the world so idealistically provident as Wood River. From its source in Custer County to its mouth this river is the angler's paradise. Its tributary, Camas River, and the Milad, both in Blaine County, are equally good, but less picturesque. Nearly every year, until his death, Jay Gould used to visit Wood river in a special train, bringing his family with him, and remaining for several weeks at Ketchum, the terminus of the branch road from Shoshone. To Gould there was no river so good for trout fishing as was Wood River. It was his especial delight, upon returning home, to show the photographs which his daughters had taken of its pretty

pools and pine-clad shores, and many were the fine catches that veteran angler and financier made while sojourning at this mountain hamlet. On one occasion, while the writer was fishing at Geyer Springs, a few miles north of Ketchum, he met Mr. Gould returning from a half-day's sport with eighty pounds of speckled beauties, all landed by the magnate!

But one of the most interesting sports to be found in Idaho is that derived from the fishing at Red Fish Lake. The trip is made from Mackay, the nearest railway point, by stage, which takes the visitor within five miles of the lake, lying about sixty-five miles to the southwest of Challis. The lake is almost in the shadow of the beautiful Sawtooth Mountains, and is surrounded by a primal forest of fur, spruce, pine, cedar and tamarack. Giant monoliths of granite; towering domes and spires of porphyry; dizzy, snow-capped heights; proud, ice-bound peaks, tower grimly upon every hand. The air seems percolated by the very clouds that wreathe the mountain vastness, and never could be conceived a more delightful summer, a more inspiring scene, or a more invigorating atmosphere than are here to be found. From the mountains beyond the lake we can look miles off through the clear, cold air, over league upon league of undulating grandeur, until our eyes can go no further for the mighty mountains that arise against the horizon, or until the scene blends away into intangible specters of the distance, where faintly looms the lofty "Grand Mountain" or the silhouetted hills at the source of Wood River. There is as yet no hotel at the lake, so one must go prepared for camping.

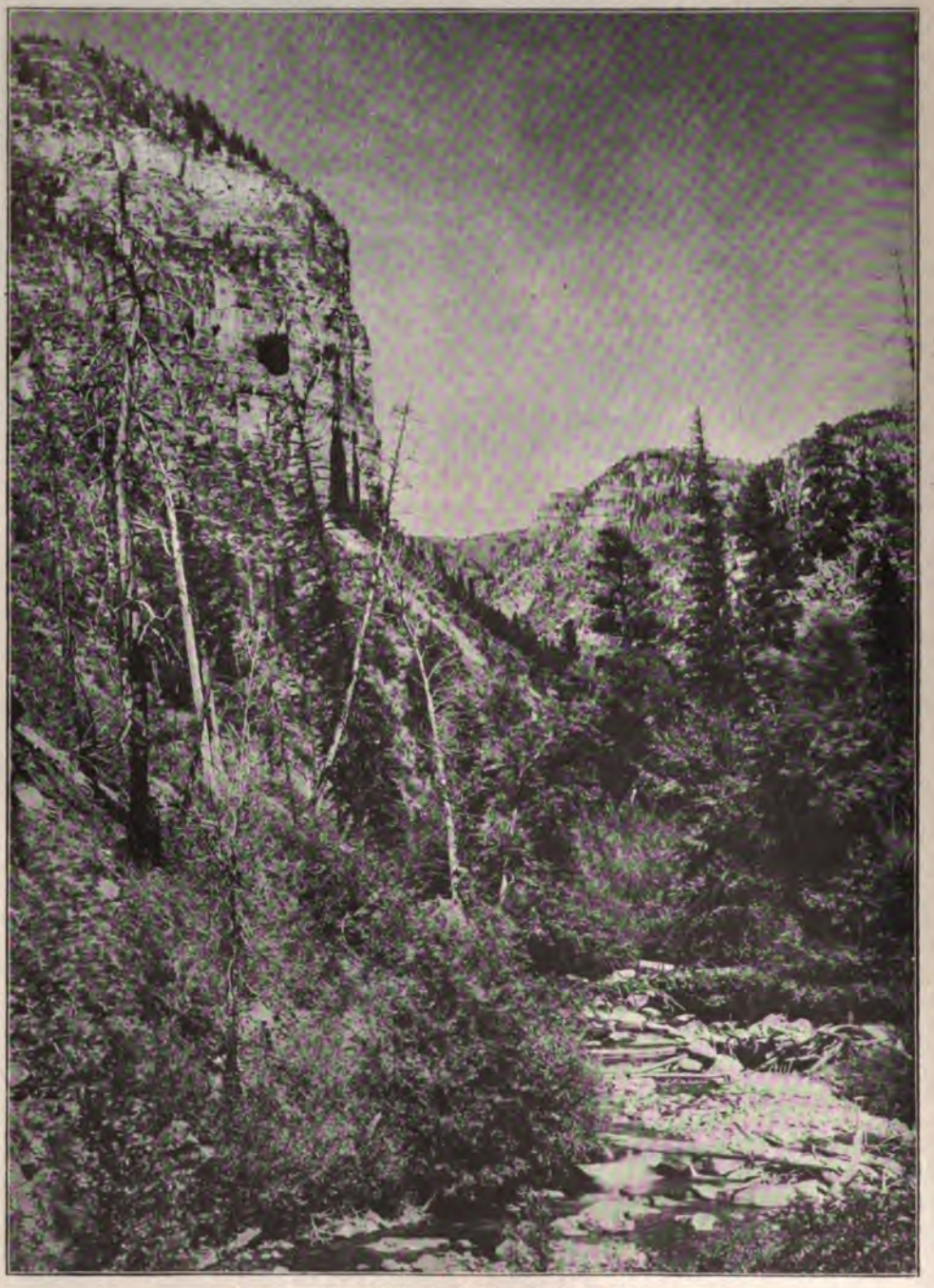
But the peculiarity of the piscatorial sport at Red Fish Lake is that you need few fly-hooks. Red fish are peculiar. They positively refuse to take a fly. The finest red-ant, angle-worm, frog-leg, or other "butcher-bait" that a small boy ever originated has no affect on the pug-nosed, crimson fish of this enchanted mountain lake. They refuse to take a hook, whether it be adorned with artificial fly, or stuffed with a genuine morsel; whether it be sunk with a plummet, regulated by a cork, or trolled at the end of a six-foot leader. The red fish is not a "sucker." He is shrewder than a trout, more wily (in proportion to size) than the leaping tuna, and far better eating than either. He has a way of his own. You generally find him in a school, so probably he is better educated. He eats only what looks void of all suspicious adjuncts; and he has no set time for eating. If he happens to be starved to death, it makes no difference. Your bait has something about it that he is "wise" to. An ordinary leader looks as big to him as a log-chain. Your reflection in the water is enough to arouse his suspicion. But there is one thing about the red fish that he can't control. He is curious, a veritable busy-body, always snooping around to see what you are contemplating. If you find a nice rock on the lake-shore, and sit upon it, he immediately ventures as closely as he deems consistent, and looks up at you with a silent horse-laugh. His nose, which is generally pugged, though sometimes aduncous, is always quite expressive of his contempt. His eyes, which are seemingly bloodshot and of a "next-morning" expression, roll disdainfully up at you from beneath a yard or so of water, and seem to dare you to do your worst. If you happen to place a basket or your pipe beside you, so that he can see it, he will not infrequently venture a little nearer and seem to look critically at your paraphernalia. It is this invincible curiosity that enables you to get the red fish on your string. You have only to bring with you a good supply of "bought-en" spears, if you do not know how to make them, and when you have mastered the Indian method of fishing the red fish is yours. But you must be quick, certain in your aim, for he swims like a streak of lightning, and while you are poising the spear he may be telling his friends about it on the other side of the lake. It is this rapidity of the Idaho red fish, for he is much quicker than other red fish, that makes him an enjoyable catch. He is game, whether big or little, young or old.

But if you are partial to the rod and reel, and do not care to manipulate the spear, you can let the red fish slumber and enjoy yourself at the lake to the utmost in many other ways. There are millions of white fish which take the fly readily, and also many fine lake and bull trout. You can sit upon the shore of this lake for a day, and if you have a gun and fishing tackle, it is nine

THE REDFISH—FROM WHICH THE LAKE TAKES IT NAME. TWO LOWER FISH, WEIGH 16 AND 18 LBS., RESPECTIVELY.

to ten that you will have both fish and venison for supper—invariably the former. The lakes are a great watering place for animals and so seldom visited by man that deer, elk, bear and other animals frequently venture to its shores for a sip of the mountain ale. Back from the lake, a few miles, are many fine specimens of wild sheep and their natural enemy, the "lion." Brooks abounding with mountain trout also babble merrily through the woods. A few miles farther and you come to Stanley Lake. Farther to the east, in the adjoining county, are numerous other delightful lakes and hunting grounds, where ducks, grouse, etc., have scarcely been educated to the sound of a gun. On account of the snow, which falls to a depth of from three to seven feet, a stranger cannot safely venture into the country before May 1, and the streams are not often clear of mud before June 1. The best deer and bear section lies west of Challis, and as the Idaho legislature has very wisely enacted laws to protect the former before their extinction had been brought about, the limit is set to at two deer to a season. It is this fact which has enabled the deer to multiply in such numbers. But no true sportsman can object to the limit, and besides, when he has killed his two deer, there are hundreds of bear, brown and black, which he can practice on. Trout fishing with hook and line is permitted the year around, and on most of the lakes can be found a boat which belongs to some trapper or mountaineer, and which can be had by the taking, or—if it is possible to find the owner—by the asking. There is no restriction on red fish angling, as they seem to multiply as rapidly as they can be caught. They are a native species and really a pretty fish, but it is their variety of shapes which surprises the tenderfoot. Although all of one family, the writer has frequently found them of various shades of red, of various anatomical proportions, and, as previously mentioned, of different shaped heads. On some, the nose is decidedly turned up, and these have large, drooping mouths, while on another the nose will turn down, be somewhat hooked, and the the mouth will curve upward. The writer has never found this peculiarity explained.

Red Fish Lake, proper, is two and one-half miles in width by seven in length.



GRIZZLY CANON—A FAMOUS BEAR REGION.

BIRD-BUILDERS

BY ALBERTA FIELD

OVER the coloring of its feather or the shape or marking of its egg, the bird can have no conscious control; but the nest, though probably constructed upon hereditary principles, is the result, pure and simple, of deliberate and definite planning, and displays more or less of the personality or individuality of the builder. If birds were unconscious agents or mere automata as some would have us believe, and consequently devoid of intelligent action or forethought, given the same material and conditions all nests would be exactly alike. You will see the fallacy of such a belief if you will examine two nests of any of the less complex builders, such as the robin, wren or even the swallow, for you will discover in each some noticeable variation that indicates a certain individual taste in the style of construction.

Among the lower orders of insects there is a great similarity of action, and their created abodes are so much alike that one may surmise that the creature is impelled by some unconscious force or instinct to build or weave along conventional lines. The spinning moths, however, are something of an exception, and are possessed of a greater amount of adaptability than they are usually given credit for, an assertion easily verified if you will deprive any of the silk moth caterpillars of their natural material for cocoon construction, such as dead leaves and earth debris. They will first make every effort to find the desired rubbish, and if they fail as a makeshift they will use bits of paper or cloth, though plainly and consciously displeased with the selection forced upon them, at the same time disclosing an individual power to adapt themselves to circumstances, a condition which is indicative of a certain intelligent reasoning.

Viewed from the human standpoint birds are created on a much higher plane of intelligence than insects, and hence it is necessary to study them as individuals rather than families, particularly if one desires to become at all conversant with their personal accomplishments as demonstrated by tastes and habits.

The cedar or cherry birds are among our most interesting workmen, but they are very deliberate in their movements, though as they do not build until late June or July they have less reason for haste and can make their plans accordingly. One can almost believe that these mild-mannered "lady-like" birds moderate their work of nest building lest by hurried movements they might displace a feather of their Quaker-gray "tailor-made" plumages in which they evidently take so much pride, and preen with such care. As a nesting site they seem to prefer the secre-

NEST OF CEDAR WAXWING, MADE OF BLACK LAMBS' WOOL.

ABOUT ZEBRAS

BY

Lawrence Irwell

AS THERE are incontestable signs that the reign of the zebra group of quadrupeds is approaching a close, it may not be waste of time to consider some of the main features of the life history of these striking examples of Africa's disappearing fauna. Like the giraffe, the gnu, and hippopotamus, the zebra is an animal that has never been found outside the Dark Continent. One form, the quagga, has already vanished completely; another, the mountain zebra, is approaching extinction, and even the most prolific of the group, Burchell's zebra, is being rapidly exterminated.

Anybody who has observed zebras in their captive state (in a zoological park) will be willing to testify that they present a picture of grace and beauty resembling what would appear to be a perfect type of life in a state of nature.

Before describing the characteristics and habitats of the various members of the zebra group, it seems advisable to glance back for a moment at the ancestors of these and others of the great equine family. It seems a little absurd to remember that the nearest living relatives which the horses, asses, and zebras now possess on our planet are the tapirs and rhinoceroses; but it is true. Far back in dim and remote epochs these animals can be traced to a common ancestry—the *Perissodactyla*, or "odd-toed" animals. To sum up very briefly the wonderful discoveries of geologists and palaeontologists relating to this subject, the equine pedigree may be thus traced: 1, Hyracotherium; 2, Palaeotherium; 3, Anchitherium; 4, Hipparion and allied forms; 5, zebras, horses and asses.

These successions and developments have, of course, been the slow product of thousands upon thousands of years. In process of time the far remote ancestors of these families branched off and became developed and specialized in various forms; and the horse and the zebra may now consider themselves only distantly related to the tapir and the rhinoceros. On the other hand, these latter creatures may retort by pointing, as evidence of ancient blood and breeding, to their extremely ancient form—the tapir in particular having remained in almost the exact state which distinguished his ancestors of the miocene period. The hipparion, or three-toed horse, or its allied forms, appear to be the nearest of the dim ancestors of the equine group. The animal seems to have been of about the size of an ass, and was distinguished by two false toes at the back of the hoof, which in the present representatives of the equine race have long since disappeared. It is interesting to note from the drawing in Flower's excellent monograph of "The Horse," how the toes of the earlier forms of equine ancestry have gradually disappeared. In the anchitherium there are only three toes remaining, of which the middle one subsequently became completely specialized in the hoof of the present zebra, horse and ass. In the next stage, in the hipparion, the middle toe has become still more developed.

LAIRD O' THE WOODS.

As foolish a chap as a lad could be,
By the reckonings of men;
But so wise in the lore of the woods that he
Could whistle the birds to his side, and be
An uncrowned king of the forest free,
Or a regal knight of the glen.

A clown, by the prating tongues of they
Who spoke by the book; but wise
To the mysteries of the forest way;
To the babbling song of the brooklet's play;
To the golden glint of the break o' day—
To the wealth of the star-lit skies.

He knew the tale of the roving breeze,
And the trees bowed low to him,
And he wandered wild o'er the fragrant leas
To the rhythmic note of the robber bees,
And the song of the mock-bird—wove with ease—
Came home as a vesper hymn.

He smiled at the amber tints of morn;
He laughed at the sun-bright noon;
He crept, when the shades of night were born,
To the waving edge of the sea of corn,
Where the hidden cricket blew his horn
To a quaint and eerie rune.

"As simple a chap as a lad could be,"
They said—but they spoke not true,
For his brain ran wild to a minor key;
Though he reckoned not by the rule of three,
He knew of things that they could not see,
Nor envied the things they knew.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

THE MOUNTAIN ZEBRA.
(*Equus zebra.*)

bred from a female wild ass by a male domestic donkey, in which were not only all four legs conspicuously striped, but there were three short stripes on each shoulder, and some zebra-like stripes on the face. This subject of stripings and markings is, in connection with the equine race alone, a very large and very interesting one, and deserves more attention than it has received. Finally, to quote Darwin once more, "we must admit that the progenitor (of the equine group) was striped on the legs, shoulders and face, and probably over the whole body, like a zebra."

All the above facts tend very strongly to demonstrate that the zebras of Africa are examples of a very ancient and very early type of the pure equine race. In these modern days the zebras, with their perfect forms and splendid markings, stand apart from their fellows, the proud remnants of an ancient primeval stock, true children of nature and of the wilds, untouched and unimproved by the hand of man, yet challenging comparison in many respects with the highest types of modern domestication. The pity is that they are so fast disappearing. Another forty years—or less—may see the end of them. When one reflects how rapidly this interesting group is vanishing, when one remembers that the quagga, which as recently as 1840 was described as "inhabiting the open plains south of the Vaal River in immense herds," has now become extinct—one almost regrets that arms of precision were ever invented.

Of the striped *equidae*, or zebras, peculiar to Africa, there are four well-ascertained species, viz.: 1, the true or mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*); 2, Grevy's zebra (*Equus grevyi*), a comparatively recent discovery in Northeast Africa, it is a distinct species of upland animal; 3, Burchell's zebra (*Equus burchelli*), and 4, the quagga (*Equus quagga*), a form now unhappily extinct. These species stand distinct and separate in many characteristics, and, although manifestly allied, it is a curious fact in natural history that in the wild state they have never been known to interbreed. The zebra, although known to the arena of Imperial Rome under the designation of *Hippotigris* (tiger-horse), is, strange to say, not to be found portrayed on Egyptian monuments. Considering how fond the Egyptians were of reproducing many forms of beasts, birds and rep[illegible]n their monuments, and the

nearness of their land to habitats of the zebra, this is somewhat remarkable. The giraffe once or twice appears, but the zebra, as far as I have been able to ascertain, never; and this although the lion, and many kinds of antelope, as well as other animals, are to be found frequently displayed. The name "zebra" is undoubtedly of African origin, and appears to have been derived or corrupted from Zeura, Zeora or Zecora, native Northeast African names.

The first appearance of the animal in history appears to have been during the reign of Caracalla, when a *hippotigris*—together with an elephant, a rhinoceros and a tiger—was displayed in the amphitheater. In the time of Phillip the Arabian, A. D. 244, twenty zebras were displayed together. After the Roman Empire little or nothing can be gleaned of this interesting beast until comparatively recent times. The early Cape Dutch christened the mountain zebra *wilde paard* (wild horse) and the quagga *wilde esel* (wild ass). Occasionally we get in bygone days some brief mention of the zebra. It is related that the governor of the island of Java to whom a zebra had been presented by an Abyssinian ambassador dispatched the animal as a gift to the emperor of China, who in his turn sent the Dutch East India Company 10,000 *tael* of silver and thirty nightshirts, valued altogether at 160,000 crowns, about $800,000. About the middle of the last century a living example of the true zebra, the property of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, was kept near London (England) at Kew. A cut of this animal appears in an old Natural History, probably Brookes'. It represents the mountain zebra, and the animal no doubt came from the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. About this time (1742) the Cape Government issued an order prohibiting the destruction of zebras under a penalty of £10 ($50); and it also offered £20 for all young animals delivered alive in Cape Town. As a general rule, however, so little was known in Europe about the zebra, even toward the end of the last century, that in furriers' shops the skins were often sold as "sea-horse hides." Sparrman, the Swedish traveler, who explored the Cape interior in 1772, is one of the first to give us any accurate intelligence of the zebra and the quagga. A Mr. Borrow, secretary to a governor of the Cape in 1797, adds some very interesting information concerning both the zebra and the quagga in Cape Colony. Then Burchell in 1812 penetrated with his wagons beyond the Orange River, and discovered the zebra of the plains, ever since known as Burchell's zebra, roaming the vast plateaux lands of the Bechuana country in immense herds; and the striped *equidae* of Southern Africa were at last established and known to science. Curiously enough, it was not till nearly seventy years later that the mountain zebra of Northeast Africa (*Equus grevyi*), from the highlands of Shoa, was identified by naturalists—a very remarkable lapse, considering the opening up of Africa in recent years, and the fact that Abyssinia—which adjoins Shoa—has long been explored.

The true or mountain zebra, the *hippotigris* of the Romans, the *daow* of the Hottentots, the *wilde paard* of the Boers, is essentially a mountain dweller, and loves the wildest, roughest and most inaccessible parts of the rugged mountains of South Africa. It is, as far as we know at present, unrepresented in Central Africa, and in Northeast Africa it is replaced by a somewhat similar form in Grevy's zebra. From constant persecution this species is becoming very scarce, and promises not long hence to become, like its much-lamented cousin the quagga, extinct altogether. In the old days this handsome beast was to be seen upon every mountain range of South Africa, from Namaqualand to Swaziland. But now only a scanty remnant—a few small troops here and there—linger in Cape Colony, in the ranges of almost inaccessible mountains, where they are comparatively safe from the rifle of civilized man. Preservation by law in a vast and thinly populated country is very difficult. Native and Dutch gunners *will* shoot for skins or for the mere love of slaughter. And notwithstanding the efforts of British colonists at the Cape, the mountain zebra of South Africa year by year dwindles toward extinction. Within twenty years it will probably have vanished and another noble form of animal life will be lost to us.

The mountain zebra is of strong and robust form, furnished with sturdy limbs—tough and wiry—and with excellent feet. In general appearance, and especially in its ears

GREVY ZEBRA.
(*Equus grevyi.*)

and tail, it is much more asinine in type than either Burchell's zebra or the quagga. In coloring and marking, too, it differs widely from the others of the zebra group. The body color is of a clean silvery white; the markings are black, or very dark brown, extend to every part of the body except the belly, and are very differently distributed. The legs are perfectly and strongly banded down even to the hoof. The muzzle is of a handsome tan color, while the rest of the head—except the ears, which are black and white—is striped in bright brown instead of black. This zebra stands between twelve and twelve and a half hands in height, and is, from its strong build, manifestly adapted for getting about the rocky mountain habitat which it loves to frequent. Although as a rule its constitution is hardy, it does sometimes succumb to the snowstorms which occasionally occur upon the mountain heights. In 1898, after a heavy fall of snow and severe cold on the mountains, near Cradock, in Cape Colony, several zebras were found dead. The altitudes of the mountains of South Africa in which the mountain zebra is still found range from 2,000 to 7,000 feet.

Many years ago the young of this zebra were occasionally captured and exported to Mauritius, where they were driven in fashionable equipages. But as a rule this species is far more intractable than its relative, Burchell's zebra. In the adult animal ferocity is strongly marked, and taming is out of the question. Very few examples of this zebra have been seen in zoological gardens in this country or Europe. Nearly all the zebras displayed there have been Burchell's zebra, with which form the public is therefore most familiar. The pace of this interesting mountain dweller is on the flat, of course, inferior to that of any good road horse, but on the rough hills it is generally unapproachable. Even the surest-footed Basuto pony that ever clattered down a mountain side could never hope to rival this wild equine mountaineer.

Occasionally, however, a zebra will consort with a troop of donkeys or mules running among the hills, and is then sometimes driven into a krall and made prisoner.

As Grevy's zebra is a hill rather than a plain dweller and is most nearly allied to the true zebra, this species should be dealt with next. In 1882, Menelek, king of Shoa, afterward king of Abyssinia as well, sent a living zebra as a present to Mr. Grevy, then president of the French Republic. This animal was placed in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, where it survived only for a short time. It was soon found to differ considerably from any recorded species, and was at first thought to be merely a variety of *Equus zebra*. Careful investigation of the skins of other zebras collected from Northeast Africa — principally Somaliland — has, however, clearly established this zebra—now well known as *Equus grevyi*—as a true species, distinct from its southern relative.

In this zebra the body color is of the same pure white as *Equus zebra*, but the dark markings are much thinner, finer and more evenly distributed. Across the rump and quarters of the true zebra the markings are broad and few in number. In Grevy's zebra they are thin and more numerous. In fact, the stripings are somewhat even in width all over the body, again the markings upon the top of the rump are quite different, a broad space of white appearing on both sides of the dark center in Grevy's zebra. In the original Grevy's zebra the nose was longer, more pronounced, and more unattractive than in the mountain zebra, while the body and limbs were less compact and robust. The ears were long and asinine, and the tail donkey-like, as in *Equus zebra*.

The first example of the new species was captured in the mountains of Shoa. Captain Swaine, an English army officer, who had shot specimens of this animal in the adjacent country of Somaliland, confirmed the species, and added some interesting information. This was in 1893. He said that these zebras were common on the border of the Galla country, and were never found on the open grass plains, but always on "low plateaux covered with scattered or thick thorn bush and tall, feathery 'churr' grass, with red gravelly soil and rocks cropping up in places." They were found in herds of under a dozen, were extremely tame, and easily shot. The stripes of adult specimens only approach "intense black" over the withers. Elsewhere they are of a deep chocolate color, changing to light tan on the forehead and muzzle. Out of the skins of some two hundred zebras seen by Captain Swaine alive, all were of the same narrow type of striping as in Grevy's zebra and showed no variation of pattern.

This species is now established, and it is strange that not until as late a period as between 1880 and 1890 was it discovered. These animals run in small troops of much the same number as the mountain zebra of South Africa, and the character of their abode—bush grass and rock—is very similar. Its range is evidently somewhat lower; but here it may be pointed out that the zebra of South Africa has most probably sought the higher, rougher and more inaccessible parts of the mountains in proportion as it has been persecuted by man. Probably Grevy's zebra in Gallaland and Somaliland will very soon retreat to higher and wilder fastnesses among the mountains. The natives have found that there is a ready market for the skins, and they are hunting the zebras with considerable regularity. It is to be hoped that before long every zoo in the United States will have examples of this animal.

Next comes Burchell's zebra (*Equus burchelli*), the *Bonte quagga* of the Boers, and *Peetsi* (sometimes *Peetsi tolatsan*) of the Bechuanas. The Cape Dutch name for this quadruped—*Bonte quagga* (pied or striped quagga)—is a wrongful and misleading one, and from having been adopted by nearly all interior hunters and traders, has given rise to much doubt and confusion among naturalists. Among the natives there was only one *quagga*, or rather *quacha* in the country—the now extinct *Equus quagga*, which was never found north of the Vaal River. Unfortunately the Boor misnomer has stuck to Burchell's zebra, and whenever "up-country" people refer to it they almost always speak of it as the "quagga." The mistake has been repeated in books of travel by several authors, and for this reason many people have doubted whether the true quagga was really extinct. Burchell's zebra, which from its frequency in zoological collections is quite the best known of the family, is

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA.

(Equus burchelli.)

taller than the true zebra, and stands about thirteen hands in height—occasionally a little more. The body color varies from pale sienna to white or almost white; the stripings, which differ entirely from those of the true zebra, are black or brownish black. The head is light and handsome, and with the small ears appear more equine than asinine. The mane is erect and full, coming well over the forehead, and is banded alternately in black or dark brown and white. The tail is also much more equine than in the true zebra, and is whitish and flowing. The legs of this zebra, as with all its kin in the wild state, are hard and very well formed. The feet are models of perfection, small, admirably shaped and extremely hard —and are evidently peculiarly adapted to the high dry plains upon which these animals make their homes. Burchell's zebra can gallop very well and very fast, and many hunters have been obliged to relinquish pursuit as hopeless, although well mounted for the South African veldt. The Cape hunting pony is, however, always severely handicapped on these occasions, with its burden of a man—often too heavy for it—a rifle and equipments. On level terms, a fair horse would probably beat the fastest zebra that ever existed. In many cases the markings of Burchell's zebra extend but little beyond the shoulder, the legs being unstriped. Cases do

occur, however, in which the legs are striped nearly down to the hoofs—although never so perfectly as in the true zebra. When these leg stripings occur, naturalists sometimes refer to the animal as Chapman's variety of Burchell's zebra—Chapman having been the first man to obtain skins marked in this way. It may be doubted, however, whether *Equus chapmani*, as it is sometimes called, can really be regarded as a true variety.

The habitat of Burchell's zebra has always been far wider and less circumscribed than that of other members of the Hippitigrine group. It is uncertain whether these animals ever roamed south of the Orange River. In modern times the range may be taken as extending from the Orange River to northern equatorial Africa. In Central and East Africa they are fairly abundant, especially on the dry plains about Masailand and in the region approaching Uganda, where the country is almost identical with the high plains and park-like plateaux of Southern Africa. In Northern and Western Africa they seem to have been almost unknown. While in East and South Central Africa this zebra may still be found in large troops, its range becomes yearly more restricted. The Boers long ago discovered the marketable value of zebra skins, and in consequence the plains of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, where thousands of these quadrupeds were to be found fifty years ago, are now completely denuded of them. In the Transvaal there are a very few farms (in the Marico district) where some zebras (Burchell's) are carefully preserved by Englishmen. These are the poor remnants of the immense herds of these beautiful creatures which formerly decorated all that vast region.

In Mashonaland, and eastward to the coast, Burchell's zebra is often seen. But miners, pioneers and hunters are already at work in this region, and they use no discretion in shooting this animal. It is easily shot, and when once wounded it leaves the troop and is soon secured. It seems to be the softest of the South African animals, which, as a rule, are endowed with great vitality. By far the handsomest of the zebra family—indeed one may say of the whole equine race—is now being ruthlessly cleared from Africa, either for the value of its hide or to provide food for the natives, or for the mere pleasure of killing. It is undoubtedly the most easily tamed of the zebra group, and it may be of considerable assistance in breeding the hybrid called the zebrula, which it is hoped will be immune to the deadly South African horse-sickness and the still more fatal tse-tse fly.

In the Transvaal since 1898 some experiments have been made in taming the zebra with a fair share of success. The contractors for a line of coaches between Pretoria and Pietersburg bought eight half-grown Burchell's zebras from a Boer hunter for the purpose of using them in their coach during the horse-sickness season which follows the rains. The hunter had lassoed them when quite young, four months earlier. Four of these were broken to harness in a month, and were then driven in the coach alongside six mules with perfect success. These zebras were described as "quiet and well trained. In harness they pull well, are willing and never jib. In fact one of them will do his best to pull the whole coach himself. They are softer mouthed than the mules. They very seldom kick, and the only thing in the shape of vice which they manifest is that, when first handled, they have an inclination to bite; but as soon as they understand there is no intention to hurt them they give it up." (London "Field," March 11, 1898.)

This interesting experiment was followed up. Sixteen more young Burchell's zebras were brought from the interior by Dutch hunters. They seemed to have become perfectly tame by the time they reached Youtpansberg, North Transvaal, and were at once broken to harness or saddle. The subsequent career of these tamed zebras was not a success. It was found, after all, that they were not suitable for prolonged coach or mail-cart work. They were more trouble than horses or mules, and the same amount of work could not be obtained from them. After a time, therefore, the experiment was abandoned.

A few years ago a picture appeared in "Munsey's" magazine of a team of four zebras driven (in England) by Mr. Walter Rothschild. They were said to be well broken, and to be satisfactory workers. The failure of the zebras in Transvaal coach work is not

THE TRUE QUAGGA.
(*Equus quagga.*)

surprising. It is not to be expected that animals taken fresh from the wilderness will at once show the same capacity for hard and prolonged labor as quadrupeds like the horse, ass and mule, which have undergone a gradual process of domestication and training during thousands of years, man having always selected for breeding purposes the individuals which possessed the qualities that he required.

The true quagga *quacha* of the Hottentot, *Equus quagga* of naturalists— is the last of the four species of striped *equidae* till lately found in Africa. It has been extinct for about thirty years. In height this animal resembled Burchell's zebra, standing from thir-

THE OKAPI.

A RARE NEW SPECIES DISCOVERED SINCE THIS ARTICLE WAS WRITTEN, BUT OF SMALL IMPORTANCE BECAUSE OF ITS SCARCITY.

teen to thirteen and a half hands. It was, however, of somewhat more robust form. In coloring and marking it differed widely from the others of the group. The upper coloring of the body was pale brown—darker upon the neck and face—while the dark brown stripings extended only a little behind the shoulder, after which they entirely ceased. The ears and tail were more equine than asinine, the latter being white and flowing. The crest was high and well arched, surmounted by a full upstanding mane banded in brown and white. A dark dorsal line ran to the tail. The legs and belly were almost pure white and unstriped. It is a thousand pities that this unique and handsome quadruped has gone forever. We may destroy, but we can never again restore a species such as this. But if Burchell's zebra can be saved from extinction, and trained for the service of man in Africa, it will be one redeeming feature in the melancholy tale of disappearing fauna.

CRUISING IN NORTHERN WATERS

BY F. M. KELLY

Dear Kelly: Want to see you about a little cruise I am planning. Come down to the office this afternoon and we'll talk it over.—Barnes.

ONE day late in June the above came to hand. Needless to say, I went to see Harry Barnes that afternoon. By the way, in case of any confusion in names, those who know Harry well call him "Jim" for short. We talked the cruise over, for we both have the yachting germ, just as eagerly as though we were going away for a month instead of a short week-end. It was this way: Jim had recently purchased a yawl of generous proportions, and he wanted to give her a trial in water that might at short notice be tumbling lively from the Pacific before a driving sou'wester. The fates who govern the weather are sometimes propitious, and on this especial occasion they made up for a lot of drifting on sun-flaring waters. Jim had his wish.

I think it was somewhere about 2 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon when I reported for duty on the yawl Veruna. I don't know how it was, but I managed to be on hand before anyone else. It may be strange, but even a slow coach may be first on occasion. There's a story—— but that's another story; this one should be about a yacht and a cruise. Fully an hour I waited at the boat-house for someone else to turn up. Jim came along at last with a brother-in-law, who was fresh from Manitoba, and who had never controlled the steering gear of anything more nautical than that of a pony of the cattle ranges. I believe I expressed myself to that effect during the trip. He was too much for me, however, and replied that a cayuse could be naughtyical enough for anybody. At that it was time for any transitory mariner to heave-to, and I went below. "Shiver my timbers," it's time to hitch my trousers now and get on with the yarn.

At 3 o'clock Jim and his prairie relative had arrived. Up till that time the sun had been shining brightly, with the wind holding light and variable. This latter brought a few clouds from somewhere; inky black they were, and full of rain to bursting. How it fell in great life-giving drops over the panting city! We sat in the boat-house and waited the pleasure of the rain for another twenty minutes; for it stilled the little wind and our provisions would not have done well between shore and yacht. It was almost on the half hour when the sun came out again; and with it came the breeze. There were to be four of us; and after the rain passed Stan Laurie, who owns a seabird, hove in sight. He had been watching the passing of the shower from his house. After we got aboard it didn't take long to shake out the canvas and slip the mooring-chain.

They let me have the tiller for the first trick. Had the breeze held all would have been well; but it grew light and kept heading us off. Fair in the narrow mouth of Victoria harbor there was hardly enough for

steering way. Being used to handling fin-keel boats, very quick in stays, I overlooked the fact that the Veruna might be slow, and that the tide was flooding strong and working her head more to leeward than the swell, and did not try to go about until we were close in against the Ocean Docks; and when the tiller was put hard over, she only shook her head at it and payed off to leeward. Had there been room we could have jibed; but we could do no better than try to shove the docks out of the way. As there was no way on the boat, no damage was done; but the skipper was somewhat excited for a moment or two, evidently fearing that the dock would get the worst of it. After a little exertion, however, we managed to get her lying right, and shoved off on the port tack. Note: The above way is a good one for going about when you can't make it any otner way.

After several slants, making but little on them, we drew outside where the wind was trying to do something, which we appreciated. Far away, we could see the water piling up, but couldn't tell whether it was caused by wind or tide. For an hour it was ladies' sailing, when it started to breeze up, and the water soon had changed from light to dark blue, the tops of the rollers white as wool. Straight to our objective it would have been easy sheets, but we had to count on tide drift, so we made it a close haul, the luff a-trembling. At 7 o'clock we were in the big combers, Race Rocks Light on our weather quarter. Hammering through them we shipped the crest of a big sea now and then, the spray flying aft in cool showers. As the breeze was then blowing up for the night we eased her off a trifle and took in our outer jib, having no backstays rigged, and went easy, the seas rolling just forward of the chains. Over the swinging sea-hills, through the shifting sea-vales we passed, wishing for nothing better. There the seas were glorious, a twenty-five-mile breeze stirring them to action. Ahead, we were then rapidly raising the low land of Washington; behind, the green hills of Vancouver Island were paling into that rich purple which makes distant hills so beautiful in the fading light of day. At 8 o'clock we were inside Angeles Light, where the water was smooth; and in less than fifteen minutes more we had anchored in the port of the angels, the little city that nestles by a wonderful harbor at the base of the Olympics, and for which we had set out.

All through the night the wind gusts twanged on running gear and iron stay; and with the morning came no abatement. We were in luck. For half the way an easy haul along the edge of a twenty-five-mile sea, and the balance with free sheets, much the same sailing as we had had on the previous day. If a crow really flies straight it would wing some eighteen miles between Victoria and Port Angeles; but as a boat flies, a mile or two more may be safely added. We were under way at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, driving through smooth water with the boom well out until we had the light-house abeam, when we worked the sheets home and poked our bowsprit into a dirty cross sea caused by the bucking of wind and tide.

The breeze continued fresh and the seas to run high until Angeles Light had vanished into distance behind us and we were under the rolling hills of Vancouver Island, where the sea was smooth though the wind did not lose its weight. Then as we eased the boat off for Victoria harbor we thought we would give her the jib, the setting of which meant part of a bath for the scribe: It was useless—not the bath, but the setting of the canvas—for it caused the mast to buckle in no uncertain manner, which was my cue to lay out along the jib-boom and furl the sail again, when the bath was completed. As we finished dropping into our moorings at 5 o'clock the wind fell light; but it had served us a good twenty-four hours of sport. We made the run from Angeles to Victoria in less than four hours, a very satisfactory performance. Jim was pleased, and so was I.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street.
Telephone, Main 1262.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

ON JANUARY FIRST, 1906, the price of this magazine will be increased to 15 cents per single copy and $1.50 for yearly subscriptions.

We are compelled, much to our regret, to make this advance because of various and diversified causes which leave us no option in the matter. Owing to discriminative railroad charges for transportation of raw material, and to the excessively high scale of wages paid in Coast operative departments, it costs just about 40 per cent. more to publish our magazine in San Francisco than it would to issue the same edition anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. Then, again, we are the only sporting magazine of any prominence that is presently selling for less than 15 cents, despite the fact that we print about twice as much matter as most of our contemporaries.

Therefore we deem ourselves more than justified in advancing our rates to at least a parity with those of our conditionally more favored contemporaries, assuring our friends that added features and enlarged text matter will amply compensate them for the nominal advance they pay.

Considering the short notice given our friends in this matter we think it only fair to all present subscribers to say that up to and till December 31 of this year we will accept renewals at the present rate of $1.00 per year, extending present subscriptions, no matter on what date they mature, for another year. But this privilege will in no case be extended after the time mentioned. If you want to renew your subscription at the old rate it behooves you to take immediate action and get your money into our hands before New Year's Day. There will positively be no exceptions made in any case. "Western Field" plays no favorites.

A VALUABLE PAMPHLET

UNDER the title of "Game Laws for 1905" the U. S. Department of Agriculture is issuing a bulletin (Farmers' Bulletin No. 230) that should be in the hands of every Pacific Coast citizen, whether he be an active sportsman or not. It is a complete exposition of the present game laws of the United States and Canada, and is one of the best compiled, most instructive and valuable reports ever issued by the general government. It differs from most government publications in that it is not a laboriously catalogued assemblage of dry bones, being on the contrary readable to the concluding period.

It is a summary of the laws of the United States and Canada that govern the seasons, shipment and sale of game and the licenses exacted from those who hunt, fish or engage in game commerce. It was prepared by Messrs. T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams Jr., assistants in the Biological Survey, and reflects great credit upon these collaborators. Copies can be obtained free on request from any Senator, Representative or Delegate to Congress, or on application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Its chiefest value and significance to sportsmen lies, however, in its personal evi-

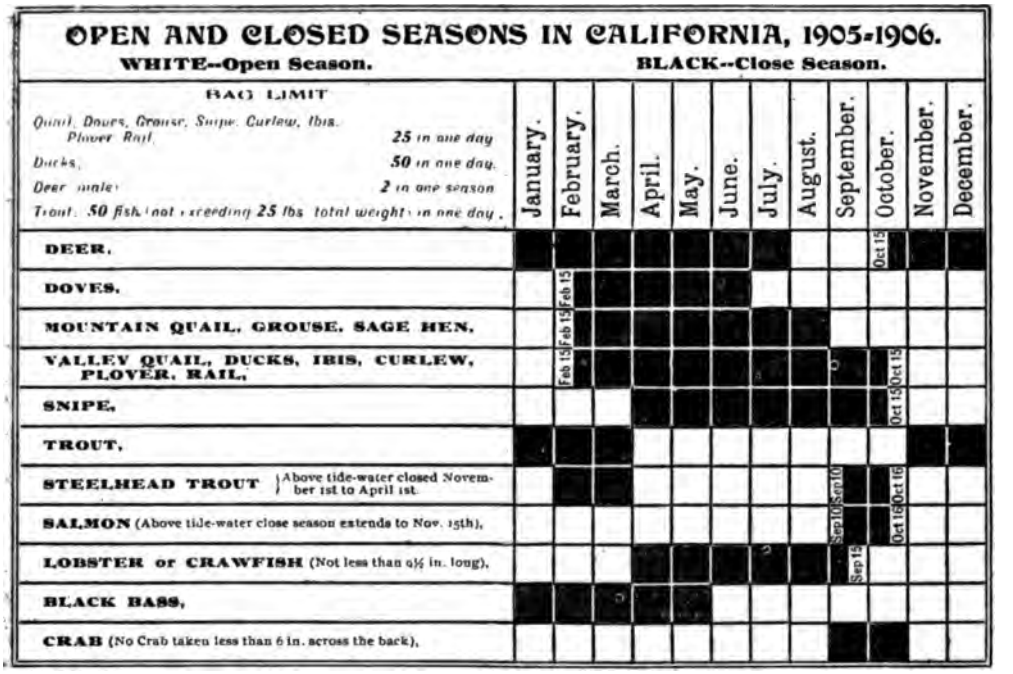
dence of the great and thorough interest which the general government is taking in the preservation of game. It is one of the assuring signs of the times when our "Uncle Sam" gets down to business in our behalf, and we confidently predict that the information so wisely disseminated through his instrumentality will bear good fruit. After all, it is only a matter of getting the good people of this country to a knowledge of the principles and values involved in game protection in order to get them all solidly lined up in the good cause.

PROVE YOUR POSITION

LONG before this number of "Western Field" is in the hands of our readers the roar of the shot-gun will attend the whistling of witching wings—for this is "Duck Month" and the sport is passing sweet!

It goes without saying that the average California duck hunter is a gentleman and a sportsman—but he is also a duck hunter, and in no one other branch of sport is the temptation to overshoot so insistent and irresistible. It takes a man of iron will and stoical nerves to stop at an all too great bag of twenty-five big birds when they are whirling in hundreds about your head and in such seductive range. But the thoughtful, clean and gentlemanly sportsman is a wonder at the art of self-abnegation, and can and will resist the temptation if he is only reminded in time.

Therefore we earnestly say to our friends: You are an advocate of game protection—prove your position and parade your principles! Stop at a reasonable bag and let the others go to seed. Your example will bear fruit and your son's son will bless your memory and boast of your decency. Don't hog them because you have a chance to do so. Be moderate; in short, be a sensible gentleman—a real sportsman.



N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

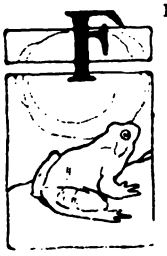
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short, time elapsing between the days of April 5 and August 25, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; fined $50.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch; fined $30.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham; fined $20.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $25.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble; fined $20.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum; fined $25.

A. Camello, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable; fined $20.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $20.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer; jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis; fined $25.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall; case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb; case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph; discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah, Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea; fined $25.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph; fined $25

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Web Toms; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch; case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl; case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; fined $25.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession. M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY 27.

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in possession Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close season, Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possession, Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possession, Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped bass, Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized striped bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession close season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officers A. F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, Sonora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Rio Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, Tahoe City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close season, Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; ten days in jail.

R. P. Poe, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

C. M. Anderson, killing quail close season, Willits, A. W. Ralph; $25 fine.

C. S. Gruning, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

A. B. McCutcheon, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Ah Sing, Fresh buck horns in possession, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Charley Borson, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Miss F. Louise Sheppard, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls, A. F. Lea and Wm. Rae; $25.

Chas. Noyse, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

E. Chapman, killing deer out of season, Happy Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

There were also seized over 3,000 pounds of undersized striped bass; 250 pounds of unlawfully possessed trout and 10 illegally used nets.

ARRESTS MADE FROM AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 25.

E. P. Lounibos, shipping doves in concealed packages, Glen Ellen, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.) underweight striped bass in possession, Sacramento, George Neale; $20.

Luke Petrich, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, J. C. O'Connell and J. H. Davis; $25 fine.

T. G. Canckwell, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

T. A. Lang, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25 fine.

Richard Faulkerson, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25.

Louis Saroni, having spotted fawn in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; dismissed.

Dennis O'Leary, killing a doe, Stonyford, J. R. Martin; $50.

Tony Bezoni, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

White McClure, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

Henry Christopher, killing deer close season, Yreka, T. W. Birmingham and A. E. Doney; $50.

Chas. Kisaki, killing quail close season, Monrovia, Manuel Trijo; $25 fine.

J. Cavagna, killing a spotted fawn, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $75 fine.

H. Matushara, using set net, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $100 fine.

Al Quinn, killing a meadow lark, Ione, J. E. Kelly; $25 fine.

Ray Streeter, shooting on enclosed land, Alhambra, Eldridge S. Freer; $25 fine.

Joseph Flamini, taking young of fish, San Rafael; $25 fine.

Herman Stolz, quail in possession close season, Sacramento, George Neale; dismissed.

Lee Yoke Suey, offering for shipment dried California shrimp, San Francisco, Chas A. Vogelsang and E. E. Pedlar; case pending.

Stephen Billeci, using small mesh net for taking striped bass, Pinole, J. H. Davis, J. C. O'Connell and Antone Soto; $200.

ARRESTS MADE AUG. 26 TO SEPT 1, 1905.

G. K. Legakes, killing quail close season, Pasadena, Sam L. Wallis; pending.

Ch. Young, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Fon Ring, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Sue, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Hoy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah King, undersized abalone in possession Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Poy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Jim, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $50.

Oscar Siberg, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

E. A. Wickersham, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

Jas. Weller, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

Tom Jones, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

John Hitchcock, killing a fawn, Susanville, E. D. Payne; pending.

B. Moro, fishing without a license, Vallejo, J. H. Davis; pending.

SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1905.

Clarence Shiveley, killing quail close season, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; dismissed.

Ah Jo, undersized abalones in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Mrs. M. Henry, excess bag limit, trout, Redlands, H. J. Pritchard; $29.

M. Scondres, crabs in possession close season, Oakland, Thos. Woods; $20.

Thos. John, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; $25.

A. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

M. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

A. Enea, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; $100.

P. Fereira of Alameda, killing quail close season, Kelseyville, A. F. Lea; $50.

Chas. Widmyer, Saturday and Sunday fishing for salmon, Isleton, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer Superior Court.

L. Schagg and John Ingraham, killing does, Jolon, S. J. Smart; dismissed.

H. F. Jensen, killing a doe, Eureka, J. E. Morton; $50.

T. Busha, killing quail close season, Hopland, A. L. O'Neal; dismissed.

John McCann, deer hides in possession with evidence of sex removed (73 hides), J. E. Morton; pending.

Leon Vieux, killing a doe, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $50

J. D. Rice, killing quail close season, Redding, Eugene Barion; $25.

G. Narcosso, killing quail close season, Jackson, C. B. Arditto; $25.

C. Giovanini, killing quail close season, Jackson, O. H. Reichling; $25.

V. Mei, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; $100.

Mario Fediricone, shipping underweight striped bass, M. L. Cross and J. C. Ingalls; pending.

A. Engel, proprietor Palace Restaurant, Los Angeles, crawfish in possession close season, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

J. Perejallo, underweight striped bass in possession, Haywards, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Philip Ghiorzo, killing ducks, close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; $40.

Chas. Lee and John Lee, killing ducks close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; discharged.

Levin Tanning Co., allowing substances dele-

terious to fish to pass into Santa Rosa Creek (second complaint), Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Cap. Elmore of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; $25.

Tom Lockhart of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; pending.

I. N. Searle, dynamiting fish, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25

Antoni Bongiobanni, plover in possession close season,, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

Antony Olerici, plocer in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

E. Gumbert, underweight striped bass in possession, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

Giacomo Carnigha, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $50.

Giacomo Carnigha, using a set net, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $100.

S. Samoni (Free Market, Oakland), underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thos. Wood; $20.

C. Schmeiser, quail in possession close season, Lakeport, A. F. Lea; $25.

C. F. Henderson, killing tree squirrels, Willits, T. C. Gibson; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing meadow larks, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

P. Cantiere, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Ferraro, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

Angelo Olean, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

John W. Yeary, quail in possession close season, San Luis Obispo, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Thos. S. Esrey, ducks in possession close season, Hanford, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

Wm. Edinson, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

T. G. Porter, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

Martin Ivanovich, selling underweight trout, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Ah Sing, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Miss Octavia, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

Walter Lewis, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Carl Rischer, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

Gene Prindiville, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

—. Kennedy, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

SEIZURES, AUGUST, 1905.

100 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
2400 lbs. underweight striped bass.
1 set net.
1 salmon net (used Saturday and Sunday fishing).

SEIZURES, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

50 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
250 lbs. salmon.
1350 lbs. underweight striped bass.
40 lbs. trout improperly shipped.
100 lbs. undersized crawfish.
12 doz. quail.
2 set nets.
$1520 fines imposed for month of September.

ONCE NEARLY EXTINCT BUT NOW THRIVING UNDER VIGOROUS PROTECTION.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to Aug. 15th, 1905.)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chickens.	Wild Turkey.	Ducks.	Plovers.	Snipe.[1]	Woodcock.[1]	Rail.[1]	Doves.[1]	Other Birds.[1]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[2]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[2]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[2]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15			All the year	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year			Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[2]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15			All the year			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[2]		6
	7	New York[3]	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	Dec. 1-Oct. 15			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	7
	8	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	8
	9	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[4]	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Jan. 1-May 15	Jan. 1-May 15	Jan. 1-May 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	10
	11	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-July 15[5]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[2]	11
	12	Maryland	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1			All the year					Feb. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 15-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	13
	14	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 15			Feb. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 15[2]	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 20, Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Feb. 1-July 31	Feb. 1-July 31	Feb. 1-July 31	Feb. 1-Nov. 15	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	15
	16	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			July 1-Mar. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[2]	16
	17	Ohio	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	To Nov. 15, 1905			Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Feb. 15-June 30	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[2]	17
	18	Indiana	To Oct. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[6]	To 1910		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	18
	19	Illinois	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[8]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[8]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[8]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[8]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	19
	20	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1910	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	20
	21	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[9]	To May 15, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1910	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	21
	22	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	22
	23	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1905	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 15[2]	23
	24	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[3]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[3]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 15-Sept. 1	24
	25	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[3]	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 15-Sept. 1	May 15-Sept. 1			Apr. 15-Sept. 1	25
	26	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	26
	27	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1						Oct. 16-Sept. 1		May 15-Sept. 1	27
	28	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	28
	29	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May[4]-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1910[3]	Oct. 31-Sept. 1	Oct. 31-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Aug. 1[10]				Apr. 16-Sept. 15[2]	30
SOUTHERN.	31	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	31
	32	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1			Local laws				32
	33	Georgia[3]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15		Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 15-July 15[2]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[2]		33
	34	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. F.-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		34
	35	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				35
	36	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							36
	37	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 15	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[3]	37
	38	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[3]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							38
	39	Louisiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[2]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	39
	40	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1						40
	41	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan[11]-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						41
	42	New Mexico	Jan. 20-Oct. 1[3]	Jan. 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1							42
	43	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		43
PACIFIC.	44	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[4]			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	44
	45	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Nov. 5-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	45
	46	Utah	All the year[3]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Oct. 1	46
	47	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	47
	48	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15		May 1-Sept. 1	48
	49	Oregon[3]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[3]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Sept. 15, 1909	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[12]			Dec. 1-Oct. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	49
	50	Alaska		Dec. 15-Sept. 1				Dec. 15-Sept. 1					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	50
	51	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 15[4]	May 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-Sept. 15[4]	51
CANADA.	52	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	52
	53	Yukon[4]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				2[13]Sept. 1				2[13]Sept. 1	53
	54	N.W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15		May 1-Aug. 15		May 1-Aug. 15	54
	55	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								Jan. 15-Sept. 1	55
	56	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Aug. 15	Nov. 15-Aug. 15									56
	57	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	May[4]-Sept. 15	57
	58	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	14[4]Feb. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1	58
	59	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 8-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	59
	60	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Sept. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 20	Mar. 1-Aug. 20	60
	61	Pr. Edward Isl.[4]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1					Jan. 1-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 20	Mar. 1-Aug. 20	61
	62	Newfoundland		Jan. 15-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 15-Aug. 31			Jan. 15-Aug. 31	Jan. 15-Aug. 31[14]	62

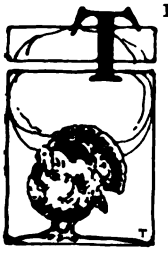
MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[1]	Moose.[1]	Caribou.[1]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[1]	Squirrels.[1][3]	Rabbit.	Introduced Permanent.	Some Protected in a few States only.	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 30, 1913		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1			2
	3	Vermont	Nov. 20-Oct. 25[1]		All the year	All the year				May 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1910		3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1905						Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Mar. 1-Oct. 1[4]	To Oct. 1, 1907		4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1905		5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911						Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		6
	7	New York[1]	Nov. 15-Dec. 1[1]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year		Dec. 1-Sept. 14[4]	Local laws	To 1910		7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov.[1]						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
	9	New Jersey	To April 1, 1906						Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	Jan. 1-Nov. 16	British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
	10	Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Nov. 15						Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 1, 1910	Yukon[4]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
	11	Delaware							Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws						Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.[7]
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Nova Scotia	All the year
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Three local laws	Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909.	Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct. 15						Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15			
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 15[4]	Sept. 15-Nov. 15[4]			
	17	Ohio							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 5-Nov. 15[4]	To Nov. 10, 1905.		
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[1]	To June 16, 1905	To June 16, 1905	To June 16, 1905			Dec. 1-Oct. 15		To 1910		
	19	Indiana	All the year						Jan. 1-Nov. 10[4]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[4]	To Feb. 24, 1911[7]		
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 30, 1910						Jan. 1-July 1		To Apr. 30, 1909		
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11						Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1911		
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	All the year					To Oct. 1, 1910		
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year									
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1					To Mar. 15, 1909.			To Dec. 1, 1910		
	25	Kansas						Nov. 15-Aug. 15.			To Feb. 20, 1911[7]		
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 15-Aug. 15	All the year				To Jan. 1, 1911.	Dec. 1-Nov.1[4]		All the year		
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year		All the year	All the year				
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year		All the year			Oct. 15-Sept. 1		
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year		All the year			All the year		
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1913			Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[4]		To Sept. 1, 1906		
	31	Colorado	Oct. 31-Sept. 30	To Nov. 1, 1907				To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[4]		All the year		
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Local laws				
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]										
	34	Georgia[3]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1907.		
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1										
	36	Alabama	Local laws						Local laws		Local laws		
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15										
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]						Mar. 1-June 1[4]		To Nov. 1, 1907[7]		
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]								To Mar. 15, 1913.		
	40	Louisiana	Local laws										
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1				To July 1, 1909.	To July 1, 1909[15]			To July 1, 1909[7]		
	42	Oklahoma	All the year				All the year				Jan. 1-Dec. 1		
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year			To Mar. 15, 1913.	All the year[7]			To Mar. 15, 1913.		
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15.	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year			To Mar. 1, 1911.		
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year			All the year	All the year[7]	All the year[7]	All the year			
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			All the year		
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909			All the year		
	48	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			To Mar. 6, 1909.		
	49	Washington	Jan. 15-Sept. 15	To Jan. 1, 1915	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 15[7]		
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[7]	To Sept. 15, 1907					Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]					
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 15		
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 16-Sept. 1		All the year		
	54	Yukon[4]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Dec. 1-Oct. 1				
	55	N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[4]		Dec. 15-Oct. 1[4]				
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]				
	57	Quebec	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1				To Sept. 15, 1909		
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]					To Sept. 15, 1910		
	59	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			Dec. 1-Sept. 15				
	60	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1910					All the year		
	61	Pr. Edward Isl.[4]									Mar. 1-Nov. 1		
	62	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1911	To Jan. 1, 1911	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[4]					Mar. 1-Sept. 1		

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Geese, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (Mallard, barnacled, canvasback, pintail, redhead, sprigtail, whistler, widgeon, and scaup duck, geese, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 15. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Rose Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 11, 1905. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, in Sept. 1, 1915; Isle of Wight and Southampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Maitawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except sora. 12. Except wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1908; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Cross only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Tennessee, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except east of the Canadian, to 1905, Dept. 9-15. 22. Sec. 606, Ch. 180, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 15. 23. Nov. 2, 10, 15, 17. 24. Except trout, May 1-Oct. 1.

*Laws for 1905 not yet received.

THE INTERSTATE TOURNAMENT.



THE ninth Interstate Association blue rock tournament for 1905, held on September 15th, 16th and 17th at the Ingleside grounds under the auspices of the San Francisco Trap Shooting Association, was easily the best managed and most systematically conducted tournament ever held in Western America. This is due to a large degree to the personal magnetism and conceded genius of manager Elmer E. Shaner, whose executive ability is a proverb among tournament followers. He was aided and assisted by committees whose selection approximates to pure inspiration, as a glance at their personnel will show. The committees were as follows:

Reception—C. A. Haight, W. S. Wattles, F. Turner, T. L. Lewis, A. M. Shields, G. W. Gibson, E. Holling, E. E. Drake, E. L. Forster, H. C. Kaplan and W. J. Golcher. Handicaps—M. J. Iverson of San Francisco, W. H. Varien, Pacific Grove; Guy Lovelace, Los Angeles; M. Abrahams, Portland, and F. K. McBroom. Office Corps—H. C. Hirschy, H. P. Jacobsen, J. J. Sweeney, Sam Watson, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Oliver.

It is to be regretted that under the phenomenally favorable conditions the attendance was not larger. There was, it is true, a very creditable turn-out, but nothing like what was deservedly due to the excellent management. The northern cities, save Bellingham, Wash., and Medford, Or., were not represented, drawbacks to a large representation from the north being time, distance and heavy expense. Vallejo, Napa, Santa Rosa, Marysville, Oroville, Sacramento, Davis, Chico, Woodland, St. Helena, Pinole, Martinez, San Jose, Hollister, Fresno, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana, Monterey, Pacific Grove and other points were well represented.

Among the world-famed Eastern cracks we noticed Crosby, Gilbert, Hirschy, Fanning, Heikes, Plank, Powers, Shaner and Marshall. There certainly were attractions enough to draw a heavy attendance. The added money figured up $1500 as follows: $420 the first day, $390 and a trophy cup ($50) the second, and $540 and a trophy cup ($100) the third day, and there were live bird contests and pool shoots aplenty.

There were nine events on the 15th inst., in all of which there were better purses than ever before given at a Coast blue rock tournament. In going over the following summaries it will be seen that 13's paid in most instances double, or more, the entrance money. The 12's were even in the money on one occasion. The purses in all of the events, other than the two handicaps, were divided on the Rose system, 9-5-2 for 15 target and 12-9-5-2 for 20-target events. In each of the three minor events on the 16th and 17th, the purses were as good as those distributed the first day, as follows:

September 15th—Event 1, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance, 15's paid $7.50, 14's $3.90, 13's $1.55.

Event 2, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $12.65, 14's $7.05, 13's $2.80.

Event 3, 20 targets, $60 added, $2.00 entrance; 20's paid $14.75, 19's $11.05, 18's $615, 17's $2.45.

Event 4, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $9.95, 14's $5.55, 13's $2.20.

Event 5, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $14.75, 14's $8.20, 13's $3.25.

Event 6, 20 targets, $60 added, $2.00 entrance; 20's paid $14.75, 19's $11.05, 18's $6.15, 17's $2.45.

Event 7, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $6.20, 14's $3.45, 13's $1.35.

Event 8, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $7.90, 14's $4.40, 13's $1.75.

Event 9, 20 targets, $60 added, $2.00 entrance; 20's paid $12.70, 19's $9.50, 18's $5.30, 17's $2.10.

September 16th—Event 1, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $11.60, 14's $6.45, 13's $2.55.

Event 2, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 14's paid $6.35, 13's $3.55, 12's $1.40.

Event 3, 20 targets, $60 added, $2.00 entrance; 20's paid $13.20, 19's $9.90, 18's $5.50, 17's $2.20.

Event 4, Preliminary Handicap, 100 targets, $7 entrance (penalty entries $10), handicap 14 to 20 yards, $250 added and Interstate Association trophy, 47 entries $342. After deducting the price of targets there was a net purse of $464.50 divided as follows: 10 moneys (2 for each 10 entries or fraction thereof). $102.19, $83.61, $65.03, $51.09, $46.45, $37.45, $37.16, $23.23, $23.23, $18.58 and $13.93.

September 17th—Event 1, 15 targets, 40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $7.55, 14's $4.20, 13's $1.65.

Event 2, 15 targets, $40 added, $1.50 entrance; 15's paid $7.45, 14's $4.15, 13's $1.65.

Event 3, 20 targets, $60 added, $2.00 entrance; 20's paid $10.05, 19's $7.56, 18's $4.20, 17's $1.65.

Event 4, Pacific Coast Handicap, 100 targets, $10 entrance (penalty entrance $15), handicaps 14 to 20 yards, $400 added and Interstate Association trophy, 57 entries (6 post). The net purse amounted to $812.50. There were 12 moneys as follows: $162.50, $130.00, $105.62, $81.25, $73.12, $56.87, $48.75, $40.62, $40.62, $32.50, $24.37, $16.25.

All events were at unknown angles, targets were thrown about 50 yards, five men up, three traps—Sergeant system.

The Preliminary Handicap on Saturday started before noon and was finished early, the event being closely followed by a large audience. The race was contested keenly from start to finish. As the shoot narrowed down to the last sections

of targets the interest and enthusiasm of everybody present was raised to a tension pitch. The leaders were Hagerman, Carr, Varien, Powers, M. O. Feudner, E. Klevesahl, Golcher, G. W. Gibson, E. Schultz and Nauman, and it was anybody's race. One by one the leading contestants lost targets enough to put them out of the trophy consideration until the match was narrowed down to C. D. Hagerman of Los Angeles, who finished with 93. Varien lost a bird out of his last 20 and scored 92. "Pop" Carr of Monterey then started on his last 20 targets. Carr's shooting was watched by a big crowd of shooters, for he was in good form and a straight would have tied with Hagerman. The loss of his seventh bird, followed by two more, relegated him to sixth place in the race. Hagerman won the cup and first money. Varien second money, Feudner, C. M. Powers and E. Klevesahl, 91 breaks each, divided third, fourth and fifth moneys; Carr sixth money; Golcher and G. W. Gibson, 89 birds each, divided seventh and eighth money; E. Schultz and C. C. Nauman, 88 birds each, divided ninth and tenth moneys. The elegant trophy cup was presented to the winner by Mr. Shaner.

On Sunday the principal event of the day and the main event of the tournament, the Pacific Coast Handicap, was observed by an audience of over 1000 spectators, among whom the fair sex were conspicuous, both in numbers and enthusiasm.

This event was a struggle from start to finish, the latter being somewhat sensational in the final denouement. The 100-target allotment per man was divided in six sections of 15 and 20 targets, and the squads went down the line of traps alternately. One by one the cracks fell by the wayside. Either the 18, 19 or 20 yards was too telling a handicap, or enough targets were slipped to put a favorite out of the running for the cup. When the last squads were finishing, a glance over the score sheets showed George Sylvester (16 yards) to be the high gun, with 97 out of 100 to his credit. There was a chance for one shooter to eventually win out, and that man was the Los Angeleno, R. H. Bungay, who had a score of 77 out of 80, with his final string of 20 still to shoot. A straight would tie Sylvester, and the chance to win on the shoot-off was regarded by many as being favorable to the man from the citrus belt. Bungway finished his last 20 at a swinging clip, centering almost every target in a cool and assuring way.

Manager Shaner then announced that Sylvester and Bungway would shoot out the tie at 20 targets, 16 yards distance. The two shooters stepped to the score, shook hands and began firing at the clays, Sylvester shooting first. The contestants were keenly watched by a large audience. Sylvester finally won the trophy cup with 17 targets against his opponent's 16.

The purse in the handicap amounted to $812.50 and was distributed among the twelve high guns. Geo. Sylvester and R. M. Bungay, 97 each, divided first and second; Del Cooper (18 yards) of Bellingham, Wash., 91 breaks, and Fred Schultz (16 yards) of San Francisco divided third and fourth purse; Ed Schultz (19 yards), A. J. Webb (18 yards), W. H. Varien (18 yards) of Pacific Grove, F. B. Mills (16 yards) of Santa Ana and H. P. Jacobsen (15 yards) of San Francisco, with 90 each, divided fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth purses; C. C. Nauman (18 yards), E. L. Forster (18 yards), F. M. Newbert (17 yards) of Sacramento and L. E. Walker (17 yards) of Woodland, with 89 breaks, divided the balance.

After the conclusion of the regular tournament card, seven teams of five men each contended in a sweepstake match at 20 targets. Golden Gate team, composed of Otto Feudner, Jack Fanning, Ed Schultz, A. J. Webb and Clarence Nauman won first money with a total score of 87 breaks out of 100. Union Gun Club team, E. Holling, E. Klevesahl, Dick Reed, W. J. Iverson and George Sylvester, with 86 breaks, won second money. The Eastern team, Marshall, Crosby, Herschy, Powers and Gilbert, scored but a total of 83 and were beaten by the two local teams.

Weather conditions on Friday were foggy but favorable. The background was good, the targets showing up well against the sky. In the afternoon the weather became chilly and windy, the day's shooting was over before the weather conditions materially interfered with the shooters.

On Saturday morning warmth and sunshiny conditions made the day comfortable and all that could be desired for trap shooting until a brisk wind sprung up in the afternoon; the breeze, however, came too late to do any appreciable damage to scores.

Sunday was a warm, balmy day in the forenoon and pleasantly warm in the afternoon—for many shooters an ideal day in which to shoot blue rocks.

The traps worked well throughout the shoot; at times the squad firing was sensationally rapid. Even at this, many shooters were unconsciously carried along with the swing of affairs and shot faster, if not better, than they ever did before. The birds came so fast for Gilbert at one spell, that veteran as he is, he slipped 6 out of 15 in the fifth section of the preliminary shoot. A noticeable feature during both handicaps was that the squads were graded—each quintet standing at the same distance peg. This attention to detail made the work of the shooters easy, as against a squad shooting from various marks, according to handicap place, always causing confusion, if not worse. As an example of evenness of shooting, is the work of Mr. Heikes, who scored each day 143 out of 150.

The ten high general averages shot by trade representatives were: Crosby 434 out of 450, Gilbert 434, Heikes 429, Fanning 415, Plank 411, Hirschy 408, Holling 399, Marshall 395, Carter 394, Reed 389.

The ten high general amateur averages were: Cooper 408 out of 450, Powers 404, Sylvester 404, M. O. Feudner 403, Nauman 403, Forster 398, E. Schultz 397, Bungway 396, Webb 393, Hagerman 391.

On the first day the ten high amateur scores were: M. O. Feudner 140 out of 150, Cooper 138, Forster 136, Golcher 134, Sylvester 134, Webb 133, Iverson 133, Walker 133, Powers 132, F. Schultz 132, Hagerman 130, Dr. Pitres 130, E. Schultz 130.

Out of 150 targets, Crosby broke 148, Gilbert 146, Heikes 143, Hirschy 139, Fanning 134, Holling 133, Marshall 129, Plank 128, Carter 127, King Jr. 126, Seaver 124.

On the second day the ten high amateur scores in three events, 50 targets, were: Walker 47, Cooper 47, E. Schultz 46, Hagerman 46, Powers 46, M. O. Feudner 44, Hawxhurst 44, Forster 44, J. A. Gibson 44, Bungway 44.

Gilbert scored 50 straight, Crosby 48, Fanning

48, Heikes 47, Plank 47, Vaughan 47, King Jr. 46, Reed 45, Seaver 44, Carter 43.

The ten high amateur scores in the Preliminary Handicap at 100 targets were: Hagerman 93, Varien 92, Powers 91, M. O. Feudner 91, E. Klevesahl 91, Carr 90, Golcher 89, G. W. Gibson 89, E. Schultz 88, Nauman 88.

Crosby broke 97, Heikes 96, Plank 94, Gilbert 93, Fanning 92, Marshall 90, Hirschy 88, Reed 88, Seaver 87, Carter 87.

For the final day, the ten high amateur scores in three events, 50 targets, were: Powers 48, Sylvester 47, Cooper 46, Forster 46, M. O. Feudner 45, E. Schultz 45, Barker 45, Golcher 45, Lowry 45, Nauman 44, Hagerman 44, G. W. Gibson 44, McRae 44, Hawxhurst 44.

Crosby broke 47 out of 50, Gilbert 47, Hirschy 47, Heikes 47, Reed 47, Carter 47, Marshall 46, Plank 46, Seaver 46, Haight 45, Holling 45.

Ten leading amateur scores in the Pacific Coast Handicap at 100 targets were: Sylvester 97, Bungway 97, Cooper 91, F. Schultz 91, Mills 90, E. Schultz 90, Webb 90, Varien 90, Nauman 89, Forster 89, Newbert 89.

Gilbert broke 98 out of 100, Fanning 97, Heikes 96, Plank 96, Crosby 94, Holling 93, Hirschy 92, Reed 90, Carter 90, Marshall 87, Seaver 87.

A live pigeon shoot at Ingleside Monday was the aftermath of the big three-day blue rock tournament which ended on Thursday. In this race the champion wing shots of the East and West came together. That a local man, Clarence C. Nauman, won from two of the best Eastern pigeon shots was a matter of much pride to the interested native sons and daughters who cheered him loudly.

The match began at 11 a. m. with sixteen shooters up. The entrance money for each was $20. The purse was divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., distributed among the high guns. The men shot at various distance—26 to 33 yards from the center trap.

The shooting of both Fred Gilbert (33 yards) and Billy Crosby (33 yards) was closely observed by the other shooters. That these two wing shots are remarkably skillful with a breechloader was aptly demonstrated a number of times, when birds, difficult for a man with less experience, were dropped with a degree of accuracy and quick perception of flight, rise, etc., that would have been extremely puzzling to the ordinary shooter. Gilbert lost his twenty-third pigeon and finished in the 24 list. Crosby failed to stop his first and eleventh birds and then withdrew.

C. M. Powers (31 yards), one of the Eastern men, failed to connect with bird number 19 and closed his score with 24. W. E. Greene of Pacific Grove (28 yards), a very clever shot, also scored 24 birds, Clarence A. Haight (30 yards), shooting in grand form, lost one of the hardest birds trapped during the day, number 23, but was in the 24 count. Guy Lovelace (28 yards) of Los Angeles also scored 24. C. C. Nauman, with a straight score of 25, won first money. The balance of the purse was divided among the shooters who grassed 24 birds.

A ten-bird pool shoot, $5 entrance, birds extra, next followed, twelve shooters participating, all shooting from the 30-yard slat. Bungway, Powers, Gilbert, Vaughan and Nauman each planted ten birds straight and divided the pool purse.

We regret that lack of space prevents our giving the full tabulated scores, which were uniformly excellent. Taken all in all it is safe to say that those who absented themselves lost the shoot of their lives.

EMPIRE GUN CLUB'S TOURNAMENT

ONE of the biggest, if not the biggest, blue rock tournament ever held on this Coast by any individual club, was carried out at Alameda Point on Saturday and Sunday, September 9th and 10th. The weather, with the exception of a slight hazy appearance, with an occasional white cloud in the background, was perfect for flying target shooting, and a great many fine scores were recorded.

Blue rock targets thrown from three Magautraps provided the large delegation of shotgun enthusiasts with plenty of material to work with, and as the targets were thrown slowly and only 40 yards, the amateurs had their inning.

The club's trap shooting grounds are admirably situated, being on a level marsh with a clear sky for a background, making it an ideal spot for flying target shooting. Some of the shooters were bothered somewhat owing to the extremely low bulkheads used, the traps being placed on a level with the ground, and the targets seemingly came out of the ground. To some it seemed as though the targets were thrown too low and a slight objection was raised on this score, but an accurate measurement proved the targets thrown according to the Association rules, and it was not long before the large delegation was busying themselves centering, or attempting to center, the apparently easy birds. The shoot was in every way the success that was anticipated, and although the crowd was not quite as large as was expected, is was a far more enthusiastic one than could be anticipated; in fact it will be easily realized how enthusiastic the shooters were when one takes into consideration that 20,000 targets were shipped to the grounds and after the two days' shoot, an inventory showed only 1,000 on hand, besides all the pick-ups were used from the first day, which shows that over 20,000 targets were shot at during the two days' shoot, giving the meet somewhat of the coloring of a small-sized battle. The trade was ably represented by Frank L. Carter, J. E. Vaughan and Messrs. King and Plank. Carter has the reputation of being one of the finest rifle shots in the world

and his exhibition with a .22 rifle during the shoot, when he hit 9 out of 10 small washers thrown in the air, was a bit of fine marksmanship. Both King and Plank were representing Ballistite powder and Carter and Vaughan were representing the Peters Cartridge Company, whose shells were sold and used exclusively during the big tournament, no other shells being permitted on the grounds on account of the agents of the other manufacturers failing to assist the tournament. That the shells worked well the scores will verify.

The programme called for six events each day —3 fifteen and 3 twenty-bird races, making a total of 105 shots for the first day, and 4 fifteen and 2 twenty-bird races, making a total of 100 shots for the second day. All events were open to the world—no one barred. The first, second and fourth events on the first day were open sweeps, $2.50 being added to the 2 fifteen-bird races and $5.00 to all the 20 target events. Event 5 was a big Merchandise match for the first day and showed 48 merchandise prizes, divided into twelve separate and distinct prizes, making it possible for the Simon-pure amateur who could only make 9 targets out of 20 shots, to take a choice of four prizes valued all the way in price from articles worth $7.50 to $2.50 in cash. The management was extremely careful to see that everyone got an equal chance to win a prize in all the different classes from first to twelfth, and as a precaution and protection to all the novice shooters, inserted these words as a foot note: "If in the opinion of the management dropping for place has been apparent in the foregoing event, the right is reserved to distance handicap contestants in the tie shoot-off." Ties were to be shot off in five-bird races, with extended ties on the "miss and out" plan.

It is not known if any shooter had his eye on any particularly good prize away down the line, but if he did he never dared to drop for it and take chances of being distance handicapped in the tie shoot-off to 24 yards, as luck would undoubtedly have been against him from that point. It certainly was an excellent joke to put this warning note in the programme and it well served the purpose for which it was intended, as it did in a great measure eliminate the most distasteful feature of class shooting.

Event number 6, the last on the program for the first day, was a "High Gun" proposition. All the unclaimed merchandise prizes in Event number 5, in cases where there would be only one shooter in the class, were added to the prizes in this last event and made the same very attractive. This event alone brought out about fifty entries, of which only one had a straight score of 15 birds. This fortunate shooter was W. J. Golcher, who walked away with a $20 prize, which headed the event.

On Saturday, the first day's shoot, 67 contestants took part in the events and the day's program was finished before five o'clock. Each train that passed the grounds in the morning at intervals of fifteen minutes, brought a large delegation of sportsmen, some arriving as early as 7 o'clock, before the grounds were open, with the hope of getting in some practice before the day's events were called. The result was that several thousand targets were thrown before 10 o'clock, at which time the day's program was opened. Event number 1 was class shooting—entries 75 cents, 3 moneys, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., letting the thirteen's in on some of the money. Three straight scores were made in the event, six shooters breaking 14 each and 9 landed in the 13 hole, which shows that the squads were setting up a hot pace. Event number 2 was 20 targets, "High Guns" to win. Number of entries determined the number of moneys in this event. Event number 3, a 15-bird race, was class shooting—three moneys—same division as event number 1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Event number 4 called for 20 blue rocks, "High Guns"; number of entries again to determine the number of moneys. Event number 5 was the big "Merchandise" match, 20 blue rock flying targets to be shot at. In this event 67 shooters faced the Magautraps for a straight score and although they declared the targets extremely easy on account of the short distance the targets were thrown, only five contestants, A. J. Webb, the Empire Gun Club's crack shot, M. O. Feudner, one of the best shots in the State, who also won high average for the two days' shoot, made a straight score of 20 breaks, likewise did E. Klevesahl, Peter "Wilson" and Mr. Gill repeats the performance. In the shoot-off Feudner and Webb tied. The first prize offered in the event was $20 and the second $5.00. These two prizes were placed together and divided equally by Webb and Feudner without any further tie shoot-off. The next highest scores in the event were those of E. Schultz and Geo. Sylvester who broke 19 each. In the 18 class were F. L. Carter, C. S. Fish, L. Holling, Knick E. Foster, Van Norden, McCutcheon, Dr. Miller and Muller. Sylvester and Schultz won a pair of rubber boots and $2.50 between them. The remaining two prizes were added to the prize list in event number 6, and so on down the line each class had a dozen or more contestants tied for the various prizes offered, which were always fiercely contested for in the tie shoot-off. M. O. Feudner and E. Foster made 98 breaks out of the 105 birds shot at, which were the best averages for the first day. E. Schultz was a close second, with 97 breaks to his credit. Hawxhurst, Seaver and Webb came next, with 93 each; George Sylvester and E. Klevesahl were next, with an average of 92, and Iverson and Holling were next in line with 91.

The second day, September 10th again brought fine weather, with a slight breeze starting up in the morning. This was the day when all the big merchandise events calling for distance handicap ranging from 16 to 22 yards. That the handicapping would not be too severe on the limit men, the targets were thrown even easier than the day before, barely reaching the 40 yard pegs. Feudner, Schultz, Hawxhurst, Webb, Plank and Holling shot from the 22-yard line and Webb's score of 19 in event number 4, the first distance handicap race, was the highest in the event. None of the other contestants from any of the closer distances were able to beat the score, and he annexed the first prize, $20, offered in the big event. In event number 5, C. C. Nauman made the only score of 15 straight, winning the $50 imported hand carved table, and in event number 6, F. L. Carter and Clark were equally successful in breaking all the targets shot at—15 straight. The two tied for the $45 talking machine. In the tie shoot-off Carter won, Clark taking second choice. The limit men who shot from the 22-yard mark were first to score and then on down squad after squad, until the big bunch of amateurs competed for the 16-yard mark.

The day did not bring forth many surprises in scores, as M. O. Feudner, who was one of the top-notchers of the first day, shot in steady

form and led, winning out high average by a close margin of one bird, annexing the fine silver trophy offered by Mr. Frank H. Mayer, editor of "Western Field," as the prize. Foster was second and Schultz third, winning the $5 offered for the two next highest averages. The five lowest average prizes, which consisted of $2.50 cash and one year's subscription to "Western Field," were won, beginning with the lowest averages and going up the line by the following contestants: J. B. Hauer, H. P. Jacobsen, Mr. Harvey, E. Klevesahl and E. Holling.

The one surprise was that A. J. Webb did not make a better showing, although shooting in good form; he was looked upon as a formidable opponent for high average honors, especially in view of the fact that the tournament was held on his own home club ground, where he is the captain, and where he has been shooting over Magautraps with more success than any other shooter on the Coast and has had an unusual amount of experience in competing from the 22-yard mark. Events 4, 5 and 6 were re-entry races, making it possible where a poor score was made, for the contestants to come in again to try his luck for a higher score. The highest score only in the re-entry events was counted. Feudner watched this point carefully and where any of his scores needed plugging he was not long busying himself for a better score that his high average might not be lost.

The very valuable prizes offered in events 4, 5 and 6 made the re-entry list extraordinarily long and kept the traps working until sundown, when the management positively refused to accept any more entries. It was almost dark before the last entry received was shot and quite late before the long list of prizes was distributed to the various winners. All the contestants went home happy, voting the tournament one of the most successful ever held on the Coast.

BOB WHITES IN CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR "Western Field": I have read in September number of "Western Field" an interesting article by Mr. H. L. Betten on the Bob White quail or Virginia partridge. As I am very much interested in these birds and having had some experience with their introduction into California, I take this opportunity to let your readers know how the Bob White are progressing in Sacramento County.

In January, 1905, through the courtesy of the California Fish and Game Commission, Sacramento County received twelve dozens of these birds from Michigan. Not wishing to liberate them until I knew what conditions as to locality, feed and so on, would be most favorable to them, I kept them in confinement until March fifth. Meanwhile I found a location on the Rancho del Paso, where I thought the conditions would be right, there being quantities of brush, timber, pasture, grain lands, with seeds, wild berries, etcetera. This ranch contains 44,000 acres.

With the assistance of the Del Paso Outing Club and Mr. Phil Johnson, manager of the ranch, and with the help of that veteran hunter and trapper, Fred Gotsbed, who instituted a vigorous crusade against coyote, skunks, coons, foxes, etc., we liberated the quail in three different localities on the ranch, feeding them about twice a week to keep them as close together as possible. Mr. Johnson gave orders that no quail shooting would be allowed for two years, thereby insuring the protection of the Bob Whites, and giving, besides a very necessary lease of life to our own native quail which are in sore need of more protection in this locality.

The Bob White remained in the locality in which they were released, which I think is owing to the feeding of them. At this writing there can be seen numbers of nearly full grown birds, large coveys of sixteen and eighteen young birds in one family. The outlook is certainly good for their introduction in this portion of the State.

I believe if these birds or any other varieties are introduced at the right time—which should be just before the mating season—and under proper and favorable conditions and protection,

they will become as plentiful as were once our own little California quail, the king of all game birds.

I think the failures that have been made in introducing new game birds such as the Bob White, Mongolian Pheasant, etc., is due to the lack of care in their introduction as to conditions, feed and time of liberating them. I find from experience that new species should be released just before mating time, as the desire to travel is not so great. The birds should be fed with the same feed as in captivity. I know of three bunches of pheasants, which I have released, having all raised large families of young under these conditions this year. Protect them from varmints and the ever ready shotgun, and I believe that any bird will do as well or better in California than in their native country.

G. E. NEALE,
Game Warden, Sacramento County.

AND A LITTLE MORE ABOUT BEAR.

DEAR Editor "Western Field": Mr. Boren, the fifteen-year-old guide and twenty-five year-old hunter of Roseburg, Or., thinks he has given me a hard one. Well, he has in a way—but it don't weigh much. However, the Oregon guide has gotten a very cheap business ad in your popular magazine. Business is a little slack with him no doubt, owing to the Portland Fair. This appears to affect business all along the line. I hope the Roseburg guide will get many results from his cheap ad.

Mr. Boren's experience appears to have been wide-spread, as it was over so many states and territories—a little too scattered, I should judge, to be thorough; at any rate I will bet two fish-hooks, a jack-knife and a cartridge shell that I could take him out and lose him in the woods.

Mr. Boren gives references. I could fill your magazine with them from New York City to the Pacific Ocean and from the northern boundary of California to the Mexican line. (I have very few acquaintances north of our State line, thank goodness! but my reputation is too well established to require it). Mr. Boren has practically called me a liar. Well, that is an easy thing to do at so great a distance.

A man from Los Angeles told me the other day that when he read my article he said "that man is a liar in as much as he says there is not a live grizzly in this State, but when I took him to task on the grizzly question I found that he had never seen a grizzly in his life and did not know the definition of the word. Some youthful guide of fifteen years' experience had given him a song and dance about plenty of grizzlies in his section. I receive many letters annually from eastern people wanting to go on a grizzly hunt, my answer to all is: "There is not a grizzly in this State." I never hear from these people again; no doubt they write to some would-be guide who tells them that grizzlies are abundant in his section and thereby gets a job. I don't have to lie to get business; if I did I would not get it.

Our Oregon friend (of youthful experience), knows five kinds of bear without enumerating the grizzly; well, this recalls the old story (for which kindly pardon me) of the old gentleman who after fifty years went back to the college from which he had graduated and asked to see the old room that he had occupied in his youth. He was introduced to a young gentleman from the south who welcomed him to the room. The old gentleman while inspecting the room said "the same old furniture" he put his hand on the wall and said "the same old walls." As he passed a closet door he heard the rustling of silks inside. "Ah," said he, "the same old tricks!" The young blood from the south was very indignant. He said "Sir, you do me an injustice!" He opened the closet door and said "Come forth, Jane." A beautiful young lady stepped out and the young man presented her. "Mr. ——— my sister." "Ah," said the old man, "The same old lie." Now, when our fifteen-year-old guide says that he knows five distinct kinds of bear, I am compelled to say "The same old lie." Of course the distance between us has something to do with my being so reckless.

During the life of the Castle Crag Tavern I was employed by the P. I. Co. as forester and guide. On one occasion the guests wanted deer meat added to the menu. The manager requested me to bring him a buck. I started out for the buck, and when only a few miles from the tavern I ran onto an old bear and two cubs. I started my dog after them in hopes of treeing them and capturing the cubs. The old bear and one of the cubs went in one direction, with the dog after them, but the other cub was so frightened that he went in another direction. The weather was hot and the dog did not go far. Just as he came back the lone cub came down the hill. I pointed him out to the dog and the cub started up a tree. The dog was too quick for him and pulled him back. After having quite a tussle and getting my hands badly scratched I got the cub tied in a sack. I took him to the Tavern where he was the center of attraction. That cub was a dark brown; his mother was a very large bear of cinnamon color with black feet and legs—one of those "scrappers" that Mr. Boren tells us about, and had he been there while I was tussling with the cub it is likely that a bath and change of clothes would have been necessary.

I once took Mr. Jack Schroter of Redwood City on a bear hunt. A young man by the name of Panter (who is now in the employ of the McCloud Lumber Company) accompanied him. Schroter got his bear. As the animal rolled down the hill after being shot we discovered a cub; I kept Schroter from shooting the cub and we caught him. The cub was of a bluish grey color with a red nose; his mother was a light brown with black feet and legs. A friend of mine killed an old bald faced bear on Salmon River, Siskiyou County and captured her cubs. One was a dark brown, short, close-built fellow and as he grew up was very cross, so cross that his owner, Mr. L. Autenreath, killed him and sold the meat to a butcher in Yreka. The other cub was a cinnamon color with long legs and body and was kind and gentle. I sold him to a saloon man in Delta, Shasta County, Cal. He kept the bear for two years, finally selling him to the railroad company. People who pretended to know bear called this bear a cinnamon and would not believe that his mother was a dark brown and his mother was a black bear with a white face, but it was a fact just the same.

Mr. Boren claims that a buck elk at a certain time of the year is the most ferocious animal because he will attack a man who stands in his trail. A buck deer attacked Walt Whitn French Gulch without being wounded an

because Whitney was in his way. The deer chased him around a tree a number of times and finally he reversed his gun and shot the buck. But enough of such stuff. Suffice it to say that Mr. Boren's contradictions and assertions prove nothing. My article kept within the bounds of this State, but Boren has enumerated so many different colors of bear and scattered them over so wide a field, I will only say that we have them all right here in our woods and I have ample evidence that they are identical.

It is very possible that Mr. Boren has killed more bear than I have; I am not a bear slayer nor do I shoot anything just to see it fall. It is very evident that Mr. Boren never saw a grizzly, and of course he is not authority on the possible size of the bear nor the length of his foot. The bear referred to in my article, that belonged to Professor Roop, weighed about fifteen hundred pounds and his foot was sixteen inches long, all of which I think can be proven. In the early fifties I was one of a number of people who witnessed in Lassen County the actual measurement of the print of a grizzly's foot, with a square. It was a little over eighteen inches long and five inches wide. There are others still living that I think will testify to this measurement.

In the winter of 1859, two men then mining on what is now known as Grizzly Gulch (a small stream eight miles from the old town of Shasta, on the Trinity road) went hunting. They came upon a grizzly and shot him. The bear came for them. One of the men got up a tree without his gun but the bear caught the other man. The first pass the animal made he struck the man on top of his head and tore his scalp so that it hung down over his eyes. The next lick mashed the man's jaw so as to disfigure his face for life. The bear would have made short work of his victim but he had received his death wound and fell dead by the prostrate form of the man. The bear was dressed and the meat brought into Shasta for sale. The dressed carcass weighed fourteen hundred pounds, actual weight. It is safe to say that the offal of the bear, including the head, hide and feet would have weighed at least three hundred pounds more, making the gross weight seventeen hundred pounds. Mr. Dan Reppert of Castella was an eye witness to the weight of the meat and saw the mangled man. The above incident is true history and can be proven yet by many witnesses.

I would welcome the criticism of sensible men, or the ideas from any one who could be accepted as authority; from such people we might be enlightened. But the braggadocio prattle of a would-be notorious bear slayer carries no weight.

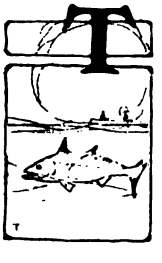
W. S. CONWAY,
Castella, Cal.

TULE HUNTING CLUB.

A new sportsman's club has been organized at Marysville by local hunters, which will be known as the Tule Hunting Club. Col. E. A. Forbes is chairman and Jno. S. Collins secretary of the Executive Committee. A ten years' lease on 17,000 acres of fine duck shooting and bass fishing grounds in the Sutter tules (twelve miles west of Marysville) has been secured and an elegant and commodious club house is being built. The initiation fee is $100 in advance and the yearly dues will be practically nominal. For application blanks and full information address JNO. S. COLLINS, Secretary, Marysville, Cal.

THE VINCENT TROPHY RACE

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE first race for the cup presented by Robert Vincent, the Vice-Commodore of the California Yacht Club, for a handicap open to all yachts in the fleet, took place on Sunday, August 8, 1902. The course was from anchors on the starting line off the south end of the narrow-gauge mole, the yacht having the largest handicap taking the most southerly berth; thence to Blossom Rock buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to the western entrance of Raccoon Straits; thence to the mouth of Oakland Creek to a line drawn across the estuary from Hay and Wright's wharf to the wharf at the foot of Jefferson Street; this being the finishing line. The boat having the greatest handicap allowance started first and the scratch boat—the sloop Jessie E.—last. The little sloop Shamrock II received the greatest allowance—1 hour and 15 minutes. The boats were started in turn by the regatta committee, consisting of August R. F. Brandes (chairman), George M. Shaw and C. A. Loring. Eleven boats started and eight finished in the following order: Allen M. Clay's sloop Pactolus, the yawl Gypsie, the sloops Catherine, Jessie E., Espey, Thelma, Hazel S., and Hope.

As the time allowance had been made at the start, the order in which the yachts finished was their actual position in the race. The cup was won by the sloop Pactolus, which finished first in an elapsed time of 3:05:07. If her allowance of 21:15 is taken off, a corrected time of 2:43:52 is obtained. The elapsed time of her nearest

Hinkensey Photo.

SLOOP PACTOLUS

competitor, C. E. Clark's yawl Gypsie, was 3:05:28, and the corected time (after deducting 10:54 allowance) 2:54:34. Pactolus won by the good margin of 10:42, corrected time. The fastest actual time over the course was made by J. T. Carrier's sloop Jessie E., which covered the seventeen miles in 2:57:06. Up to Blossom Rock buoy Jessie E. seemed to have the advantage, but Pactolus got through Raccoon Straits with a good lead and was never caught. Flirt, Amy and Occident did not finish.

At the next meeting held by the board of directors of the California Yacht Club a vote of thanks was passed to Vice-Commodore Robert Vincent for the handsome trophy presented by him and also for the introduction of the handicap regatta on San Francisco Bay, which he suggested in 1901, though the first actual handicap regatta was held by the Corinthian Yacht Club on July 20, 1902. The regatta committee also received a vote of thanks for the able manner in which the race was conducted.

The second annual race for the Vincent Trophy was held on Sunday, September 27, 1903. As the winds are light at the end of September, the regatta committee laid out a new course in the hope of securing a better breeze than on the regular club course. The yachts started across a line off the southerly end of the narrow-gauge mole, sailing thence to and round Alcatraz Island, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to and round Goat Island Shoal buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to the finish across an imaginary line drawn between the two light houses at the entrance to Oakland Creek, leaving Goat Island on the starboard hand. The course was estimated at eight and a half miles and was sailed almost wholly on a flood tide. Jessie E., Thelma and Iola were at scratch, the rest of the fleet receiving handicaps varying from five minutes to one hour. The little sloops Shamrock III and Vixen were the limit boats.

The finishing times and the actual order of the yachts were as follows: Robert Vincent's yawl Iola, at 3:13:45 p. m.; the yawl Gypsie at 3:18:50; the sloop Thelma at 3:21:48; the yawl Pilgrim at 3:34:07; the sloop Flirt at 3:36:20; the yawl Idler at 3:42:15; the sloop Secret at 3:52:15; and the sloop Hazel S. at 3:53:44. The yawl Iola won the 1903 Vincent Cup and a prize flag; C. E. Clark's yawl Gypsie and the sloop Thelma (sailed by S. S. Marshall) receiving second and third flags respectively. The race was under the management of August R. F. Brandes and William McBain.

YAWL "IOLA," FLAGSHIP CAL. YACHT CLUB.

SLOOP "JESSIE E." CALIFORNIA YACHT CLUB.

In 1904 the race for the Vincent Handicap Cup was held over a different course from that sailed in the two preceding years and even later in the season than the 1903 event. The yachts sailed from the narrow-gauge mole to and round Mission Rock, thence back to the starting line, out to and round Mission Rock for the second time and home, the distance being estimated at 12 nautical miles. The yachts crossed the starting line in the following order: The skip-jack Pollywog, sailed by George Tyler; the sloop Shamrock III, sailed by Howard Pratt, single handed; the yawl Iola, sailed by Robert Vincent; the sloop Mist, sailed by F. V. DuBrutz; the yawl Pilgrim, sailed by Julian Altendorf, and the sloop Flirt, sailed by F. J. Ward. The boats rounded the stakeboat off the mole for the first time in the following order: Iola, Pollywog, Shamrock III, Mist and Pilgrim. Robert Vincent's yawl Iola crossed the finishing line first,

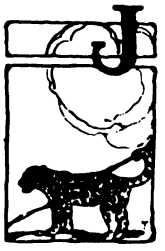
COM. ROBERT VINCENT, CAL. YACHT CLUB.

her elapsed and corrected time (she being scratch boat) being 3:27:15. The sloop Pollywog finished in an elapsed time of 3:47:20, or in a corrected time (after deducting her allowance of 25 minutes) of 3:22:20, beating Iola by 4:55 and winning the 1904 Vincent Cup. The sloop Mist finished third in an elapsed time of 4:21:20, and a corrected time of 3:36:20. There was a moderate southwesterly breeze and the water was smooth. C. J. Vogel and A. G. Byxbee acted as a regatta committee.

The fourth annual handicap race for a trophy presented by Commodore Robert Vincent, took place on Sunday, September 24, 1905, over the original course from the narrow-gauge mole to Raccoon Straits, passing Goat Island and Angel Island on the starboard hand, through the Straits and thence to an imaginary line between the two lights at the entrance to Oakland Creek, leaving Goat Island on the starboard hand. The start was at 12:30 p. m. and at the fire of a single gun. Ten boats crossed the starting line, the yawl Iola, the sloops Alert and Perhaps soon toking the lead. Off the Angel Island light the two sloops fell into a calm spot and the yawl Iola forged ahead. In Raccoon Straits, where the tide was ebbing, but not strongly, the yawl kept out while the sloops hugged the shore to get the flood eddy. After getting out of the Straits the yawl picked up a good breeze and rapidly pulled away from the rest of the fleet. Iola was never caught and crossed the finishing line 4:05 ahead of Perhaps and 8:22 ahead of Alert. Perhaps was at scratch, the rest of the starters receiving the following handicaps: Sloop Alert, 2 minutes; yawl Iola, 6 minutes; sloop Jessie E., 7 minutes; yawl Gypsie, 8 minutes; sloop Tigress, 30 minutes; yawl Pilgrim, 47 minutes; sloop Shamrock, 1 hour 10 minutes; sloop Oriole, 1 hour 12 minutes; sloop Flirt, 1 hour 30 minutes. Working sails only were used, the intention of the donor of the trophy being to attract as many entries as possible. The race was begun on an ebb tide but finished on the flood. There was a fairly steady breeze, somewhat fluky off Angel Island but pretty strong over the rest of the course. The race was under the management of a regatta committee consisting of B. B. McManus, C. J. Vogel and J. J. Sherry. The sloop Flirt, with a handicap of 1 hour, 30 minutes, had the best corrected time, viz., 1:54:05, the yawl Pilgrim being second in a corrected time of 2:07:45. There seemed to be some doubt whether the sloop Flirt had covered the course or not, but after making some inquiries the committee awarded the trophy to her.

GOLF WEEK AT DEL MONTE.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.
September, 1905.



JUST two dozen competitors entered the qualifying round over 36 holes, medal play, of the competition for the Del Monte Cup for men, on Monday, September 4th. The day was foggy and cool but highly suitable for golfing. That veteran and consistent golfer, C. E. Maud, returned the best score, 74, 75, total 149; his nearest competitor being Dr. C. H. Walter of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose, with 76, 84, total 160. Perry Eyre was third with 77, 85, total 162. Maud, Walter and Eyre were the only three competitors who made a round under 80. The scores of the rest were as follows: Charles Zueblin, 83, 81, total 164; Captain J. S. Oyster, 84, 81, total 165; R. G. Brown, 86, 84, total 170; J. J. Crooks, 90, 81, total 171; F. F. Ryer, 94, 93, total 187; E. R. Ormsby, 96, 91, total 187; Dr. W. M. Carpenter, 96, 93, total 189; W. O. Connor, 98, 91, total 189; J. Parrott Jr., 89, 101, total 190; R. J. Davis, 96, 97, total 193; W. J. Casey, 101, 96, total 197; C. A. Belden, 97, 101, total 198; C. W. Clark, 105, 100, total 205. The above sixteen qualified for the match play rounds. P. R. Sargood, Captain Brooke, V. R. C. King and W. S. Martin scored the 36 holes but their scores did not place them within the charmed sixteen. E. J. Tobin, A. S. Tubbs, W. B. Bourn and W. A. McLaughlin retired after one round.

In the match play rounds, C. E. Maud was scratch, while each of the others received a handicap. In the first round, played on Tuesday morning, C. E. Maud (scratch) won from E. R. Ormsby (handicap 14) by default, Ormsby being obliged to return to San Francisco; R. J. Davis (handicap 13) won 3 up 1 to play from Captain J. S. Oyster (handicap 10); C. A. Belden (handicap 14) won 1 up from Perry Eyre (handicap 10); Charles Zueblin (4) won 1 up on 21 holes from John Parrott Jr. (8); C. W. Clark (24) won 2 up 1 to play from F. F. Ryer (14); R. Gilman Brown (10) won 7 up 6 to play from W. J. Casey (16), and Dr. C. H. Walter (4) won 7 up 6 to play from Dr. W. M. Carpenter (10). Charles Zueblin and John Parrott Jr. (receiving four strokes) tied over eighteen holes and played three additional holes to decide the match, the handicap schedule giving one stroke at the first and one at the third hole to John Parrott Jr. The first and second holes were halved; the third and the match were taken by Zueblin.

In the afternoon the eight winners in the morning's round met, C. E. Maud, scratch, beating R. J. Davis (handicap 13) by the narrow margin, 1 up; C. A. Belden playing even with W. M. O'Connor, beat him 3 up 1 to play; Charles Zueblin beat C. W. Clark (receiving 20 strokes) 5 up 4 to play; and R. G. Brown, receiving 6 strokes, defeated Dr. C. H. Walter, 7 up 6 to play.

In the semi-final round played on Wednesday morning, C. E. Maud, scratch, beat C. A. Belden (14) 7 up 6 to play; and Charles Zubelin defeated R. Gilman Brown (6) 5 up 4 to play.

The final round was played on Thursday, eighteen holes in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. Maud was 2 up on the morning's play and after luncheon increased his lead so rapidly that at the thirtieth hole the match was over, Maud winning 7 up 6 to play. The match was played out, Maud covering the second eighteen holes in 72 strokes. Maud captured the Del Monte Cup for men and Zueblin the trophy for the runner-up.

The most important event for ladies was the competition for the Del Monte Cup for women, the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, being held on Tuesday afternoon. Thirteen ladies entered, the following eight qualifying: Miss F. Whittell, 86; Mrs. R. G. Brown, 88; Mrs. W. S. Martin, 100; Miss Alice Hager, 103; Mrs. P. R. Sargood, 107; Miss Bindley, 111; Mrs. L. J. Scott, 112; Mrs. C. E. Maud, 113.

The first match play round over eighteen holes with handicap, took place on Wednesday morning, Miss Whittell (2) beating Mrs. P. R. Sargood (8) 2 up 1 to play; Mrs. W. S. Martin, playing even with Mrs. L. I. Scott (each having a handicap of seven strokes), won 1 up at the eighteenth hole; Miss Alice Hager won her match through the default of Mrs. C. E. Maud, and Mrs. R. G. Brown, scratch, beat Miss Bindley (8) 2 up.

Thursday—a brilliant, warm day—brought out the largest number of spectators so far on the Del Monte conrse, to witness the semi-final round of the Women's Cup contest. Mrs. W. S. Martin (receiving 5 strokes) beat Miss Florence Whittell 2 up 1 to play and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown defeated Miss Hager (receiving 3 strokes) 3 up 2 to play.

The final round on Friday morning proved a highly exciting match. Mrs. W. S. Martin received seven strokes and made an excellent start, capturing the first three holes. At the turn Mrs. Martin was 2 up and at the twelfth 3 up. Then Mrs. Brown played strongly, winning the thirteenth and fourteenth, halving the

CHAS. ZUEBLIN, RUNNER UP DEL MONTE CUP FOR MEN.

C. E. MAUD, WINNER OF DEL MONTE CUP FOR MEN.
(End of a Drive.)

fifteenth and taking the sixteenth. The players were now all square, with two holes to go. In playing to the 17th green, Mrs. Martin's ball went into the long grass and after several minutes' search by caddies and spectators, was found. Mrs. Martin approached and at her next shot holed the ball out from outside the edge of the green, making her 1 up. All that Mrs. Brown could do now was to halve the match, in which case the tie would have been played off over three holes, on the first and third of which Mrs. Martin would have received a stroke. Mrs. Brown did not feel equal to the task of playing off a tie and so did not keep herself together; she made a poor drive and a weak recovery, losing the hole and the match, which were won 2 up by Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin captured the 1905 Del Monte Cup for women and the trophy for the runner-up went to Mrs. R. G. Brown.

On Friday afternoon Mixed Foursomes for two trophies, presented by the Pacific Improvement Company, were played over eighteen holes, with handicap. The competitors entered by couples, there being fourteen pairs. J. J. Crooks and Mrs. Crooks won with a score of 98, less 18, net 80, R. G. Brown and Mrs. Brown being second with 87 less 5, net 82. The scores of the other couples were as follows:

Miss Florence Whittell and Captain J. S. Oyster, 93, less 6, net 87.

Mrs. C. E. Maud and C. E. Maud, 88 gross and net.

Mrs. L. I. Scott and E. R. Ormsby, 100 less 11, net 89.

Mrs. W. S. Martin and Perry Eyre, 101 less 9, net 92.

Mrs. H. T. Scott and John Parrott Jr., 109 less 16, net 93.

Mrs. P. R. Sargood and P. R. Sargood, 105 less 12, net 93.

Mrs. F. F. Ryer and W. M. O'Connor, 115 less 19, net 96.

Miss Lily O'Connor and John Fowler, 117 less 20, net 97.

Miss Bindley and J. O. Tobin, 110 less 11, net 99.

Miss King and V. R. C. King, 121 less 21, net 100.

Mrs. W. J. Casey and W. J. Casey, 127 less 22, net 105.

Miss Bourn and W. S. Martin, 147 less 24, net 123.

Saturday the 9th, was given up to two consolation handicaps, one over 36 holes, medal play, for men, and the other over 18 holes for women, who did not reach the final rounds of the Del Monte Cup contests. The conditions excluded C. E. Maud and Charles Zueblin among the men, and Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. W. S. Martin among the ladies. Eleven took part in the men's event, the winner being Captain J. S. Oyster, whose score was 74, 78, gross 152, less 20, net 132. The scores of the other contestants were as follows:

Perry Eyre, 80, 88, gross 168, less 20, net 148.

J. J. Crooks, 88, 86, gross 174, less 22, net 152.

R. Gilman Brown, 88, 88, gross 176, less 20, net 156.

John Parrott Jr., 88, 86, gross 174, less 16, net 158.

P. R. Sargood, 98, 92, gross 190, less 32, net 158.

W. M. O'Connor, 94, 93, gross 187, less 28, net 159.

E. R. Ormsby, 103, 97, gross 200, less 32, net 168.

W. J. Casey, 111, 96, gross 207, less 32, net 175.

Captain Brooke, 105, 104, gross 209, less 28, net 181.

V. R. C. King, 118, 115, gross 233, less 32, net 201

The consolation handicap for women occupied the morning only of Saturday, there being eight competitors. The winner was Mrs. L. I. Scott, with a score of 102 less 7, net 95. Mrs. C. E. Maud was second with 110 less 14, net 96; and the scores of the other competitors were as follows:

Mrs. J. J. Crooks, 113 less 16, net 97.
Mrs. P. R. Sargood, 107 less 8, net 99.
Miss Alice Hager, 103 less 3, net 100.
Miss Bindley, 111 less 8, net 103.

Miss Lily O'Connor and Mrs. H. T. Scott, each with handicaps of eighteen strokes, made no returns.

The competitors for the Del Monte Cups, the Mixed Foursomes and the Consolation Handicaps completed the programme as originally made up for the week; but several additional prizes were presented by some of the visitors. The sum of $340 cash was subscribed as a purse for an open event, in which amateurs and professionals took part on equal terms. This event occupied the whole of Sunday and was really the most important one of the whole tournament. Eighteen amateurs and six professionals,

MESDAMES W. S. MARTIN AND R. G. BROWN, WINNER AND RUNNER UP DEL MONTE CUP FOR WOMEN.

making a total of twenty-four, took part in the 36-hole contest, medal play. First prize, $150, was won by F. J. Reilly, the professional of the Burlingame Country Club, with the excellent score of 73, 72, total 145; the second prize, $75, was captured by George Smith, the professional of the Claremont Country Club; Captain J. S. Oyster (amateur) and James Melville, the professional of the Del Monte links, tied with 158, Captain Oyster's score being 80 and 78 and Melville's returns being 83 and 75. Captain Oyster gave up the third prize ($50) to Melville, taking the fourth (a trophy valued at $25) himself; fifth money $20) went to Alexander Bell, the professional of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, who returned 80, 80, total 160; W. J. Bradley, the professional of the Presidio Golf Club, won the sixth award (also $20) with a score of 86, 79, total 165.

Perry Eyre (amateur), 86, 87, total 173.
R. G. Brown (amateur), 88, 90, total 178.
Captain Brooke (amateur), 91, 89, total 180.
L. Shelton, professional of the San Rafael Golf Club, 94, 88, total 182.
John Parrott Jr., (amateur), 86, 96, total 182.

ON THE HOME GREEN, DEL MONTE.

W. J. Casey (amateur), 93, 89, total 182.
J. J. Crooks (amateur), 94, 91, total 185.
P. R. Sargood (amateur), 94, 107, total 201.
Admiral Joseph Trilley, U. S. N. (amateur), 103, 110, total 213.
Dr. Moss (amateur), 95, 95, total 190.
P. W. Selby (amateur), 101, 90, total 191.
F. H. Beaver (amateur), 106, 101, total 207.
W. M. O'Connor, E. R. Armsby, George Pope and J. Fowler made no returns.

On Wednesday afternoon, the sixth, eleven men took part in a handicap competition for a silver trophy presented by the Helping Hand-el and Haydn Society," the course being played in reverse order and each competitor receiving the same handicap as in the contest for the Del Monte Cup for men. The trophy was won by Captain J. S. Oyster with a score of 80 less 10, net 70. J. J. Crooks was second with 88 less 11, net 77.

A silver vase presented by the "Helping Hand-el and Haydn Society" for a women's handicap over the short nine-hole course played in reverse order was won by Mrs. L. I. Scott, with a score of 45 less 2, net 43. Miss Bindley was second with 47 less 3, net 44. Mrs. L. I. Scott won two trophies during the tournament, as she also captured the Consolation Handicap for women.

Captain J. S. Oyster was the star prize-winner of the tournament, capturing the men's Conso-

MRS. L. I. SCOTT, MR. W. S. MARTIN, E. R. ARMSBY, TERRY EYRE.

MRS. P. R. SARGOOD, OF DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

lation Handicap, the trophy presented by the "H. H. and H. Society," and fourth prize in the open thirty-six-hole event.

On Monday, the eleventh, Mixed Foursomes, over eighteen holes, with handicap, were held for two prizes, presented by Mrs. C. E. Maud. Sixteen players, making four foursomes, entered, the winners being J. J. Crooks and Mrs. P. R. Sargood, the latter being a member of the Otago Golf Club of Dunedin, New Zealand.

One other event proved the most amusing of the whole tournament. It was a round over the short nine-hole course for those who had never taken part in a regular competition. The prizes were presented by Mr. King and were won by Miss Jennie Crocker (with a lowest score of 54). Miss Alexander and Miss Oyster (with unrecorded scores). Players, spectators and dogs wandered all over the course, a bull-terrier picked up one of the balls in his mouth and was persuaded with great difficulty to let go; and on the home green a Boston bull-dog and a bull-terrier flew at each other's throats. Some of the spectators were delighted at the idea of coming out to see a golf match and having the luck to witness a dog fight. With much difficulty the combatants were wrenched apart, one of them showing several marks of the fray for some days afterward.

The tournament was generally considered the pleasantest and most successful that has ever been held at Del Monte, the weather being beautiful, the attendance good and the competitions keen. The course was in excellent condition, the greens being well watered, sown and rolled, and the bunkers filled with fresh sand that was raked over frequently. The handicapping was in charge of a committee composed of Captain J. S. Oyster, C. E. Maud and J. J. Crooks. That they did their work well was clearly shown by the close results of the competitions.

It has been suggested that a mid-winter golf tournament should be held on the Del Monte links.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

DEVOTED TO SPORT IN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

CONDUCTED BY F. M. KELLY

[Today the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

NOVEMBER, month of the heavy rains, when there is seldom a dry spot in the Northwestern woods; when the ground is ever sodden—the month when the hunter of the fine weather time will think more than once before taking down his gun and venturing afield. But to the ardent one, this is the month you will find him abroad. What cares he for the rain and the ceaseless dripping of the underbrush? Not a particle. Let him get on the trail of a black-tail buck, the hoof marks showing clear in the soft ground, and he will follow it to the death, moving almost as silently as the animal moves itself. Then, with the deer on his back he returns to the old log cabin where, before a blazing fire of great logs, he dries out his well drenched garments, eats a good fill, then turns in to dream of another day's chase, and feels not a whit the worse for his wetting in the morning.

* * *

In declaring the Vancouver Island season for pheasants and quail open on the second day of October instead of on the first, the government of British Columbia undoubtedly figured somewhat on the preservation of both these species of game birds. In fact, it is to be commended to a certain extent, although there are a large number of sportsmen who do not look at the matter in that light. True, it will prevent those who can only hunt on week-end days from indulging in the sport until the following Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and give those who have the leisure and inclination the opportunity of hunting through the week and taking large bags of quail and pheasants. This is somewhat hard on a number of our sporting people, yet if the season opened on Sunday, the first day of the month, what a slaughter there would be—the birds during the first couple of days of the open season being comparatively easy prey. This was what the government undoubtedly considered. After several days of hunting by the favored few, the birds will have scented the powder and the man, and will be wild—therefore not so easy to secure. For the preservation of the game the making of the second opening day was good; but from the standpoint of the man with limited time, it does seem to be a trifle bad. He believed that he had a grievance and he made himself heard for a week or more previous to the first of October; but all to no avail; the time was gazetted and the second was the day of the opening of the pheasant and quail season. For future years, however, there will be more sport.

* * *

A few weeks before the shooting season opened, reports were coming in from all the outside districts stating that the game was more plentiful than for many years past, and so the hunters looked forward to large bags and splendid sport. On the first of September, therefore, the exodus to the hills was great. Many were the disappointments, for the game seemed very scarce, many having the very worst of luck—no game. I imagine they expected too much for easy effort. The game was abundant shortly before the season opened; as to that the writer can testify. The game is still abundant; and if the hunter would seek high in the hills, good bags of grouse and deer would be the result. There is where the coveys went to as soon as the guns began to scatter shot through the bottom lands. Week after week in certain localities, the writer has counted as many as fifty grouse through a short day, coveys of ten and fifteen being common. When so many as that can be seen by a single frequenter of the hills, it does not sound reasonable, this talk that birds are very scarce. A little climbing will take anyone to grouse-haunted timber. It is the same with deer. Within fifteen miles of Victoria the writer has seen as many as five in the space of a few hours and has not spent a day in the hills when he has seen less than three. True, they are very wild and hard to get, and so are the grouse; but therein lies the sport, and the good of an outing.

* * *

There is a clause in the British Columbia game laws which makes it illegal to hunt deer with dogs. There is a way of getting around it, however, and certain of our sportsmen are taking advantage of the looseness of things. They go after grouse and take a number of shells loaded with buck-shot along, accompanied, of course, by a dog. Where the still-hunter might pass a deer by, not so the dog, with the result that the man with the shotgun and the dog gets much the better of the man with the rifle. This is a question for the Game Clubs, and one which should be well looked into. If a man can go out into the woods for the purpose of shooting grouse and carries buck-shot with him, his intentions are to get any deer that his dog may jump. Of course it would be rather difficult to regulate this matter; but as it is, it is somewhat hard on the still-hunter who seeks deer and nothing else, and seeks them according to law, to allow such poor specimens of sportsmen the privilege of taking deer with a dog when he is supposed to be seeking birds.

DEVIL'S LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A great deal of attention has been lately called to the possibilities of angling in British Columbia, owing to the work—I will not call it sport—of an English visitor to our waters. Yearly this person comes to Canada for the sole purpose of striving to break records in the number of fish caught. As well as a hard worker and a record-breaker, he is a lecturer, and undoubtedly the publicity given his catches, as he talks very much about them, must extensively advertise our resorts. It is an advertisement, however, which does not reflect much credit upon the breaker of records, and British Columbia is fortunate in not having many visitors of his stamp. It seems that during a two weeks' stay at the Campbell River, Vancouver Island, he caught 688 salmon, weighing 5,734 pounds, with a rod; his best day's catch (I would call it his worst) being 44 fish, weighing 330 pounds, in five hours. For the sportsman who cares for angling of the heavy order, the Campbell River is an ideal resort; but we do not want many anglers who are striving for records—a miserable attainment. What a pity that so many splendid fish, some of them weighing as much as sixty pounds, should be killed in this manner, just to glut the desire of one with a record to make! Who will say that this person's catch is worthy of emulating? Should we not be proud of the laws permitting it?

* * *

The first British Columbia game warden paid Victoria his first official visit during the latter part of September. Mr. Williams is devoting his every attention to the curbing of illegal hunting, and is determined that the laws as they may be upon the statute book shall be obeyed. Of course it is too soon now to foretell what the future of game will be on this island, but from the determination at present evinced by the chief game warden and his associates, it looks as though it might be bright. Mr. Williams remained in Victoria but one day, and in that time he managed to cover a consid-

DEVIL'S LAKE OUTLET, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

erable amount of ground. He visited each and every establishment in the city where game might possibly be kept, but found nothing of a law-breaking character. The sacred interiors of the cold storage plants were also entered with like results. It would appear from this searching visit of the game warden, finding nothing, as if the local fish and game dealers had awakened to the fact that the game laws are to be obeyed. Every place Mr. Williams visited he was treated with the utmost courtesy, being assisted in every possible way by the owners of the establishments in the prosecution of his duties.

* * *

Regarding the law for the non-sale of game on Vancouver Island, it is said that dealers here have registered a protest with the government. They do not think that the law deals justly with them in this respect, as dealers on the mainland have still the privilege of dealing in venison. Naturally, they would prefer to have this clause of the game act done away with entirely. With this object some of them interviewed the members of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club. This organization, while acknowledging the force of their arguments, decided not to use their influence for the abrogation of the clause but promised to do all they could to have the same law apply to the mainland. Another move in the right direction.

YACHTING IN THE NORTHWEST

BY F. M. KELLY

IT IS the night prior to the opening races of the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association. That afternoon a goodly number of boats dropped anchor off the float of the club elected to entertain the other clubs of the association at the meet of the year; and the boys are ashore renewing old acquaintances and talking over former defeats and victories. All are animated and expectant, while naught occurs to mar the harmony of sociability; and when it is time to turn in, in order to be on deck bright and early the following morning, the words passed from crew to crew are: "Good-night, boys; a fair breeze, with no favors, on the morrow."

The morrow comes, and with it—what? Invariably a breeze, sometimes light enough, but rarely a flat calm. If the latter, it necessitates holding the races on the following day. On this especial morning, however, the wind is piping, and the boys are early astir, for sleep and excitement will hardly agree through the black hours, certainly not after daybreak. Some of them are stretching sails along boom and gaff in order to get the last half-inch of spread, while others are overhauling the running gear and tautening the stays with lanyard or turnbuckle. The time for the start draws near. A barge for the judges has been moored some little distance off shore, and it tosses uneasily in the short lap. A fair-sized fleet of white-winged and well-moulded yachts are even now reaching back and forth to leeward of this barge. They differ widely in type and in fashion of rig. Heeling well over, their sails bellying to the breeze, they show their smooth, polished underbodies above the uneven line of blue-black water heaving against them. All of the small boats are double-reefed, while a few of the large ones have a tuck in their wings. Topsails are clewed up—they will not be spread. At a given time a little cannon, its brazen mouth pointed windward, booms out a warning. It means five minutes to get ready, though really a matter of form, for every man on the speedy fliers has been alert for some time. In come the sheets a trifle, however, and the boats lug closer to the mark. There you see some pretty manoeuvering, some cool calculating, some splendid yachtsmanship displayed as the boats jockey to and fro. Five minutes soon pass, the little brass cannon roars "Off!" and the watches on the barge are set. Over the line go the racers, off

a thrash to windward along the first angle
fifteen-mile course, with a cold drenching
crews in sight; for the wind registers
miles to the hour on the gauge at
bureau; the sea is toss-
helter of the land, and
d behind those dark

masses of scud hurrying along overhead. But what of that? A race is on, and thoughts are all of winning.

Just twelve years ago, if memory serves me correctly, the organization of the N. W. I. Y. A. was perfected at Bellingham, Wash. On that occasion yachtsmen from cities on Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound waters had gathered for the purpose of demonstrating their right to be classed as such. During the visit a meeting was held, the object of which was to discuss the feasibility of making international yacht racing a yearly fixture. All present voted in favor of it, and the Association then and there became the most ambitious factor in international sport on the Pacific Slope. Officers were elected, by-laws were drafted and racing rules were adopted. To-day the enthusiasts who were present at that meeting are entitled to a measure of congratulation.

Prior to the meeting of organization at Bellingham, races were annually held at Victoria, the first city of the Northwest to become noted for its sailing craft. In these old-time meets Bellingham and Seattle skippers competed with the yachtsmen of Victoria who, though in their own water, frequently lost to the visitors. Other cities, Port Townsend, Port Angeles and Nanaimo, were also responsible for occasional meets, when substantial prizes were offered as an inducement for the amateur sailor to don his yachting costume and invest in graphite and the wherewithal to mix it. These races were principally for sums of money. Nowadays, under the rules of the N. W. I. Y. A., the boats go for trophies, and as a result the contests have become much keener, for the honor of winning and holding a piece of battered silver, which others have won and lost, gives more satisfaction to the true yachtsman than he could possibly obtain from a purse lined with gold.

Until 1904, the yachtsmen of four cities—Victoria, Seattle, Bellingham and Port Townsend—upheld the best traditions of the grandest of water sports in this part of the country. The harbor of Port Townsend, being a lively sheet of water, and about an equal distance from the other cities of the Association, was chosen as the yearly meeting place. In 1903, however, at the annual gathering of the yachtsmen on the night of the Fourth of July, it was decided to make a change and to race alternately in each of the cities represented. It was then voted that Victoria should get the meet for 1904. A most successful gathering it was, and the visitors were loud in their praises of Victoria weather (it blew thirty miles an hour on the Fourth) and the arrangements made by the club for their entertainment. Costly trophies were secured, for, apart from the racing for international cups on the Fourth, the club getting the yearly meet must provide a separate day's regatta, the silverware to become the permanent property of winning boats. At that regatta, the

Vancouver Yacht Club, with a fleet of thirty boats, which number has since greatly increased, cast in its lot with the Association. But two years old now, this club will become most important in yachting circles. At Victoria, last year, its representatives managed to secure the meet for the season just passed; and, although its fliers were not very successful in the first international races held in home waters, the older clubs will have to get upon their mettle in the future if they would not see the principal yachting honors of the Association continually carried off by boats flying the burgee of the Vancouver Yacht Club.

Favorably situated for yachting, all of the Association cities have splendid sheets of water contiguous to them, though they vary somewhat as to weather conditions. This tends to make results uncertain, as it gives each type of boat a chance to win when sailing under conditions most favorable to size and lines of construction. For light-weather boats, the Seattle and Vancouver courses are all that could be desired, light airs prevailing throughout the summer months. Now and then a bit of a breeze ruffles the water, hardly strong enough to make the game exciting, however; certainly not so exciting as the boys experienced at Port Townsend in the past, and at Victoria last year. At either of the latter places a stiff southwesterly breeze can be reckoned on, a breeze that kicks up something of a sea, making it bad for the racing machine, though good for the healthy type of fast cruiser mostly affected by Northwestern yachtsmen. For such generous-bodied boats, ably sparred and stayed, the courses at Victoria and Townsend hold no terrors. On the other hand, the machine is greatly handicapped, and at times even a start will not be ventured. Such has frequently been the case at Townsend. On the eastern side of the harbor Narrowstone Point juts out into the Sound some distance beyond Point Wilson, to the westward. Outside the former point of land the second buoy of the course is generally placed, and, after Wilson is uncovered, the wind being in the prevailing quarter and the tide ebbing, the boats encounter a dirty sea with a sweep of forty miles behind it. Again, it is always squally on Townsend harbor, no matter from what direction the wind may blow. As a result, owing to the desire of chance-taking skippers to win, more than one good boat has finished a race shorn of sails and gear. At times more serious accidents have happened. In 1902 a boat capsized, filled and went down. The crew were all but drowned when rescued. In the races of 1903, two boats "turned turtle," while a third, the schooner Halcyon, was dismasted. To my mind, Bellingham has the ideal course. There the boats do not get a great sweep of open water, a good breeze is generally the rule, and, though it blows briskly at times, the surface of Neptune's domain is not roughly disturbed.

Numbering more than a hundred, the boats of the Association range from the half-rater and the cat to schooners and yawls of many tons. In connection with some of them the names of famous designers are often mentioned, that of Mr. C. D. Mower being most frequently referred to when the topic is small craft. Several racers from his designs have achieved prominence hereabouts, notably the Redskin, one of a special design class built for the Victoria Yacht Club. She is now owned in Vancouver.

To properly class, for racing purposes, such a large number of boats so widely different in construction, would seem no easy matter. It was not. It took time to evolve a satisfactory method of classification. At present it answers fairly well. The square root of the sail area is added to the load water-line in feet, and then divided by two. The result is the boat's rating. If the figures give fifteen feet and over, yet under twenty, she races in D class; if over twenty and under twenty-five, in C class; over twenty-five and under thirty, in B class, and over thirty, in A class. So classified, each boat in each of the classes must allow a boat of smaller rating in the same class a certain amount of time. For every mile of a course it amounts to several seconds per foot. This latter is the handicap system of time allowance adopted by the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association some time ago. Then there is a rule whereby a boat rating in a certain class can sail for the trophy of the class immediately above her own, provided she takes the minimum rating of such class.

In B and C classes the yachtsmen north of the boundary have many victories to their credit. The Canadian boats, Wide-awake and Dione, are very speedy craft, and have won victories over such fast boats as the Ariadne, of Whatcom; the Madaleine, now of Vancouver, and the Hornet, Empress and Melissa, of Seattle. In A class the honors have generally gone to the Washington boats. In 1904, however, the Wide-awake succeeded in capturing the trophy which means, for one year, the yachting supremacy of our inland sea, the Key City Trophy becoming hers for that period. This trophy, the principal one offered by the Association, was presented by the people of Port Townsend in 1900. It must be raced for annually on the Fourth of July by A and B class boats. It was first won by the Lavita, of Seattle, and next by the Bonita, of the same place, in 1901. Against all comers the latter boat defended itself until last season, when, her owner not being able to race at the meet off Victoria, the Wideawake, a B-class boat, for the first time managed to land the trophy on Canadian soil. At the last meet it was won by the Ariadne, the Wideawake being unable to defend it.

Seven yacht clubs at present race under the rules of the N. W. I. Y. A.: Seattle Yacht Club, Seattle; Queen City Yacht Club, Seattle; Bellingham Bay Yacht Club, Bellingham; Townsend Yacht Club, Port Townsend; Victoria Yacht Club, Victoria; Vancouver Yacht Club, Vancouver, and Nanaimo Yacht Club, Nanaimo. Since its very inception the growth of the Association has been steady and virile, for each succeeding year has brought increase of strength to its meets—the meets at which our yachtsmen assemble to follow the sport of kings.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE NORTHWESTERN TRIALS.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

THE trials of the British Columbia Field Trial Club were brought to a successful termination at Ladner, B. C., on September 24, after three days of running, and proved a very enenjoyable event, the weather being all that could be desired, and birds found in numbers amply sufficient for all purposes. The quality of the competing dogs was also high, and in number of starters being the largest trial held so far during the season.

The club is composed of gentlemen who are perfectly capable of conducting an event of this kind, being always on the alert to do what is possible for the convenience of spectators and handlers. Especially should be mentioned in this connection the names of the president of the club, Mr. J. L. G. Abbott, the secretary, Mr. H. S. Rolston, Mr. Norman Lyne, founder of the club, Mr. William Frost, and many others. To the latter named gentleman especially, too, much credit cannot be given for his untiring efforts in behalf of the handlers, who join, one and all in wishing that genial "Billy" may be the owner of next year's winner.

The grounds used were of the best, perfectly level, and so extensive as to give the widest ranging dog ample scope in which to exhibit his powers. The grounds were intersected by roads a mile apart, making it possible for the spectators in carriages to view a great deal of the running, though cross-country riding was impossible, because of drainage ditches. These latter, however, were no impediment to those who were inclined to follow the running afoot.

And the birds—the much-maligned Chinese pheasant, familiarly termed the "Chinks," these trials have not only settled beyond dispute that successful trials may be held upon these birds but that while they have certain faults, they have many virtues not possessed by any other bird for this purpose.

The one fault referred to is that they undoubtedly have a tendency to make even high-class dogs inclined to potter upon footscent—a very serious fault, but one that may be obviated to a certain extent by the competent handler. In some cases they are inveterate runners, but it was thoroughly demonstrated that it was perfectly feasible for a dog to trail with a high head to even better advantage than could be done by one which carried his nose at a lesser elevation; and as Dr. Myers suggested it might be possible to breed dogs that would scorn to stoop to the low-class method of trailing.

That the bird is very different from quail was clearly shown by the fact that some well-known meritorious performers on the latter bird, who had no experience on the "Chink," were at a great disadvantage in their work, and the sight of one of the big birds squirming his way among the stubble was too great a temptation to be resisted, even by old staid performers. A feature, however, that entirely redeemed the bird in the eyes of the followers, was the fact that he distributed himself so evenly over the whole territory hunted, thus keeping up a constant interest in the work of the dogs, the latter making points at most unexpected moments.

A fair percentage of the birds laid well to the dogs, lying so closely as to necessitate thorough tramping by the handler before the bird could be sent on his aerial flight. And what an inspiring sight is the flight of an old pheasant cock in full plumage, to the eye of his close-range observer! Beautiful of plumage, with a tail streaming far out behind, he springs upward and is almost instantly in full flight; then, gracefully setting his wings, he glides away toward the distant cover with a seeming defiance that makes the admiring sportsman impatient to check his onward career with a well-directed shot. The birds instead of rising in the covey as do quails at the first flush, usually rise one at a time, the remainder of the covey remaining behind to furnish additional opportunities for pointwork. Thus a dozen birds well distributed over a field may sometimes furnish as many opportunities for pointing as would an equal number of bevies of quail.

Birds on the trial grounds were numerous and well distributed; so much so that no brace of dogs was tried without success in finding, but in this respect the trial grounds were notably different from the grounds furnished most of the handlers for training purposes, but one or two of the latter being confident of finding birds in a day of hunting. This defect will doubtless

be remedied in the future, as some of the dogs exhibited had, before the trials, scarcely come in contact with the birds on which they were to perform.

The judging was done by Major J. M. Taylor, and justice demands that it be stated that his rewards in some instances were severely criticised by those who like to see the high-class dogs placed to the front. It was palpably evident that advancing years were fast unfitting the Major for the physical and mental activities required of a field-trial judge. The derby stake was, taken as a whole, unsatisfactory. Some of the dogs of this stake were very good, from the "class" standpoint, but most of the dogs that had come to the least degree of efficiency in bird work were of such inferior quality as to unfit them for the position of the field-trial dog. The placing of the dogs of this stake was a complete surprise to those who had expected the judgment to be made on "class" lines, and the winners of the leading places plainly showed the results of the "rushing" process incident to bringing a puppy down to bird-work for an early trial.

First place was awarded to J. W. C. Rodfield, handled by Hansen, and owned by Mr. Al Wiesman of Spokane. She is a black, white and tan English setter. Her first heat was of considerable merit, and in bird-work the best of the stake. In her second heat, however, she was painfully over-cautious, and low-headed on foot-scent, so that it looked doubtful if she could be awarded a place. Tony Spot, handled by Sweetzer, and owned by Mr. Hutchings of Bellingham, B. C., placed second, is a white., black and tan English setter dog, quite fair in bird-work but entirely lacking in speed and range. Third place was divided between Lady Belle, belonging to Hugh Hopkins of Minturn, Cal., and handled by Coutts, and Uncle Dudley, owned and handled by J. E. Lucas. The former, while not very steady on birds, stayed out well, showed fair speed, and did as clean work as any dog in the stake and should have been entitled to first place. The latter is evidently a good pup, stylish and snappy, but had little opportunity on birds. His actions, however, would lead one to believe that had he run in better luck he would have taken advantage of it.

Considerable surprise was expressed that Mr. Macdonnell's pointer, Glee Boy was left out of the money. He is naturally wide, fast and a bird finder of the first flight, and made several points. To the latter he was not really steady, however, but in this respect lost nothing to the other dogs placed. Had he been awarded second place, no exception would have been taken.

It is evident that the "Chink" is fast becoming responsible for this dog's undoing, as he is becoming low-headed, probably an unnatural trait in a dog of his character, and a season on quail would be of great benefit to him.

The All-Age Stake contained twenty-two starters, braced as follows:

Jay M. with Diamond Spot; Verona Cap, with Kilgarif; Verona P. Gladstone with King Sol; Sir Roderick with Policy Girl; Oak Knoll with Peach Blossom; Pera with Uncle Jimmy Whitestone; Count's Mark with Chiquita; Harry H. with Abbott's Jock; Point with Tony's Destiny; The Deacon with McCloud Boy; Northern Huntress with Doc.

In the first heat Jay M. got away the faster, trailed by Diamond Spot giving tongue. After working a likely clover patch for some time with good speed and range on part of both dogs, Jay M. pointed a covey stylishly. The bitch coming up flushed an outlying bird and chased. This was followed by several points by both dogs, and Spot becoming steady regained a lot of her lost ground. She finished strong, though inclined a little toward false pointing. Each dog made a couple of flushes and Jay M. slowed perceptibly toward the end.

In the second heat Kilgarif put up a perfectly clean race, making several points and no flushes. In speed and range he was very good and maintained both well to the end. He never ran in better form. Verona Cap was inclined to cast back and was headstrong. Did a little point-work, but did not compare favorably with the other dog.

Sweetzer misunderstood direction of the course and he and King Sol bolted and were disqualified by the judge.

Verona Polly Gladstone showed little of her former brilliancy, evidently not up to form.

After lunch Sir Roderick and Policy Girl were cast off in a blank field, showing good pace and fair range. They were then taken up and led down wind to the far end of a nice stubble field which eventually proved to contain a fine lot of birds. Policy Girl made a couple of flushes and was inclined to chase, but was brought to terms by Lucas and afterward made several points in a very snappy manner. Sir Roderick made several points and a couple of flushes, to one of which he gave chase. He was somewhat over-cautious on birds and let down some in speed.

Oak Knoll and Peach Blossom were next cast off. The former made a couple of points, ranged well with good speed, and stayed out to his work well and though he did a little flushing and was somewhat headstrong, he should have been accorded another trial.

Peach Blossom showed her quail training by first skirting the field the full distance then swinging in and, while quartering near the center, flushed a bird to which she did not behave well. She next pointed a covey nicely, following by a long cast and pointing at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, holding stanchly till her handler came up. But though both dogs roaded a long distance, nothing could be raised. Evidently a running cock bird. This was followed by another flush. In speed and range she was easily the class of the stake, but was evidently unfamiliar with the birds.

Considerable curiosity was exhibited by the spectators to see how the bench show champion, Pera, would show up in the field; but like most dogs bred for the bench she was very limited in pace and range.

Count Whitestone was very nearly a sick dog, and the birds at this stage acting very badly, he did not come up to his usual form.

Chiquita did some very good work on birds and was fair in pace and range. Count's Mark refused to recognize the birds and made several flushes—a surprise to those who have known of his work on quails where he seldom makes an error.

Abbott's Jock, after some flushing and chasing, steadied down and laid up a couple of points to his credit and showed pace and range of a very acceptable order, outstripping toward the end in these respects Harry H. who ran way below his form of last season.

Point did not show too much advantage, but his brace mate, Tony's Destiny, is a very classy little bitch. She stayed out well, was quite fast and very stylish. She had no opportunity on

birds and the judge wrongfully denied her another chance.

The Deacon and McCloud Boy were cast off the first brace Saturday morning. In class there is little comparison between these two "straights" of the Tony Boy family. McCloud Boy being very good in this respect; but no dog knows a "chink" better than The Deacon and, while he works them in a quartering fashion, it would delight the heart of a hunter the way the slightest scent is followed up to a point. He got two or three points on a bevy hardly able to fly, catching one and relinquishing it to the other dog who ran in and killed it. The Deacon next made a good find of an old cock. McCloud ran a clean heat but getting only one point—an old cock.

Northern Huntress put up a very good heat but did not find so many birds as her mate. Her points, however, are very beautiful, holding her head very erect.

Doc made several points and not a few flushes to which he made some sharp chases.

This ended the running of the first series, and the judge called in help to make up the second series which resulted as follows:

Diamond Spot with Policy Girl; Kilgariff with Abbott's Jock; McCloud Boy with Northern Huntress; The Deacon with Peach Blossom; Jay M. with Verona Cap.

Diamond Spot and Policy Girl each started off with a flush and chase. Policy Girl followed this up with clean work, and making a good cast of three hundred yards, nailed a bevy and was steady to wing; then she made a good roading find of a single, when she was ordered held up to await the bringing up of the other dog, who in the meantime had continued to flush and chase. Just before reaching her brace mate she made a point and both were ordered up, the judge evidently not feeling equal to the task of rearranging his preconceived plans.

The next brace was Kilgariff and Abbott's Jock who, as a brace, put up the cleanest bird work yet seen at the trials. Kilgariff made a long cast and was lost to view, being found dropped to point on a covey to which he had evidently come closer than he expected. Sent on, they both made several points and were perfectly stanch, the pointer toward the end ranging the better, and showed improved form over his work of the previous day.

Of the next brace, Huntress was the first to find, backed by McCloud, but for some unexplainable reason, probably a shift of wind, left her point, and McCloud, going on, flushed the bird to which he was steady. Huntress next pointed and was steady, followed by a point for McCloud, but the bird running in sight was too much for the latter and he broke in to a flush. Huntress then made a good find on the main road, which her handler questioned, but she was there to stay till the bird was flushed. McCloud next made a nice find in the stubble and was stanch till ordered on, when he roaded up to a flush, clearing the ground to the peril of Mr. Chinaman. Another point for Huntress and then McCloud dropped out of sight in the stubble and had one nailed close, his previous correction evidently having had a salutatory affect.

Peach Blossom and The Deacon were now cast off in a blank field, and the former, soon deciding this to be the case, started off on the longest cast of the trials; the ground being level, she could be seen in her usual busy way nearly a mile away but returned nicely just as The Deacon nailed a bevy in the next field and, going up to back, ran up to an outlying bird and pointed. Both made several points here and behaved nicely. They were then ordered over into heavy clover and kept there until the end of the heat, the dog getting three points to two for the bitch, the latter sustaining her rapid pace to the end and roading a cock with a high head over three hundred yards to a point.

The running between Jay M. and Verona Cap finished the stake. The former not being up to his previous day's form and the latter greatly improved. Cap started in to rough it a little on his birds but, being well handled by Atkins, was soon steadied down and made several credible points.

The judge then gave his decision as follows:

First, Policy Girl; second, Kilgariff; equal, third, Diamond Spot, Abbott's Jock.

Policy Girl is a small white, black and tan English setter bitch of excellent breeding, very snappy and attractive in her work. She was skillfully handled by J. C. Lucas who deserves great credit for getting her to the front.

Kilgariff, owned by J. E. Terry of Sacramento, is too well known to need further mention. He was handled by Coutts who has the credit of running him without error during the trial.

Diamond Spot, owned and handled by Hansen, is a white and liver pointer bitch. She is fair in range and speed and very "birdy."

Abbott's Jock, owned by J. L. G. Abbott of Vancouver, and handled by Hansen, is a strong-going dog of good range and speed, and in his last heat was fully up to the standard set by the other winners, and his handler is to be commended for his evident good condition.

Leaving Peach Blossom unplaced is perhaps the poorest judgment seen at field-trials in years. While she made two errors in her running, but one dog of the winners made less than this, and in speed and range and staying powers she was easily the class of the stake—so conceded by those present who recognize high class field-trial form in distinction from that of the shooting dog.

NOTES OF THE TRIAL.

The B. C. Field-trial Club may congratulate themselves upon having as good grounds as can be found in America; and the ranchers, while protecting the birds from the hunters, seem perfectly willing to allow the club the use of the grounds. Especially in this connection should be mentioned the name of Mr. Patterson, holder of a large estate, who is in perfect harmony with the club and did all in his power to further the cause. All this augurs well for the future of the club.

Dr. Wilson of Ladner, also proved himself a royal good fellow and the club is much indebted to him for using his extensive influence among the ranchers.

Foremost among the spectators from the start to the finish of the trials was Miss Davis of Victoria, B. C. Very attractive of manner, a good seat, thoroughly conversant with all details of the trials and an enthusiastic lover of a good field dog, she won the respect and friendship of all present.

A wit at the trials remarked that Jack Lucas' English setter bitch "Roxan's Lady's Count Gladstone Jessie Roadfield Galore" failed to start in the trials as her name got crosswise in the crate and Jack was unable to get her out.

Here is some wisdom from the only Sweetzer: "I don't want none o' your fast dogs in mine.

God never intended, when he gave a dog a good nose, to give him a set of legs to run away from the birds with."

The members' stake decided as follows: First, Point, owned by Mr. Macdonnell; second, Roy's Lady, owned by Miss Davis; third, Lady Roberts, owned by Mr. Abbott.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Fanciers and sportsmen all over the coast will sympathize with Mr. Jos. E. Terry in his temporary loss of his famous little bitch "Lady-like," who got away from her handler while afield near Pylema, Kern County, Cal., on June 26th, and who has not been seen since. Mr. Terry offers $50 reward for information that will lead to her recovery, and the coast guild is a unit in the hope that the little beauty will soon be in the hands of her rightful owner. Lady-like is a bitch of unusual class and quality and promises to be one of the best dogs

ever bred on this coast. She is distinctively marked and her many striking qualities should lead to her easy identification and prompt recovery.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

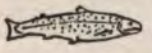
Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

MRS. NELLIE BURRELL SCOTT will be pleased to accept commissions for fish and game paintings in all mediums. Studio, 740 Shrader street, San Francisco. Reception and exhibition Wednesday of each week.

* * *

DACHSHUND—Fine pedigreed litter ready for shipment. From working parents. Andrew Brown, O K Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *



The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

* * *

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants ,etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, 317 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

* * *

SOME fine Pointers and Setters for sale cheap. Broken and unbroken. Address Nigger Hill Kennels, Box 752 Grass Valley, Cal.

* * *

I MAKE bear hunting a specialty. Will take parties out until December, Fishing first-class. Bucks are fat until October 15. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Smith Gun with automatic ejector and single trigger. Used three months only. 12-7-$\frac{3}{4}$-30-14$\frac{1}{4}$-2$\frac{1}{2}$-1$\frac{1}{2}$. List $140.00. In perfect condition, with case $80. L. E. Walker, Ontario, Calif.

FOR SALE—Irish water spaniels, dog puppies. By the well-known bench-winner, Ch. Burrard Pat-Imported Biddy Malone. Price $25. T. H. Taylor, Eighth avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

* * *

PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS, flint-lock pistols, buffalo horns polished in pairs, also made into hat racks, Navajo blankets, elk tusks and curios. Illustrated lists, three cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

* * *

FOR SALE—I have recently returned from the north and have three caribou and one moose head for sale. Prices of caribou are $60 to $100. Moose is small head, spread 30 inches, 10 points, one point broken. Price $75. Can use full-length telescope 10 or 12 powers, any standard make but Sidle. Photos of any one of the heads 25 cents. All freshly mounted. Arthur Wilcox, Arroyo Grande, Cal. Taxidermist and field collector.

* * *

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Fifty first-class skins of the beautiful copper pheasant. A. E. Colburn, 1204 S. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

FOR SALE—A magnificent site for a sportsmen's country club and game preserves; 2,010 acres patented land, of which 500 acres are fine lake, 600 acres marsh and tules, the remainder being fine upland grazing land. Handsome groves of timber; six immense ice-cold perpetual springs; place of great natural beauty. Deer, ducks and other waterfowl; pheasants, grouse and fish in abundance; 400 tons wild hay now ready for cutting. All land under fine legal fence; extensive drainage improvements; cabin and barn in good shape. Situate about 35 miles from Ashland, Oregon. Price $15 per acre, less than half asked for adjacent property. Address, for particulars, Frank H. Mayer, Western Field office, 4 Sutter street, S. F.

* * *

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Prop., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

POLO ! POLO !!

Eroom's Polo Sticks and Balls

are known all over India, South Africa, Australia, and other Countries where the game is played. Our Sticks are used by all crack players.

Prices moderate.
Good terms to large Buyers.

EROOM & Co.,
Polo Specialists,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Why Not

CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other" Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing

this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

A GAME GETTER

doesn't allow rust on his gun—neither does "3-in-one." Heavy oils and greases cannot prevent rust because they simply coat the surface and dry out.

3 in One

sinks into the pores of the metal, forming a delicate, imperceptible overcoat that prevents rust or tarnish on the barrel, in the bore, at any and every action point. Lubricates the magazine, triggers, etc. Our booklet tells—a sample proves—both free.

G. W. COLE CO.
143 Washington Life Bldg., New York

TRADE TOPICS

A CARD.

The Savage Arms Co. writes us that inasmuch as we gave publication in our last issue to a card issued by the Marlin Firearms Co., relative to certain alleged infringements by the Savage Arms Co., upon patents owned or controlled by the Marlin firm, it is due them in simple equity to publish the following card giving their side of the matter. This we gladly do. The card in question follows:

" To Our Customers and Dealers in Firearms:

" Gentlemen:

" Our attention has been called to a misleading circular issued by the Marlin Firearms Co. with reference to our rifles. The claim of infringement of patents made by the Marlin Company is only against our .22 caliber magazine rifle (1903 model), although they seek to have the trade infer that it applies to our whole line. The matter is not of great or particular importance, although it is sought to make a mountain out of a mole hill. Marlin brought suit against two of our customers right in their own town (New Haven, Conn.) on three patents and thirteen claims of these patents. They were defeated in the first instance on six of the thirteen claims and right in their own home. Appeals have been taken on the remaining seven claims. The cases now go to New York city.

" That this matter is not particularly important is shown by the following quotation from the judge's decision:

" 'This is not a case in which the complainant (Marlin Co.) is entitled to claim dominion of the entire shore by reason of his additions to the general stock of knowledge. On the other hand, he has added one pebble at least in claim 27, and defendant ought not to step on that pebble.'

" Much is said and threatened as to liability of our customers for selling Savage rifles. The only claim made is against the one model mentioned. In the two cases mentioned, the damages were assessed at six cents. In one case no costs were recovered, while in the other only a small amount was awarded which our customer did not have to pay. The same suits have cost the Marlin Company several thousand dollars. No suits other than those mentioned have been brought. We will protect our customers and dealers who advise us and permit us to do so.

We do not intend to infringe on anyone's rights, and have the advice of able counsel and believe that we are not infringing and expect to ultimately succeed on all points in question. No suit has been brought against us nor has any injunction been granted against us. Please bear in mind that our model, 1903, .22 caliber rifle, claimed to be an infringement, is only one of several styles of firearms which we manufacture. We have other models of .22 caliber take-down rifles which are not even claimed to be infringements. We will continue to maintain the high standard of excellence for which "Savage" stands. Yours truly,

"SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY,
" By Benj. Adriance, President."

"EVERYTHING ON THE GROUND FLOOR."

Is the significant announcement of the management of the already famous "Thompson's" Cafe and Grill—an establishment whose achievement of the widest popularity ever accorded a California cafe was attained at a single bound. On the very first night of its opening it leaped into popular favor and that this is a permanent condition is best evinced by the enormous throngs that fill this elegant establishment day and night. A cosmopolitan resort, combining all the good qualities and eliminating all the bad ones of every nation famous for its good cooking and perfect service, Thompson's is the place to take your wife, family or sweetheart. It is "so different" from the rest—and you will appreciate this difference the first time you go there. Besides being the fad and rage of California's elite, you will here find comfort and values that your money will buy in no other city on the globe. It is conceded by all experts that Thompson's is easily among the best cafes in America, and that is saying more than appears at first blush. Go and see for yourself.

PURITY GUARANTEED

Dos Mesas Exquisite Wine

During November, an extra discount of 10 per cent in order to reduce our stock to make room for the coming vintage. Send for Catalogue.

H. N. CROSS, M. D.,

319 Montgomery St., San Francisco

IT WON THE BEST TROPHIES.

Shooters using Ballistite have won four of the best trophies shot for on the Pacific Coast this year.

At the Interstate Association shoot at Ingleside, September 16, C. D. Hagerman of Los Angeles won the Preliminary Handicap, 93 out of 100.

September 17 Geo. Sylvester and R. H. Bungay of Los Angeles tied for the Pacific Coast Handicap, with 97 out of 100.

At Portland, the Northwest Association tournament, J. W. Bradrick won the Anaconda Cup, 25 straight, and was third high average, June 22, 23 and 24.

At the Pacific Coast tournament, Ingleside, May 28, 29 and 30, J. W. Bradrick won the Phil B. Bekeart Challenge Cup, 94 out of 100, and high general average for the shoot.

These performances speak well for Ballistite.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The sixteenth edition of the Handy Book for Sportsmen published by the Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., is now ready for distribution. This booklet includes not only the revised game laws of the several States and Territories of the United States and Canada, but also a description of the goods manufactured by the companies named, trap shooting rules and other information of interest to sportsmen. In addition to this booklet, the Peters Cartridge Co. have published the game laws of the several States in circular form for convenient reference, and will be pleased to forward same to any address upon request.

* * *

A HOUSE FOR A SONG.

Almost, is what the Burnham-Standeford Co. of Oakland, Cal., is offering all who are interested in a commodious, cheap and durable building for any purpose—buildings that can be transported anywhere and erected by anyone, even though they are not skilled mechanics.

These buildings can be had from one to eight panels wide; and as long as desired. When they are seven or eight panels wide the floor and roof are not formed in panels, but applied in the usual way and the roofing material sent in rolls ready to be put on. The term "Portable House" usually carries with it the idea of a frail and temporary structure, but we can assure our readers that these buildings are strong and substantial, every factor of strength and safety having been provided for. They are built upon honor and put upon the market with the view of affording comfortable and healthful shelters.

In their descriptive catalogue the makers say: "Our buildings are inexpensive not because we have sacrificed strength or quality of material, but because our facilities for manufacturing them greatly reduces the cost of labor, and the materials are purchased in large quantities and at the lowest market rates.

"The frames of our buildings are constructed of Number One Oregon pine, the floors of tongued and grooved pine flooring, walls and roof of clear redwood. The floors, walls and roofs are formed in panels except in the case above stated. The roof panels are covered with the best roofing material that can be purchased, which material carries with it a guarantee as a resistant against extreme heat or cold.

"The doors, are panelled redwood, the sash are sugar pine, single and double swing or sliding as you prefer.

"The doors, windows and wall panels are interchangeable and can be placed where desired. Though weather-proof, strong and substantial, the parts are light and not hard to handle, making them easy to put up and take down. The windows and doors are properly glazed and fitted, and hung with suitable hardware in their frames, ready to set into the walls for immediate use. The buildings are painted one coat—outside with lead and oil (except roofing material), and one coat on the inside with hard oil, giving the interior of the building a natural wood finish.

"The construction of our buildings is so simple that anyone can set them up in a very short time (skilled mechanics are not necessary). The various parts are secured by means of joint bolts, lag screws and interlocking joints; we send printed instructions and photographs with every building to assist in their erection.

"The height of the walls of the buildings which we carry in stock are seven feet, but we will make them eight or nine feet if ordered.

"If desired we make (at slightly increased cost) a double wall panel, being two thicknesses of redwood, one inner and one outer lining, which insures a warm, comfortable building in cold climates and a cool building in warm climates because of a dead air space and a lining of building paper between the inner and outer linings. This does not increase the weight of the building.

"It is these features which we have mentioned that have made our buildings popular as summer resort cottages, hunters' and miners' cabins, bunk houses, small stores, children's play houses, automobile houses, school houses,

IT IS NOT TOO SOON

TO CONSIDER THE SELECTION OF

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

ESPECIALLY IF ONE DESIRES INDIVIDUAL AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS MADE TO ORDER. WE ARE WELL EQUIPPED FOR THE PRODUCTION OF SUCH WORK

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS,

DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

104-110 GEARY STREET

assembly halls and missions, chapels or churches.

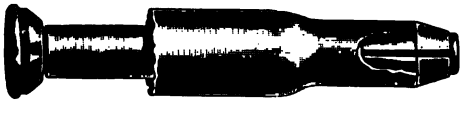
"We carry these buildings in ten stock sizes. If you desire any special size write us, we are always glad to furnish plans and estimates for such.

"We invite you to inspect one of our buildings if convenient, which we have erected at our factory, Washington, First and Seconds streets, Oakland, California, U. S. A."

* * *

A HANDY DEVICE.

The broken shell extractor figured herewith is only one of the many "Marble" tricks that go to make a man's field life one round of uninterrupted gladness. Many a gun has been ruined by the misdirected efforts to remove a broken shell from its chamber. This extractor is first-class insurance at a low rate against ruining your gun. A shell may break at any time, causing extreme annoyance and delay at a critical



moment. The satisfaction of knowing you are prepared for such an emergency is worth several times the price of this extractor, even if you never have occasion to use it. It is made for calibers from .22 Automatic to .45-90, inclusive, and should be an integral part of every rifle-shooter's kit. For catalogue describing this and other indispensable appliances address the Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich.

TO CIGAR LOVERS.

Everyone who knowns Will Goodfriend—and who among smokers in 'Frisco does not?—will be glad to know that he has recently assumed charge of Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s big Sutter street cigar department, where he will be happy to receive all his old friends and delight them with the finest cigar offerings in this city of proverbial good smokers. His department will carry a full line of leading brands, as well as the G. B. & Co.'s clear Havana favorites, the Flor del Mundo and El Reposo brands, representing the acme of cigar perfection. These cigars are made of the finest and best blends of tobaccos that grow; they are of unapproachable workmanship throughout, and are extensively used by particular patrons.

Mr. Goodfriend hopes to make or renew your cigar acquaintance, and assures you of his hearty appreciation of a visit to this department. We congratulate Goldberg & Bowen on their lucky acquisition, as in the person of Mr. Goodfriend they have secured one of the best salesmen as well as one of the most affable men in the West.

* * *

EVERYBODY KNOWS PAUL.

And everybody knows Paul's Restaurant, at 375 Bush street, San Francisco. Not to have a familiar acquaintance with this most famous of French restaurants is to argue yourself unknown, for there it is you will find at dinner the most famous lights of art, music, literature and science—the wise Bohemian "push" that know where to get good things at their proper cost. Sportsmen likewise have long marked the place for their very own, and if you want to meet your best friends in any circle of society, any plane of sport, or any other phase of active life, you can do it at Paul's, where everything is to a refined man's taste and where you don't have to be a second Rockefeller to buy the dinner of your life.

THE PORTLAND SHOOT.

The shooters that used Winchester goods at the Portland, Or., shoot, Sept. 24, again carried off the honors. In the 100-target event, known traps, unknown angles, H. C. Hirschy was the high gun with 97. Fred Gilbert was second with a score of 96, while W. R. Crosby and W. H. Seaver tied on third place with the score of 95 each. In the Globe Trophy event, which covers known as well as unknown angles, regular and reverse pull, and double-bird shooting, Fred Gilbert was the high man with the splendid score of 48 out of a possible 50. W. R. Crosby was second with 46. Seaver third high with 44. Hirschy fourth high with 42. All the above gentlemen shot Leader shells, and in connection Messrs. Seaver and Hirschy used Winchester pump guns.

The 25-target event, unknown angles, reversed pull, was also won by shooters that shot the Leader shells. The two only perfect scores of 25 straight in this event were made by Fred Gilbert and W. H. Seaver. Out of the 175 regular targets shot at, as mentioned above, Mr. Gilbert scored 169, Messrs. Crosby and Seaver 164 each, while Mr. Hirschy had 160 breaks to his credit. These were the high scores for the day.

* * *

THE MEDFORD TOURNAMENT.

Th inanimate target tournament given by the Medford, Or., Gun Club on September 22 and 23 proved to be a most enjoyable affair and well attended, shooters of Winchester products carrying off the honors. The first high expert average for the opening day was captured by W. R. Crosby, score 197 out of the possible 200. The second high average was tied for between Fred Gilbert and C. M. Powers on 195 out of the possible 200. The longest straight run on the first day was made by Fred Gilbert, and was 154 consecutive breaks. The second longest run, 117, was made by W. R. Crosby. All above made by shooters using the Winchester Leader shells. The longest straight run on the second day was made by Fred Gilbert, 127 consecutive breaks, while W. R. Crosby ran 102 straight on the same day. The first and second high expert averages for the entire tournament were made by W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, while the high amateur average was carried off by C. M. Powers. Crosby 394 out of 400, Gilbert 392 out of 400, Powers 386 out of 400.

* * *

Mr. Wm. Vach of Falls City, Neb., winner of the Free-for-All Handicap at Colorado Springs, has been doing some remarkable shooting recently. Some time during the first week or two of August he ordered some Peters Ideal shells with a slightly different load than that he had been using. The first time he tried it he broke 256 straight at 16 yards, and shortly afterward went to Verdon, Neb., for a tournament, breaking 199 out of 200 there. He has decided that Peters shells are good enough for him.

At the tournament given by the Alert Gun Club, Phillipsburg, Neb., September 4, Mr. E. F. Markley won high average, breaking 170 out of 180. Mr. Markley scored 97 out of 100, and made a run of 54 straight. He used Peters factory loads.

At the Brownsville, Penn., tournament, September 14 and 15, high average for the two days was won by Mr. James T. Atkinson of New Castle, Penn., using Peters Ideal factory loaded shells. Mr. Atkinson is well known and deservedly popular with the shooting fraternity, having achieved a national reputation as the winner of the Consolation Handicap at Indianapolis last June.

Mr. Woolfalk Henderson of Lexington, Ky., won the Auburn Handicap at Louisville, September 4, breaking 24 out of 25, shooting from the 19-yard mark. He used Peters factory loaded Premier shells.

Mr. L. H. Reid, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, shot through the Kendallville, Ind., tournament, September 12 and 13, and did some very creditable work. The targets were exceedingly hard, notwitnstanding which Mr. Reid broke 375 out of 400, winning high average for the two days.

MORE WINCHESTER VICTORIES.

At the First Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap target tournament, which was held at Ingleside, San Francisco, on September 15, 16 and 17 last, the shooters of the time-tried and reliable Winchester Leader shells carried off glorious honors. The world's champion target shots, Messrs. W. R. Chosby and Fred Gilbert, two men that are in a class all by themselves when it comes to smashing inanimate targets, and men who always shoot the Winchester Leader shells, demonstrated the reliability and uniformity of these shells to the utmost satisfaction of every person that saw them shoot. The high expert average of the first day was made by Mr. Crosby, score 148 out of the possible 150. The second high expert average was captured by Mr. Gilbert, score 146 out of the possible 150. The longest straight run on the first day was made by Mr. Crosby, who finished the program events with ar unfinished run of 123, which run he continued on the second day until he had scored 157 straight, which now stands as the Pacific Coast record for a straight run. The high expert average for the second day was also captured by Mr. Crosby, score 145 out of the possible 150. Mr. Gilbert finished second with a score of 143 out of his allotted 150, making a run of 142 straight, which is now the second best run of consecutive breaks. The former Coast record for a run was held by Mr. Ed Schultz, 115 straight. The high expert average for the closing day of the tournament was captured by Mr. Gilbert, score 145 out of the possible 150. The high expert average for the entire tournament was tied for between Mr. Crosby and Mr. Gilbert on the score of 434 out of the 450 shot at. The Preliminary Handicap shot for on the 16th was won by Mr. C. D. Hagerman of Los Angeles, with the score of 93 breaks out of the 100 shot at in this event. The best score in the event was 97 out of the 100, and was made by Mr. Crosby, but the event being open to amateurs only Mr. Crosby's score was in glory only. The main event of the tournament, the Pacific Coast Handicap, shot for on the 17th, was tied for between Mr. R. Bungay of Los Angeles and Mr. Geo. Sylvester of San Francisco, on the splendid score of 97 out of the 100 shot at in this event. In the shoot-off for the handsome trophy, the first Interstate Association Trophy ever shot for on this Coast, Mr. Sylvester, shooting Winchester Leader snells, outshot Mr. Bungay and was thus awarded the much coveted prize. The highest score in the event was made by Mr. Gilbert, 98 out of the 100, but the handicap being for amateurs only, Mr. Gilbert's score, like Mr. Crosby's of the previous day, was in glory only. The high amateur average of the entire tournament was captured by Mr. Dell Cooper of Bellingham, Wash., with a Winchester pump gun, thus it will be seen that the shooters that used the products of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. covered themselves with glory. Of the famous Eastern team of crack shots that was in attendance at this tournament, nine in number, Messrs. W. R. Crosby, H. C. Hirschy, Fred Gilbert, Chas. D. Plank, Jack Fanning, C. M. Powers and D. W. King Jr. shoot the Winchester Leader shells. Mr. Crosby holds the world's long run record, 419 without a miss. Mr. Gilbert the second long run record, 317. Mr. Hirschy was the winner of the largest Grand American Handicap at live birds that has ever been held. Mr. Powers is acknowledged to be the amateur champion of the world, while all the other gentlemen are world-renowned shot-gun shots.

* * *

At Sea Girt Winchester factory loaded cartridges won the President's Match and other honors. Among the important matches of the recent great national shooting tournament at Sea Girt, N. J., won with Winchester factory loaded cartridges, were the President's Match, the most important event of the tournament, carrying the title of "Military Championship of the United States," won by Clarence E. Orr of Newark, O., with Hudson-Winchester bullet; the Spencer Match, won by Capt. Martin; the All-Comers' Match, won by H. E. Simon, with

THE "INDIAN"

Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award
St. Louis
World's Fair

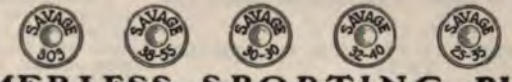
Winner of
all important
events, 1904.

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

SAVAGE



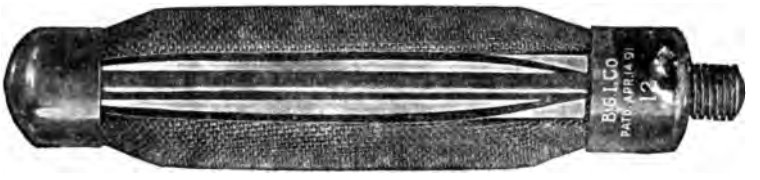
HAMMERLESS SPORTING RIFLE

This Repeating Rifle has many telling features that recommend it to the sportsman who knows a superior rifle when he sees it. Let's look at just one.

Take the SAFETY FEATURE for example: 1—There is no hammer to catch on anything. 2—The cartridges lie side by side, not end to end—can't be jammed together and exploded. 3—Even if they could be exploded, the shooter couldn't be injured, because of the solid wall of steel between him and the cartridge. 4—There is a safety device that locks the mechanism—both trigger and lever. You could throw the rifle all around without the least danger of discharging. Can you do that with any other rifle? These are a few of the features that make Savage Rifles different—superior. Ask your dealer. If he won't tell you, write to us for a catalogue. The catalogue tells also about the Savage 22-caliber Hammerless Repeater—another Rifle Wonder

SAVAGE ARMS CO.,
24 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y.

B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS



Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Hudson-Winchester bullet; the Kuser Rapid-Fire Match, won by A. L. Laudensack; the E. P. Meany Match, won by Capt. Martin with Hudson-Winchester bullet; the Hayes Match, won by Capt. Martin, who made 24 straight bullseyes at 600 yards, a new record; the Consolation Match, won by H. E. Simon, using Winchester factory loaded cartridges, with Hudson-Winchester bullet, at 200-yard target, D. McIntire second, using Winchester rifle and cartridges; the Jones Rapid-Fire Match, tied by A. L. Laudensack, W. D. Kittler and C. S. Hudson, the first two using Winchester rifles as well as Winchester cartridges, and all making perfect scores; the Pistor Match, won by G. W. Waterhouse; the Schuetzen Match, second place won by R. Gute; the Novice Revolver Match, second place won by G. W. Waterhouse. The number of contestants entered was by long odds the greatest ever assembled at a similar gathering, and included the best marksmen in the country. This greatly enhanced the difficulty of winning. Therefore, the fact that all the important matches above mentioned were won with Winchester factory loaded cartridges is practical and convincing proof of the reliability, accuracy and strong shooting qualities of this ammunition. Winchester factory loaded cartridges are made for all kinds of guns. Use them in yours and shoot well.

* * *

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR U. M. C. AMMUNITION.

The Pacific Coast meet of the Interstate Association of Trap Shooters, held at Ingleside, September 15, 16 and 17, was the most noteworthy event in blue-rock shooting ever held on the Pacific Coast. It was marked by machine-like methods, it was conducted in a thoroughly business-like manner, and will be a great educator to all trap shooters, and unquestionably will prove to have lasting and beneficial effects upon this great and clean out of door sport on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, both by natural gifts and experience, is an ideal conductor for such events, one in which a man must have rare tact and firmness in order to avoid friction. These gifts are notably Mr. Shaner's. Mr. Shaner was ably assisted by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, a man of experience in all clerical details necessary to a successful outcome. Space does not permit of the individual mention of the entire list of shooters making fine scores. The winner of the preliminary handicap was Mr. C. D. Hagerman of Los Angeles, Cal., who shot in magnificent form, breaking 93 out of 100 targets. He was closely followed by W. H. Varien, breaking 92, by F. Kleversahl with 91 breaks, M. O. Feudner 91, C. Carr with 90.

All the above shooters were users of U. M. C. Ammunition exclusively. This evidence of reliability and perfection should convince any "doubting Thomas" in the shooting brotherhood of the quality and value of the famous U. M. C. Ammunition.

On the following day the important event was the contest for the Pacific Coast Handicap, the cup given by the association. Mr. Geo. Sylvester of San Francisco, and Mr. R. H. Bungay of Los Angeles tied in this event with 97 breaks each out of 100. Both used exclusively U. M. C. Acme shells. In the shoot-off at 20 birds, Mr. Sylvester was the successful contestant, with 17 breaks, Mr. Bungay losing by one bird.

In this last shoot at 20 targets, Mr. Bungay used U. M. C. Ammunition exclusively. Mr. Bungay's performance was a remarkable exhibition of nerve and steadiness, from the fact that in the 100-bird event it was necessary to make a final twenty straight to tie Mr. Sylvester's score, which he accomplished. At the finish of this game race, spontaneous applause greeted Mr. Bungay. In this same event shooters making an average of 90% or over were Fred Schultz, 91%; A. J. Webb, 90%; E. Schultz, 90%; W. H. Varien, 90%; and H. B. Jacobson, 90%—all amateurs, and all without a single exception using exclusively and solely U. M. C. Ammunition.

Among the list of amateurs breaking 90% or over there were but two exceptions to this splendid record for the U. M. C. products, and even in one of these U. M. C. shells were used with the exception of 25 shells.

On this final day, there were in various events entries to the number of 102, and of this number 88 were users of U. M. C. Magic, Acme, Monarch and Majestic shells exclusively. A conclusion drawn from the above remarkable record is that no coincidence has place here whatever, simply that so notable a popularity is and must be based on merit of a high order, and embraces all those qualities demanded by expert shots, as it is a well-known fact that in all such contests where strain is necessarily present, the ammunition used must represent accuracy and reliability—in fact perfection.

* * *

A STATEMENT OF MONEY WINNINGS IN CUP EVENTS.

A statement of the winnings of money made in the two cup events will be of general interest to trap enthusiasts. In the Preliminary Handicap a purse of $464.52 was divided. To those contestants using U. M. C. Ammunition solely of this $464.52, the sum of $410.32 was earned. These contestants were as follows:

Contestants.	Shells Used.		Money.
C. D. Hagerman	U.M.C.	Acme	$102.19
W. H. Varien	U.M.C.	Acme	83.61
M. O. Feudner	U.M.C.	Magic	54.20
E. Kleversahl	U.M.C.	Magic	54.20
C. Carr	U.M.C.	Magic	37.16
W. J. Golcher	U.M.C.	Magic	23.23
Glon W. Gibson	U.M.C.	Magic	23.23
E. Schultz	U.M.C.	Magic	16.25
Clarence C. Nauman	U.M.C.	Magic	16.25
Total U. M. C. Winnings			$410.32
Won with other brands of shells			54.20
Purse divided			$464.52

In the Pacific Coast Handicap, purse divided $812.00, of this amount $711.80 was won by those amateurs using the products of the U. M. C. Company exclusively, and were as follows:

Contestants.	Shells Used.		Money.
R. H. Bungay	U.M.C.	Acme	$146.20
Dell Cooper	U.M.C.	Magic	93.40
F. Schultz	U.M.C.	Magic	93.40
E. Schultz	U.M.C.	Magic	54.80
W. H. Varien	U.M.C.	Acme	54.80
H. P. Jacobson	U.M.C.	Magic	54.80
A. J. Webb	U.M.C.	Magic	22.70
C. C. Nauman	U.M.C.	Magic	22.70
E. L. Forster	U.M.C.	Magic	22.70
Total exclusive U. M. C. winnings			$565.55
In this event of the 120 shells used by Mr. Geo. Sylvester, the cup winner, money being divided before the shoot-off, 100 were U. M. C. Acme			146.25
			$711.80
Won with other brands of shells			100.20
Purse divided			$812.00

U. M. C. WINS.

Following the great interstate shoot, a live-bird handicap took place at Ingleside on Monday, September 18, 1905, sixteen crack live-bird shots, including visiting and local experts, contesting. Fine scores were the order of the day, and after an extremely game finish Clarence Nauman of San Francisco was high gun with 25 straight kills, using U. M. C. Ammunition.

In this aggregation of fine trap shots were W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, two professional shooters with world-wide reputations, Mr. Gilbert with 24 kills. Mr. Crosby withdrew on account of illness.

C. M. Powers, a celebrated amateur shot, also with 24 kills to his credit. Others scoring 24 were P. J. Walsh, W. E. Green, C. A. Haight and Guy Lovelace.

G. W. Gibson, L. E. Walker, Otto Feudner, R. H. Bungay and F. Turner grassed 23 birds each.

Added to these were Dell Cooper, J. V. Coleman, with 22; and Emil Holling, 21.

A significant feature of these phenomenal exhibitions of trap shooting talent, among professional and amateur contestants alike, was the

EMIL W. HAGBOM
Formerly with
James W. Bell Son & Co.
New York

EDWARD MILLS
Late of
Bullock & Jones
San Francisco

MILLS & HAGBOM

Tailors and Importers

PHELAN BUILDING

Are Now Ready to Fill Orders For FINE CLOTHES. The Very CHOICEST ENGLISH and SCOTCH WOOLENS Can be Found at This Place.

U. M. C. WINNINGS. AMATEUR HIGH AVERAGES.

1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d.

U. M. C. WINNINGS. PROFESSIONAL HIGH AVERAGES.

3d, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, 12th and 13th.

The number of shooters for the three days, together with the number using U. M. C. Ammunition, are as follows:

	Shooters.	Using U. M. C. Ammunition.
First day	79	61
Second day	71	55
Third day	102	88

Percnetage using U. M. C. shells for the three days, 81%.

In the special five-man team event, there were seven teams entered. Total 35 men; out of this number 26 used U. M. C. Ammunition. The Golden Gate Gun Club being the winners: Feudner, Webb, Fanning, Nauman and Schults, all using exclusively U. M. C. Ammunition.

showing made by the reliable U. M. C. Ammunition. Of the sixteen, thirteen were users of the U. M. C. shells exclusively.

* * *

The blue-rock tournament held at Biggs, Cal., on September 30 and October 1, 1905, marked the close of the trap shooting season in Northern California. Thirty shooters faced the traps, the membership being of a high order. The highest events were the contests for the Gibson Cup and Medal for the championship of Northern California. The Gibson Cup was won by Mr. M. E. Phillips of Colusa, Cal., and the championship Medal by Mr. Glon W. Gibson of Williams, Cal. Both of these shooters using U. M. C. ammunition exclusively.

The phenomenal shooting for the entire season made by users of U. M. C. ammunition all along the entire Pacific Coast, both at blue rock and live bird events, also in records and moneys won, is a demonstration satisfying to shooters of accuracy and reliability of these world-famous goods, made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

HOME PRODUCTS GOT THERE.

Just a few pointed remarks about Selby factory loaded shells:

Do you know that with these goods the high amateur average made by Del Cooper of Bellingham, Wash., the Preliminary Handicap trophy, won by C. D. Hagerman of Los Angeles, 93 out of 100, and the Pacific Coast Handicap trophy—for which Geo. Sylvester of San Francisco and R. H. Bungay of Los Angeles shot a tie, 97 out of 100, finally won by Sylvester, were all records made with Selby factory loaded shells at the Interstate Association three-day tournament last week at Ingleside?

At the South Tacoma tournament of the Southwest Washington Gun Club Association, the high general and high amateur averages, the DuPont Challenge Cup, the California Powder Works Cup and the Laflin & Rand trophy, were all won with Selby loads. The longest run, 72 breaks, was shot with Selby loads. What better do you want?

* * *

WILL MAKE MALCOLM 'SCOPES.

The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co., which was established in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1857, by Wm. Malcolm and was conducted there by him until his death, has been purchased by parties in Auburn, N. Y., where it will be carried on in the same excellent manner which has made the Malcolm Telescopes among the foremost of its kind.

It is invariably formed at a single experience, and the only trouble is that you won't want to eat anywhere else. But even at that you will be a gainer, for nowhere in this proverbial city of good restaurants is there another like "Buttrick's." Try it and see what we mean.

* * *

GET YOUR GAME COOKED FREE.

An innovation that is going to make a great hit with sportsmen is that recently introduced by our genial fellow-sportsman and well-known restauranteur, Ike Deutch, who announces in his advertisement elsewhere in these columns that he will make a specialty of cooking to order without charge any game that the sportsmen patrons of his elegant new cafe (at 413 Market street) send in to him for that purpose.

It is needless to say that our appreciative sportsmen will take quick and cordial cognizance of Mr. Deutch's generous enterprise, and that the Sportsman's Cafe, at 413 Market street, will at once become a rendezvous for all lovers of the dog, gun, rod and horse. The best of it is that Mr. Deutch knows how to cook game to the proverbial "queen's taste." His long experience at the Crystal Palace and other famous cafe resorts in this city and elsewhere has endowed him with a rare knowledge of things epicurean, and game served under his direction will take on that delightful savor that only attends the finished chef's art. Don't forget the place, and don't forget the game. You have a treat in store.

HIGH GRADE PADDLING CANOES

5 feet to 18 feet

From $31.50 UP

Send for our 1905 Canoe Catalogue No. 5

Makers of THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR

Send for our No. 4 Spar Book and Price List

Famous St. Lawrence River Skiffs, Racing and Cruising Launches, Etc
High Grade Work Only

THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR & BOAT CO.

J. G. FRASER, Manager, Western Avenue, Greenport, Suffolk Co., N. Y

A COMPREHENSIVE CATALOGUE.

The directors of the Manufacture Francaise d'Armes et Cycles, Saint-Etienne, Loire, France, have just issued a 900-page catalogue of sporting goods and kindred paraphernalia, whose perusal will give one a liberal education in the models, styles, prices, etc., of European sporting appurtenances. It is illustrated by over 10,000 cuts, color plates, etc., and is very interesting from a hundred standpoints. A copy may be had postpaid by sending 10 cents in coin to the address given above, and as the small expense will be abundantly repaid, we advise all our readers to send at once, mentioning "Western Field."

* * *

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

And only the best is served to the discriminative patrons who have learned that at "Buttrick's" Cafe and Grill (42 California street) the finest viands, service and liquid refreshments obtainable in the State are to be had, and that, too, at prices that will make a regular patron of everyone who ever gives this justly celebrated cafe and grill a single trial.

Especial attention is paid to patrons who give private dinner parties, and the service and cuisine are a revelation to even the widest traveled epicures. To our friends we have but one word of cautionary advice: Don't dine at Buttrick's unless you want to acquire the "Buttrick habit."

DOINGS OF THE OLD RELIABLE PARKER GUN.

At Dominion of Canada Tournament, Ottawa, Ont., August 16 to 18, Mr. T. M. Craig of Sherbrooke, at 19 and 20 yards, won the Lord Grey Cup for high average, with a score of 665 out of 710.

W. J. Johnstone of Ottawa made longest unfinished run—99 straight—winning DuPont Cup. One-third of guns used at Ottawa were Parkers, a fact that speaks for itself.

Fred Coleman of Philadelphia, Penn., at Meadow Springs, Penn., August 26, was high gun, with a score of 165 out of 175; also at Coatsville, Penn., September 4, with a score of 142 out of 150; at Florist, Penn., September 12, with 185 out of 200, and at Meadow Springs, Penn., September 16, with 96 out of 100.

S. C. Yokum of Shamokin, Penn, at Shamokin, from April to September shot at 1,000 and broke 917. An amateur of merit.

Fred Gilbert, "The Wizard," at home, Spirit Lake, Ia., August 22 to 25, was high man, with a score of 771 out of 800, and won the first-class cup with 50 straight.

R. C. Derk of Northumberland, Penn., at Lock Haven, Penn., August 15 and 16, scored first high amateur average, with a score of 261 out of 290, winning DuPont trophy. At Marysville, Penn., August 26, Mr. Derk was high amateur average, with a score of 188 out of 200.

WHEN Camping, it is frequently imperative to put up with a whole lot. *Don't put up with a firearm of dubious quality.* Get a **Stevens**—you will wonder why you missed doing so before.

OUR LINE

Rifles, Pistols, Shotguns Rifle Telescopes, Etc.

Your local merchant should handle the **STEVENS.** Ask him. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of catalog price. Send four cents in stamps for 140 page catalog; is profusely illustrated, describes entire output, and contains valuable pointers on shooting, ammunition, proper care of Firearms, etc.

Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be mailed anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

31 Main Street

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

M. E. Atchison of Giddings, Tex., at West Texas League Shoot, July 12, 13 and 14, has second high amateur average, with a score of 458 out of 480. In 50-target race he scored 47 out of 50. In gold medal event he scored 50 straight. At Brenham, Tex., July 17 and 18, Mr. Atchison was second high amateur average with 403 out of 425. At Fort Worth, Tex., on the last day he broke 112 straight, and 218 out of 225. At San Marcea, August 14 and 15, he was high amateur average from 20 yards mark, with a score of 299 out of 340.

F. D. Alkire of Williamsport, O., at Dalton, O., August 17 and 18, made first general average, with a score of 375 out of 400. At Yellow Bud., O., August 3, he was first average, with a score of 156 out of 160. At Williamsport, O., August 9, he scored 146 out of 150. Also at Williamsport, on August 10, Mr. Alkire scored 74 out of 75.

Walter Huff of Macon, Ga., at Durham, N. C., June 14 and 15, made second high average, with a score of 378 out of 400. At same shoot, Mr. G. M. Collins made first high average, with a score of 386 out of 400. At Warm Springs, Ga., June 20 and 22. Mr. Huff won high average, with a score of 389 out of 400. At Thomasville, Ga., July 4 and 5, Mr. Huff won high average, with a score of 291 out of 310; also at Eufaler, Ala., with a score of 375 out of 400; at Gunthersville, Ala., August 22, with a score of 192 out of 200; at Morristown, Tenn., August 23, with a score of 98 out of 100.

Mr. W. E. Beeson of Grand Rapids, at Grand Rapids, on August 9 won high amateur average for the day with 192 out of 200, or 96%. The high amateur average for the three days, August 8, 9 and 10, was won by O. A. Felger, with a score of 596 out of 605. Third high average for three days was won by Guy Deering with 564 out of 605. Fourth high average for three days was won by W. E. Beeson, with 561 out of 605.

J. E. Vaughan, the "Fred Gilbert" of California, at Pasadena, July 27, made a score of 99 out of 100, and on July 30, 98 out of 100, total of 197 out of 200, with a straight run of 143, no miss.

John A. Flick of Ravenna, O., the one-armed wonder of the shooting world, on July 29, at Turkey Fork Lake, broke 50 straight; at Canton, O., State Shoot, in June, Mr. Flick broke 50 straight.

Otto Felger of Grand Rapids, Mich., on August 8, at Grand Rapids, broke 190 out of 200, or 95%. He made the highest amateur record for the day.

All of the above shooters shoot Parker guns exclusively. The old reliable, time-tried and proved winner of the age.

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Some time ago the Stevens Arms and Tool Co. made a new rifle and in order to christen it with an appropriate name that would best typify it, invited boys all over the land to send in names in competition, offering as prizes for the five best names submitted a fine selection of arms of their manufacture. The detailed results follow, showing how eagerly the wise lads embraced their unique opportunity. For the data we are obliged to the Stevens Co., who obligingly furnished it in tabulated for.

Total number of letters received, 4,642; total number of names suggested, 36,768. Names were received from all sections of this country and the Dominion of Canada. Also heard from British West Indies and Mexico. Revolutionary and Civil War heroes, noted frontiers and plainsmen, famous Indian chiefs, Spanish-American War generals and admirals, Russo-Japanese military and naval leaders, President Roosevelt, nouns denoting courage, accuracy, skill, reliability, etc., were some of the thousands of names submitted. That the Stevens shoot straight was

emphasized right through. The board of directors of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., after careful consideration of each list of names submitted, has decided that the prizes were won by the following:

First Prize—C. F. Meroney, care Odell Hardware Co., Greensboro, N. C., "Little Scout" rifle.

Second Prize—Charles B. Saunders,, Box 3, Wytheville, Va., "Nimrod" rifle.

Third Prize—Harry W. Smith, 315 N. Poplar street, Centralia, Ill., "Little Chum" rifle.

Fourth Prize—Lacy Currie, Jackson Springs, N. C., "Comrade" rifle.

Fifth Prize—Robert Kerr, P. O. Box 227, Lee, Mass., "Rex" rifle.

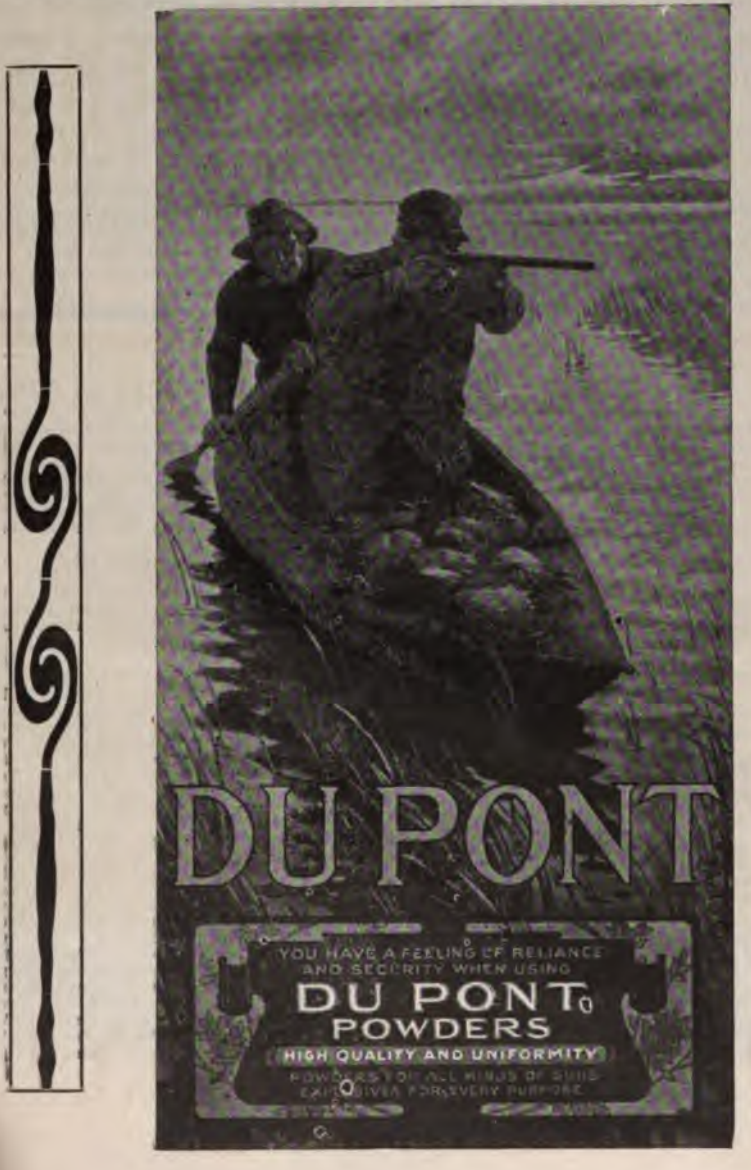
Of course some of these names appeared on a number of the lists submitted. In that case the one sending in the name first received the prize. This in accordance with conditions of contest. Messrs. C. F. Meroney, Charles B. Saunders, Harry W. Smith, Lacy Currie and Robert Kerr will receive Favorite No. 17 rifle, Little Krag rifle, Crack Shot rifle, Stevens-Maynard Jr. rifle and Stevens Tip Up pistol, respectively, express prepaid, as per terms of contest. The Stevens Co. embrace this opportunity to express their hearty thanks and appreciation to the thousands of contestants, and genuinely regret that prizes are not numerous enough to insure each competitor being the recipient of one.

The new rifle will be known as "Stevens Little Scout" No. 14, and will be ready for the market after January 1, 1906.

* * *

DUCK HUNTERS

Will be only too glad to comply with the easy conditions necessary to secure a copy of the elegant calendar to be issued by the DuPont Powder Co., in December. We are able to present only a small reproduction in black and white of this really beautiful work of art—it is 15x29½ inches in size, lithographed in 14 colors—and the cut consequently cannot do it justice. But we assure our readers that it is a picture worthy to hang on any wall, and we anticipate that they will be quick in securing a copy. For particulars see the DuPont advertisement elsewhere in these columns.



THE 1906 DuPONT CALENDAR

(For Particulars see reading columns)

Will be sent you if you send us kind of powder you shoot and 10 cents in coin or stamps.

Distribution in December

IMPORTANT: Give full name and street address. Send to ADVERTISING DIVISION

E. I. DuPONT CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

IN HARVEST TIME

When brisk, Autumn breezes roughen the skin, use **Mennen's**—a positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine.

For sale everywhere or by mail, **25 cts.** *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.

"NEWHOUSE" WOLF TRAPS

No. 3, No. 4 and No. 4½ Newhouse Traps are especially designed for wolf trapping. Send for our illustrated circular, "How to Catch Wolves," by Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known artist, author and trapper. We can supply you with Newhouse Wolf Traps, the most perfect trap in the world—absolutely guaranteed. Other traps are [illegible]

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

ONEIDA — Branch Factory—Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada
Address Inquiries to Department "F" — NEW YORK

ROOS MADE

"ROOS-MADE" CLOTHING TODAY FORECASTS THE STYLES OF TOMORROW

ROOS BROS., KEARNY AT POST SAN FRANCISCO

TELEPHONE PRIVATE EX 460

HANDSOMEST AND BEST VENTILATED CAFE IN THE WEST
All on the Ground Floor

Thompson's GRILL AND CAFE
30 Eddy St., San Francisco.

EL PALENCIA
"REX"
THE BEST "BIT" CIGAR ON EARTH.
EXACT SIZE

ALL CLEAR HAVANA
PALENCIAS
MADE IN 30 SIZES
BOLTZ, CLYMER & Co
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT,
416 Market St., San Francisco.

1878-1905

O. W. Nordwell
announces the arrival of his
new importations
and invites your inspection

17 Bush St., Cor. Kearny Second Floor San Francisco

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

Face to face with the most dangerous of American big game, the grizzly bear, a man must have a rifle that won't fail him. Famous hunters use a *Marlin* because they can trust it. They know a *Marlin* won't fail them at a dangerous moment.

Marlin Repeating Rifles have a shocking power and penetration that is destructive to the strongest game. Armed with a *Marlin* a man may face a wounded grizzly or moose with perfect confidence.

The Model 1895 *Marlin* Repeaters have "Special Smokeless Steel" Barrels, and use powerful smokeless loads. The big bores hit hard and open a big hole. The game bleeds fast and dies quickly. Small bores and black powder may kill sometimes, perhaps after Mr. Grizzly has killed you or run away so far you'll never find him. If you want to take no chances and have the quickest killer made, use a *Marlin* '95 big bore with smokeless cartridges. No other repeater is made in big bores with "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels. *Marlin* accuracy is absolute, certain and dependable. The *Marlin* action is simple and compact, while the unique *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out rain and snow, and will not permit dry twigs or sand to enter and clog the mechanism. *No other gun gives this protection.*

The *Marlin* is the original solid top and side ejector. There is a solid wall of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties cannot throw in your face.*

Join the great army of *Marlin* enthusiasts—buy a *Marlin* for your eternal satisfaction. Send to-day for our new Catalog and Experience Book. Free for 6 cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

51 Willow Street **New Haven, Conn.**

KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water does not affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealer. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Model '95, .45-70, 26-in. ½ Octagon, ½ magazine, Take-Down Extra Selected Pistol Grip. Large rubber butt, special engraved, gold or platinum inlay, stock and forearm carved. Catalog list price $250. *Marlin* Model '95 Rifles from $15.60. Catalog prices. Less at your dealers.

Phone Grant 95

BUTTRICK'S CAFE AND GRILL

42 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Grill Open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

A BEAUTY

The above is a much reduced reproduction in black and white of the Laflin & Rand calendar for 1906, which will be ready for distribution in December. This beautiful calendar is 15x29½ inches in size, and is lithographed in 12 to 14 colors. Aside from its utility it is a beautiful ornament for either office or den, and we are certain that our appreciative readers will be quick to comply with the very simple conditions necessary to secure one. (See advertisement on inside front cover page for particulars)

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

After JANUARY 1st, 1906 the subscription price o **WESTERN FIELD** will be $1.50 a year Single copies 15c

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

236 Post Street, San Francisco

Pictures, Sporting Prints,

. . . Framing . . .

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List $100.00

We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR **ART CATALOGUE**

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905..... 37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, Jr., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

Directors—F. TILLMANN, Jr., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W S. GOODFELLOW.

H. F. LORQUIN
323 Kearny St., S. F.
Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.
Telephone Montgomery 761

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER
Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc We can teach you with complete success by MAIL, Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies. Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.
"Have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines (including WESTERN FIELD.) Let us explain our school fully. Send Today for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 130 T St., Omaha, Neb.

SPORTING BOOTS
All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.
453-455 Mission St. San Francisco

THE
SPORTSMEN'S CAFÉ
413 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of
IKE DUETCH
(Formerly of Crystal Palace.)

Merchants' Lunch, private rooms.

Game Cooked for Sportsmen Free of Charge

LARGE BANQUET HALL

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

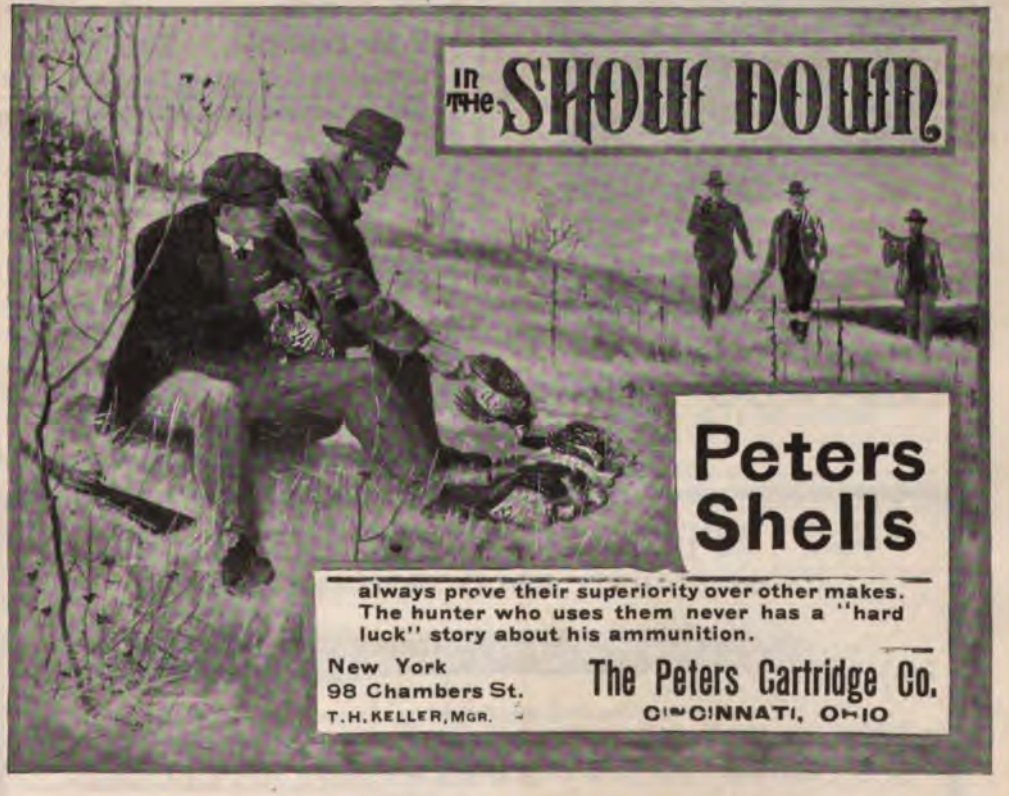
The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

---

Hats to Fit Every FACE FORM FANCY

TOM DILLON, Milliner for Men
Opposite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Peters Shells

always prove their superiority over other makes. The hunter who uses them never has a "hard luck" story about his ammunition.

New York
98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, MGR.

The Peters Cartridge Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

After JANUARY 1st, 1906 the subscription price o **WESTERN FIELD** will be $1.50 a year Single copies 15c

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

236 Post Street, San Francisco

Pictures, Sporting Prints,

. . . Framing . . .

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List $100.00

We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by us

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE &

MANU

Tents Ha

F

COVERS,

T

After JANUARY 1st, 1908 the subscription price o WESTERN

M. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1562 SAN FRANCISCO

ITHA

If you don't know what gun to buy, or i an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHI

When T

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

...Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever ...ker so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but ...is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ...d ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. ...primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** ...handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ...the ***work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield ...32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

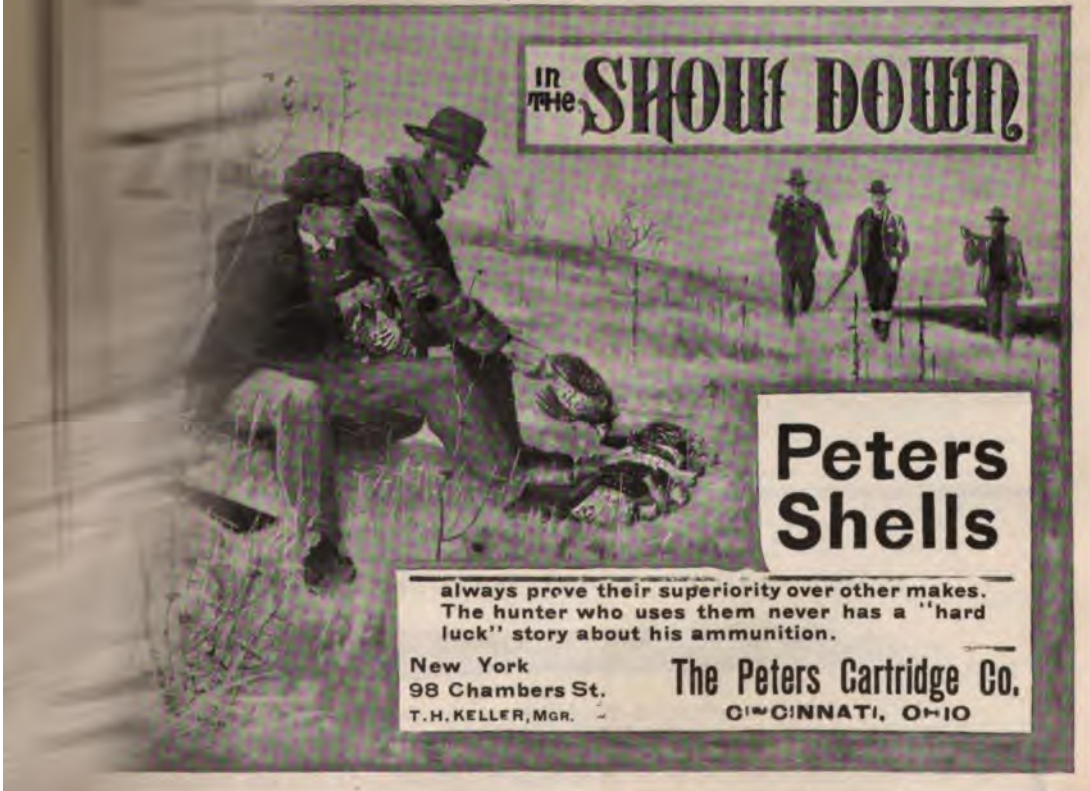
PRICE $1.50

IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.
...B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

...S
...Every FACE FORM FANCY

...LON, Milliner for Men
...posite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Peters Shells

always prove their superiority over other makes. The hunter who uses them never has a "hard luck" story about his ammunition.

New York
98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, MGR.

The Peters Cartridge Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905..... 37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, Jr., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

Directors—F. TILLMANN, Jr., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W S. GOODFELLOW.

H. F. LORQUIN

323 Kearny St., S. F.

Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.

Telephone Montgomery 761

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc We can teach you with complete success by MAIL, Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies. Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.

"Have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines (including WESTERN FIELD.) Let us explain our school fully. Send Today for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 139 T St., Omaha, Neb.

SPORTING BOOTS

All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

453-455 Mission St. San Francisco

THE

SPORTSMEN'S CAFÉ

413 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of

IKE DUETCH

(Formerly of Crystal Palace.)

Merchants' Lunch, private rooms.

Game Cooked for Sportsmen Free of Charge

LARGE BANQUET HALL

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

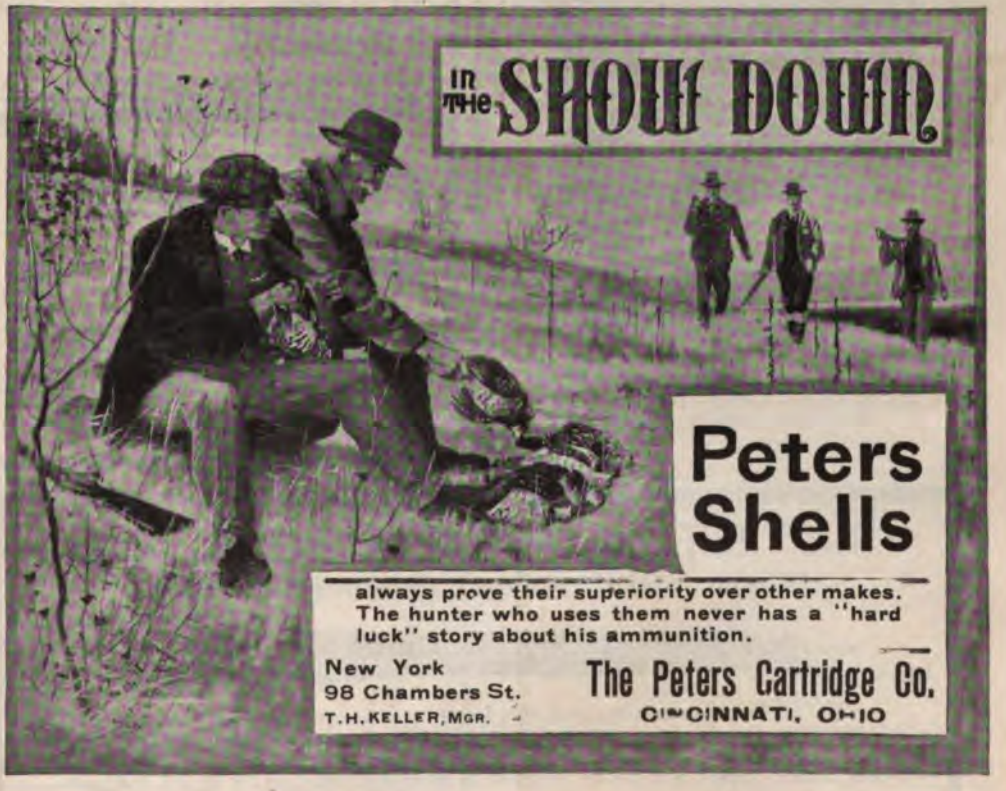
The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

---

Hats to Fit Every FACE FORM FANCY

TOM DILLON, Milliner for Men
Opposite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Peters Shells

always prove their superiority over other makes. The hunter who uses them never has a "hard luck" story about his ammunition.

New York
98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, Mgr.

The Peters Cartridge Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by us

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

After JANUARY 1st, 1906 the subscription price o **WESTERN FIELD** will be $1.50 a year Single copies 15c

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

236 Post Street, San Francisco

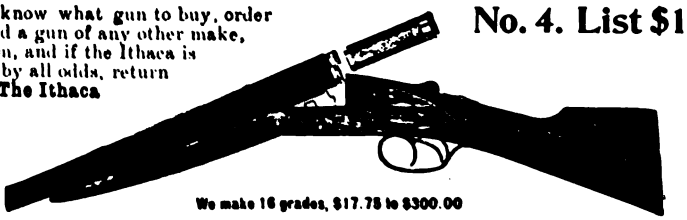
Pictures, Sporting Prints,

. . . Framing . . .

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List $100.00



We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905..... 37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, Jr., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

Directors—F. TILLMANN, Jr., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W S. GOODFELLOW.

H. F. LORQUIN
323 Kearny St., S. F.
Taxidermist

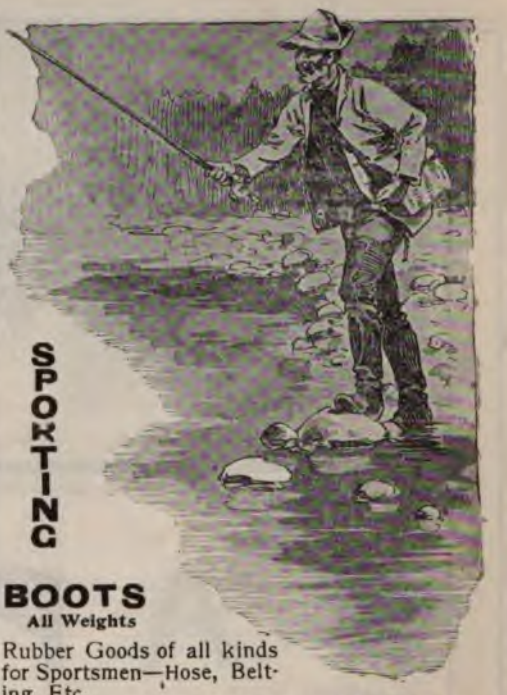
Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.

Telephone
Montgomery 761

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER
Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**



SPORTING BOOTS
All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

453-455 Mission St. San Francisco

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc. We can teach you with complete success by MAIL. Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips. DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies. Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.

"Have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS.

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines [including WESTERN FIELD.] Let us explain our school fully. Send Today for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 130 T St., Omaha, Neb.

THE

SPORTSMEN'S CAFÉ

413 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of

IKE DUETCH

(Formerly of Crystal Palace.)

Merchants' Lunch, private rooms.

Game Cooked for Sportsmen Free of Charge

LARGE BANQUET HALL

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

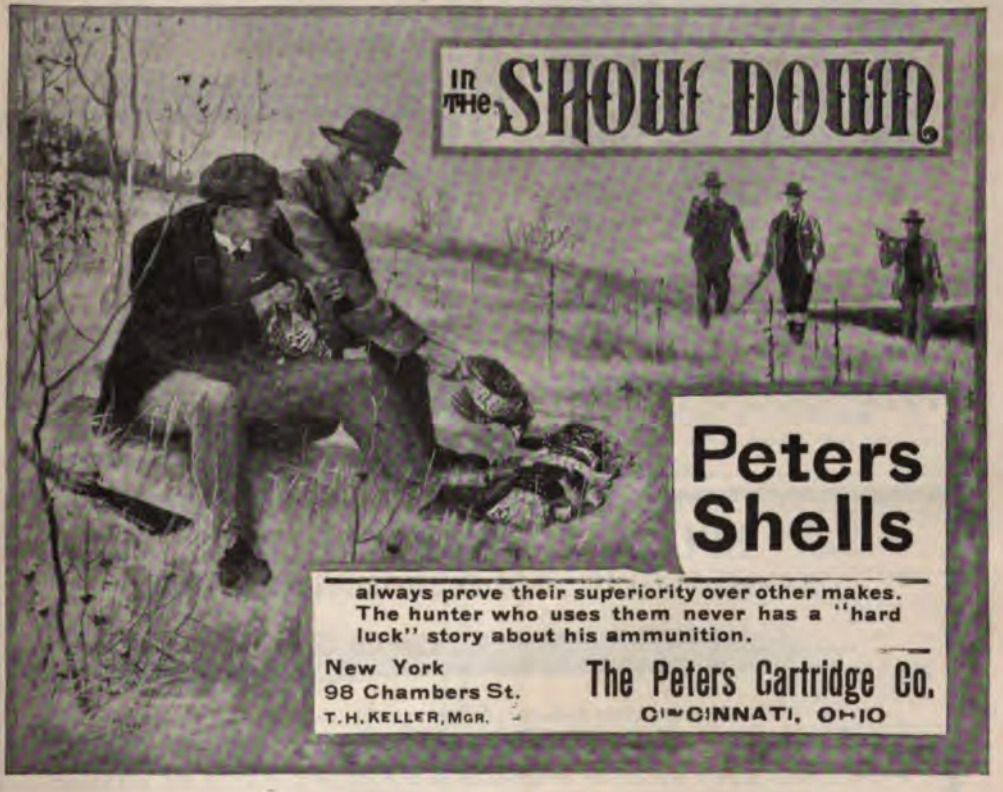
The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

---

Hats to Fit Every FACE FORM FANCY

TOM DILLON, Milliner for Men
Opposite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.



The Hunter One-Trigger

Never Balks. Never Doubles. Hundreds in Use and Every One Perfect

HUNTER ARMS CO.
FULTON - NEW YORK
Send for Catalogue

Smith Guns Shoot Well

New Lyman Rear Sight
FOR MAUSER RIFLE
(Patented)

No. 35 Price, $7.00

Very accurate and easily adjusted. A specially constructed base renders it easily attached to bolt stop. When on rifle, there is nothing to interfere with loading from clips. Slightly elevating slide, it is easily turned to one side, allowing removal of bolt.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

Fisher & Co.
(Incorporated)
HATS GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS
Established in 1851
Hat Boxes, Dress Suit Cases, Valises, Bags and Umbrellas. Shirts and Underwear to order.
9 Montgomery St. San Francisco

Portable Buildings

For Automobiles, Shooting Boxes and various other purposes. They are strong and substantial, wind and weather proof, all wood. Stock sizes on hand.
—*Send for Catalogue*

Burnham-Standeford Company
519 Second St., Oakland, Cal.

SAVE THIS COUPON **SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER** SAVE THIS COUPON
14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN, that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather a delight, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1.50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.

Box 399 Denver, Colo.

WM. CRYER

Designer of

Sailing Yachts, Launches, Row and Hunting Boats of all Descriptions

Plans, Specifications and Prices Furnished upon application.

Yard and Shops

601 Illinois St., San Francisco

Telephone MINT 1006

"The Needle Shower"

A perfect sanitary appliance and health promoter—Builds nerve and muscle and keeps the body in prime condition—Adapted to any bathroom. Can be seen at our salesrooms 328 Stockton St.

WM. F. WILSON CO.

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS
METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in

Fish and Oysters

FROGS AND TERRAPINS ALWAYS ON HAND

93 California Market, S. F.

Orders delivered for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

Telephone Main 187 PRIVATE ROOMS

PAUL'S

Hotel and French Restaurant

Game Dinners a Specialty

COMMERCIAL LUNCH, 50c DINNER, 75c

375 Bush Street

SAN FRANCISCO

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

DR. A. E. BUZARD

Veterinary Surgeon

M. R. C. V. S. London

CORNER POST and FILLMORE STREETS
San Francisco, Cal.

Special attention given to the Diseases of Dogs. Thoroughly equipped hospital for all animals. Advice by mail $2.00.

TELEPHONE WEST 636.

BOOK
on
DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED.
Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.
H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y.

AT STUD—$25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905.

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half brother to Flatz Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD
Kern Co., California

Marble's Improved FRONT SIGHT

for rifles enables a hunter to shoot just as accurately when "holding above" his game on account of distance, as when firing at point-blank range. There's no stopping to raise the rear sight—no fumbling with screws or springs. Shows plainer than any other in the dusk or dark weather and gives three accurate shots to one with the ordinary front sight. Price, postpaid, **$1.00,** from dealers or direct. Full Description, and [illegible] colors of beads given in Catalogue "H". Send stamp.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.
GLADSTONE, MICH., U. S. A.

Hospital . . . for DOGS

416 Fifth Avenue
Opposite French Hospital
Geary street cars stop at the door. Temporary Phone West 3004

DR. STEERS, Veterinary Surgeon

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. JAS. McCULLOCH, Vice-Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Continental Building & Loan Association

of California

Established . . . 1889

This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

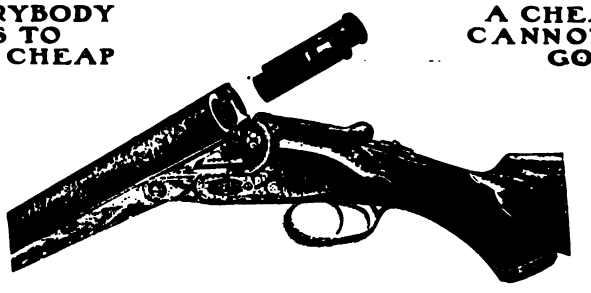
It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal.

A CHEAP GUN

FOR EVERYBODY SEEMS TO WANT A CHEAP GUN



A CHEAP GUN CANNOT BE A GOOD GUN

REMEMBER the Best is Cheapest in the End, and None too Good for You. The PARKER GUN is the Best and Cheapest Gun today. It will Outwear and Outshoot a Dozen Inferior Guns. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PARKER BROS.

New York Salesroom
32 WARREN STREET

37 Cherry Street
MERIDEN, CONN.

U.M.C.

Red Letter Day

At the first Pacific Coast meet of the Inter-State Association September 15, 16 and 17, 1905

The Total Purses amounted to	$1,276.52
U. M. C. Shells Won . . .	1,122.12
Other Shells Won	154.40
	$1,276.52

U. M. C. SHELLS WON

Preliminary Handicap Trophy also the Amateur High Averages as follows:

1st	5th	9th	13th	16th	21st
2d	6th	10th	14th	17th	22d
3d	7th	12th	15th	20th	23d

It is records such as these that prove quality.

write for illustrated catalogue

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT

86-88 First Street, San Francisco

E. E. DRAKE, Manager

AMMUNITION

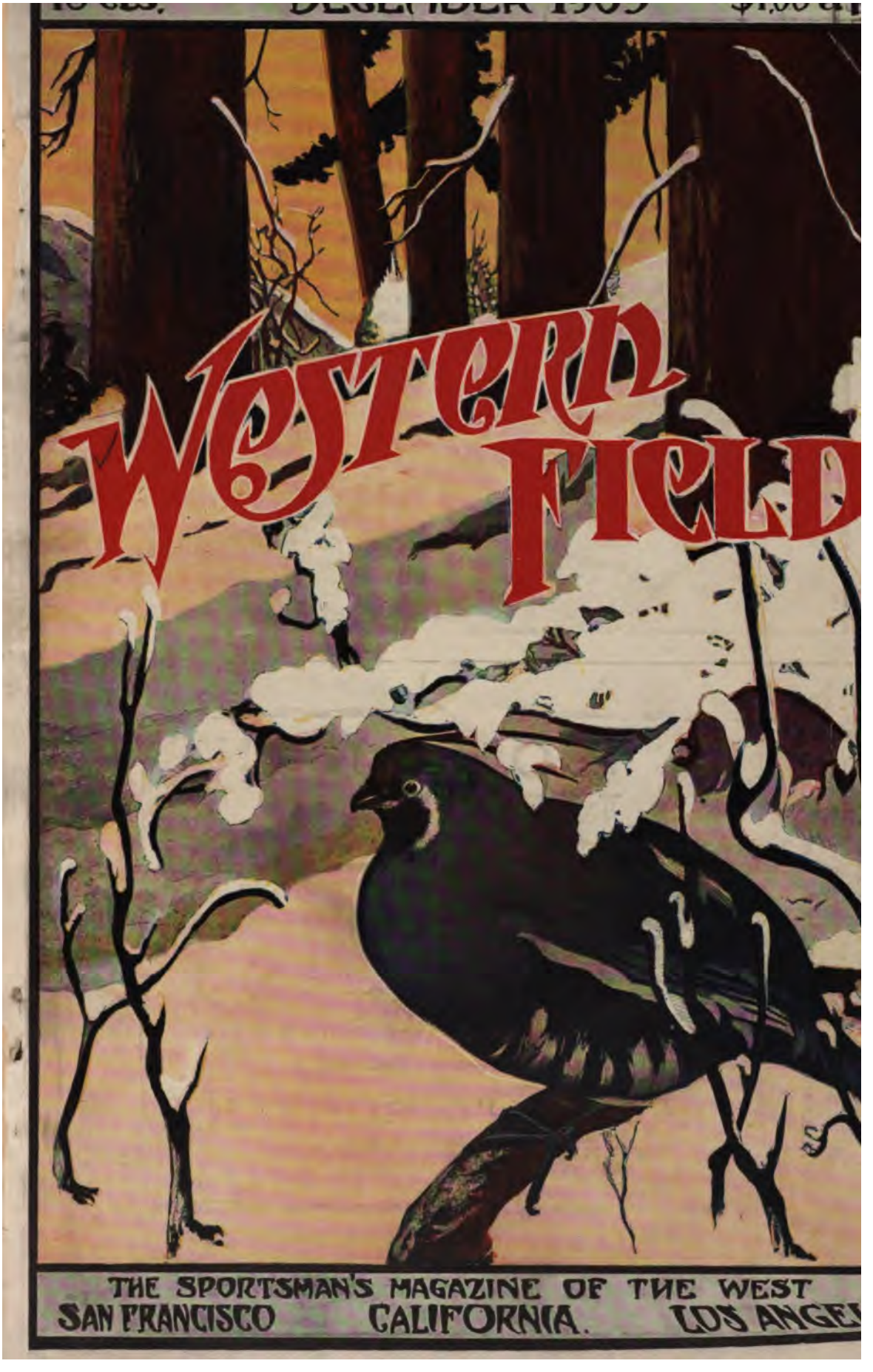
WINCHESTER

Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

A. MULLER, Agent


WESTERN FIELD
THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA. LOS ANGE

CLABROUGH,
GOLCHER & CO.
LARGEST STOCK AND BEST MAKERS
L. C. SMITH J. P. CLABROUGH & BRO
PARKER BROS. W. W. GREENER
REMINGTON FRANCOTTE
ITHACA KNOCKABOUT
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.
HIGH GRADE AMMUNITION
538 MARKET STREET
Catalogue Free SAN FRANCISCO

THE 1906 DuPONT
CALENDAR

Will be sent you if you send us kind of Powder you Shoot and 10 cents in coin or stamps.

DISTRIBUTION IN DECEMBER.

IMPORTANT: Give full name and street address.

Send to Advertising Division

E. I. DuPONT COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WEST
LOS ANGELES

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. 7. DECEMBER, 1905. NO. 5.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—"A California Christmas Vista" .....
AT CHRISTMAS TIME (Verse) ..... *Norman Browne*
A QUAIL SHOOT IN KERN COUNTY ..... *H. L. Betten*
VERSE ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
SOUTH COAST FISHING PART II—"When the Yellowfin Run" ..... *"Stillhunter"*
THE OLD CANOE (Verse) ..... *R. Wesley Asbury*
WITH ROD AND GUN IN HAWAII ..... *Irwin Spalding*
BY THE OLD COLUMBIA'S FLOW (Verse) ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
THE WEST (Verse) ..... *Harley R. Wiley*
NIGHT THOUGHT (Verse) ..... *Sam Exton Foulds*
SUNSET IN THE WOODS (Verse) ..... *Harry T. Fee*
PHOTOGRAPHS OF OREGON WINTER SCENERY BY ..... *George Gignac*
"SKOO-KUM IK-TAH" ..... *J. A. Buchanan*
DOWN THE CASCADE GRADE TO YOSEMITE ..... *Sophia D. Lane*
THROUGH THE TAHOE FOREST RESERVE ..... *George P. Low*
SMALL GAME IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA ..... *Elmer E. Davis*
PROGRESS (Verse) ..... *Thomas Maitland Marshall*
OSSEO (Verse) ..... *Lillian H. Shucy*
IN NATURE'S WORK ROOM (Verse) ..... *Maude E. Smith Hymers*
CLOUD CASTLES—A Dream Study (Verse) ..... *L. F. Brown*
DEN DREAMS ..... *Walter Leonard*
GOOD BYE (Verse) ..... *Agnes Lockhardt Hughes*
BY THE BUFFALO CHIP FIRE ..... *Manzanita*
SIESTA (Verse) ..... *Charles E. Jenney*
CATERPILLARS ..... *Lawrence Irwell*
HOPE (Verse) ..... *T. Shelly Sutton*
RONDO REDOUBLE (Verse) ..... *Stacey E. Baker*
THE FIELD TRIAL DOG IN HUNTING ..... *C. H. Babcock*

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

A CLEAN SWEEP FOR

SELBY SHELLS

At the Inter-State Tournament held Sept. 15-17 at S. F.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE

Preliminary Handicap, One-hundred Bird Race

Pacific Coast Handicap, One-hundred Bird Race

ALL WON WITH SELBY SHELLS

THE MASTER GROCER

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

A matter of health
GROCERIES

S. F. Stores:	Telephones:
432 PINE STREET	Private Exchange One
232 SUTTER STREET	Private Exchange 100
2829 CALIFORNIA STREET	West 101
1401 HAIGHT STREET	Park 456
Oakland: 13th and CLAY STREETS	Main One

OTIS ELEVATORS

HYDRAULIC
ELECTRIC
STEAM
BELTED

PASSENGER or
FREIGHT

FOR EVERY
SERVICE

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit, and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY
Pacific Coast Department Office and Works
509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 527

Visit Old Mexico

Special Train leaves San Francisco, December 16th

$80 Round Trip

Going trip will be made via Southern Pacific straight through to City of Mexico Interesting side trips at low rates. Return may be made

VIA

Grand Canyon

over the Santa Fe System Secure booklets and register early, either by mail or through any agent.

Southern Pacific

Three Through Trains to CHICAGO

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

daily from points in California via the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Railways,

Over the Only Double-Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

The Overland Limited, the most luxurious daily train in the World. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car, electric lighted throughout, Booklovers' library. Less than three days San Francisco to Chicago. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago without change. For tickets and full information call on ticket agents Southern Pacific Railway, or address

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. & N. W. Ry.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Cor. California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager · **R. X. Ryan, Gen'l Passenger Agent**

J E W

Santa Fe

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

3 Days to Chicago

See the Grand Canyon on your way East. Full information at any SANTA FE TICKET OFFICE.

HOT SPRINGS,
ARKANSAS,
THE GREATEST HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT ON THE CONTINENT.
FAMOUS ALIKE FOR
RECREATION AND REST.
ELEGANT THROUGH SERVICE
VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN
ROUTE.
FREE ON REQUEST-FINE LITERATURE, ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE, CONTAINING & ALL INFORMATION ABOUT HOT SPRINGS. ADDRESS ANY AGENT OF THE COMPANY.
W. J. SHOTWELL, General Agent
625 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN YOU GO EAST

Take the through cars running via

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Through Colorado and pass the finest scenery in America by daylight.

For full information, literature and sleeping car accommodations, communicate with or call upon

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.,
647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. DAVENPORT, General Agent.

E. L. GURNEY, City Ticket Agent.

Best of Service
Comfortable Sleeping Cars
Low Rates

All these and more if you travel Rock Island going East.

Arrange your itinerary so you will pass through the famous scenery of the Sierra Nevadas and Rocky Mountains by daylight.

Through cars via Salt Lake City or Los Angeles.

Special round trip excursion rates to points in the East on sale Sept. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16 and 17.

Full details and copy of our folder, "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car," free. Write to-day.

C. A. RUTHERFORD,
Dist. Pass'r Agent,
623 Market Street,
San Francisco.

EUREKA

Garden and Camping

TENTS

Made in the following

Colors { White / White and Blue Stripe / Brown

This new, improved Umbrella Tent was first de-igned for Mountain Use; besides being Exceptionally Strong, it is Very Light and Compact. When folded and ready for transportation, it measures 48 Inches Long by 7 Inches in Diameter. It embodies all the Utility of the Regulation Tent, and affords More Actual Space per Square Foot than any other tent. The material is 10 Oz. Waterproof Duck.

We can manufacture any special size or style of Tents to your specification on short notice.

BAKER & HAMILTON

San Francisco Sacramento Los Angeles

Fine Roadbed — SALT LAKE ROUTE — Elegant Equipment

AMERICA'S NEW SCENIC LINE

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

Combines all the Latest Improvements for Making Travel a Pleasure

THE BEST DINING CAR SERVICE IN THE WEST

The Direct Route to Salt Lake City and all Eastern Points

Information and Descriptive Literature Gladly Furnished by Any Representative

E. W. GILLETT, General Passenger Agent — **LOS ANGELES, CAL.** — **T. C. PECK,** Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent

Here's Your Chance

A great half price Offer

Read every word of this announcement, for it is the opportunity of years. Never before was such an offer given to the public, and it is safe to say never will it be made again. This year several magazines have increased their subscription price, which shows how much greater this offer really is. Only a limited number will be sold at this price, therefore we advise everyone to accept this without delay. When we have received a certain number, we shall withdraw the offer.

Cosmopolitan

having now passed to the ownership of the most successful publishing house in existence, the Hearst organization, will shortly become the most widely read magazine in America. Over

500,000 copies a month

will shortly be required to fill the demand, while within a year it will outrank every other magazine in this country. "The best, no matter what it costs," is the motto of its editors, therefore it will be in Cosmopolitan that you will find the writers of world-wide reputation; the matters on which they write will be questions on public tongue; its fiction will be masterpieces of pen-craft; its whole contents will set the standard for magazine perfection. We cannot tell to-day who will be its contributors, for to-morrow's sun may shine upon a new-born Conan Doyle, or the author of another "David Harum," and should such be, you will find it in Cosmopolitan.

Our Extraordinary Offer

As noted above, we have secured a limited number of subscriptions to The COSMOPOLITAN Magazine and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS We will send these two magazines in conjunction with WESTERN FIELD for one year to any address for only $2.50—just one-half of the list price. This offer good only until December 31, 1905. After that time WESTERN FIELD will be advanced to $1.50 per year and the above clubbing offer to $3.00.

Fill out this coupon—cut it off—mail it TO-DAY,—and secure the greatest bargain that will ever be offered to the reading public. Do it *to-day*, SURE! We also want agents to work this great proposition for us.

Cut this Coupon off, and send Today!

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____

State_____

PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, President.
JOHN F. BIGELOW, Vice-President.
I. W. HELLMAN, JR., Vice-President.
F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier.

GEORGE GRANT, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier.
W. McGAVIN, Asst. Cashier.
JOHN E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

Of San Francisco

Capital Paid Up	$6,000,000.00
Surplus	$3,500,000.00
Total	$9,500,000.00

DIRECTORS.

ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, HENRY F. ALLEN, JOHN F. BIGELOW, C. DE GUIGNE, DUDLEY EVANS, E. H. HARRIMAN, WILLIAM HAAS, I. W. HELLMAN, JR., WM. F. HERRIN, HERBERT E. LAW, JAMES L. FLOOD, CLARENCE H. MACKAY, LOUIS SLOSS, F. W. VAN SICKLEN, ROBERT WATT.

REPORT OF CONDITIONS

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 9, 1905.

ASSETS.

Loans and Discounts		$19,578,764.19
United States Bonds		6,503,880.32
Other Bonds		2,635,591.34
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit, etc.		1,651,953.20
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures		350,390.45
Money on hand	$4,671,992.15	
Due from Banks	4,380,296.17	
TOTAL AVAILABLE CASH		9,052,288.32
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer		300,002.50
		$40,072,870.32

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,839,768.17
Sterling Credits, etc.	1,651,953.20
National Bank Notes	5,999,997.50
Deposits	22,581,151.45
	$40,072,870.32

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
City and County of San Francisco } ss.

I, F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1905.

(SEAL) O. A. EGGERS, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Correct—Attest: C. DE GUIGNE, LOUIS SLOSS, I. W. HELLMAN, JR.

Correspondents throughout the world. Accounts Invited.

FOR ABSOLUTE SECURITY

INSURE WITH THE

Fireman's Fund

Insurance Company

CAPITAL, $1,000,000.00 ASSETS, $7,000,000.00

Home Office, (Co's Building) 401 to 407 California St.

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT AMERICA

William J. Dutton, President
Bernard Faymonville, Vice-President
J. B. Levison, 2d Vice-Pres. and Marine Secy.
Louis Weinmann, Secretary
Geo. H. Mendell, Jr., Ass't Secretary
P. W. Lougee, Treasurer
Robert P. Fabj, General Agent

One of the Most Reliable Companies in the World

PRINTING

WE SELL IT IN EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

THERE'S A REASON

QUALITY · PROMPTNESS · PRICE · DOES IT

WE CAN POSITIVELY SAVE YOU MONEY, NO MATTER WHETHER YOU ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO OR NEW YORK. LET US ESTIMATE ON YOUR CONTEMPLATED FUTURE PURCHASES. WILL SUBMIT SAMPLES AND REFERENCES.

EVENING WISCONSIN CO.

CATALOGUE PRINTERS,

JOHN W. CAMPSIE, MANAGER PRINTING DEPT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

ROOS MADE

"ROOS-MADE" CLOTHING TODAY FORECASTS THE STYLES OF TOMORROW

ROOS BROS., KEARNY AT POST SAN FRANCISCO

TELEPHONE PRIVATE EX 460

HANDSOMEST AND BEST VENTILATED CAFE IN THE WEST
All on the Ground Floor

Thompson's GRILL AND CAFE
30 Eddy St., San Francisco.

EL PALENCIA
"REX"
THE BEST "BIT" CIGAR ON EARTH.
EXACT SIZE

ALL CLEAR HAVANA
PALENCIAS
MADE IN 30 SIZES
BOLTZ, CLYMER & Co
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT,
416 Market St., San Francisco.

1879-1905
O. W. Nordwell
announces the arrival of his new importations and invites your inspection
397 Bush St., Cor. Kearny Second Floor San Francisco

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather a delight, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1 50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.

Box 399 Denver, Colo.

WM. CRYER

Designer of

Sailing Yachts, Launches, Row and Hunting Boats of all Descriptions

Plans, Specifications and Prices Furnished upon application.

Yard and Shops

601 Illinois St., San Francisco

Telephone MINT 1006

"The Needle Shower"

A perfect sanitary appliance and health promoter—Builds nerve and muscle and keeps the body in prime condition—Adapted to any bathroom. Can be seen at our salesrooms 328 Stockton St.

WM. F. WILSON CO.

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS
METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in

Fish and Oysters

[illegible] ALWAYS ON HAND

[illegible] Market, S. F.

[illegible], luncheon and dinner

Telephone Main 487 PRIVATE ROOMS

PAUL'S

Hotel and French Restaurant

Game Dinners a Specialty

COMMERCIAL LUNCH, 50c DINNER, 75c

375 Bush Street

SAN FRANCISCO

Shreve & Co.

are MANUFACTURERS of

PRESENTS FOR MEN

Smokers' Sets, Whips, Crops, Canes, Swagger Sticks, &c., &c.

and other dignified, elegant and useful articles in gold and silver

POST & MARKET STS.

SAN FRANCISCO

MASKEY'S

Fine Christmas Candies

Shipped by mail or express to all parts of the world . . . .

32 Kearny Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Dressmaking Millinery

Telephone Private Exchange 311
. . Established 1850 . .

City of Paris Dry Goods Co.

G. VERDIER, President

129-141 Geary Street
128-138 Stockton Street
} Union Square

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK
486 Broadway

PARIS
2 Faubourg Poissonniere

Twenty-Third Annual Trials

OF THE

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB

To be run at

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

beginning

Monday, January 8, 1906

MEMBERS' STAKE — ANNUAL DERBY
ALL AGE STAKE — CHAMPION STAKE

All age stake closes Dec. 15

A. BETZ, Sec.
201 Parrott Bldg.

W. W. VAN ARSDALE
President

San Francisco

For Information Apply to the Secretary

New Southern Hotel and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO., Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS

FOR THE

FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

Thoroughly modern, with steam heat and compressed air cleaning plant

SED

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING-MEN

LICK HOUSE

O. W. KINGSBURY, Lessee

CORNER SUTTER AND MONTGOMERY STS

when you feel like a fish out of water drink

JACKSON'S NAPA SODA

QUALITY

is the first consideration in ev rything we display. Our ass ortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.
FURNITURE · CARPETS · RUGS · DRAPERIES
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

SHOOT YOUR GAME WITH

BALLISTITE

Once used always used, that's what you want, a Powder with penetration. Light Recoil and withstands climatic conditions. You get these features in BALLISTITE. GOOD SHOOTERS SHOOT GOOD POWDER.

BAKER & HAMILTON

Sole Agents Pacific Coast

LOS ANGELES SACRAMENTO SAN FRANCISCO

Quail and duck season is fast approaching. We have the boots, shoes, clothing, guns and ammunition that is needed. It will pay you to see

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
801 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

GRAYLING

are nearly extinct. To take them requires special tackle. Whether your fancy inclines to Trout, Salmon, Bass, Muscallonge, Tarpon, Tuna, or any other game fish, we have the special tackle necessary to insure good sport and a satisfactory catch. We urge your selection and ordering now, before the rush of the angling season begins. Call and see our complete line or send for our Catalogue "S".

We have everything for the outdoor man

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Manufacturers of
COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR EXPLORERS CAMPERS AND PROSPECTORS
314-316 Broadway, New York, U. S. A

SCHULZE & BROWN
ARCHITECTS
SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

Sachs Brothers & Co.

FANCY GOODS

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, White Goods. Embroideries, Laces, Yarns,

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

25-27-29-31 & 33 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Attention, Sportsmen!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At RANCHO LOS LAURELLES you will find a well-equipped Hotel and Camp under the same management as famous

HOTEL DEL MONTE

for fishing and shooting. hat combines the attrac- olf, automobiling, bowl- d all out-of-door sports.

Manager
ORNIA
Iquarters

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing
Tackle
Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

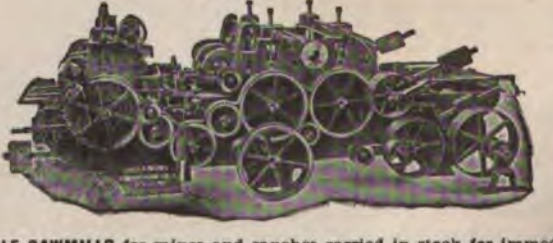
We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter-Heads, Labels, etc

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates



Shingle Machines Engines and Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate deliver

Bullock & Jones Co.

Mens Tailors
and
Furnishers

108-110 Sutter Street

San Francisco

Cal.

Telephone Private Exchange 406

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICA'S MODEL HOTEL . . .

As it will appear upon completion of the North Wing, now being erected . . . .

EUROPEAN PLAN

A MODERN, ornate Structure of Stone and Steel, Magnificently Equipped and Sumptuously Furnished; facing a Beautful Tropical Garden-Park in the heart of the city, adjacent to the Shopping District, in the immediate neighborhood of the Principal Clubs and one block from the Amusement Center —An Unsurpassed and Ideal Location. Write for Handsome, Illustrated Booklet (free(about Cosmopolitan San Francisco and the Hotel St. Francis to

JAMES WOODS
MANAGER

FIRE MARINE

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO.
LIMITED

PALATINE INSURANCE CO.
LIMITED

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO.
LIMITED

No. 416 California St. San Francisco

Total Combined Assets, - - - - $93,272,054.00
Losses Paid, - - - - - - - - $175,037,374.00

All Losses on the Pacific Coast promptly paid through the Branch Office of the Companies.

C. F. MULLINS, MANAGER E. T. NIEBLING, ASS'T MANAGER

AT CHRISTMAS TIME
CALIFORNIA.

No blast blows strong and cold today
No snow is falling from above:
Instead, the green leaves gently play
And Nature smiles in sweetest love.

The timid flowers in bright array
Nod soft their heads from all around
The violet in fullest sway
Looks shyly up from out the ground.

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262.

VOL. 7. DECEMBER, 1905. NO. 5.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

California.

NO blast blows strong and cold to-day,
No snow is falling from above;
Instead, the green leaves gently play
And Nature smiles in sweetest love.

The timid flowers in bright array
Nod soft their heads from all around:
The violet in fullest sway
Looks shyly up from out the ground.

Above the sweet birds twitter song,
As floating through the cobalt sky
They know too well the day's not long
And thus they raise their voice on high.

The murmuring stream glides gently by,
Its banks o'erhung with lilies fair;
The sun shines welcome from the sky
And sweetest perfume floods the air.

This on the eve of Christmas time,
When much the earth takes snowy form
And people joyous wait the chime
Of bells that say, "Our Christ is born!"

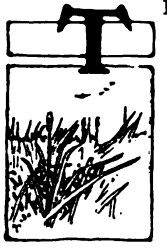
O land of wealth most wondrous, rare,
A paradise, thou sunny West;
Where all the year is Nature's Fair:
'Tis thou indeed who are well blest!

No more I ask than this fair land,
Naught could I ask from other clime,
For glory's here on every hand;
This land of charm and wealth is mine!

—Norman Browne.

A QUAIL SHOOT IN KERN COUNTY

By H. L. BETTEN.



THE morning air, laden with a chill generated among the Sierra's snowy crests, is borne down to us by the light northeast wind while overhead the stars scintillate in a cloudless sky in confirmation of the birth of a perfect winter's day.

Breakfast disposed of I attend to the wants of my dogs; then filling the magazine of my little .25-20 repeating rifle and donning my hunting coat I start out for a whirl with the jack-rabbits.

After progressing a few hundred yards I spy one of the narrow-gauged animals hopping about among some alkali weeds and approach within eighty or ninety yards before he sees me. Perhaps I could have cut the distance in half had I so desired, but Mr. Jack offers such a tempting shot that I throw a shell into the chamber and placing the front bead on his breast as he sits up, let drive. A miss—confound it! But unluckily for him he runs but a few yards before stopping, and at the second shot keels over and with a few spasmodic kicks yields up the gnost. Hanging him on the barbed-wire fence for future reference I skirt the edge of the timber along the slough bottom, meanwhile keeping a sharp lookout for a stray coyote or wildcat, but there is "nothing doing" in that line.

Meanwhile I refrain from shooting at a dozen or more rabbits which offer fine shots, but on the way back to the ranch clip the coupons off of three adult specimens of the long-eared tribe, which with the first victim make quite a respectable bunch of dog meat.

When I arrive at the ranch I find my host's brother-in-law, Alec M——, busily engaged in making preparations for a quail hunt, and it does not take a great deal of persuasion on his part to induce me to accompany him. We hitch the old sorrel mare to the cart, store away our guns and a package of lun and lifting the setter into the cart are so on our way to Rio Brava.

A ride of a few miles brings us to the ra road station, and driving across the trac we tie our nag to the fence and start to pr pect an old vineyard on the other side. I fore us ranges old Sue, as wise an old da as ever crossed a field. She it was w taught the renowned Peach Mark the ru ments of hunting, and as a bird finder s was rarely equaled. A continual sm played on her cheerful countenance—if dc may be said to smile—and no day was t long for old Sue. Many a good dog start out to run rings around the ancient dar but after the first half-hour she was sure whisk her flag in their faces. Often s would gaze out of the corner of her eye some young rake or giddy thing raci around, as if to say: "Well! well! Childi will be children. Ah! but by the way tl spot over yonder looks 'birdy.' Guess just waltz over there and do a little pr pecting. Ahem! Just as I thought. H they are!" and up would go her head a flag.

In the heat of the day, when most dc had a yard of so of tongue sticking out an inflamed throat, and gasped for brea or staggered, bleary eyed, to a cool spot der the trees, Sue kept ambling along, cool as an Eskimo belle, picking up poi as unerringly as if conditions were ideal.

But hold on, there! we are getting cc pletely off the track. Well, as I was sayi before us ranges old Sue and just ahead us lies one of the likeliest bits of qu ground a man ever laid eyes on. Just im ine for yourself an abandoned vineyard, h of the vines grubbed out or in decay, w patches of weeds and other cover from to eighteen inches high, and sufficiently merous to insure plenty of feed and hid places for the quail without interfering

any way with the work of the dog; imagine the ground as level as a floor with absolutely no obstructions to interfere with the shooter's aim, and furthermore picture to yourself a knowing dog on point while you close your gun barrels on a couple of shells loaded with number nines and walk in to flush!

Alec has never enjoyed much quail shooting and is on the *qui vive*. He is not conversant with the work of a trained dog, consequently when after a skillful bit of roading Sue nails a bevy at the upper end of the field, he starts on the run for her and succeeds in flushing a section of the bevy, at which he hurls two ineffectual shots. The balance of the birds commence running and Sue draws on them, stopping to point as they circle up preparatory to flight. Alec again rushes up, breathless and all a-tremble with excitement. Begging him to take matters easy, I drive the birds before us well out into the field. Occasionally a bird leaves the main body and runs off to one side to hide, but the majority of the bevy hang together until we make a drive and put them to flight. One bird drops to the combined bombardment, the balance making a short flight to a splendid bit of cover. Leaving these for the present we circle back to where the first birds were flushed and work toward the center of the field. Sue is soon on point, and Alec makes a clean kill, being consequently

"AGAIN SUE POINTS."

highly elated. Again Sue points, and again Alec makes connections.

"Say, this is great sport, ain't it!" he exclaims as he blows the nitrous vapor through his barrels. "Beats duck shooting all hollow."

We flush two birds to Sue's next point and I select the one on my side and fire. At the blended report of our guns it wilts, and Alec calmly stows it away in his hunting coat. Of course I do a little thinking, but say nothing to Alec concerning my thoughts. However, when, a few minutes later, the operation is repeated on a bird which quarters in my direction, I conclude it is time to make him "shinny on his own side," and await the opportunity forthwith. It is not long in coming, either, for as we progress a bird flushes to Alec's side. Before he can level his gun I snap shoot the bird and he lowers his weapon with a gasp of surprise. I repeat the dose several times as occasions offer and then peace negotiations are in order.

The bevy nets us ten birds, and we then conclude to cross through the river bottom. Driving along the county road which skirts it on the south, we progress in an easterly direction until the Wiebel place is reached, when we leave the road and enter the ranch. This is an ideal section and was formerly used as field-trial grounds by the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club.

After watering the horse Sue is sent to prospect likely cover, while we drive along in leisurely fashion and contemplate the beautiful scene laid out before us. That knoll yonder, covered with sage and alkali weeds, is sacred to the memory of Dash Antonio; for it was there that the old veteran gave Californians a taste of his quality ere he disappeared in the gloaming, heedless of the whistle of the anxious Coutts. Down there to the left Cuba of Kenwood worked his way to fame.

Hullo! There is something doing down by the fence! Sue has located a bevy s enough—darn the luck! there they go i that big cottonwood by the ditch yonde flushed wild.

I know the habits of this particular b well enough to realize that it is useless drive them out to cover on the south bank the dry slough; so we assail the tree fr that side, and by firing an occasional s and whistling succeed in forcing about h of the bevy to short cover on the oppos bank. Then Sue goes to work in earnest.

First it is a bird hiding under leaves a grove of cottonwoods. Alec walks up a peers about, expecting to see the bird plain sight, for beyond a light coating leaves the ground is devoid of cover. To amazement the quail bursts forth with whirr from a spot under his feet and t fruitless charges rend the limbs of the tre Further on, in the open, Sue snaps to a s ish point and we account for two out of three birds which rise to the flush. To next point we score three goose-eggs. T birds stick like glue and it is only wi Sue's keen nose locates their whereabo that we are able to put them to flight. Th it is a straightaway or slightly quarter shot which offers, and with no obstructi to hinder we account for a large percent of the birds.

At length, when eighteen or twenty bi have found a resting place in the pockets our hunting coats, a halt is called and start for the ranch. The number is suffici to make a pot-pie of goodly proportions, a we have enjoyed as much shooting as t reasonable mortals should indulge in, so w continue the slaughter? Besides, the no day meal is about due, and after exercis a week or so out in the open air in K County you seat yourself to such meals our hostess serves, you will want to bolt the grub pile and trim the edges of an ap tite which apparently can never be satiat

FAME is a recompense for wasted life;
Ambition is the impetus of strife;
Faith is the spreading pinion of the soul;
Love is the sub-incentive to the goal.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By "STILLHUNTER."

II.—WHEN THE YELLOWFIN RUN.

JUST as there are tricks in all trades save thine and mine, Horatio, so there are all kinds of fishermen. They run the gamut from the trout enthusiast, with his broomstraw and his cobweb and his gnat, to the deep-sea troller, for whom no cable is too heavy, no hooks too huge, no deceit too mean to be practiced on the finned denizen of the world beneath his boat's keel. Now, lo! and behold, I have passed through several of these stages, come out of most of them with more or less fish and some slight damage to my conscience, but never have I found a game in the salt sea so much to my liking as surf fishing—either for those fighting members of the kingfish tribe, the yellowfin, or for the genuine surf fish.

It is one of the first principles of angling to remember that one cannot catch fish where there are no fish, likewise that the fish bite at the bait on our hooks not for sport but for the very simple reason that they are hungry. I have dangled the finest of live mackerel before the very noses of a band of yellowtail swimming leisurely around the old Redondo wharf and failed to get a strike. One by one the great golden-finned fellows would swim up to the moving fish, strike their snouts against it, their mouths half open, and then swim on; food was so plentiful in all the surrounding waters that they could not swallow another mouthful. And again I have caught sea trout (young white sea bass), supposedly one of the most finicky of all sea fishes in the matter of bait, with an old piece of salted clam that smelled like a glue factory leaning up against a tannery, and that even a self-respecting halibut would refuse. But with all these, and with all the little pointers I gained from them, no fish in the sea ever taught me any more than some of those big corbina that dwell just in the deep surf and that feed close inshore when the tide fills and turns to its ebb.

June and July are the best months for surf fishing along the south coast, though rarely the yellowfins run well up into September, and wherever there is a long stretch of slowly sloping sandy beach, whereon the tide rolls and tosses myriads of soft-shelled sand crabs, there at all seasons of the year will be found these dwellers on the edge of the Pacific in varying numbers. If the yellowtail be the trout of old ocean, then these be the large-mouthed bass, for they are

fighters everyone of them from the time the barb first pricks their mouths to the last flop of their sturdy tails on the white sand. Indeed, the entire life of a surf fish must be a battle: the pounding breakers buffet him, at certain seasons of the year food is scarcer for his kind than for any other fish, and storms toss thousands of him high and dry on many beaches during the winter equinox.

The best outfit for surf fishing—supposing always that you are going to do your casting from the sand and not from some pier—consists of a one-piece pole—for the jointed rod, be it lancewood or greenheart or bamboo, was never yet made that would withstand the strain of many casts made in the boiling surf—about 150 feet of good linen line, the finer and lighter the better, from three to six hooks and a two-ounce sinker. And in the sinker—there's the rub. No two surf fishermen use the same style of sinker. Some prefer a pyramidal chunk of lead, some a flat triangular piece with several nails or screws let through it so that their ends project a half inch or so and hold the sinker against the ebb and flow of the tide. There be others, also, that will have nothing but a small sack—a four-ounce tobacco sack does very well—filled with tiny stones or containing enough buckshot to furnish sufficient weight. The advantage of such a sinker as this is that it does not catch in seaweed, that bane of all bait casters in the surf, nor does it become fast in rocky beach floors thereby losing oft-times leader and several feet of line for the fisherman. The writer prefers, for his own use, the heavy pyramidal lead which sinks enough in the sand to hold the line firm in the roughest surf and yet does not have a tendency to become entirely buried as does the sinker carrying nails or screws. Unnecessary weight in the sinker also puts a bad strain on the rod besides aiding the fighting fish. The good bait caster—which is what every surf fisherman should aim to become, does not require a pound of lead to get his line out one hundred feet or thereabouts, and not in many a day will he need to put it out further than that to reach the best feeding grounds of the corbina or the yellowfin.

Then there is the leader—and the hooks that dangle from it. Personally the writer would not have a gut leader for any kind of salt water fishing; cord of the same weight and size as his line has always been ample for him. Indeed, there is no reason whatever why the leader should be any stronger than the line, and gut, no matter how new or how strong in appearance, is the most deceptive thing in the world. The writer has seen a gut leader on which a fifteen pound

A FAVORITE SPOT WITH SOUTH COAST FISHERMEN.

SURF FISHING FROM WHARVES.

"shovel-nose" shark had just been landed give way to the rushes of a three pound croaker. To all appearances, and we examined it closely after the shark had been brought up, the leader was as good as new, but when the croaker had been drawn to the shadow of the boat, half turned on his side and very nearly dead, his last flop broke all three strands of the gut fairly, and had the spotfin had any life left in his body he would surely have escaped. As it was a heroic grab after the trailing remnant of leader which hung to his mouth saved the day and the croaker as well.

There is little use in going after surf fish or yellowfin with small hooks—all the big fish will get away from you and the majority of your catch will be little fellows, eight or nine inches long, technically known as "nippers." With the larger, so-called "bass-hooks" these same nippers will get a great amount of bait, but the strikes you do get will amount to something when you land them. I have seen a four-pound yellowfin landed on a small mackerel hook, but it was no fault of the fisherman, for his quarry swallowed the hook and could not get it up quick enough to save himself from being ignominously hauled onto the wharf. The writer uses but three of these large hooks to a leader, though there be many that use six—and they are successful bait shiers, too—claiming that out of the greater number of baits offered some wandering fish is more apt to see and select one. For my part, I have always found that the long string of bait merely served to attract all the nippers there was in that immediate neighborhood and give them an eagerly seized opportunity for filling their bellies at your expense. I think that eyed hooks are best, where you can get them well strung with the triple gut. The combined strength of the fighting fish, the retiring surf and the heavy sinker make the strain on the snell to your hook no light one, and every precaution should be taken to see that no hook shall break at the strike or during the rushes of some five-pounder.

But supposing you have all these things, there are probably some of my readers who will want to know something about the bait to be used. Of all things, for the tempting of either yellowfin or corbina, give me the soft-shelled sand-crab. These are nothing but the ordinary hard-shelled crab, familiar to every bather, caught just at the time of the slipping of their shells—said to be once in every thirty days. No self-respecting fish will bite on the hard shells at all, but if there are any of these surf-feeding fish about they will come for the soft shells with a rush. Occasionally they will take good-sized gobs of soft clam, but only when their

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

make the strike doubly sure, your hand falls to the reel and the throbbing line tells you your fish is hooked well in the mouth. Now above all things keep the tip of your pole up and your line tight. Your yellowfin is a good biter, and he is also a past master in the art of shaking hooks out of his mouth, so you had better hold him well when you strike him, else you will not have him for long.

Step by step through the foaming surf, seeking the aid of every incoming breaker and giving him ever so little of the taut line when the water draws too strongly from shore, you fight him, coming nearer and nearer to the dry sand. Your arms ache! How he tugs! You imagine he is not less than a

SOUTH COAST FISHERMEN.

five-pounder, you hope at least six, and you have dim visions of breaking the yellowfin record—seven pounds—when at last you get him out. He does look rather smaller than your imagination had pictured; but wait until you weigh him—a pound and two ounces. Mutely and with something akin to admiration you wonder how that man landed his seven-pounder, but after awhile you come to see that practice makes perfect in this game as well as in several others of the out of doors. So you fish on and on, and the longer you fish the more you value your takes, the more you think that all those that shook your lure from their mouths richly deserved their freedom, and the more you are glad that they did get away after all.

A surf fish, real old corbina (as his name is commonly misspelled) lays hold upon your sand crab a bit differently. With him it is a gentle nibble, something like that of a croaker, and you would better wait for the second nibble, then strike him surely and quickly. Sometimes when the small leopard sharks are running in the surf the corbina fisherman will catch one or two every time he throws out his line. They bite somewhat as do the surf fish, and there is no way of getting rid of them save to put up your tackle and hunt some other section of the beach where they are not running so strongly. The writer has caught as many as fifteen of these little rascals, none of them over eighteen inches long, in two hours of an afternoon, and could probably have caught as many more had he been after the shark record and cared to stay with it. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that not one yellowfin or corbina was taken during the entire time, but upon moving up the beach some half a mile seven nice surf fish rewarded an hour's casting.

A great deal of the surf fishing of the

DRAWING THE SEINE, A FEW MILES OUT.

south coast is done from the wharves, where the ladies as well as members of the sterner sex may participate in the pastime. Many of these ladies are experts and land their quota of fish along with the rest of us—but it must be admitted that there is not nearly the sport to be had in fishing from any pier, no matter how well built or how low above the surf, that there is in drawing in some gamely surf fish from the restraining arms of the sea's white rim. Along many of these southern beaches, too, the drawing of seines by market fishermen too close to the shore has made the fishing very poor, though I cannot exactly see the reason for this, inasmuch as all sea fish are supposed to be wanderers and not confined to any one locality, as are many species of fresh water fish. There are myriad secrets in the sea, however, and doubtless this is one of them.

SATISFIED WITH HIS CATCH.

THE OLD CANOE

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storms have lopped;
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull too-hoo,
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noon-tide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turning, anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

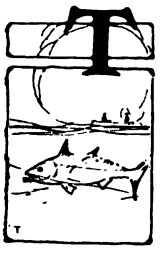
Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick;
And laughed, as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
'Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

—*R. Wesley Asbury.*

WITH ROD AND GUN IN HAWAII

By IRWIN SPALDING.



THE Hawaiian Islands—the Paradise of the Pacific—so-called from the wonderful fertility of soil and mildness of climate, hold out strong attractions to the lovers of rod and gun to stay amongst their many alluring scenes of land and water. There are no sudden changes of climate; all is a never-ending summer.

The islands form a continuous chain, running from northwest to southeast, eight islands composing the group. Honolulu, the capital and port of call of trans-Pacific steamers, is situated on the island of Oahu, near the center of the group.

The coast around the islands is greatly indented with small bays affording fine deep-sea fishing. The uplands and forests, though now nearly destroyed from the pasturing of cattle, afford fine plover, dove, pheasant and quail shooting, as well as wild hog, cattle, goat and deer hunting.

From the love for bright colors the native Hawaiians destroyed large numbers of the highly plumed birds which were indigenous to the islands. The feathers from these birds—the oo, iwi, mamo, etc.—were used in the making of the feather cloaks and helmets which were worn by the island chieftans during the early days.

Unfortunately the game laws of the Territory have never been rigidly enforced, but nevertheless all kinds of game abound in certain chosen localities, well known to the island hunters.

To the lover of wing shooting a fine day's sport may be had amongst the Chinese turtle doves, which rank first in importance amongst the game birds of the Territory. The open season commences on July 1, the doves are found to be very plentiful in the rice fields, which are harvested about this time of the year. The favorite mode of hunting these game little birds is at flight shooting, as they enter the rice patches, where, if one finds a good locality and a steady flight occurs, a bag of 100 birds is easily obtainable in a half day. Good dove shooting may also be had in the lantana thickets near the foothills when the rice patches are under water.

To the lover of the bird dog and gun who wishes a change from the dove, something entirely different, and amid different scenes and surroundings may be found in a trip after pheasants or quail. These game birds, the Mongolian and Japanese pheasant and California quail, were introduced a score of years ago and thrived readily, until the mongoose was brought to the islands from India for the purpose of ridding the cane fields of rats. In a few years this detested little animal left the cane fields for higher and more deserted places. It was not long before he began to prey upon the eggs of all birds nesting upon the ground, especially the pheasant and quail, which have decreased noticeably during the last few years. Nevertheless, enjoyable sport may be had by persons well acquainted with the haunts of these swift flying birds, which are usually at an altitude of between one and three thousand feet. Wing shooting over a well-trained dog on pheasant and quail is a sport never to be forgotten.

Going higher, wild turkey and chickens (domesticated fowls run wild for many years), are found to be plentiful on some of the islands. Little attention is paid to these birds except by parties camping out near places frequented by them.

Of the migratory game birds which make their winter home on the islands, and afford fair shooting at times, are the Pacific golden plover, curlew, turnstone, wandering tatler, sanderling, and the following ducks:

SOME HAWAIIAN SNAPS.

1. WILD DEER IN ENCLOSURE.
2. A BAG OF DOVES.
3. DEER HUNTER'S CABIN, MOLOKAI.
4. PHEASANT HUNTING IN OAHU.
5. CHINESE FA
6. PHEASAI"
7. AFTER J
8. ONE CA

spoonbill, sprigtail, widgeon and teal; while mallard, brant, snow goose, Canadian goose and snipe are seen once in a while, single or in small flocks, these latter being stray birds that have followed flocks of other migratory birds. The shore birds, principally plover, are usually shot from blinds placed near mud flats, which at low tide extend some three hundred feet or more from shore. These birds, after feeding during the day upon the open fields, frequent the seashore during the night, and afford fine flight shooting toward sunset.

Duck hunting is only indulged in by the members of gun clubs, or by individuals who control the shooting rights over ponds and lakes frequented by the ducks, which on these islands are very limited.

The open season for migratory birds commences September 15 and ends April 1. The shore birds arrive during the month of August, while the main flight of ducks does not arrive until a month or so later.

A duck somewhat resembling the teal, and a goose resembling the Canadian goose are indigenous to the islands, and were in former years very plentiful, but of late these birds have almost entirely disappeared, particularly the goose, which made its home upon the slopes of the higher mountains.

The first quadrupeds seen in the Hawaiian Islands were those presented to the chiefs by navigators and whaling ships, during the latter part of the eighteenth century. They consisted of cattle, sheep and swine, some of which soon strayed and became wild, so that at present persons looking for more exciting sport than bird hunting may spend an interesting day amongst the wild cattle and pigs in the backwoods. The boars attain a huge size and are very fierce when their anger is aroused. Wild goats are found on all the islands upon the cliffs which follow the coast line.

Chinese fallow deer are to be found amongst the deep gulches in the interior of the island of Molokai. A few were imported in 1868 and have since increased to a herd of many thousands. They became so numerous that in 1900 skilled hunters from California were hired to kill off a goodly number, in order to save the forest which was being rapidly destroyed. During the one year's stay of the hunters some 2,800 deer were killed. These deer have about the same peculiarities as the California deer, to which they have a slight resemblance. The antlers of a full-grown buck, which are three pronged, measure some two and one-half feet in length, with a spread of one and one-half feet.

One might conclude that the angler would find nothing to attract him to the islands; for in the eight islands composing the group there are but few large streams, and these offer but small sport. However, deep-sea fishing is a sure thing for those who like that sport. Of the many fish which inhabit the surrounding waters, none have of late years attracted more attention than has the skip-jack, or bonito. The local fish Commissioner's record show that some 216,776 of these fish have been landed at the port of Honolulu during the last nine months, four-fifths of which were caught by Japanese fishermen off the coast of Oahu and at small outlying shoals. A word on the method of angling for the skip-jack by the hardy little brown men might be of interest to the reader.

Leaving the harbor anchorage a short time before sunset in their oddly constructed boats or sampans, these Japanese fishermen may be seen by dozens, plying their way out to their favorite fishing grounds, some two or more miles from land. Arriving at the shoals, the anchor is cast and preparations are immediately under way for the night's fishing. Bamboo poles are placed parallel along the sides of the boat, over which are hung the hand fish lines about two feet apart, baited with live shrimps. The skip-jacks are lured toward the boat by torches in the bow, the fish being exceedingly voracious are easily caught, and on being landed are thrust into a sieve-like compartment, formed by screen wire fitted over the under side of a space about two by four feet in the bottom of the boat. By this means a constant flow of fresh water is obtained when the boat is in motion, and the fish are therefore landed alive the following morning at the fish markets.

The native Hawaiians fish with stiff bamboo rods some ten feet long, off the jagged cliffs which surround the sea coast, and also in the surf from the coral reefs. All kinds

of fish are caught in these latter localities, especially the highly colored fish for which the islands are noted. At certain seasons of the year fine mullet fishing may be had from the many pier heads in the harbor of Honolulu and elsewhere.

Since the advancement of the power boats shark fishing has become very popular, and catches of twelve and eighteen-foot fellows are of common occurrence.

Of fresh-water fish the islands cannot boast, although the matter of importing foreign game fish has been talked over many times, but without results. Whether on account of the sea being in sight and so easily reached, or for some other reason, angling by the white population in the islands has never amounted to much, a rod with the latest reel being almost if not entirely unknown. Nevertheless, any energetic person will find salt water angling in Hawaii sport long to be remembered.

It may be that the islands seem out of the way, but when one is made to understand the exceptional ease and the low cost of entrance and exit from the best fish and game regions, the objections are easily overcome.

There is a wonderful restfulness in the scenery, and the charm of the region is one not to be overlooked by the sportsman tourist; and he who wishes to be in the backwoods with the least delay, at the least expense, and free to enjoy the forest life, should seek the Hawaiian Islands.

BY THE OLD COLUMBIA'S FLOW

At Cascade Locks, Oregon

THOUGH I were an artist, I know that my brush
Could find not a pigment to vie with that blush
Of the far-fading sky, or the hue of those hills
Where the Day, in expiring, its heart-ichor spills.

Though deft were my hand on the harp's tender string
I know that my music no rapture could bring
So sweet as the silence that broods o'er that stream—
The stillness and calm of the Day-dying dream.

Though I were a poet, I know that my pen
Could never find language familiar to men
To tell of the grandeur, the beauty and balm
Revealed in this Eden of soul-thrilling calm.

I know that my pen and my harp and my brush
Would cease in their efforts and yield to the hush;
And the while I were seeking to praise or portray
My soul would go pondering, dreaming, away.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

AVTVMN MEMORIES

Perry Frazer Photo.

Geo. Gignac Photo.

THE WEST

O HAND that flung the stars abroad
And gathered in the seas—
O Word that wrought—Great Voice of God,
We hail Thy night of peace!

At close of those Titanic days
When first the Image stood
With lordly presence thrilled with grace,
Thou saidst Thy work was good.

And when, at last, Thine eye had swept
All beauties ere Thy rest,
Thy all-creating genius slept,
Then—Thou didst dream the West.

—*Harley R. Wiley.*

NIGHT THOVGHTS

THE shadows fall like death, so silently,
And hedge the world in darkness from the sight;
A cricket chirps, a frog sings merrily,
A thrush pipes low a song of sweet good-night;
The sleeping world is dreaming its ideal
As I walk on beneath the somber pines—
The night than day a thousand times more real
As now above yon ridge the pale moon shines.

And so through life it ever seems to me
That sorrow is more real than passing joy.
We wisdom gain when on a troubled sea
And not when drowsy—anchored at the buoy.
Brave hope, sweet joy and everlasting sorrow
Make green the hills that I must climb to-morrow!

—*Sam Exton Foulds.*

SVNSET IN THE WOODS

WITHIN the dusk enchanted wood
The wooing treetops serenade—
The parting kiss of sun and shade,
Where lusty daylight lately stood
In semblance of brave brotherhood.
And glimmering on their heights of fame
The sinking sunlight's shafts of flame,
As twilight's flowers are lightly strewed.
A fond caress of bush and tree,
Then over all comes dusk and dream,
[illegible]nd silence speaking soft to me —
[illegible]rer by a lonely stream,
[illegible]rt in love with Nature's mood—
[illegible]hper in solitude.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

The exquisite half tone plates illustrating this and the succeeding fourteen pages were reproduced from photographs made by Mr. George Gignac, Union, Oregon. They represent scenes from the Wallowa, Minam and Imnaha regions of Oregon, and the most remarkable feature of them is that they were all made in the variable and tricky light of winter. Considering the difficulties under which Mr. Gignac worked, the negatives are as much a great credit to his skill, as the scenes themselves are a credit to the grandeur and beauty of our favored sister state.

THE "SKOOK-UM IK-TAH"

By J. A. BUCHANAN.

THE "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" inhabited the mountains about Bear Wallow, away up on the Umpqua.

In the Chinook jargon, a simple language invented by the Hudson Bay men, and used as a medium of conversation between the different Indian tribes of the Pacific Coast, as well as between the whites and the Indians, the word "skoo-kum" means strong or great, and the word "ik-tah" means what or thing. The "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" was the great thing, or beast. The Indians had no other name for it.

The Indians in this region have legends from ancient times of a species of large animal that inhabited the mountains along the Umpqua, and in the old bow and arrow days many braves were killed by the mighty beast. The Indians would never attack one with bow and arrows. As the legend has it, the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" would kill its victim and eat the head, but the body was never devoured. In the olden time many a brave was found in his solitary camp or in the forests, killed by this large animal, only the headless body remaining to tell the cause of his death. The animal was described as being larger than the cougar, or mountain lion, and of a dark-yellow color, sometimes with stripes running up and down the sides. Its head was very large and broad, and was its most distinguishing feature. The Indians would readily attack and kill a cougar or mountain lion, but the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" they left severely alone, and even the part of the mountains where it was known to range was not frequented by them. How much of this is the child of their imagination, prompted by the well-known superstition of the Indians, we can only guess, but such is the story the old Indians tell, and they evidently believe it true.

The particular "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" of which I write began to make itself known about the year 1885. The mountains about Bear Wallow are noted for "shot o-lil-lies," or wild huckleberries, and thither the Indians and "breeds" repaired every fall to lay in their winter's supply of that most delicious berry which, when dried, constituted with them an important article of food. The huge beast would stampede the Indians' ponies and chase the squaws out of the huckleberry patches, and a number of times attacked them in their camp. Its bellowing roar in the night time was something awful to contemplate, and finally the Indians entirely abandoned that part of the mountains. Mootch Palouse, a daughter of one of the last of the Umpqua chiefs, and one of the last of her tribe, after being frightened away from the huckleberry harvest one fall, declared that she would never go near Bear Wallow again. "Yellow Jackets! Skoo-kum Ik-tah!" she exclaimed, extending her palms. Yellow jackets were numerous and a pest in the mountains, and were second only to the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" as an object of aversion by the Indians.

After the Indians began to shun the locality for a number of years nothing was heard of the savage animal. But the ubiquitous white man began to explore that part of the mountains, and again the stories about the unknown animal began to circulate.

John Cavitt, an old prospector, hunter and trapper, once had a little experience with it. He was prospecting in the mountains and, passing through that region with his pack pony, camped for the night near Bear Wallow. The savage monster chased his pony into camp, and frightened the brave prospector nearly out of his wits. He kept the pony tied near the fire, and the campfire was kept burning brightly. Fiery eyes gleamed upon him from the darkness, and the roaring of the strange animal made the

cañons resound. He did not sleep, but sat by the fire all night with gun in hand, but afraid to shoot, and the next morning made haste through the forest, down the river and out of the dangerous locality.

Different men saw the animal or heard its cries in that vicinity from time to time, and were frightened away, not daring to try conclusions with it as it generally made its appearance in the night. And thus the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah" soon became a staple subject of conversation with the mountain men in that part of the Cascades.

Lafe Engels, a mountain man of much experience who had killed many bears and cougars, had an experience with it once that he will never forget and which he still loves to relate. It was in the summer of 1893, and he was in the mountains with a companion, each having a riding horse and a pack animal. They were blazing the Government trail, which now extends up the Umpqua and across the Cascade Mountains. They had camped on a level space by the river and had spent the day working on the trail several miles up the stream. It was near sunset when they returned to camp and found their horses gone. Lafe found their tracks going up the trail, and he knew that they must have wandered to a little meadow about two miles up the river, where they had been feeding the day before. He started at once to bring them down to camp, fearing to leave them alone in the mountains over night. By the time he had found his horses and was ready to return it was nine o'clock and quite dark. Putting a halter on his riding animal, he mounted without saddle or bridle and, driving the others before him in the trail, started for camp. He had gone but a short distance when he heard a roaring and bellowing "like two bulls a-fighting," as he expressed it, apparently about a half-mile up the river.

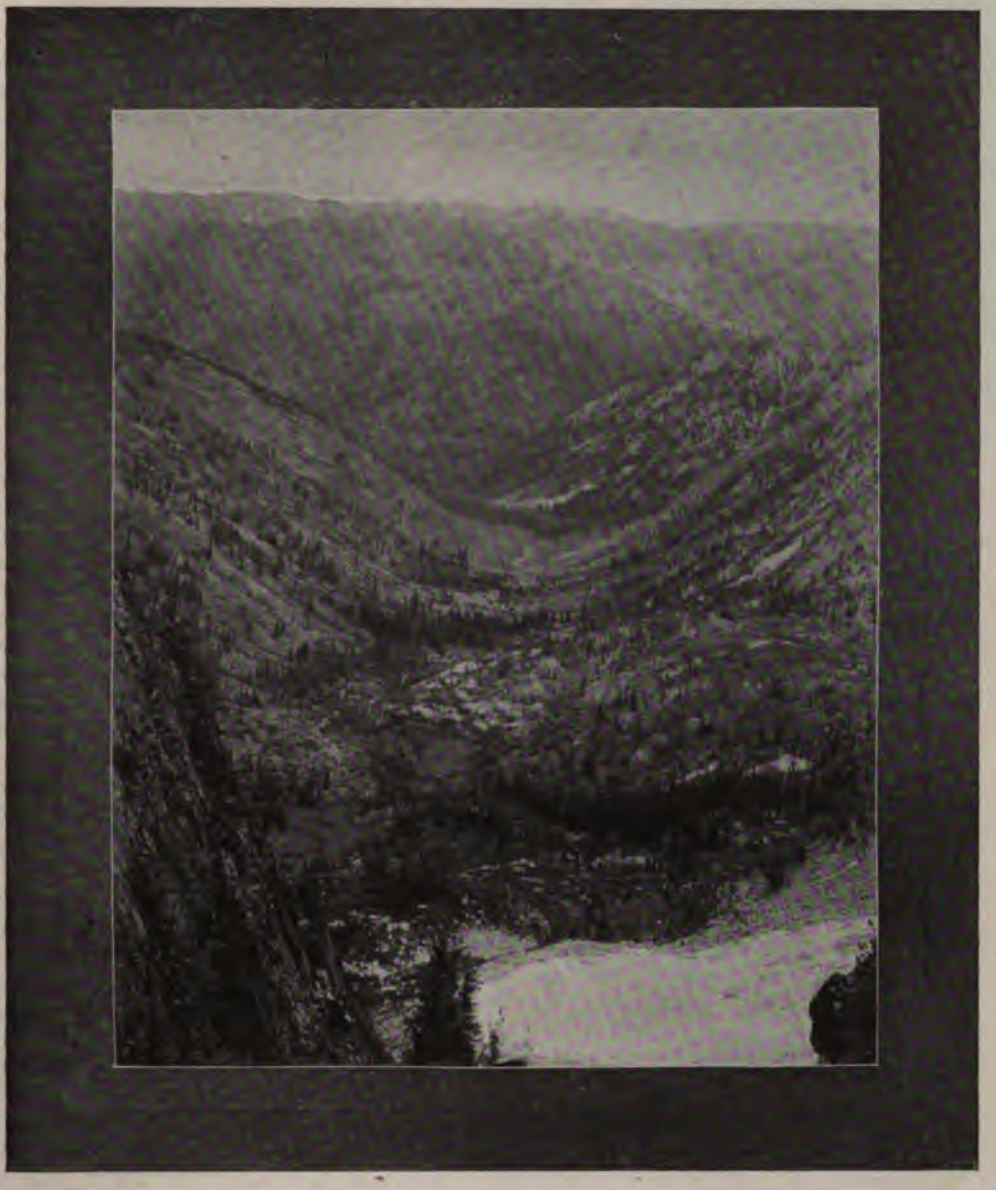
"I knew it was not a cougar," he said, in telling about it afterward, "for I have heard their cries many times. I never before heard a noise like it in the mountains. The horses were frightened and kept well ahead of me. Five minutes had not passed when I heard that cry again, this time much closer, apparently not more than two hundred yards behind me in the trail. The loose horses stampeded at once, and I saw nothing more of them until I got to camp. My horse soon became unmanageable, and I dismounted, fearing he would throw me and leave me to the mercy of the beast, or whatever it was, and I had nothing but a pocket-knife with which to defend myself. I grasped the halter firmly, my horse rearing and plunging and dragging me along like a little child, and the way we went down that trail wasn't slow. But the thing kept gaining, and every few jumps he would let out another of his ear-splitting yells. Down the trail we went, lick-er-ty-split, and my horse got to going so fast that I only hit the high places, and every time I lit the Thing would roar. Well, sir, we went like that for a mile and a half, and when we went tearing into camp, fairly tuckered out, that darned Thing stopped at the edge of the timber, not fifty yards behind us, and gave a parting roar. The horses were standing by the campfire when we arrived, and were trembling like aspens from fright. That was my only experience with the 'Skoo-kum Ik-tah.'" he said, "and, you bet, I don't want another."

In October of 1895, Will Bond and I went hunting up the Umpqua, camping about half a mile from Bear Wallow. Arriving at our camping place about ten o'clock, Will said he would go out and get some meat, while I stayed to fix up camp. He took his gun and went up the ridge over toward Copeland Cañon. About an hour after he had gone, I heard a most unearthly yell over in the direction he had taken, and apparently a mile or two away. He said afterward that it was "a cross between the bellow of an angry bull and the bray of a jackass," and the mountains rang with the echo. About twenty minutes passed, and the same unearthly noise again greeted my ears, but this time a great deal nearer. Again, about fifteen or twenty minutes later, I heard it not more than a half-mile away.

I continued my preparations at the camp, and about three o'clock Will came in without venison. He took his seat quietly by the fire where I was preparing dinner, and gazed into the ashes, saying nothing. Will never was much of a talker. Finally I broke the silence:

"Where is your meat?" I asked.

"Didn't get any."



"Didn't you see any deer?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Six or eight."

"Why didn't you get one?"

Will suddenly straightened up and looked at me quizzically.

"Didn't you hear that d——d thing?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "what was it?"

"I think it is an African lion," was his reply. And then he told me how he had heard the animal down the cañon when he had arrived at its head and was just starting down. He knew that any deer that might be below him would run out past where he stood on the well-used trail, so he secreted himself, expecting to get a shot. Several deer hurried past him, frightened by the awful bellowing, but he let them pass, hop-

ing to get a shot at bigger game. The beast came within one hundred yards of him and gave another of its hair-raising cries, but, though he waited for more than hour, Will could not get a glimpse of the animal.

Will is an old hunter, and to my knowledge within the last two years had killed two dozen bears and as many cougars, and he was not afraid of anything in the mountains. But he acknowledged that he was afraid to go down through the brush into that cañon to look for the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah," which we supposed it to be. Probably the superstitions of the Indians had some effect upon him, for I remember, when we got home from our hunt, I asked him one day, "Will, what do you really think it is?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I think it is the devil."

After waiting at the head of the cañon for a long time for the animal to make its appearance, he gave it up and came back to camp, and all the remainder of the day he was quiet and thoughtful.

The next morning we went out early for a hunt, and when we had passed the head of Copeland Cañon we separated, I going on up the ridge, and Will bearing off toward the left into the cañons. I had good success and returned about ten o'clock with a fine buck. About an hour later, Will came in. He had also been successful, and had killed a she bear and her three cubs.

"I expected to find your remains scattered along the trail," he said. "A big cougar followed you for more than a mile, clear to camp. They are the biggest cougar tracks I ever saw."

There had been a heavy frost the night before, and it still lay on the north hillsides so that the tracks were plainly seen. It made the cold chills creep over me to think what might have happened if the cougar had pounced upon me, bound as I was with the deer upon my back.

While we were preparing our dinner, Will kept glancing furtively at the timber line, not more than forty yards from us. As we were sitting down to eat he reached for his gun, his eyes riveted upon a patch of brush at the edge of the timber. Instinctively I reached for my gun and glancing in the direction indicated by his eyes I saw a big, dark-yellow object turn and disappear into the brush before either of us had time to shoot. It was our cougar. It had evidently followed me to camp, and then lay in the brush, waiting for his chance. We searched for him for quite a while, but our game had disappeared.

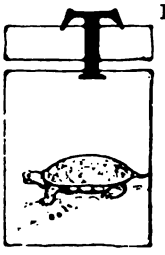
That night we again heard his cries in the forest close by, but did not venture out to look for him, and the next day, having killed all the game we could use, we returned to our homes.

Bear Wallow was left alone for a long time, but two years after my experience there, George Whitlow and Jim Peek concluded to try their luck in that locality. The first night they were there a large cougar attacked their camp. After prowling about for a while and uttering his wild cries, the cougar came boldly into the camp and pounced upon a deer which they had killed that day, which was hanging near by, and, not taking time to carry it away, began to devour it. The savage growling of the animal, the excited barking of the dogs, and the squealing of the frightened horses raised a chorus that will long be remembered by the hunters. Even the appearance of the two men with their guns did not frighten the big cat away, but stimulated the dogs to attack him furiously. Laying about him with his mighty paws, two of the dogs were soon stretched lifeless on the ground, and a third was severely hurt. Rapidly the hunters pumped lead into the body of the infuriated monster, apparently with but little effect. Leaving the dogs, the savage beast sprang toward the hunters, when a well-directed fire sent a bullet crashing through his brain, and he fell dead at their feet.

The cougar weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, the largest ever killed in these mountains. Its teeth were worn off, the long hairs about its nose were white, and its appearance in every way indicated great age. He measured ten and one-half feet from tip to tip, and the skin, after being tanned, measured over twelve feet in length. He was evidently the same beast that had kept that part of the mountains in terror for so many years. That was the last ever seen or heard of the "Skoo-kum Ik-tah."

DOWN THE CASCADE GRADE TO YOSEMITE

By Sophia D. Lane.



TRIPS to the Yosemite Valley are many and varied. Every year with the opening up of the mountain roads in the springtime, hosts of visitors —sight-seers and nature lovers—make their way into the "Heart of the Sierras" to the world-famous Yosemite.

The comfortable stages whirl their awe-struck passengers at break-neck speed around the mountains, along the sides of steep ravines, favoring them with a few brief glimpses of the wonders of mountain, forest and stream. The over-loaded camp wagon with its panting horses, and the hot, dusty, tired but happy campers tramping behind to lighten the load, trundles along the road, for there is plenty of time to get there, and much to enjoy along the way. The bicyclist wearily pushes his wheel before him up the steep grades, while the solitary man-afoot, with his light knapsack, outstrips him into the valley, and enjoys many a delightful cut-off on the way. Even the automobile enthusiast, with his extra wheel still intact, toots up to the hotel, glad to have accomplished the feat in less time than the fellow before him has made.

Once in the valley and you are a victim of its magic power. There is much to see and more to feel. Neither brush nor pen can catch its witchery. He who would know it must live there many months, blazing out trails for himself over the mountains, lingering in its forests and by its streams, and sleeping beneath its star-lit canopy of heaven. It is these beauties that lead the nature lover to endure the hardships of mountain travel for a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

The Californian probably knows it and loves it most, and he also knows the real delight of the mountaineer "roughing it." His favorite mode of veyance is the camp wagon, into whi packs his family, together with a full s of edibles and some few of the con which the luxury of civilization dem But the camp wagon does not always the whole family. Often the boy an chum constitute the party. As soon as tion days arrive, it is quite the ord thing for the boy to pack his wagon take to the woods, and no one consider difficult feat for him to drive with a ri wagon and a balky horse over the r mountain roads. But when his sister gests doing the same thing, he hoots a in scorn, and with evident faith in his cial providence tells her that girls could do it in the world.

However, they have been known to the trip without the aid of a man-driv a man-camper. Not long ago it was good fortune to be one of such a party. T were four of us, each one eager to see semite, and each one willing to act the of a heroine, if necessary, in order to d When the subject was broached to fam and friends, and the chosen route over Big Oak Flat road was announced, it of course, tabooed. All the difficultie mountain travel were held up before sick horses, dished wheels, lost roads, eling after dark in order to make a camp, robbers, wild animals and r snakes. Stories were told us of terribl cidents that had happened on narrow m tain roads where there had not been for conveyances to pass each other. even if we escaped these horrors, there

the inevitable Cascade Grade that was a bugbear even to experienced drivers. Such a trip would be foolhardy, to say the least, but foolhardy we were resolved to be, if our advisors so chose to call it.

The one member of our party who had been to Yosemite before didn't remember having had any such experiences, and secret assurances were exchanged that these were but foolish fancies, and would happen whether or not a man was along. The Cascade Grade really was not as steep as the roof of a house, nor was it like driving straight over a precipice—in fact, she really couldn't remember where the Cascade Grade was or what it looked like. So our dreams remained undisturbed by visions of mangled corpses, and we continued with our preparations for the trip.

As our plans proceeded, offers of drivers came pouring in. All sorts and conditions of men applied. There were men—young and old—the boy who wasn't afraid of horses or mountain roads, and would go "for the fun of it"; sentimental bachelors who volunteered to be our protectors; gray-bearded mountaineers who could manage any team, anywhere, at any time. In some cases pay for skilled service was required, in others a small stipend would be sufficient, and still others asked only the pleasure of good company and plenty of hot-cakes, with the privilege of bringing the water and building the fires. Each applicant enumerated his special talents as a camper, but we could discover none that we did not possess, or think we possessed, ourselves. Though we had adopted our somewhat unique plan originally for the want of a man, now that drivers were so cheap their value had depreciated, so all alike were rejected, and we were quite confident that one of our party, who was a good horsewoman with a stout heart and a strong arm, would be quite able to do the driving.

And so the eventful day for the start arrived. Our comfortable camp wagon and trusty horses stood at the door, and after bidding our friends good-by, and receiving many warnings, especially about the Cascade Grade, we started off over the hot, dusty road across the plains.

There was nothing thrilling in our first day's experience. The horses jogged along with an occasional halt under a shade tree, or a stop at a ranch house for water, while frequent chuck-holes pitched us out of dreamland into yawning reality. Only the scared cotton-tails and chirping squirrels, with the occasional call of the harvesters across the wheatfields relieved the monotony, till the late afternoon found us at a little village where we spent our last night under shelter.

Here we took final directions as to our road and camping places, and listened to more warnings about the Cascade Grade. The first night out of doors was to be spent near a mining town which, just at that time, we had been told, had the reputation of harboring a rough element. After a hot, wearisome day in the foothills, we made camp toward sunset on the outskirt of this little village. Quiet enough it seemed, so we scorned the idea of pitching a tent and, setting up our four cots in a row, we were soon pretending to peaceful slumbers.

"Isn't this beautiful?" came a softly drawn sigh from one of the middle cots.

"But how quickly it gets dark in the foothills," was whispered from the other middle cot.

Up popped a head from one of the end cots—"It's so dark I can't see the nearest house!"

"And there's a black wood on my side," said an almost breathless voice from number four.

Just then several drunken brawls and a few pistol shots were heard from the direction of the town, and out jumped number four:

"Say, girls, where's that gun? We brought it along for just such times as these. We need it now if we ever shall!"

A rummage in the wagon revealed the gun, but it was found that the ammunition had been left behind. Even so it might serve as an effective weapon of defense between number four and the black wood.

"But what shall I do to protect this side of us?" tremored number three.

A timid voice suggested that the bread knife was in a box in the back of the wagon, and, since there was not another gun, that might be made to do service in case of

necessity. So the bread knife was procured and stationed at the other end of the row of cots. Pacified by the presence of these two effective weapons, we spent the rest of the night in safety, till a voice from one of the middle cots called through the dawn:

"Say, girls, what would you have killed with the gun and the bread knife? There's nothing in sight."

Number four insisted on packing the wagon that morning, and she tucked the gun securely away in one corner, for, as she said, it was after all of no use without ammunition. Not a person was astir to bid us good-by as we left the village, nor could any sufficiently interested person be aroused who could so much as tell us where we might buy a necessary loaf of bread.

For it was an early start, as we were to make our first long grade that day, and we wished to make it as easy as possible for the horses. So we gave them plenty of time to get their second wind, and by the middle of the fornoon we were at the foot of the grade.

We began with a slow ascent, for the heat was excessive and the only shade was an occasional manzanita bush or a clump of chaparral fringing the bank overhanging the side of the road. Though our horses were stout animals, used to the plow, we wanted to favor them, knowing that the secret of a successful mountain trip is to take good care of the horses. And never were horses more considerately treated. All hands, even the driver, turned out of the wagon to walk, and the horses were petted, patted, and halted at intervals of about twenty yards and in every patch of available shade, till it seemed as if every mile had lengthened into ten. We cheered ourselves, however, with the consolation that each turn in the road would be the last, and would bring us to the hotel at the top of the grade.

So we toiled on until we were overtaken and passed by a man hauling a heavy load of ore, who informed us that we were not more than half way to the top, and if we wished to get there at all we had better get into our wagon and put the horses to work. We took his advice, as our methods seemed not altogether successful and his did. The horses soon recovered from their panting wilted attitude, and early in the afternoon we drove up to the hotel where we were served with a hearty meal and complimented on the condition in which we had brought our horses to the top.

But, after all, our entertainers told us, this grade was not so bad. It required only common sense and endurance to make this ascent, but the worst was yet to come, as we would find when we would go down the Cascade Grade just before entering the valley. That was the place where people held their breath and shut their eyes and held on to their seats, while the driver had to keep his wits about him. We began to hold our breath at these reports, but our fears were quieted when we learned that undoubtedly we could find someone who would lend a helping hand and drive us over the worst of it.

A long rest during the heat of the day made us ready for our late afternoon ride. We were now beginning to meet other Yosemite campers on their way out of the valley, and according to the custom of mountain travel we exchanged greetings and experiences and asked about the road ahead.

One party was driving a stiff-legged animal at a snail's pace, the result of foundering, we were told; another had discovered a loose nut to his wheel just in time to save the wagon on a steep grade; another had enjoyed the exciting experience of shooting at a bear, and still another had blocked his wheels at a sharp turn on the Cascade Grade and had almost gone over a high precipice. But they all smilingly wished us good luck and passed on.

These were experiences, we mused, and we wondered how many of them would fall to our lot. And here was another story of the Cascade Grade! Had any one really ever passed over it in absolute safety? We could not fail, too, to notice, by contrast with our own stout, sleek horses, the raw-boned, hollow specimens of horseflesh that our informers were driving. They had told us that feed was scarce farther up in the mountains, and it would be well to consider this in making our camp. Accordingly, when we came to a ranch where the men were making hay, we decided to camp there, as the horses could have plenty of good feed.

It was rather a gloomy four that occupied the row of cots that night, for we were now in a wild country, and the stories of the day had made us skeptical of our powers. The mountains seemed bigger, the roads seemed rougher than we had even imagined they could be, the dark forests seemed to threaten, the Cascade Grade had become impassible, and the Yosemite was far, far beyond our reach. Yet no one suggested going back. It had now become a sacred duty to go on.

A good night's rest can accomplish wonders, and by morning our courage had revived. As we started out our spirits rose with the rising sun and the altitude till we felt quite equal to jumping down the Cascade Grade, horses, wagon and all, if necessary. And it was still more than a day's ride ahead.

We had not gone many miles, however, when we stopped at a farm house to water the horses. As one of them lowered his head to drink, we saw him begin to shake, and then his legs turned in under him. We looked at each other in dismay, for we had only treated sick horses in theory. But a man from the barnyard came to our assistance, unharnessed the horse and told us to let him roll for awhile. Green hay, we learned, often made horses sick, and the fine feed of the night before had given our pet the colic. In a little while he would either be better or worse. Beside our pity for the sick horse, we felt the ignominy of the situation, for it seemed that this must be the finish. It would be a hard matter to get a fresh horse to go on with the journey, and, alas! for the humiliation of returning home with the story of a dead horse and the Yosemite still beyond our reach.

But fortune favored us and our horse was soon recovering. After a day of rest, with our new fund of experience, we started afresh the next morning, still determined to succeed. We made but a short distance that day, as it was hard traveling now, and we wanted to save the horses and ourselves for the perilous Cascade Grade which we were to take the following morning..

At our camping place we found an old mountaineer who became much interested in our venture, but gravely shook his head when we told him of our purpose to drive down the Cascade Grade. It might do for mountain girls to try it, but for us, who were not to the manner born, it were better left untried. Notwithstanding his skepticism he gave us good advice about making sharp turns, looked our wagon and horses carefully over to see that all the nuts were secure and the harness safe, and furnished us with a chain to be used on the wheels when we came to the steepest part of the grade. Then he told us where we should come upon it. The road would be almost entirely down-grade after the first few miles. Then we would come to a bridge and clump of laurels, and next would be the Cascade Grade.

We were soon at the summit, where we met the stage on its outward trip. It held only the driver and another man. They stopped and, after exchanging "good mornings," one of them asked:

"Where's the rest of your party?"

"This is all of us," was the modest answer.

"But where's your driver?" queried he.

Our heroine on the front seat straightened up and replied in an injured tone:

"Why, I'm the driver!"

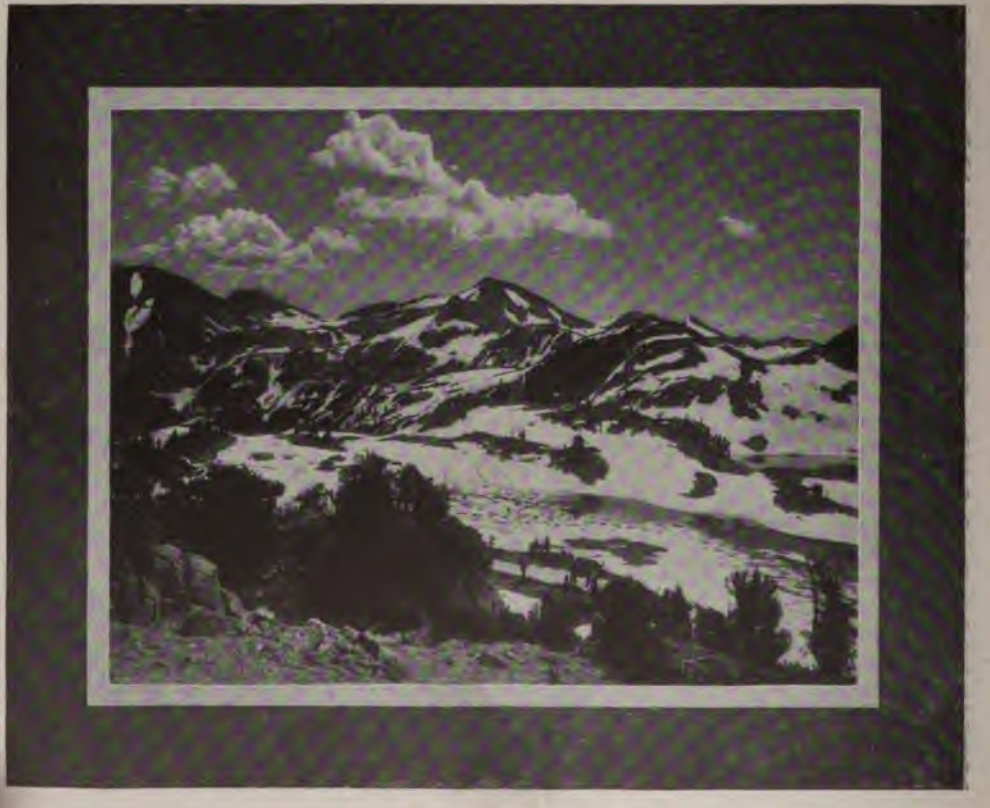
"Well, you seem to be doing pretty well, but you don't mean to say you're going to drive that rig down the grade?"

"Certainly! Why not? We havn't had any trouble with the driving so far, and we have a chain for the wheels."

The man elevated his eyebrows and suppressed a smile.

"Well, perhaps you can do it all right; but it takes something more than a chain to the wheels to get down that grade safely. I'll tell you what you had better do. You had better unharness your horses and stay here for awhile. I'm coming back on the stage this afternoon and then I'll drive you down into the valley. You see, I'm the Guardian, and feel somewhat responsible for broken bones."

We thanked him for his kind offer and said that we might be glad to accept it. We would ride on to the grade, and if the descent appeared too threatening, we would wait there for his return. It was but a few miles ahead, he told us.



But mountain miles are deceptive as everyone knows who has had experience with them. Sometimes they are long, and sometimes they are short. They depend largely upon the grade, the weather, and the mood of the traveler. And our experience so far had been that they were unnaturally long. But it was down-grade now, the morning air was cool and bracing in this high altitude and we were eager to reach the valley.

After going on for a little way our driver stopped and, thinking a moment, said:

"Girls, I don't want to be foolish and take your lives into my hands. I don't know what we are coming to, and I'm not at all sure that I can manage that grade. But if you are all willing to risk it, I'll do the best I can."

"Bravo! Three cheers for our driver! We'll stand by you, come what may! Drive on, anyway, till we find the grade," and this sentiment was echoed by the other two.

So we moved on, slowly and cautiously, looking for the bridge and the laurels. One girl was sent ahead to give warning so that the wheels might be chained in time, another was stationed on the front seat with the driver to help manage the reins and brake, if necessary, and the fourth sat on the back seat, armed with an axe which was, in some mysterious way known only to her, to do effective service in holding the brake, or in propping up the wagon if it started over a precipice. Not a word was spoken now. The perilous descent was all too near. We silently swallowed the lumps in our throats and moved on as solemnly as if we were going to our execution.

Suddenly our vanguard turned and broke the silence.

"Here's a bridge, but it's only a little one and there are no laurels growing by it."

It was only about ten feet long and hardly deserved the name of bridge, and there were no laurels. So we passed it by.

Soon we saw our leader make a sharp turn in the road and begin to wind down the mountainside. We followed, and at the turn our driver gave the horses a wide sweep that brought the wagon around the curve without so much as a creak of the wheels. Another turn and another followed, till, on looking back, we found we had made a steep descent and pointed out to our driver what she had done.

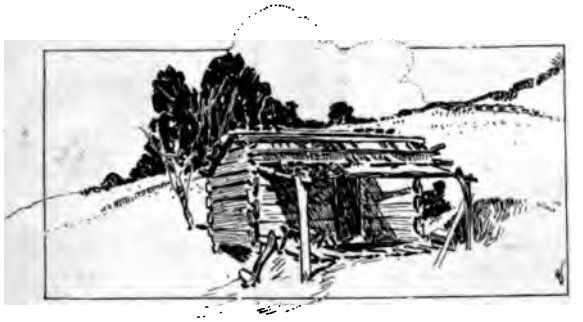
We were now coming to a rushing mountain torrent.

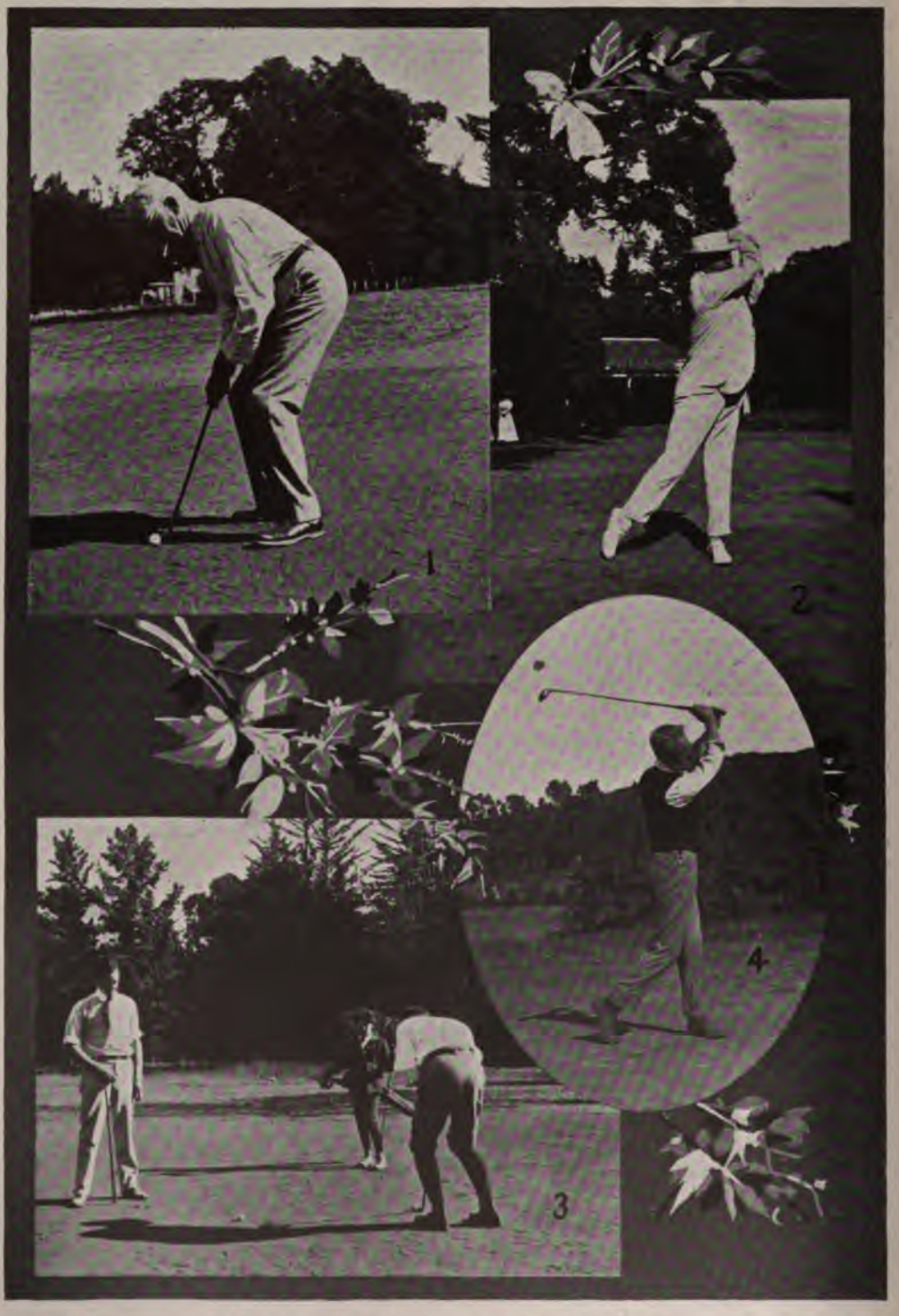
"Here are the cascades!" shouted the girl who had seen them before, "and—well—I wonder—can that have been the Cascade Grade? Do you suppose that is how it gets its name?"

"Impossible!" came a scornful answer. "That grade doesn't look like a cascade, and besides, we didn't come to the bridge and the laurels."

"Well, we probably crossed the bridge before we came to it, and naturally the laurels will be won at the end of the trip."

This wise counsel cheered, though it did not entirely convince, the other three. The vanguard, however, jumped into the wagon, and vigilance was somewhat relaxed as we traveled along over a well-graded road, still on the lookout for the Cascade Grade. Down, down, down we went, so entranced by the beauty of the scenery that, before we knew it, we were on the floor of the Yosemite Valley, guarded by El Capitan and the Sentinel, and all fears of the Cascade Grade were left behind.





Inkersley Photo.

HOME AND HOME TOURNAMENT.

(See Page 969.)

1. G. M. PRITCHARD, SAN RAFAEL.
2. COL. DUNN, SAN RAFAEL.
3. EUGENE MURPHY AND DR. H. O. HOWITT.
4. R. D. GIRVIN, MENLO CLUB.

Through The Tahoe Forest Reserve

By Geo. P. Low.

PLACERVILLE, erstwhile "Hangtown," was the beginning of the trip; a four-horse rig in the care of "Shorty" was the conveyance; The Maid, who mascotted the expedition, Brother Ben, who possessed a rare combination of sage counsel and good-fellowship, and I who pen these lines, constituted the party. Mid-September last was the time and Tahoe the objective, with a return to Placerville by a different route.

We were on recreation bent. Each morn was beautifully harbingered with its cold, crisp air, each noon told of springtide with its warming sun, and each night showed blazing logs in hearthstones deep, for though the valleys sweltered, the mountains brought winter in the summer time. That grand trans-Sierran highway, the "old Placerville road," carried us for three full days first through a magnificent timber belt, on to an upper zone of scrubby, stunted trees, then finally over the bare, bleak granite regions of the high Sierras which they fringe. In the denser forest a surveyor's blaze on a yellow pine told of a tunnel that is to pierce the ridge to carry the delicious waters of the American River into the Cosumnes region, and in so telling, reviews memories of steep mountain sides, of towering trees, of a carpet of sticky "mountain misery," and of a deep-cut cañon that implied a measureless depth of underlying granite. These are Nature's preserves—her ferns and shrubs and trees, her springs and creeks and rivers.

Man's handiwork was thrust upon us only by the perfect road upon which we had been traveling, and the great American canal whose lens-like waters made each bottom pebble appear in petty pirouette.

"There ought to be trout in such beautiful water," exclaimed Ben.

"There ought to be, but there ain't," replied the ditch tender, who had joined us. "The Fish Commissioners make us screen 'em out at the headgates. Before that there was thonsands of 'em. Now they're in the river."

After lunch, as we walked along the broad back of the canal, Ben and I got far ahead, when, rounding a turn in the canal, we were confronted by a bull of whose pugnacity there was no doubt.

"Sook 'im, bossy, sook 'im,'" said Ben.

Just what happened is a bit hazy, but we now believe a misunderstanding occurred on the part of the bull, who must have thought that Ben said "Sick 'em, bossy, sick 'em." Clods of dirt flew in the air and with a bellowing roar a long ton of beef shot forward at Ben as from a catapult. Quick as a flash they passed me, approaching a telephone pole like dust in a gale. Would Ben use it? Allah be praised, he did; the bull rushed by while hanging on with both hands, the great momentum of Ben's avoirdupois made him swing around the frail four-by-four as

"WE WERE ON RECREATION BENT."

though it were a May-pole. A creak, a crash, and the pole fell across the ditch to the jangling of the telephone wire overhead, the bellowing of the thwarted bull beyond, and the violent scrambling of Ben, who, as he climbed out of the chilly water remarked, "Experience is a great teacher, and that was a bully experience."

The adventure and the excitement made the warm afternoon sun hot indeed, and as we returned to the ditch tender's cabin I noticed a luxurious bunch of succulent mint growing on the bank of the canal. That mint saved the situation, and thereafter the roads were smoother, the wagon springs softer, and the horses livelier the whole day long.

On up the grade we climbed, along the bank of the roaring river until, in passing the dam at the head of the canal, our driver's sudden, "Look there!" diverted our attention down into the pond, where a score or more of great mountain trout were peacefully basking in the sun, until discovering our presence, some shivering streaks and a fishless pond proved that early in youth they had well learned the lesson of self-preservation lest the whole school be suspended.

We were getting on up to an elevation of more than 5,000 feet above sea level, where once hotels, barns, saloons, cabins and shacks almost lined the road, but where now naught save barren little acre or half-acre clearings remain with an occasional pile of stone that monuments an ancient chimney or mounds the ruins of a building foundation. Years upon years have passed since then, and now, with two solitary exceptions, every house that once stood along the highway has been either razed or burned. Who that has public weal at interest will say that the present conditions are not advantageous? Better by far is it that Nature should be in the austere grandeur of its virgin state, undefiled by human habitation and unsullied by man's handiwork, than that unprofitable, destructive, unbeautiful humanization should prevail in these Alpine fastnesses.

It is at Strawberry that the cañon of the

A CHARACTERISTIC WATERSHED.

South Fork of the American is probably at its narrowest and deepest. Here Lovers' Leap juts its bold promontory into the ravine, making an abrupt rise of perhaps 1,500 feet above the floor of the rock-bound amphitheater called Strawberry Valley. Indian legend tells of two lovers who, laboring under some real or fancied grievance, leaped from the bluff to their destruction. It is a great, gray, desolate brutal rock, down the cold sides of which out-crop two or three red streaks, evidencing measureless masses of sandstone that lie entombed within. Impressively tragic are those great splotches of "true-lovers' blood."

At an elevation of 7,200 feet we reached Audrain Lake, a broad body of water in the center of a mountain meadow. This is one of the numerous lakes that will be transformed into a deep lake with granite walls, holding hundreds of millions of gallons of

water when San Francisco gets her water from the Sierras. On we traveled past Audrain into the weazened forest near the timber line. Shortly we turned north toward the Echo Lakes, a mile distant, and in passing looked across Lake Valley, where, ten miles away and nearly 1,300 feet below, are the southerly shores of grand old Tahoe, whose vast expanse makes it the most noble fresh water lake in all the West. There we were, on the very Sierra's divide. To the right the watershed of Tahoe, giving its flow to the Truckee River, and the government irrigation system of Nevada. To the left, the watershed of the South Fork of the American, with the Echo Lakes, Lake of the Woods, Audrain Lake, Lake Henry, Lake George, and that marvelous chain of small lakes and connected pot holes in the bare granite area known to topographers as "Devil's Basin," or "Desolation Valley," barren granite, clean and pure beyond description.

At Echo Lake we found a genial and wholesome soul, whose appearance bespoke the mountaineer. It was Cagwin, keeper of these high Sierran lakes, the first man to "go in" with the opening of summer, and the last to "come out" with the shortening of September days.

Here is a different world from that which the city man knows. The trees are scattered, scrawny and stunted—grim dwarfs among millions of tons of bleak rock, all buried each winter under snow of unknown depths. Once in a while a deer or a bear may be seen, but generally they hold fast to the forests. In places quail are to be found in abundance and many species of migratory birds abound in summer, while trout of every variety are more than plentiful. Rarely one may see the tracks of a mountain lion or of a wildcat, and more frequently may the dismal yowl of the miserable coyote be heard at night from afar.

Full a thousand feet above the surface of Echo Lake rises the steep walls that confine its water, and as we rowed across its pure clear waters of unknown depth a chance "ha, ha," brought back sharp mockery from the shore. Then fainter, but yet clear and sharp, it came again from the opposite side, and at once we knew the derivation of the

THE ECHO LAKES, "BIG" AND "LITTLE."

name. Cagwin said that seven and even eight distinct echoes have been heard to reverberate across its walls.

Our objective was the saddleback between the mountains to the northeast, from the summit of which we would be able to obtain a superb view of the Lake of the Woods, and that potpourri of inland waters in Desolation Valley, termed the Medley Lakes. At last—and arduously—we gained these heights, but to adequately describe the grandeur of the scene which lay before us is beyond the gift of man, who, being finite, the west rises majestically Pyramid Peak, with his *boutonierre* of snow, more than two thousand feet above us, and, turning to the east, is gray-brown old Tallac, shorter of stature by only two hundred feet than Pyramid Peak. Turn again, and to the south are seen first Lake Henry, then Lake George, next Upper Echo Lake, and finally Big Echo Lake, and Cagwin's cabin at the lower end to which we shall soon return.

At Cagwin's after lunch we stretched out in the shade and noted the trophies that were hung on pegs or nailed to the walls of

"THAT POT POURRI OF WATERS, MEDLEY LAKES."

may attain no place in dealing with the sublimities of the Infinite. It is only possible to essay suggestion. Before us seven hundred feet down, nestles the Lake of the Woods, a gem of crystal blue set out in granite grays flecked with greens of scattering pines. Down, miles and miles, down over and beyond the lake runs tortuously between mountains and hills the South Fork of the American River, which here takes its source, and goes thither by cascade, creek and cañon away off into the distant purple. Yet we are by no means at the top, for there again to the log cabin. The stretched deer and wildcat skins told their own stories, as did the eagle talons, the duck and grouse wings, and the bleached skulls of sundry birds and various beasts.

"And those queer contraptions, those cymbal-like skillet-covers with hand straps, what are they?" I asked.

"Snow-shoes for horses," Cagwin replied. "Can't get along without 'em in winter. Sometimes they're round, sometimes egg-shape, it don't make much difference so long as there's forty or fifty square inches

"LOVER'S LEAP."

LAKE OF THE WOODS.

1. LAKE OF THE WOODS—ECHO LAKES IN THE DISTANCE.
2. HEADWORKS OF AMERICAN CANAL.
3. ALONG THE CANAL LINE.
4. ECHO LAKES FROM ABOVE THE MEDLEYS.
5. AUDRAIN LAKE.

to 'em, and holes are cut through to allow the corks from the horse's shoes to stick through so they won't slip. Then strap 'em on the horse's feet, and he'll travel five or six miles an hour all right."

"Tell us about your bearskins you've got in the cabin, Cagwin," he was asked.

"They ain't much to tell about," he began. "The big one lying across the bunk there came off of a mean critter who'd been doing a lot of deviltry 'round here off and on, and I thought she was better dead nor alive. The first time I ran across her was in the cañon just below the falls in the outlet from the Medleys. I was on a long walk that day, and saw the shadow of some big animal walkin' on a log that had fallen across the ravine so that from where I was sittin' I couldn't see the critter. She didn't know I was around, for by the time I could see her she had got down on the log and was eatin' blueberries. She was more'n a hundred yards away, and I watched her for a while, but with the change of the wind she picked up her ears, snuffed up toward me and with a "*woof*" started off through the brush on a dog trot. Bears don't see very well, you know; they're near-sighted, I guess, and they seem to trust their ears and noses lots more than their eyes. I did'nt follow her up, for she had a big start and I had nothing but a pistol and knife with me, besides I guess I wasn't huntin' bear that day nohow.

"Maybe ten days later I saw the old she bear and two cubs ag'in, and I was fixed for her, for I carried my rifle. She was settin' by an old tamarack log on the far bank of Lake Henry, diggin' grubs out of its rotten trunk and feedin' them to the cubs who were playing around like kittens. Without waitin' to get nearer I shot her from across the lake, the bullet passing through her belly. She slapped her side with her paw like she had been stung by an insec' and then, seeing me, went to her cubs a minute, after which she started off in a trot for the brush that's around the edge of the lake. Knowin' she couldn't get out of the brush on to the rocks very far without being seen, and knowin' that she had been shot by the way she slapped herself, I started on the run around the lake. 'Twas quite a way, and when I got near where I had shot her I followed her tracks and trail of blood for a couple of rods or so until I found where she had bedded a bit before. I knowed she was close by, so I kept on the trail careful-like, until, bimeby, through the thicket I saw her head sticking out a little bit from behind the broken stump of a tree, dividing her attention between lookin' at me and lapping' the wound in her side. The cubs were nowhere 'round that I could see. After a minute she broke off into a trot again, makin' for Lake George. She reached there all right, ahead of me, although she was bleeding with every step.

"Did you ever see a bear run? You wouldn't think it, but they bounce along on all fours just like a rubber ball that's been throwed, and they go like the mischief. Well, this one jumped into the lake and began to swim across when I shot her again, hittin' her this time behind the shoulder. Up till then she'd only been trying to get away, but by that time she was mad as a hornet; she saw she couldn't get away by swimmin', and she knowed that her only chance lay in coming back and fightin'. So she turned, got up the bank and charged for me red hot, but I was waiting' for her and that hole in the hide there right back of the eye shows the shot that laid her out."

"What of the cubs?" was asked.

"Well, sir, I went back over the ground on the old bear's trail and hunted, but couldn't find trace of them until a rustle made me look up, and there, in a bee tree I'd long had marked, sure enough, was the cubs, sniffin' at the honey and battin' bees off with their paws. Do you know that a man and a bear has got the same kind of arms exactly? The bones and muscles are just alike; if you take the hide off a bear's fore leg and the claws off his paw, and then take the skin off a man's arm, you can't tell one from the other except in size. Well, those cubs were battin' off bees just like children an' buzz flies, and it wasn't in my heart to shoot 'em nohow. So I took my ax, cut down the tree, an' caught the cubs and got the honey. I sold one of the cubs to the Chutes in San Francisco—I guess it is out there now. The other one I kept as a pet and allus treated it right, but one day, when about two-thirds grown, it got me in its

grip and would have broken every bone in my body if I hadn't been pretty quick with my knife. That's his hide, down there in front of my bunk."

Again we zigzagged down the mountains and into Lake Valley and on to Tallac for a night's rest on the beautiful shores of majestic old Tahoe. Early the next morning we started in the chilling cold for Kirkwood, forty miles or so to the south, over a hard road leading along near the summit of the range, past peak after peak each wearing square miles of snow in token of last winter's rigors, through to the old Amador Grade, whose place as a highway in the early history of the State stands beside that of the Placerville road. And seeing these mountains and their snows, with the river-forming streams that come from them here in the wane of a long summer, one ceases to be mystified over the credibility of the claims so often heard that the waters of the high Sierras are inexhaustible in quantity and matchless in purity. These mountains, beaconed by Round Top, 10,430 feet high, Thimble Peak, 9,800 feet high, and a dozen others, all contribute their stores of crystal waters first to Twin and Silver Lakes, whence they reach the American canal by way of the Silver Fork. These lakes are the Waltonian Utopia of California.

The next morning we rose in El Dorado County, ate breakfast in Amador County, and stepped from the porch of the house into our wagon which stood in Alpine County, all within a radius of twenty feet, for the boundary lines of these three counties intersect somewhere in the living room of Kirkwood's house. At 6 A. M. in the biting cold we began the ascent of the Spur of the Amador Grade, which is the most noteworthy scenic point on the entire road—the point from whose castellated heights the eye encompasses the grandest expanse of mountain scenery to be found from any wagon road in all California. Beneath the minarets of its bluffs, in some one of the cañons that meander down there between those mountainous billows of granite, courses Alpine Creek, joyously carrying the waters of Twin Lakes on to Silver Creek. These near-by mountains become as seeming hills of sand in their remoteness until at last the mottling of their bleaks with the dulls of their pines lends to the vista the greenish drabs of seemingly limitless space.

The haze blots out the borders of the landscape, but it can't efface the outlines of Pyramid Peak and old Tallac, with the countless serrations which lesser mountains make to the sky on every hand before us. All this vast view in its matchless grandeur and expanse encompasses the region consecrated by Nature to the highest service of man, to attain which, after having endowed it with illimitable supplies of water of celestial worth, she has ordained their perpetual purity by rendering it uninhabitable to man or beast. And this magnificent domain, so marvelously spread before us in a single panorama, constitutes the peerless watershed of the American-Cosumnes.

It was here that a quaint episode occurred. We had passed many isolated piles of rock 'neath each of which lay the long-since crumbled bones of a faltered Argonaut, and were approaching Tragedy Springs, where a whole family of five whites were ruthlessly killed by a band of Indians in the early '50s, when in a little open spot in the scrubby forest there appeared an old Washoe Indian who, being stone blind, was led by his "mahala," or squaw. His right hand grasped her left, his left gave support to his feeble steps through a staff as they picked their slow way between the boulders and sagebrush, and with her right hand she steadied a great Indian basket that was balanced on her head. All their worldly goods were in it, their clothes, dried fish and what-nots, even to their sheet-iron camp stove. But to crown all, a strapping boy was riding across the old buck's back. Drawing in rein as they came opposite and thinking to proffer help if needed, we asked:

"What's the matter, Charley? Boy sick?"

"Nope," gutteralled the old blind Washoe, "boy no sick, he heap tired, heap too much walk." Such is wifely devotion and parental love, even among the aborigines.

Passing down the famous grade we had been wrapped in adulation of the superlative Sierran silhouettes made by the rising sun, mountains standing torn and jagged against the eastern sky, great long snowfields which filled each cañon giving needed

1. FLUME IN AMERICAN CANAL.
2. JUST BELOW BUCK'S BAR.
3. ABOVE THE COSUMNES.
4. RESERVOIR OUTLET GATE.
5. COSUMNES DAM SITE.
6. HEAD OF COSUMNES CANON.

3. [illegible] AN ORDAN RIVER.
2. [illegible] [illegible] ALONG FALLS.
4. ONE OF THE MUDDY FALLS NEAR [illegible]

LAKE HARRY.

relief and supplying the grotesque. To the north, the east and the south these mountains go, almost encompassing Silver Lake, but giving it an outlet toward the west, the source of Silver Creek, which with Alpine Creek forms the Silver Fork of the South Fork of the American River. Silver Lake, the largest natural body of water within the American-Cosumnes watersheds, is truly magnificient; within its transparent depths abound countless mountain lake trout, whose hard waxen meat is an epicurean ecstacy. And Stevens, the care-taker of the lakes, knows how to catch and cook them to perfection.

Two hours since we had breakfasted heartily at Kirkwood's, but Stevens's spread was irresistible, and we accepted his invitation to breakfast again. Incidentally displaying a milk pan piled up with the most luscious lot of trout that gourmet coveted—great beauties from ten to sixteen inches in length, caught within an hour, with naught but a gutted fly—Stevens cooked and served them with bacon, "spuds" and corn bread, all piping hot.

Returning to Placerville we again cross the boundary of the forest reserve, and both description and narration must cease, for now we are in civilization again and life becomes prosaic. The trip that was an ever-growing pleasure is now an enduring recollection. Through it we have become acquainted with these Sierran fastnesses wherein the National Government supplements Nature's beneficence. There the primeval forests are to live, be guarded forever, and the mountains to eternally rear their bleak domes skyward just as God made them, the forested home of beast and bird—the sportsman's paradise and the source of waters divine in their origin and consecrated to the higher uses of man. We have seen lakes of sufficient size to supply San Francisco for years, even should the founts of heaven dry, and we now know how Nature has endowed the American-Cosumnes region most abundantly with water which is as good and pure and wholesome as any to be found on earth.

Small Game in British East Africa

By Elmer E. Davis.

THE readers of my recent African articles will no doubt wonder if there is no small game in that part of the world. There is; for the pigeon shooting furnished me many a day's sport, and although compared to big game shooting it was rather tame and flat, the thought of a fine plump pigeon for dinner after a hard day's work would nevertheless stimulate me into action. Did I say *a* pigeon? I meant three or four, for a person develops in that country an appetite which in America would be carefully concealed from their friends.

Did you ever see a pigeon pie with the plump little pigeon legs trying to punch their way through the crust; one which a hungry man can smell a mile away? Did you ever sit and watch a darkey cook as he took one out of the oven—watch every move he made for fear a drop of the delicious enclosed juice would be spilled, and curse his awkward movements if such an accident happened? No matter what trouble the day had brought forth, that man would be an unredeemable crank who would not forget all earthly cares in anticipation of what was to happen to that pie in a very short time. All cares dropped from me when I sat down to an argument with one of those confections, and I 'tended strictly to the business in hand. It seemed to me that the very hyenas howled in despair when I sat down to a pigeon pie, for they guessed rightly that the scraps around camp would be mighty scarce that night.

The wild pigeons found in Africa are somewhat larger than those of America.

ELMER E. DAVIS.

The color is a shade darker, and the bird is thickly sprinkled with dirty yellow spots about the size of a pin head. Their flight is very swift, making an extremely difficult target to hit. Their vitality is also something wonderful, and take it all in all a man who gets a dozen birds in an evening does wonderfully well.

The greatest trouble in hunting them is the density of forest and jungle; even if the bird is killed it is very difficult to retrieve, and in many cases impossible; but if a bird comes by a fellow, swiftly as only a pigeon can fly, darting first one way then the other, as if challenging one to shoot, what is a man going to do? He will shoot of course, even if he knows the chances are against his ever getting the bird if killed, but there are a great many chances against his ever hitting the bird in the first place. I have known them to literally tear themselves to pieces in the brush if shot when flying, their momentum being so great.

At certain times of the year the Molo forests are alive with pigeons that come to eat

the little green fruit from a tree which an English scientist has determined to be a species of olive. Toward evening the pigeons will be seen flying to their roosting places in some large tree which overtops its neighbors. These birds seldom fly in flocks, but one, two, three and sometimes as high as seven or eight will be together. They seem to have regular courses which they follow day after day, and when we were building viaducts across several small valleys, where the pigeons were accustomed to travel, they would fly almost up against the structure before seeing it, then dart around as if terribly alarmed. Before settling down for the night the pigeons would fly from one dead tree to another as if visiting; this lasted about an hour before they settled in their own tree to roost. This hour is the best time for sport, and one can walk along the railroad and get half a dozen birds if he happens to be a good shot.

Wishing to take a day after these birds we used to go into the forest after them during their feeding hours. In the middle of the day they must be "still hunted," for no man could get a pigeon in the forest unless shot while sitting still, as the birds fly above the trees and the hunter would never see them on account of the leaves. Step just as quietly as if you were hunting bush-buck, for the pigeon is a wary bird and after one shot the rest are on the alert. Strain your eyes never so much and watch the trees never so closely you may yet not see them; the flap of their wings alone being heard as they fly from the trees just passed. They are very cunning, and to get them the hunter must be sharper than they.

The best way is for two or three men to scatter and cover considerable ground, then each can watch for the birds coming in to light when frightened out by his companions; in this way a very good bag may be secured, for a pigeon never examines a place before alighting. Certainly it seems not a very sportsmanlike proceeding to shoot pigeons while still, but don't worry; for they are fully able to take care of themselves, and generally do so.

These pigeons have a flavor distinct from that of other pigeons, which I believe is imparted to them by the little green fruit of the tall olive trees upon which they feed, but their flesh loses nothing by it from an epicurean standpoint. After about three months spent in the Molo forests they migrate to some other part of the country, but where I never was able to find out. Most probably they go to the Congo forests to nest.

Rabbits are also quite numerous north of the Mau watershed, and furnished a variety in the menu of our table. They are a trifle larger than our cottontails, but not so large as a hare. As the grass is usually quite long they are hard to get. About the only way to secure them is with a snare, which is much used by the natives.

Green parrots are another source of table supply, but they are even harder to secure than pigeons, as they resemble the leaves so much; I have often stood and gazed at a tree until my eyes got weak, trying to locate a couple of parrots which were all the time scolding me loudly. They seem to take particular delight in getting close to a fellow, then yell and chatter at him until a pigeon will not come within a half mile of the place. I have become so exasperated at them that I would fire a shot into the tree in the vain hope of hitting one, but never succeeded.

If you are out hunting in the forest and a bunch of parrots take a notion to stick to you, why, settle right down and kill that bunch, for they are good eating and you are likely not to get a chance at anything else until you do, for they will hang around and keep up a continuous clatter.

Besides the two birds already mentioned there are only three game birds worthy of consideration in that part of Africa, that I know of, viz.: the bustard, a sort of bush hen, and guinea fowl. The second is found in the jungle and is an extremely hard bird to shoot as all its surroundings are favorable to its escape. Often they will be heard calling to one another, or clucking close by in the brush, and occasionally one will take flight; but no one will kill this bird in the jungle, for the only glimpse the hunter will ever catch of it will be nothing more definite than a brown streak as it darts from one bush to another. The only time they can be killed is very early in the morning;

or just about sundown; at this time a covey may be found in the grass near the edge of a jungle; even then you must surprise them by coming around a point or they will run for their hiding place without flushing. They are in fact a very hard bird to get, and not very good eating when you do get them. I should say they are about the size of a grouse, or a trifle smaller; with dark brown feathers covering most of the body; the breast and neck, however, has feathers of a reddish brown, running darker on the back of the neck and head, the bill and legs are a sort of dirty red.

The African bustard, which is of two varieties—greater and lesser bustard—are found on all African plains at various times of the year, either single or in pairs, but never in bunches. The lesser bustard looks exactly like its larger relative, but never grows to more than about a third its size, and will weigh probably five or six pounds. The greater bustard looks much like an old turkey gobbler when stalking along. A shotgun is hardly the weapon for either of these birds, as a person would never get in range for it. With them the rifle does very effective work at a couple of hundred yards. Their flesh is very good, having a mild gamey flavor which is gratifying to the palate. The bustard is not a hard bird to stalk, for the hunter can usually walk up to within nearly two hundred yards without the bird taking alarm. They fly clumsily and alight on the ground with a bump which shakes them up. Their feathers are light gray on the breast, running to dark gray on the back. They are some taller than a turkey and have a longer bill; in walking they stalk along in a very sedate manner, sharply watching on both sides for bugs.

Farther east in the lower altitudes is found numerous guinea fowl, but from personal experience I can tell very little about them, as I never had the opportunity to hunt them; I am informed that when these fowl is young their flesh is delicious, but that of the older ones is tough and unpalatable.

I saw but two timber squirrels while in that country, which both fell to my gun. They were smaller than our American squirrels, and of a grayish color; one point about them which surprised me was the tenderness of their skin, which was a contrast to the "almost" shot proof covering of ours in this country.

A species of small quail may be found occasionally, but as they are no larger than a goodsized sparrow it is hardly worth while to call them a game bird. They resemble our Eastern bob-white in shape and color, also in flight. When flushing they make a funny little squeaking call unlike anything I ever heard before. As far as my knowledge goes the small game herein mentioned comprise the principal species to be found in British East Africa, and a person going there expecting to have very much sport in that line is likely to be disappointed.

PROGRESS

NIGHT, luminous with stars, the desert still,
Calm in repose. The sphynx, mute, sullen-eyed,
Beheld a gaunt she-lion cautious glide
Across her shadow toward a barren hill.
Afar a pyramidal shape, half visible,
Told of dim centuries, when man descried
Life's destiny, transcendent, deified.
And through the desert wound the mystic Nile

As ages long agone. Afar a sullen roar,
A Titan monster flared from out the gloom.
With rush, like storm-heaved wave upon a shore,
A locomotive rushed by Pharoah's tomb,
And lo! the land of mystery and lore
Trembled as though it heard the voice of doom.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*

From Painting by Nellie Burrell Scott.

STRIPED BASS HARRYING A SCHOOL OF SMELT.

OSSEO, THE STAR.

Will it rain, Osseo—Osseo, the evening star,
Will it rain on the fallow fields where the hopes of the humble are?
Will it rain on the gravely uplands where the shepherd folds his tent
To follow the trampling sheep where the tender grass is spent?
Will it rain in the ferny cañons far up in the ledgy hills,
Will it rain for the shallow rivers, and the long-forgotten rills?
Will it rain, Osseo, the Star?

I know thee, Osseo, the great-souled loving one,
Spirit of hope on the Western Shores where th' sun-warmed currents run.
Thou art he who prayed unceasing in the Earth's long dawn of day,
Who prayed for the high-piled ranges that hedge the cold away;
Who prayed for the misty west wind, and the balmy latter rains
That open the poppies constellate, the day stars of the plains,
Thou, Osseo, the Star!

I know of thy faith, Osseo, the evening star—
Wonderful spirit that broods where the winding rivers are!
And out of the South will gather the clouds so heavy and low;
The fields will wave their banners where the long processions go;
And over the sweet San Gabriel, and over the San Joaquin,
The bloss'ming miles of orchards will shine on the Winter's green,
Osseo, the evening star.

—*Lillian H. Shuey.*

IN NATURE'S WORK-ROOM

WHEN Nature shuts her dark-room door
Upon the shining things of day
What wondrous compounds must she pour
Upon the films within her tray!
Her ruby lamp—a single star—
She sets upon a cloud-shelf nigh;—
Her chemicals earth's vapors are,
Blended by breezes wandering by.

When Nature opes her dark-room door
As morning dawns in majesty,
Rare pictures spread our eyes before
In stretch of land and swell of sea.
The tiniest grass blades, pearled with dew
And laced with cobwebs, there appear;
And vines with blossoms peeping through,
Each leaf and vein developed clear.

When Nature shuts her dark-room door
What magic may her fingers know,
That all the colors loved before
On each day's negatives should glow?
The gold that gems the lily's heart,
The roses' and the violets' hue,
The shifting clouds—reveal an art
That man-made lenses never knew.

When Nature shuts her dark-room door
It is not night, as some may say.
But space wherein she may restore
Her colors for another day.
And soon she flings the portals wide
That every hungry soul may see,
The pictures, hung with artist pride,
Within her world-wide gallery.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

The setting sun is shedding mellow rays
Of ambient light on all the spheres around,
And piercing through the subtle, tender haze
Of early twilight. All the clouds are bound
By pearly belts, or with bright wreaths are crowned.
And these fair clouds may now be plainly seen,
Forming a stately river, which has found
A winding way through realms of fairy queen,
From which rise groves of fir, and hillocks green.

Adown this river moves a gorgeous boat,
Tinted with orange, violet and gold;
And in it stands a youth. As on they float,
His watchful eyes observe the mountains bold,
The isles and trees, the vapors that enfold
The mystic river in a warm embrace,
The heavy, jagged rocks, that sternly hold
Primeval secrets 'neath their mossy face;
While over all, soft lights the shadows chase.

A fair, illumined cloud, rose-tinted mist,
Rises above the groves of verdant yew,
Joins with the clouds above, whose cheeks are kissed
With sunshine mild, and forms a castle true—
A castle wondrous fair, suspended in the blue!
All dreamy pearls and purples in the sunset's ray;
Made beauteous by the rich lights melting through.
Nor Fancy's pencil bright, nor poet's sweetest lay,
Can justly to the mind this fairy scene portray.

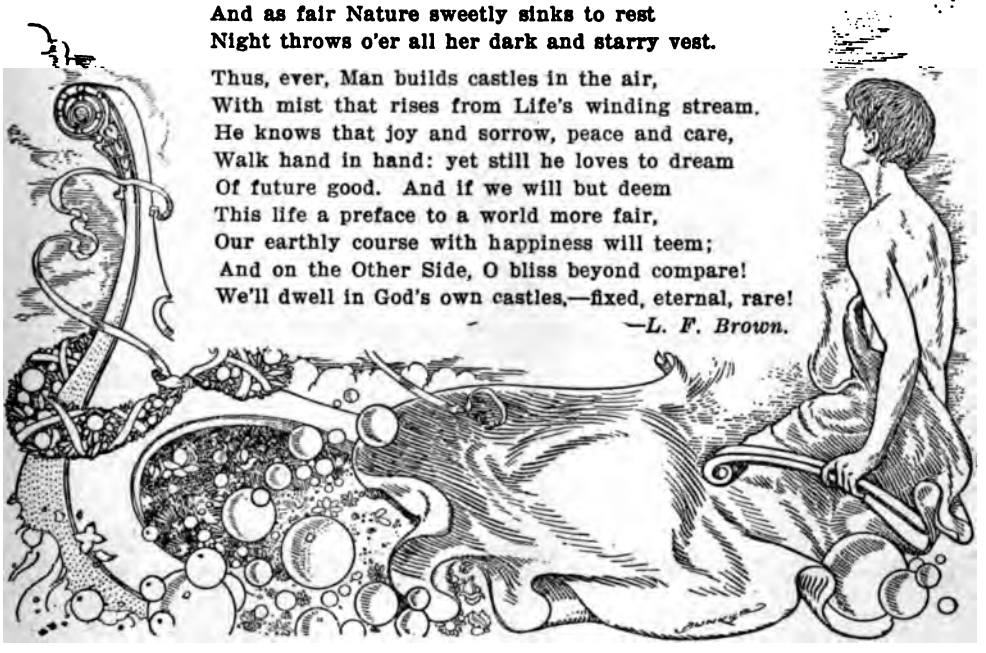
Columns and terraces, and lofty towers,
Are deftly fashioned as divinely planned.
The massive portals are bedecked with flowers—
Wreath crowning wreath and band encircling band;
While on the snow-white dome, superbly grand,
A golden staff supports the flag of bliss,
On whose pink folds are traced with cunning hand,
The symbol's of man's earthly happiness,
In wild confusion thrown, yet nothing placed amiss.

This glorious flag, in many a graceful wave
And fold voluminous, by the winds caressed:
And many an earthly joy, and action brave,
Is here with weird and wondrous art expressed.
Fear seeks a safe retreat: the child of want finds rest.
Alluring cupids hold up wedding rings,
Tears, little love-words, flowers pressed
In books of poems, blissful stings,
Reproaches mild, and all ambrosial things.

The youthful boatman, floating down the river,
Surveys the magic pile with darkling eye;
And as the misty walls now start and quiver,
Darken, and fade, and melt in azure sky,
He and his castle great—so far, and yet so nigh—
A shapeless mass of clouds, sink down the west.
The sunset's rosy colors linger, fade, and die;
And as fair Nature sweetly sinks to rest
Night throws o'er all her dark and starry vest.

Thus, ever, Man builds castles in the air,
With mist that rises from Life's winding stream.
He knows that joy and sorrow, peace and care,
Walk hand in hand: yet still he loves to dream
Of future good. And if we will but deem
This life a preface to a world more fair,
Our earthly course with happiness will teem;
And on the Other Side, O bliss beyond compare!
We'll dwell in God's own castles,—fixed, eternal, rare!

—*L. F. Brown.*



DEN DREAMS

By WALTER LEONARD.

THERE are times when, even in this no-winter land of California a fire smells almighty good in the heel of a dusk December day. The reason may lie in the reaction that is sure to attend on half a century of strenuous days and nights afield, spent mostly with a prodigality of nerve and muscle and a general total disregard of hygienic rules, after the manner of enthusiastic outers the world over. For be one ever so strong and healthy, the abused elements will one day have their revenge, and all of a grievous sudden the old woods loafer who once laughed at wind and weather locates an unwonted crick in his back, finds his breath coming a little harder on slight exertion, grows a contemptible effeminancy in the matter of soft warm bedding and the reluctance to leave it in the morning, and begets an irritating inclination to let the other and younger fellows lift on the heavy end of the camp-log.

To be sure, the old desire still abides with him, and he would be insulted to the scrapping notch were it intimated that his love for the exalting privations of sport was on the wane; "Once a sportman, always a sportsman" is his professed creed and he makes a great bluff at leading the youngsters when on a hard scramble through the chaparral or a heart-breaking tumble over the treacherous boulders of a trout stream, and grows chesty and egostistically reminiscent

at the evening camp-fire. But, somehow, he is the first man to turn in and last to turn out; and spruce feathers don't have that seductive drowsiness that they had twenty years agone, and the fool youngsters *will* pick bedding ground with stubs in it and—well, what does he care for big bags of game! He has killed more than his share in his day, and a true sportsman doesn't go out for mere killing, and the boys ought to have a chance; besides, he never did like to make work out of sport. Whereat the youngsters irreverently put their tongues in their cheeks and droop their eyelids in an exasperating way, saying commiserating things to each other when out of earshot of the veteran who, down in his heart of hearts, contemns himself as a hypocrite, knowing that the steel of his youth has been sadly annealed in the camp-fires of his long making, and that the spunk which carried him over the hard places now only glows, like other dying timber, with the phosphorescence of dry rot. Blessed is he far beyond the common lot if he can philosophically sit among the ashes of his pristine fire and, blowing dispassionately on the smouldering embers of his memory, fan them into a pleasant glow again. To this end a good fire on the den hearth goes far to help rekindle the flickering spark, and that is why I am sitting tonight, before one such, in the hopes that I can conjure up a flicker that will rehearten me—and perhaps amuse the younkers. Alack-aday! They are generally amused at my advice and relations. Well, I, too, was once young and knew it all, and there is always a time in every youngster's life when Jove's overcoat wouldn't make him a monkey jacket. I have had my day—and the night is a season of dreams, and the den fire burns gratefully.

* * * * * * *

Six hundred yards—and he is taking his last look from the ridge top at the thing which sent him scurrying there. How he looms up against the crimson evening sky, seemingly as big as a cow and black as jet against the setting sun! Not one man in a thousand who had seen antelope only at close range would credit his being an only fair-sized prong-horn buck, but that is what he is and I know, furthermore, that when he makes out the now riderless horse on the dun hillside from which he was started, he will dwell not on the order of his going and be another half-mile away before I can sight him again. It is a long shot—but we are out of meat and it is Hobson's choice.

Six hundred yards! I raise my sights in accordance. He turns face on now, and at the diminished target my hopes droop dismally. It was hard enough when he offered a broadside, but that narrow chest and neck line now seemingly are an impossibility. Yet the old Sharp's is a good gun—and who knows! In a convenient sage-brush fork the heavy barrel rests motionless. Filling my lungs to their utmost capacity and holding my breath as I sight, the Lyman bead rises steadily in a vertical plane until the tips of the slender horns are obscured. An imperceptible pressure on the delicately adjusted hair-trigger, and as the long picket screams across the intervening swale I raise my head above the smoke cloud. Against the crimson background he rears frantically and as he disappears from sight the soft *blop* of the striking bullet comes back faintly to my ravished ear. Never was bronco ridden more recklessly than on that afternoon, and I shook hands with myself exultantly when I topped the ridge. Squarely in the sticking place—and at full six hundred yards!

Yet, somehow, as I look at the beautifully mounted head I almost wish that the bullet had gone wide. There are no antelope now where I killed him on those Colorado foothills a dozen years ago, and I feel in a manner responsible for it. And yet—oh! the vanity of man—I wake long enough from my dreaming to take the obsolete old Sharp's from the rack and throw it with loving reminiscence to my shoulder, ignoring the reproach of the glass eyes overhead. In its day the old .40-90 was the king of them all! It is a good gun yet, and if I had to put my life in the balance against one shot, it is the old Sharp's that would come down for the shooting.

I wish I could feel that I am yet as good in my way as is the battered old relic which I replace with a sigh. And yet we boast of our superiority over inanimate things!

* * * * * * *

B-r-r-r! How cold it is! There is a frost rime on hair and mustache, and the single

blanket might as well be made of cheesecloth for all the efficiency it evinces in keeping the body warmth in and the icy glacier breath out. The air has a feeling of ponderability despite its assured rarefaction at the height of 12,000 feet above sea level, and when I open my mouth it feels as though an aerial icicle had been thrust down my throat. Overhead the stars sparkle with a scintillating snap that seems almost audible, and so clear and intense is the light of this stellar splendor that I can actually distinguish the second graduations on my watch dial. Only eleven o'clock and six more hours to daylight bright enough for hunting! Somewhere, a thousand feet or more below me, lie the bands of big-horns that my soul lusts for. Huddled together in some sheltering cleft they are lying warmly snuggled up, unconscious of the shivering danger above, which at the first gleam of sunrise will descend upon their devoted heads.

For one particularly patriarchial old ram there is dire calamity impending. All yester afternoon I watched him through my binoculars as he gingerly trod the almost perpendicular face of a, to me, inaccessible cliff, a third bigger every way that the other elders of his flock. For many moons had I heard stories about the size, beauty and wariness of this old man of the mountains, and I knew him at first sight. He was working upward toward a little plateau near the crest of Mount Blanca, where I rightly divined he would make his bedding place. It was imperative that I get above him if I wanted a shot, and respite the coming night and the insufficiency of my outfit, I took the chance and the upward trail.

Fortunately there is no wind, for the temperature must certainly be below zero; in this waste of rocks and ice there is no fire stuff of any kind available, and as it is early October there are no sheltering snowbanks into which I can burrow for shelter. A bit of scant grass and lichens in tne angle of two rocks is all the bedchamber Old Blanca affords me this night. But somehow I doze off, and when I open my eyes at dawn and attempt to rub the stiffness out of my numbed joints, a cold breeze springs up and in ten minutes the air is all ablaze with the myriad sun reflections on the frost particles of a *poudre* which sets in.

A *poudre*, be it known, is an atmospheric condition wherein the air is filled with a dense agglomeration of infinitisimally small ice particles which prick and burn the exposed skin like an Irish thistle would do. When illuminated by the sun's rays the effect is indescribably beautiful—the whole atmosphere being one radiant sea of colored prismatic fires. It was through such a scene of electric blues, reds, greens and purples that I finally looked upon the ram of my quest an hour later, and the effect was that of a silver statue with rufous gold horns, sharply outlined against the lead-colored cliff behind him.

It was an easy shot and I generously let three other big rams go by unscathed. I had enough to do to pack him out, and by the time I reached camp was bathed in perspiration. It is the record sheep of Colorado to this day in point of size and spread of horns, but he does not look half so majestic in the flickering fire light as he did that morning when the *poudre* bathed him in molten silver and encrusted him with gems.

* * * * * * *

The fire is burning low, which is a good thing, for the small conflagration of the past two hours has invested the room with a tropical heat. The watchful Jap, who has just brought in the Scotch and syphon, proceeds upon the wood-box with ardent intent, but I tell him to place on the embers instead a half-green billet which will better suit the temperature and burn longer. The reading light with its white-hot Welsbach burner is likewise turned out for comfort's sake, and a semi-gloom dusks the room. The sap-wood splutters and seethes, and a puff of acrid smoke disseminates itself throughout the room. Outside the rain is dripping and insensibly I am borne backward a score of years.

Hiss-s-s—was that the wet fire-stick or the sibilance of a reptile? There is a heavy miasmic odor in the nostrils, and through the gloom of a tropical forest I hear the soft swash of running water. Ah! I remember. This is British Guiana and it is the current of the Berbice River that is lapping behind me. That acrid smell is the rank effluvia of the toad orchid and that hiss the menace of the dreaded *camudie*, the water-constrictor called "anaconda" by the sci-

entists, the *Culebra de agua* of the Orinoco delta.

Instinctively I throw up my gun and glare about apprehensively in the gloom of the dripping forest. Ah! there he is—wrapped in sinuous folds like a mottled *liana* about that great *ceiba* limb, from which his head at the end of a third of his horrent length hangs pendant before my face. Quick as is my movement, that of the great snake is quicker and, as I involuntarily duck his dart, I trip over some obstacle underfoot and fall full length among the ferns to my salvation, leaving in his jaws the gun, which is bent like a straw as he whirls it about, the better to get it within those deadly coils.

One thinks quickly at such times and as I flounder out of the obscure path to the dubious protection of the giant *ceiba* trunk I draw my machete and wait developments. But for a long time nothing happens, and when at last I venture to peep about the bole the great snake is nowhere to be seen. But I take no chances, and it is well I do not, for after a half-hour's waiting I am about to go out and recover my gun when I see a capybara coming down the trail. As he waddles along, with his nose rooting in the trail like a hog, he looks like an exaggerated guinea-pig, three feet long and a foot and a half high. He passes me unseeing, and I am wondering where that snake can have gone to when I hear a shrill squeal, followed by an indescribable squashy sound, and all is still again. I have no desire to investigate more closely and picking up my useless gun retrace my steps to the boat and am soon in camp.

As I tell the story to the two Indian servants they grow much excited and insist that the big serpent is easy of capture now, for he will have swallowed the capybara and so be sluggish and easy to approach. Yielding to their importunities I take my spare gun and accompanied by the natives am soon at the ceiba where he struck at me. The natives fearlessly scour the country and at length one of them appears and beckons to me to follow.

About fifty yards further along the trail lies the huge snake in a little open glade, writhing in disgusting contortions in the attempt to bolt the water-hog, half of whose body is still protruding from his jaws. So great is the distention of the jaws that the wrinkling of the skin completely shuts off the snake's vision, and we approach to within ten feet without being detected. The Indians are for lassoing him and taking him alive, but so great is my antipathy and desire to be revenged for my ruined gun and the scare he has given me that I shoot him in the head without further parley, and long before he is done quivering we have removed his skin with head attached. He measures 30 feet and 8 inches, and his girth at the thickest portion is considerably more than that of my thigh. The Indians carry a six-foot section of him to camp, for the white meat is a real delicacy when baked. It looks good and—— No. Miksa, don't take the whisky away. And put on some dry wood. The room feels clammy.

* * * * * * *

"Hello! Hell-o! What's that? You won a turkey on slot machine and want me to help eat it to-morrow. Much obliged, old man, but I have a 'turk' myself—a genuine wild turkey, sent me by a friend in Oklahoma. You come over here and help eat him, and I'll tell you some choice whoppers about my turkey hunting experiences. That's good!—so long!"

"Miska, answer that cussed phone yourself hereafter, and say I'm not at home. I'm not—I'm "away off" to-night and want no further interruptions to my dreams. Sabe?"

A long stretch of rolling prairie, broken here and there by wooded and watered *coulies*. At its edge a gentle slope rising to a timbered eminence rich with mast bearing trees and shrubs.

Dit-a-gobl-gobl-gobl! I can almost hear my heart beat as the challenging answer comes back to my seductive call; hurriedly pocketing the hollow bone I pick up the old ten-bore and wait with strained vision and tense nerves for "Old Whiskers" to strut into view. But the old lord of that woodland harem is not as easy as he seems, and again the wing-bone sends the echoes vibrating. The answer, a single gobble, comes from an entirely different point of the compass than before, and my response is now an inviting hen cluck that proves irresistible; at the edge of the clearing—but a full two hundred yards away—he comes warily out and gives one more inquiring gobble, then

elongates his neck in the attempt to see over two townships at once.

If I only had a rifle now instead of this old splatter-gun! It's out of the question to reach him from here and the undergrowth is too dry to permit of stalking him through the timber. My only hope lies in calling, though it is dollars to dimes that the first cluck will send him scurrying back into cover. But it is my only chance and I raise the hollow bone to my lips. But before I can puff my cheeks there comes from a clump of brush some two hundred yards out on the prairie the clear, resonant challenge of another gobbler and the wary old bird shows by his actions that he is dumbfounded. He looks first in my direction and seems to say, "Now, right over there is where that turk yelped a minute ago. What the blazes is he doing over yonder—and how did he get there?" At this minute the gobble is repeated from the brush clump, and this time I discern a certain falsity in timbre that explains the whole thing to me: That last yelp was made by a wing-bone. Some other hunter is taking a hand in the game and there is going to be some fun before we get through. Another gobble from the clump and the old bird retreats precipitously into the timber, only to emerge therefrom about fifty yards nearer me. He is evidently going to try to circle that clump and my cue is to lie still and let the other fellow work him on to me. Three times does he do the disappearing act and at his reappearance the third time he is a scant thirty yards away. I watch him as he clears the timber and cranes his neck toward that clump out in the prairie. As I spring up the call sounds again and he whirls—into the centre of an ounce and a quarter of OO shot which, impelled by five drams of good old "soft coal," doubles him up like a wet dish rag.

As I gather him up I hear a volley of disgusted profanity from the clump out yonder and laughingly shout back my boyish taunt to the best veteran turkey hunter in the country. Gee! how good it feels, even now after those thirty-five long years, to know that for once I wiped old Injun Bill's eye! And that turk weighed 32 pounds!!

* * *

It is nearly midnight and the smoke hangs thick in the little den. The old pipe is too hot for comfort and there are not more than three fingers left in the decanter. This dreaming is dry work—or is it the tobacco that excites thirst?

Somehow everything is in a jumble now, and my dreams lack coherency. The files of my memory must have been upset by the foregathering of Nicotiana and Bacchus, for the contents of its pigeon-holes are irretrievably mixed, and across the mental vista go wounded bears charging dead quail and thundering buffalo catching creels full of trout, while ducks are colliding with grouse, and elk and caribou are coursing musk-oxen and mule deer. Funny thing, memory! Miksa, put me to bed. Pleasant dreams, ole fel'.

GOOD-BYE

THE autumn lingers just to say "good-bye,"
Then trails her gorgeous skirts across the sky;
The golden-rod, now trembling, bows her head;
The maples spill their silken drops of red,
And in the garden—ah! my rose lies dead,
'Neath Winter's sky.

The leaves are falling in a golden shower,
And day creeps onward towards the sunset hour.
Like fading stars the asters disappear;
Night drops upon the world a glittering tear.
The brook—the trees—the winds are sighing, dear,
"Sweet Autumn day—good-bye."

—Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

IT WAS the forepart of a long ago December. We had been encamped on the Judith River, near the mouth of Warm Spring Creek, for some time—long enough, the chiefs thought, for us to remain in one place. So they counciled together and decided that we should move over to the mouth of Sun River, where the city of Great Falls has now arisen. In those days it was a country of grassy plains, supporting countless numbers of buffalo and antelope, and along the timbered valley of the little river and its big brother, the Missouri, were always plenty of elk and deer.

It was a three days' journey, but when we arrived at Arrow Creek on the evening of the first day a strong Chinook wind set in and held us there for four nights and three days. Perhaps some of my readers have experienced those Chinooks of the northern plains; when a really strong wind is blowing, you will will remember, horse and rider cannot breast it. It picks up loose earth and gravel, grass, broken weed and bits of dried cactus and casts them into your face. And on foot, unless you walk stiff-legged, well braced against its bewildering buffets, it will even pick you up and toss you some distance away upon the hard ground. So there we were, wind-storm bound. There was no sheltering timber, and the lodges stood up only because they were guyed with strong rawhide ropes to deeply driven pegs, and their edges were weighted with a circle of large stones. There was no hunting; nothing was to be done except sit around the "buffalo-chip" fire and wait for the storm to subside. The lodge poles bent and creaked to the blasts; the lodge ears fluttered with a deep-toned unintermittent *b-r-r-r-r* that set one's nerves on edge. It was a warm wind of course; the ice on the stream melted, water ran down from the snowbanks in the *coulies*. We were comfortable enough, the smallest of fires sufficing to heat the lodge. Yes, comfortable enough in body but restless in mind; a Chinook upsets the temperament of the most phlegmatic men and women.

We, Ely and I, were with the tribe because our chief, the head of a great trading firm, had detailed us to journey with it and keep the hunters supplied with ammunition—powder and ball and caps, and .44 rim-fire cartridges. For plenty of ammunition meant plenty of buffalo robes and many pelts of various other animals, all of which would eventually become the property of the company. Of course we did not give away the ammunition, nor the tea, tobacco and sugar we carried in our big four-horse wagon. For instance, we allowed ten rounds of powder and ball, or five cartridges, for a deerskin—par value in Fort Benton one dollar each.

Ely was a half-breed, twenty odd years of age, six feet in height, lean and muscular, a noted hunter and a splendid shot. Honest, truthful, generous, kindly tempered, he was liked by all of the two races from which he had sprung. In his youth the Jesuit Fathers had taken him in hand, taught him to read and write, taught him their faith. He had given up the gods of his mother's people and was a member of the Church.

We were living with Chief Pe-nuk-wi-um. He had a very large lodge of twenty-two skins; also he had four wives, who were

of great service in preparing our meals, in caring for the pelts we got, in helping us pack and unpack the wagon when traveling. The chief himself was a good friend, a jovial old fellow who was never happier than when the lodge was filled with a crowd of guests, feasting, smoking and telling stories, or dancing the *As-sin-ah-pes-ka*—Assinaboine dance—which is the one in which women participate, a flirtation dance one may call it.

On the second evening of our enforced stay on Arrow Creek, Pe-nuk-wi-um gave a feast. The wind was blowing so fiercely that he could not stand outside the lodge and shout his invitations, and if he had done so none could have heard him. So he sent his wives around to notify the favored ones and presently they came, proud chiefs and warriors, medicine men of mystery and peculiar manners, until there seemed to be room for no more. After the roast buffalo tongues, the pemmican and the stewed berries had been consumed, the great stone pipe was filled and lighted, and as it was passed from one to another around the circle and back the talk was of things *nat-o-yi* ("of the sun"), or in other words, of "great medicine"—things and powers supernatural.

After a little time Ely found an opportunity to express his view of the subject. "Greatest of all medicines," said he, "was that with which World Maker [the white man's God] presented some of his people in the long ago."

"Ah! ah!" several exclaimed. "*Ok yi!*" (Let us hear.)

"Well," Ely began, "once World Maker sent His Son down to earth to teach the people how to live, how to pray, so that when they died their shadows would be fit to enter the happy land which lies far off in the blue above us. And He gave this Son great medicine. Once, when the Son was talking to many people, so many that they were in numbers as the grass blades in this valley, the listeners became very hungry. They had no food with them; He had only twelve small baked breads and twelve small dried fishes. But He broke this little food into small pieces and passed it around among them all, and every one eat all he wished, yet were there still remaining as many pieces of bread and fish as there were in the first place."

"'WAIT! LISTEN,' SAID ELY."

"*Teak sa!*" Pe-nuk-wi-um exclaimed, "there is nothing so wonderful about that. There was that ancestor of ours who dived down in a deep river pool and entered a lodge of the Under-Water people. They gave him to eat nothing but a berry, a single strawberry, lonely in a great wooden bowl. But he eat and eat until he could not hold another one, yet still was there a single berry lonely in the bowl."

"*Ai! ai!*" the guests exclaimed, some of them smiting their hands together. "That was wonderful. That one of *our* gods surely did!"

"Wait! Listen!" Ely exclaimed, his eyes sparkling, his face animated with the zeal for the faith that was in him. "You shall hear of something still more wonderful: In those days of which I speak there were some, blind, foolish, who did not believe in World Maker; they prayed to other gods; and they were very cruel to those who did believe. One day these bad men seized a believer and said to him: 'Unless you admit that all you have said about this World Maker is false we will throw you into the place of our chief's seven captive mountain lions, and they will tear you to pieces, eat your flesh, gnaw your bones.'

"'Truth is truth,' said the believer. 'I fear not your mountain lions. Do what you will, whatever your bad hearts prompt you to do. World Maker will protect me.'

"Without further talk the bad men picked him up, carried him to the place of the seven hungry animals, and tossed him in among them. They were lying down at the time, but they did not spring up when he fell among them. No; they remained as they were, quiet, silent, gazing with their great eyes at something in the far distance, their tail tips lazily quivering and curling to and fro. And there the believer remained all day, holding up his hands and praying to World Maker, and all that time the lions lay quiet, still looking at something far away, or sleeping soundly. The bad men, their women and children came and gazed down at him in wonder. 'Surely,' they said, 'this man has great medicine; the hungry animals do not even look at him.' At sunset they took him out of the place, saying: 'Here, now, we believe in your World Maker; tell us all about Him, teach us how to pray to Him. We forsake our old gods.'"

When Ely finished his story there was a momentary silence. Presently a grim old warrior, old Eagle Head, taking a final whiff of the pipe, passed it to the man on his left and began:

"He whom you have told about had some medicine it is true, but I, myself, have a medicine still more powerful, and it has carried me safely through greater danger than your believer was in.

"Like all of us here in my child days I often thought about the time when I must go out alone to some lonely place and fast, in order to find a medicine, a secret helper, to guard me through life. Nor did I fear the trials and sufferings I must undergo in order to become a man. No; instead of seeking some safe place near home I was always looking for a spot where there would also be danger to be endured.

"It happened that we were on a moose and elk hunt at the Lakes Inside [St. Mary's Lakes] when my time came. I said to my mother: 'Build for me a raft; and when it is ready I will lie down upon it and you shall push it out from the shore. Whither the wind blows, that way I will drift, and drifting or lodged against the shore, I will fast and find my medicine.'

"When I had said this, my mother began to cry; and she ran out to my father, who was standing near the lodge. I, pulling aside the door skin a little, watched them and listened. 'Dear sweetheart,' she cried, 'do not permit it; our son says that he will drift about on the lake to fast; he tells me to build for him a raft.'

"My father drew my mother to him and kissed her. 'Little woman,' he said, 'don't be a coward. I am proud to hear this; our son may find a great medicine out there.'

"'But,' pleaded my mother, 'think of the danger; think of those dreadful Under-Water people; think of the terrible creatures which also live away down in that deep, dark water. They will seize and drag him under, and we will never see him again.'

"'Yes,' said my father, 'there are fearful things out in that great lake, but the boy shall take his way. Build the raft.'

"One morning, after the raft had been built, they pushed it out from the shore as I

desired. It was a good raft, of dry drift logs well lashed with rawhide. On top of them were lashed some poles, and on these was laid a deep soft bed of rye grass. I lay stretched out upon it and was very comfortable. There was no steady wind that day; but mostly it kept me drifting southward, and when night came my raft touched the lower end of the island and stopped. I had seen nothing during the day to alarm me, but with the darkness the lake was stirred with the playing and splashing of its unseen creatures, and on all sides I heard strange noises and whisperings and cries. My heart throbbed fast; I trembled; I was terribly scared. I shut my eyes and prayed. I prayed all night. Once some Under-Water person or other one of the deep water climbed up on the far end of my raft. I could feel it give with the weight, hear the water drip from the strange one's body. I thought that this was the end. Oh, how scared I was! It staid on the raft a long time. Then, instead of seizing me, it suddenly leaped off into the lake with a splash that threw water upon me, and did not return.

"Drifting here and there, for four days and four nights I slept little, but prayed and prayed. And the nights were full of terror. On the fifth day, very weak I was by that time, my fasting took hold of me and I lay as one dead. My body was dead, but my shadow [soul] was alive, never before so much alive. I—me—,my shadow, why, I seemed to be able to travel great distances, and go as swiftly as a ball from a rifle. I traveled far. I saw many strange things, met many of the Ancient Ones—both men and animals, and although I besought them to aid me each one said the same thing—'You must go on,' they said, 'you must continue your search; somewhere your medicine awaits you.'

"Each time I was told this I felt very sad, and almost discouraged, and at last very tired I returned to my body. But still my eyes were closed, and I lay as one dead. Then, suddenly, something climbed up on my raft and sang a very strange, low, beautiful song. I could not see, but I said to the singer, "Who are you?'

"'I am the Ancient One,' he replied, 'the chief of all my family,' and he named the one. [The Blackfoot will hint at, but never specify the exact, animal, star, or whatver it is which he has taken for his medicine.] 'Also the sun is my chief, my god, as well as yours, and he has sent me to be your medicine. First, you will learn this song:

"He began it again, and sung it many times, I repeating it after him until I had learned it. Then he counseled me to be always brave, and in time of danger always to call on him for aid and he would help me. 'Thus,' said he, 'you will live to great age. And then, after a few words more of advice, he slipped off of the raft and swam away. After that I knew nothing until I came to myself in my father's lodge. Each day he and my mother had been watching me drifting about, and they took me off of the raft and carried me home. 'Twas thus I got my medicine."

Old Pe-nuk-wi-um was again preparing to fill the great pipe, deliberately, carefully chopping and rechopping the tobacco and mixing with it the proper proportion of *kak-ah-sin*, the dried leaf of a vine which the old French voyageurs always spoke of as "*l'herb*"—I know not its English name. We all absently watched the filling of the bowl, the careful adjustment to it of the long stem, but no one spoke. We awaited the rest of the story. Eagle Head was given the honor of lighting the pipe, and after he had taken a few whiffs of the cool smoke he passed it on and continued:

"*Kyi!* This is not the time nor place to recount my coups. I will only tell of one, of which I was reminded by your story of the believer, and I will leave it to all here if my medicine was not greater than that of the man who sat still all day among the animals, who did nothing at all but sit still.

"We went to war against the Crows, some thirty of us, one long ago summer. Our camp at the time was on the River-of-Many-Dead-Chiefs [St. Mary's River], a long distance from the Crow country, but we did not mind the far trail and struck out afoot. We traveled along the foot of the mountains where streams were many, where was always plenty of timber in which to conceal ourselves and rest during the long hot days. At last, when we came to Dried Meat River [the Musselshell], we felt that we were beginning to enter the country of the enemy,

"HE TURNED ON ME, KNIFE IN HAND, BUT I KNOCKED IT AWAY."

and from there on we traveled more carefully than ever, each morning posting two or three men to keep watch while the rest of us slept. There was no sign of people on the Dried-Meat River, nor could we find any fresh signs on the Elk River [the Yellowstone], so we crossed that fine stream also and struck up into the Big Horn Mountains. One morning at daylight, soon after we arrived at the foot of them, we came to a small stream and found several fresh horse tracks on a sand bar, also the footprints and knee marks of a rider who had dismounted and knelt down to drink. Then we knew that the enemy was not very far away; the sign we found was likely that of a couple of men riding out after meat.

"As I said, it was daylight; we thought that the enemy's camp might be very near; at least it would not do for us to travel any further until some scouting was done, so we all turned back into a little grove of cottonwoods and willows. Here our party were to remain all day except three who were to go on discovery, and our partizan mentioned me as one of them. The others were to go, one up the stream, the other down, and I was to keep on southward. Mine was the most dangerous task, for, on reaching the opposite rim of the valley I found that the country ahead was open, ridge after ridge, with only a few clumps of pine or cottonwood scattered here and there. I went on very carefully, looking, looking at every open spot, at every ridge ahead. at the big plain to the east, at every timbered valley I came to. Nothing was in sight except a few head of game here and there. They were few indeed; I felt sure that the great camp could not be far away, else I would have seen large herds of elk and hundreds of deer. As to buffalo, there wasn't even an old bull anywhere around. I crossed three ridges, three little streams between them, and started to climb the fourth, when something caught my eye for an instant as it was quickly disappearing over the top. I thought it looked like a man. I fell flat in the grass and watched for some time; nothing came, nothing was astir anywhere ahead. 'Oh,' I said to myself, 'it must have been a deer; or maybe a wolf,' and I went on again, but still more cautiously. I came presently to the top of the ridge; a few more steps and I would be able to see the valley at its foot. But just then I came face to face with a Crow; he was on foot, and carried a lariat over his left arm, a gun in his right hand. We were both surprised, and for a little stood and stared at each other. Then he raised his gun, I mine; we fired at about the same time, but I was not hit; he, however, dropped his gun, staggered, then turned and ran reeling back down the slope, calling out in his language, waving his hand. Then I knew that the camp was down in the valley, that he was crying out for help. I knew that I ought to turn and run back to shelter, but I was bound to count coup. I ran after him, caught up with him; he turned on me, knife in hand, but I knocked it away into the grass with a blow of my gun barrel, jumped on him and killed him with my own knife. I tore the scalp from his head, seized his gun, and sprang to my feet. Then for the first time I saw that I had got into a place of great danger. As I had suspected, there was the great camp, hundreds of lodges, down at the foot of the hill. Women were shrieking and pointing up at me; numbers of men were hurrying out to the horse herds on the opposite slope; others, not waiting for a mount, were running up the hill toward me. I turned and ran back and down the slope as fast as I could. '*Hai-yu!* Thou little animal of the water! *Hai-yu!* my medicine,' I kept praying, 'aid and protect me now, for a multitude of the enemy pursue me,' and I sang the song he had taught me. Not aloud, you know, I needed all my breath. I just sang it in my mind as I leaped down the slope and into the thick timber bordering the little stream. It was a shallow stream, about three jumps wide. As soon as I got into it I turned and ran up, taking care to splash no water on the rocks. I had not gone very far when I heard my pursuers coming down the slope shouting, and by the sound of their voices I knew that they were spreading out, that some would strike the valley above me, others below.

"What was I to do? How was I to escape them? I prayed to my medicine, calling on him to aid me in this time of need. The stream narrowed, got deeper; on each side the hill was choking it, and great boulders,

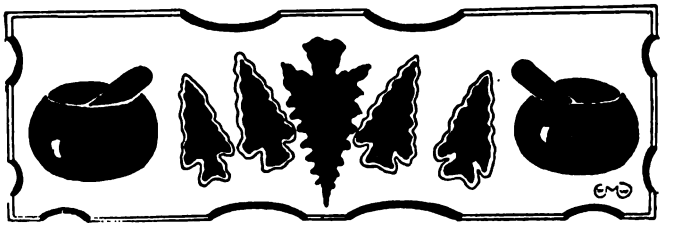
many of them three times the height of a man, lay piled on one another. Close by, on my right, I saw a low opening in a heap of these rocks, low and narrow, and I ran ashore. Where I stepped, there I laid in my wet footprints a dry rock, and thus I covered my trail to the mouth of the little cave. That took time, and the shouting was now very near. I stooped down and crawled into the opening. As I went it grew darker in there, still it was not very dark. I could see the end of the cave, and suddenly I saw something else; three mountain lions! They were an old she one and two of a year's or more growth. They laid their ears back and showed their teeth. The old one growled and spit at me. The place was narrow; they could not pass me. I knew at once that I must fight them, and I drew my knife, calling on my medicine. How their eyes blazed! Oh, I was afraid! but still more afraid of my enemies outside. To this day I do not know how I did it. We were all mixed up. There was clawing and biting and growling and spitting, but one after another I killed them, and then I crawled back, very weak, very sore, and piled some rocks at the place I had entered. And I was just in time, for a little after the enemy were hurrying by. Had they seen an opening there into the little cave they would surely have come in and found me.

"How I finally escaped from there, how I found my friends, and what we accomplished is another story. What I want to know is this: Who had the greatest medicine? The believer our friend has told us about, or I?"

"You!" "You!" "You!" cried the guests as they arose to depart. "Yours was the great danger, and the great medicine." Ely sat silent, absently gazing at the blue flame of the buffalo chips. I was curious to know how he was impressed by Eagle Head's tale.

"Friend," I queried as we were preparing for bed, "what did you think of the old man's story?"

He sighed. "I do not know what to think," he finally replied. "Sometimes I feel—well—I guess that there may, perhaps, be two—Oh, I hope I do not offend, that I do not sin by saying so—but I think that perhaps God is for the white man, and the Sun, Old Man, the Ancient Ones, for the Indian."



SIESTA

A SHADY nook where naught is overheard
But wind among the eucalyptus leaves,
The cheery chirp of interflitting bird,
Or wooden squeak of tree-frog as it grieves.
The resting eye broods o'er the running grass,
Or nodding gestures of the bowed wild oats:
Watches the oleander lancers pass,
And the bright flashings of the oriole notes.
Hushed are the senses with the drone of bees
And the far glimmer of the mid-day heat;
Dreams stealing o'er one like the incoming seas,
Soft as the rustling zephyrs in the wheat;
While on the breeze is borne the call of love
To love, dear love, of Majel, the wild dove. —*Charles E. Jenney.*

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street.
Telephone, Main 1262.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the people of California we demand at the hands of our legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

GREETING

TO ALL who deserve it—and to those who don't as well—"Western Field" wishes a Merry Christmas and a New Year of unalloyed happiness and unbounded prosperity.

Looking backward over the somewhat abbreviated career of our publication, the staff of "Western Field" is beaming with complacency at the results which have attended on its labors in the mission to which it is primarily dedicated. To-day California has in force a set of game laws that are as good as any in the Union, save in one small particular which will be certainly remedied at our next legislative assembly. And the most engaging feature of all is that our populace has been educated up to a great appreciation of the value of those laws, the infractions of which are confined to that very small minority of ignorant and vicious persons to whom no law is sacred or who have not wit and sense enough to know when they are blessed.

In this education of the masses we have taken a very prominent and strenuous part. In face of a strong opposition from some who are mercenarily interested, and the discouraging and disheartening apathy of others who for some inexplicable reason affected not to care about the conservation of their heritage, we have almost wrought miracles in the way of practical game protection and the enactment of laws to that end.

We feel, therefore, that our labors have borne good fruit—that we have "made good" in the expressive language of the street—and that we are in a condition to justly felicitate ourselves. It is an almighty good frame of mind to be in, and one conducive to much sympathetic feeling for one's kind. So we repeat with all sincerity: may God be good to all who deserve it, and indulgent and merciful to the others. A happy New Year to all on earth irrespective of all virtues or failings.

Good health, good leisure and good hunting to all men!

IMPROVE THIS OPPORTUNITY

WE BEG to again remind our friends that on and after January 1, 1906, the price of "Western Field" will be advanced to 15 cents per single copy and $1.50 per year.

Corresponding advance in advertising space rates will also be made at the same time; our reasons therefor were given fully in our last issue and do not need to be further enlarged upon.

Up to and including the last day of this year we will accept both new subscriptions and renewals of old ones at our former rate, viz.: $1.00 per year, and we urge our friends to take advantage of this offer in time. After December 31 we shall positively refuse all tenders of one dollar for subscriptions and to this there will positively be no exceptions made. Subscriptions may be extended for any number of years at the old rate if remittances are mailed us before January 1, 1906. A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE LICENSE QUESTION

THE question of the advisability of licensing the sportsmen who take game and fish, and the market hunters and dealers who traffic therein, is one of constant recurrence, and sooner or later it must be answered decisively by the legisture of this State.

Elsewhere in the Union, and also in Canada, the people have come to a realization of the necessity of such licenses, about whose constitutionality and simple equity there is not the smallest doubt. In nine of the United States and in two Canadian provinces residents are compelled to take out licenses for the taking of game and fish, and in twenty-five states and everywhere in Canada a like restriction is placed upon non-residents who usually are compelled to pay a much larger fee for their privilege.

Bringing the question home to our own bailiwick we find conditions that, in our opinion, make a system of graduated licenses a positive necessity. For California is, unfortunately, one of the few states in which any game is still allowed to be sold and in which, consequently, market hunting with its attendant lethal consequences is an established business; and being such, no one will controvert the wisdom of a system of licenses operating to its sensible regulation.

The consensus of opinion among the American people is indubitably in favor of laws prohibiting the sale of all game and game fish, and the time will soon come when such laws will become universal. But we have presently to deal with conditions as we find them and not in much-to-be-desired futurities except in an objective way. If ducks and trout are permitted to be killed for sale, let us alike as matters of self-defense against unscrupulous game butchers, for the best interests of the game itself, and for the acquirement of a very considerable revenue which can be utilized in game protection and propagation, see that laws are enacted and enforced whereby market hunters and dealers will have to pay for a privilege that is costing the state at large so dear. Leaving out the feature of a regular hunting and fishing license which should—and eventually will be imposed upon all who hunt or fish, a special extra tax should be exacted from market hunters and game dealers, as much for the facilities which such a "tab" on these people would afford the authorities in the way of preventing killing and possession in excess of the legal limits, as for the revenue which would accrue.

"The easiest place to dam a river," said a high state official, in a recent conversation with the writer, "is at its fountain-head. Let us once get a license tab on the man who does the killing, and another on the man who offers him the inducement to kill [the game dealer] and we will soon have the situation thoroughly under control. I, personally, am opposed to the sale of all game, and I am firmly convinced that your argument in favor of prohibiting it is good sense, and will eventually become good law. But in the interim between the then and now let us reap what benefit we can, and regulate to the fullest possible degree what I frankly concede to be an evil. A graduated license upon the market hunter, the game dealer and the small-businessed reseller of ducks and trout, would net us at least $7,000 or $8,000 a year, which would go a long way toward helping out the enforcement of the game laws, as well as bringing us into intimate knowledge of the actions of the men who are presently the head and front of the offending."

"Western Field" would like to see this question thoroughly discussed by all interested, and to that end will open its columns to the opinions of any sportsman who has an argument, pro or con, to present.

Brother Sportsmen, what are your views?

President.

H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.

Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.

C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.

E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Secretary-Treasurer.

E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Rutherford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

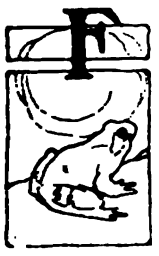
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and August 25, this year. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Florston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; fined $50.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch; fined $30.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham; fined $20.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $25.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble; fined $20.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum; fined $25.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable; fined $20.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $20.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer; jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis; fined $25.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall; case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb; case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph; discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah, Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea; fined $25.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph; fined $25

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Web Toms; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch; case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl; case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; fined $25.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession. M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY 27.

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in possession Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, Covelo. Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close season, Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possession, Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possession, Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped bass, Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized striped bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession close season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officers A. F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, Sonora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Rio Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, Tahoe City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close season, Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; ten days in jail.

R. P. Poe, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

C. M. Anderson, killing quail close season, Willits, A. W. Ralph; $25 fine.

C. S. Gruning, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

A. B. McCutcheon, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Ah Sing, Fresh buck horns in possession, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Charley Borson, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Miss F. Louise Sheppard, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls, A. F. Lea and Wm. Rae; $25.

Chas. Noyse, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

E. Chapman, killing deer out of season, Happy Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

There were also seized over 3,000 pounds of undersized striped bass; 250 pounds of unlawfully possessed trout and 10 illegally used nets.

ARRESTS MADE FROM AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 25.

E. P. Lounibos, shipping doves in concealed packages, Glen Ellen, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.) underweight striped bass in possession, Sacramento, George Neale; $20.

Luke Petrich, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, J. C. O'Connell and J. H. Davis; $25 fine.

T. G. Canckwell, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

T. A. Lang, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $75 fine.

Richard Faulkerson, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25.

Louis Saroni, having spotted fawn in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; dismissed.

Dennis O'Leary, killing a doe, Stonyford, J. R. Martin; $50.

Tony Bezoni, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

White McClure, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

Henry Christopher, killing deer close season, Yreka, T. W. Birmingham and A. E. Doney; $50.

Chas. Kisaki, killing quail close season, Monrovia, Manuel Trijo; $25 fine.

J. Cavagna, killing a spotted fawn, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25 fine.

H. Matushara, using set net, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $100 fine.

Al Quinn, killing a meadow lark, Ione, J. E. Kelly; $25 fine.

Ray Streeter, shooting on enclosed land, Alhambra, Eldridge S. Freer; $25 fine.

Joseph Flamini, taking young of fish, San Rafael; $25 fine.

Herman Stolz, quail in possession close season, Sacramento, George Neale; dismissed.

Lee Yoke Suey, offering for shipment dried California shrimp, San Francisco, Chas A. Vogelsang and E. E. Pedlar; case pending.

Stephen Billeci, using small mesh net for taking striped bass, Pinole, J. H. Davis, J. C. O'Connell and Antone Soto; $200.

ARRESTS MADE AUG. 26 TO SEPT 1, 1905.

G. K. Legakes, killing quail close season, Pasadena, Sam L. Wallis; pending.

Ch. Young, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Fon Ring, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Sue, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Hoy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah King, undersized abalone in possession Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Poy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Jim, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $50.

Oscar Siberg, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

E. A. Wickersham, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

Jas. Weller, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

Tom Jones, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

John Hitchcock, killing a fawn, Susanville, E. D. Payne; pending.

B. Moro, fishing without a license, Vallejo, J. H. Davis; pending.

SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1905.

Clarence Shiveley, killing quail close season, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; dismissed.

Ah Jo, undersized abalones in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Mrs. M. Henry, excess bag limit, trout, Redlands, H. J. Pritchard; $29.

M. Scondres, crabs in possession close season, Oakland, Thos. Woods; $20.

Thos. John, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; $25.

A. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

M. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

A. Enea, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; $100.

P. Fereira of Alameda, killing quail close season, Kelseyville, A. F. Lea; $50.

Chas. Widmyer, Saturday and Sunday fishing for salmon, Isleton, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer Superior Court.

L. Schagg and John Ingraham, killing does, Jolon, S. J. Smart; dismissed.

H. F. Jensen, killing a doe, Eureka, J. E. Morton; $50.

T. Busha, killing quail close season, Hopland, A. L. O'Neal; dismissed.

John McCann, deer hides in possession with evidence of sex removed (73 hides), J. E. Morton; pending.

Leon Vieux, killing a doe, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $50

J. D. Rice, killing quail close season, Redding, Eugene Barion; $25.

G. Narcosso, killing quail close season, Jackson, C. B. Arditto; $25.

C. Giovanini, killing quail close season, Jackson, O. H. Reichling; $25.

V. Mei, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; $100.

Mario Fediricone, shipping underweight striped bass, M. L. Cross and J. C. Ingalls; pending.

A. Engel, proprietor Palace Restaurant, Los Angeles, crawfish in possession close season, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

J. Perejallo, underweight striped bass in possession, Haywards, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Philip Ghiorzo, killing ducks, close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; $40.

Chas. Lee and John Lee, killing ducks close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; discharged.

Levin Tanning Co., allowing substances dele-

terious to fish to pass into Santa Rosa Creek (second complaint), Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Cap. Elmore of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; $25.

Tom Lockhart of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; pending.

I. N. Searle, dynamiting fish, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25

Antoni Bongiobanni, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

E. Gumbert, underweight striped bass in possession, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

Giacomo Carnigha, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $50.

Giacomo Carnigha, using a set net, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $100.

S. Samoni (Free Market, Oakland), underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thos. Wood; $20.

C. Schmeiser, quail in possession close season, Lakeport, A. F. Lea; $25.

C. F. Henderson, killing tree squirrels, Willits, T. C. Gibson; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing meadow larks, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

P. Cantiere, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Ferraro, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

Angelo Olean, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

John W. Yeary, quail in possession close season, San Luis Obispo, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Thos. S. Esrey, ducks in possession close season, Hanford, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

Wm. Edinson, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

T. G. Porter, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

Martin Ivancovich, selling underweight trout, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Ah Sing, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Miss Octavia, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

Walter Lewis, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Carl Rischer, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

Gene Prindiville, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

—. Kennedy, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

SEIZURES, AUGUST, 1905.

100 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
2400 lbs. underweight striped bass.
1 set net.
1 salmon net (used Saturday and Sunday fishing).

SEIZURES, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

50 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
250 lbs. salmon.
1350 lbs. underweight striped bass.
40 lbs. trout improperly shipped.
100 lbs. undersized crawfish.
12 doz. quail.
2 set nets.

$1520 fines imposed for month of September.

ARRESTS MADE, OCT. 1 TO NOV. 1, 1905.

C. Roppa, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Pietro Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

S. Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Tom Ruggers, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

A. Conini, killing quail close season, Salinas, S J. Smart; $25.

Charlie Riggio, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

M. Almieda, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

F. Marincovich, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Nordiste, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

A. Rossi, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Frank Bargacci, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Charles L. Meyer, offering dried shrimp for shipment to China, San Francisco, Charles A. Vogelsang; $20.

Manuel Silva and Cello Bettino, killing quail close season, Sacramento, George Neale; released on account of youth.

E. Smith, trapping quail without permit, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; $40.

Peter Bomda, salmon in possession close season, Benicia, J. H. Davis. J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court.

G. Balleci, selling and having in possession underweight striped bass, Martinez, J. M. Walker; $25.

Charles Dondero, underweight striped bass offering for sale, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

K. Matsurura, killing meadow larks, Dinuba, W. H. Elam; $25.

Henry Harris, killing quail close season, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

A. Leuceth, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

B. Ford, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

L. G. Zaiser, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

Ice and Cold Storage Co., Los Angeles, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

W. R. Fair, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $30.

Francisco Germano and Antone De Felice, non-game birds in possession (flickers), Berkeley, J. C. Ingalls and W. R. Welch; $20.

Fred Manaro, meadowlarks in possession, Berkeley, J. C. Ingalls and W. R. Welch; $10.

Gus Lageri, quail in possession, close season, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

Ernest Tonelli, killing tree squirrels, San Rafael, G. E. Ortinan; $25.

Charles Benson, killing quail close season, Redlands, G. W. Koehler; $25.

Milton Carlson, killing quail close season, Madera, James R. Warner; $25.

Warren Player and James Devine, salmon in possession close season, Washington, Geo. Neale; held to answer before Superior Court, $200 each or 100 days each.

Frank Billeci and V. Billeci, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

Rocco Russo and S. Russo, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

Giatiano Ollando and Gaspar Fontira, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

C. W. Woods, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Oliver James, killing gray squirrels, San Rafael, John S. Ellis; $25.

James Nigro and Antone Nigro, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Philip Esparcia, bag limit on quail, Concord, Thomas Duncan; $50.

M. Baresti, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $50.

J. A. Johnson, killing a doe, Kern City, O. H. Klein; acquitted.

James Bennelli, killing wild birds, sec. 637a, A. F. Lea; pending.

Elmer Tuttle, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Frank McMasters, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Ellis Robinson and Bert Robinson, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Huestis; pending.

Frank Legg and William Rolley, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Heustis; pending.

Served summons on French-American Wine Co., polluting waters of Russian River with substances deleterious to fish, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea; pending.

D. J. Murphy, offering snipe for sale, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; dismissed.

C. Deanglo, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; dismissed.

Ferdinondo Fosorael, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; $100.

John Lewis, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

John Ball, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

P. Peri, plover in possession close season, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Frank Gillaino, shooting meadow larks, Oakland, Thomas Woods; acquitted.

Ray Teal, shooting ducks close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, Sacramento, George Neale; $50.

Tony Carnadi, underweight striped bass, Benicia, W. D. Hyde; $20.

C. Nauman (Nauman & Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; $25.

H. C. Gallon (Scatena & Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

J. F. Correia, excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; pending.

Walter H. Mack (Western Fish Co.), underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

T. Yatago, killing meadow larks, Fresno, M. J. Burnham; $25.

$2,030 imposed in fines during the month of October, 1905.

2 small mesh nets seized.
8 salmon nets seized.
1,580 lbs. salmon seized.
145 lbs. striped bass seized.
38 lbs. trout seized.
2,109 ducks seized.
81 quail seized.
20 snipe seized.

MR. BIRMINGHAM EXPLAINS

To the Editor of the "Western Field"—Dear Sir: As very little is generally known about the California State Fish Commission and its duties, it is with the hope of the enlightenment of those who have no idea of its work that this letter is addressed to you, and the writer trusts that your exchanges and the sportsmen and others interested will give it attention and as much publicity as is possible.

The California State Fish Commission was organized some years ago under an act of the legislature and is charged with the protection of fish and game and the propagation of the same. The commissioners, three in number, are appointed by the governor to serve at his pleasure and to serve without any salary or other perquisites. They in turn employ a chief deputy who is charged with the practical running of the commission. He has under him twelve regularly paid deputies who constitute what is called the field force. Besides these, we have our hatcheries at Lake Tahoe and Sissons in Shasta County, where, at the latter, salmon eggs taken by the United States Government are hatched. At this hatchery we have a superintendent and several assistants, one of whom takes charge of the Lake Tahoe hatcheries, where all of the cutthroat trout are hatched during the summer months. The commission also distributes to those who are desirous of obtaining them, young trout and black bass, making no charge for such work other than the return freight on the cans used in making these shipments. The commission also pays for the ice which it is necessary to use in order to maintain the water during the transmission at a certain uniform temperature. The commission has also endeavored to import and rear in the State from time to time foreign game birds, and is now about to import some Hungarian pheasants in the hope of increasing the variety of the game birds in this State.

The commission is also charged with seeing that all rivers are unobstructed by dams, or if so, to insist upon adequate fish-ways, and as well are charged with the duty of preventing the pollution of the streams and bays of this State with material which is detrimental to the fish or game therein or on. The commission is also required to collect a license from all market fishermen, such license going to the fish culture fund and to the general fund of the commission. The legislature of the State sets aside only a paltry $25,000 per year to carry on all of the commission's work. Out of this the commission has to pay salaries to its regularly paid deputies, office rental, the maintenance of the fish hatcheries, the feeding of the young fish, which in itself is a large item, and the expense of its deputies when on details in the field throughout the State. Three of our twelve regularly paid deputies are assigned to the commission's launch, the Quinnant, and it is their duty to patrol the waters of the bays and the rivers tributary to them. Their work is arduous, and the boat covers hundreds of miles each month, consuming large quantities of gasoline, all of which must be paid out of the commission's funds. The work of these deputies is not alone arduous, but is dangerous as well, for they are treating with a hard class, most of whom are foreigners and who have little respect for life when a chance of escape from these deputies would allow. Our other field deputies often have to take long rides through sparsely settled portions of the State when apprehending game law violators, sleeping out wherever night overtakes them and sometimes remaining away as long as three weeks without returning home. To properly patrol the State would require at least twenty more regularly paid deputies, but as the funds of the commission will not allow it is evident that the most important sections should be given the most attention, and this is what the commission is trying to do.

Out of all the reports for game violations received by the commission, it is safe to estimate that ninety per cent of them are without foundation; that is to say, the complaints as made would not justify an arrest, as the evidence given is usually so meager that the chance of the violator's escaping is great. It must be understood that the commission is liable to civil action for false arrest, the same as any other citizen is, and the commission and its deputies must be careful not to make a mess of things and thereby get into trouble. The commission was organized for the purpose of doing the most good to the greatest number of people, and it is sometimes severely criticised by certain enthusiastic sportsmen, who are inclined to charge it with dereliction of duty because the commission cannot devote more particular attention to any certain thing which they, these people, think more important than anything else the commission might have to do. As a matter of dollars and cents the salmon industry of this State is worth more to the State as a whole than all the rest of the fish and game interests in the State, and the commission must therefore under the circumstances devote most of its energies to the care of this important industry. If, on the other hand, at the bi-annual sessions of the legislature larger appropriations were made, the commission would be in a position to better patrol the State and the waters adjacent and therein and thus apprehend game law violators and prevent game law violations. The commission has what is known as a large number of outside deputies. These men receive no salary, but it is usual to allow them compensation for making arrests and obtaining convictions, and a great many of our successful cases have been made by these men. The objection to this, however, is the fact that in most cases where arrests are made by these outside deputies, the fine paid is usually small, and as a consequence the deputy making the arrest and obtaining the conviction receives it. Fines obtained by arrest and conviction by our regular deputies are turned directly into the commission's funds, and if it were not for this fact the commission would find itself hard pressed to do the work it is now endeavoring. It is not generally known perhaps that the commission has to stand the expense of all Superior Court trials, and as the fines usually obtained from the Superior Court trials amount to $200 on an average, and the cost of such litigation reaches $300, it can readily be seen that the commission is out of pocket by the fact of bringing Superior Court action.

The commission has often been charged with allowing game and fish in the San Francisco markets out of season, but when it is understood that we cannot enter the premises of these markets without a search warrant, and that a search warrant will not be issued unless for very good reasons, it is hard to catch these guilty parties. It has often been reported to the commission that certain fish dealers were exposing for sale illegal fish. If the person who made these reports had called it to the attention of a police officer the fish dealer could have been arrested just as well by a policeman as by one of the commission's deputies. There are times when we have no regular deputies available for the inspection of game and fish coming into the San Francisco markets, and the markets themselves, and the fish dealers knowing this take advantage of this time to carry on their illegal acts.

The formation of the Game Protection Association throughout the State has in a great many instances materially assisted the commission, but some of these associations are founded upon principles which if adopted as laws of this State would be entirely too radical and thus practically become dead letters. Some of these fish and game protectionists are so radical in their views, and so bitter toward those who may differ with them, that they are led at times to criticise the commission and its work unjustly, and to charge it openly in some instances with receiving money in order to allow the violators of the fish and game laws to carry on their unlawful acts. The writer has nothing but contempt for people of this character, and simply makes mention of this fact to show in a measure how disheartening it sometimes is to the commissioners to carry on their work.

It must be borne in mind that we must not become too radical in our views, and that we must work slowly and feel our way in asking for the enactment of laws too radical that would possibly become dead letters. It is the earnest hope of the writer that the honest and sincere sportsmen throughout the State will give the commission their undivided support and assistance in the maintenance of the laws and in the arrest and conviction of the violators of such laws, as well as to get behind the commission at the next session of the legislature to assist it in getting a larger appropriation with which to carry on this work.

JOHN BERMINGHAM,
Member of Cal. State Fish Commission.

A SHAMEFUL CONDITION

Los Angeles, Cal., October 27, 1905.

"Western Field," San Francisco, Cal.—Gentlemen: During the latter part of September I made a trip through Siskiyou County after deer. I went some forty-five miles from Happy Camp, almost to the border line of Siskiyou and Del Norte Counties. At one place, near where we camped, were the carcasses of fully 300 deer, which had been stripped of the meat and the hides. The bones had not even been dismembered. The heads of does and fawns were frequently to be seen. All of these deer were slaughtered this year. The parties killing them paid no attention whatever either to the limit or to sex of the animal killed. There are many deer in that country. So many that I saw sixteen does and fawns one morning. Nothing, however, can withstand the slaughter that has taken place in that country.

I call your attention to this matter, hoping that you will be able to rouse public sentiment in that end of the State in favor of a strict enforcement of our game laws. Yours truly,

J. A. GRAVES.

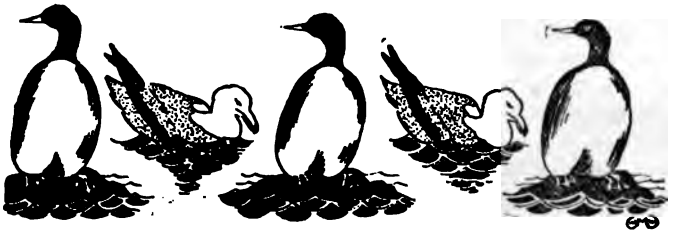
OPEN AND CLOSED SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1905-1906.

WHITE--Open Season. BLACK--Close Season.

BAG LIMIT	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Quail, Doves, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis Plover, Rail — *25 in one day*												
Ducks — *50 in one day*												
Deer (male) — *2 in one season*												
Trout, 50 fish not exceeding 25 lbs total weight in one day												
DEER.										Oct 15		
DOVES.		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN.		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL.		Feb 15								Oct 15		
SNIPE.										Oct 15		
TROUT.												
STEELHEAD TROUT (Above tide-water closed November 1st to April 1st)									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15th).									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long).									Sep 15			
BLACK BASS.												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in. across the back).												

N. B.—In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter (can not be longer than State Law). Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

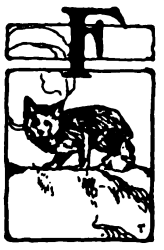
Killing an Elk, a felony—1 to 2 years imprisonment.
Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for killing Does, Fawns, Antelope, or Mountain Sheep, $50.



NATURAL HISTORY

CATERPILLARS

By LAWRENCE IRWELL.



FROM childhood's days there are few members of the insect world which we know better and like less than the caterpillars, which represent the baby stages of butterflies and moths. This is easily explained, for nearly every plant has at least one, and often many kinds of such insect infants to feed upon it, and as the habits of caterpillars are generally sluggish, we have abundant opportunity to observe their movements as well as to catch them easily.

The common green caterpillar, the privet hawk-moth, which is known to almost everybody, when full grown attains about the length and thickness of a man's little finger, although it has been hatched from an egg little larger than a pin's head. Of course the great increase of size during the caterpillar (or larva) stage is at the expense of the leaves on which it feeds, as these babies occupy the whole of their time, except when resting, in eating. And this is not surprising, because after full growth has been reached they change to the chrysalis stage and take no food.

When we first observe one of these caterpillars in its green dress, especially if it happens to be resting in its sphinx-like attitude, it is a question whether it would be fear or admiration for its handsome appearance that would prevent the average man or woman from examining it more carefully. If, half afraid, one should touch the grub while so resting, the menacing manner in which it would move its head from side to side would be likely to deter many persons from further interference. This motion probably drives away some and scares others of its natural enemies, although the caterpillar is quite harmless.

For another example of a moth in the larva stage which poses in a curious attitude when at rest, we may glance at the zigzag caterpillar, which may easily be found by striking the branches of willow and poplar trees with a stick. When resting it raises its head and tail and presents a curious appearance, the several humped segments of its body making the zigzag outline from which it derives its name. In color it is brownish, shaded with yellow, but its curious attitude will invariably distinguish it. When full fed it forms a cocoon, often on the surface of the ground, of dry leaves to enclose its chrysalis, eventually becoming the moth called *Notodonta ziczic.*

While caterpillars may be generally regarded as vegetable feeders, yet there are exceptions, some forms being not merely carniverous, but confirmed cannibals, seldom if ever feeding on plants, but almost invariably upon the living caterpillars of other moths. The larva of the Satellite moth (*Scopelosoma satellita*) belongs to this class. It is found on many trees during June and July. It spins together a few of the leaves on which its prey feeds, to form a retreat where it may hide until a victim approaches, and it eventually seizes it from behind, sometimes chasing it for a considerable distance until it can fix its jaws upon the hunted insect's body, which is quickly devoured. The same cannibalistic tastes exist among the Dun-bar moths (*Cosmia trapezina*), found on a number of trees, but differing in color from the last named, possessing instead of a rich velvety black or brown hue, with a few white marks along their sides, a green body with five stripes of yellowish-white in the direction of their length. It is surprising with

what rapidity these caterpillars devour their victims. A cannibal caterpillar will eat another caterpillar two-thirds its own size in less than an hour, and will leave nothing except the hard parts of the head. Everyone who has kept caterpillars and has been unfortunate enough to introduce either of the above-named murderers into his insect-box with the food, will know only too well how mysteriously his choice caterpillars disappeared, until the cannibals, looking plump and healthy, have been discovered.

Hairy caterpillars are generally exempt from the attacks of these foes, but even these have enemies to contend against. Whoever has attempted to pick up from the ground the common "woolly bear" caterpillar of the tiger moth will have observed its method of rolling itself into a ball which persistently slips through the fingers as the long and flexible hairs give beneath the touch. Perhaps this "slipperiness" adds to the value of its hairy means of protecting itself, for as soon as an enemy touches the tip of its long, sensitive hairs it instantly drops to the ground and forms a ball, which is by no means easily extracted from the grass or other foliage into which it may have fallen.

The muslin moth is closely related to the tiger moth, and possesses similar characteristics. In addition to ability to roll themselves into balls, the larvæ of this moth (*Arctia mendica*), possess remarkable powers of motion. On being alarmed they immediately drop to the ground and curl up, but after a few moments if nothing interferes they uncurl and run at an astonishing rate to a place of safety. Their color is brownish-red, not nearly as dark as that of the "woolly bear," and they are smaller in size. Among a family of these caterpillars there appear two kinds, one smaller, grayer and less hairy than the other. The smaller kind appears to become the male insect, which is small and dark-smoke colored. The female is larger, and has white wings spotted with black. This is one of the curious instances in which the male and female of the same insect are very dissimilar.

The Lappet moth (*Lascio-campa quercifolia*) is represented by a large, brownish-gray and velvety larva, easily distinguishable by two transverse stripes of deep blue between the second and fourth rings of the body. The best place to look for these caterpillars is low down on bushes and evergreens. The perfect insect presents a good example of "protective resemblance" among moths, being in color and form, when resting, a perfect likeness to a dark, dead leaf. These caterpillars vary to some extent, white patches on the back being far from uncommon.

The Gold-Tailed moth (*Liparis auriflua*) is a creature that is worthy of attention. In early life the caterpillars of this variety exhibit social qualities that are somewhat unusual. They spin a common web, thickly woven among the food plant. Their color is black, with conspicuous coral-red stripes and projections and tufts of whitish hairs along their sides. The hairs are long and delicate and possess very painful, irritating properties to tender skins. They do not as a rule injure the skin of the human hand, but if accidentally placed on the face or neck where the skin is more tender, hard and painful formations appear, and remain for three days or more.

The Gold-tailed caterpillars are not alone in possessing this means of defense. The hairs of the Drinker moth and the Eggar moth have a similar irritating power. Persons whose hands, especially the palms, are abnormally soft should handle these insects with care, otherwise they are likely to suffer —not from lumps or swellings, but from "itching palms."

The Vaporer moth (*Argyia antiqua*) is an interesting form, and wherever one is found, numbers may be looked for in the vicinity. The body is brownish-gray, with red warts or spots, and along its back stand out four compact brushes of white or yellowish hairs, while it has other spreading tufts of black hairs pointing over its head and from the center line of its body, as well as a long pencil of similar hairs at its tail. These tufts of black hairs are detached very readily, and Mr. Poulton in his "Colors on Animals" has recorded an instance of one of these caterpillars which was "introduced into a lizard's cage and when attacked instantly assumed the defensive attitude, with the head tucked in and the 'tussocks' separated and rendered as prominent as possible. An unwary lizard seized the apparently convenient

projection; most of the 'tussock' came out in its mouth, and the caterpillar was not troubled further. The lizard spent a long and evidently most uncomfortable time in trying to get rid of its mouthful of hairs."

Various methods of protection are, however, given to different caterpillars, and those without hairs are not necessarily undefended. The Puss moth (*Dicranura vinula*), in the larva stage, is protectively colored, and possesses the habit of withdrawing its head into the first body segment. As the edge of this segment is a bright red color, and bears above two black spots very much like eyes, the attitude is probably terrifying to some enemies. Apart from this strange appearance, the Puss moth caterpillar has two rough horn-like tubes at its tail from each of which it can project a slender pink thread, which it brandishes like a whip in a very menacing manner over any part of its body that may be touched. Further, it is endowed with the power of ejecting a strongly irritant fluid from an aperture beneath the head. Taken as a whole, it must be a rather alarming caterpillar to many creatures, but no man, woman or child need be afraid to handle it, because its weapons are not sufficiently strong to injure human cuticle, although the fluid which freshly caught specimens sometimes emit is said to cause considerable pain when it reaches the eye. These caterpillars are plentiful on willow and poplar trees.

By way of contrast to this protective coloring and terrifying attitudes, other caterpillars assume a "protective resemblance" to the twigs or plants on which they rest.

Another form of defense is illustrated by the caterpillars of the common Cinnabar moth. These conspicuous black-and-orange banded insects are unpleasant to the taste of birds, who, quite early in life, learn to recognize that their striking dress is a warning not to eat them.

The caterpillars of the Peacock butterfly (*Vannesa io*) are not by any means as attractive in appearance as their perfect form, for they are black in color and clothed with spines, and as if to make themselves less prepossessing, they feed in groups, often a dozen in one group, forming black masses during the hottest weather.

The common cabbage butterfly (*Pieris brassicae*) appears to be unpleasant to the taste of birds while in the larva stage, and is therefore able to remain gregariously feeding about the spot where the eggs were hatched, ofter staying there till full grown. In this way it happens, not infrequently that some cabbages are eaten into lacework by these larvæ, while a neighboring plant may be scarcely touched.

Although this brief sketch is merely a glance at a few examples of caterpillar life, it is probably sufficient to convince anybody who is interested in natural science that one may study the life history and habits of butterflies and moths without being a trained entomologist.

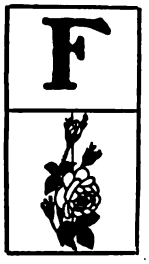
HOPE

THE green oasis on the waste,
The star in Midnight's ebonspace;
The beacon o'er the storm-lashed wave;
A flow'r that blooms beyond the grave;
The rainbow past the tempest's cloud—
The lily lying on the shroud;
The Phœnix rising from decay,
The sun which drives the night away.

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

HOME-AND-HOME TOURNAMENT BETWEEN SAN RAFAEL AND MENLO GOLF CLUBS

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



FOR two or three years past 36-hole home-and-home tournaments have been held between teams representing the San Rafael Golf Club and the Menlo Golf and Country Club, eighteen holes being played on the Happy Valley links and eighteen on the Fair Oaks course. The members of the two teams contribute equal sums to the purchase of a trophy, which becomes the property of the winning club. Of the first two annual contests one was won by the Menlo Golf and Country Club and the other by the San Rafael team.

The third inter-club match began on Saturday, October 6, on which day a team of a dozen representatives of the Menlo Golf and Country Club journeyed over to San Rafael by the 11 A. M. North Shore train. After luncheon at the Happy Valley club house the first eighteen holes of the match were played, it having been agreed that each match won, no matter by what number of holes, should count one point. The San Rafael team won seven and the Menlo team five of the twelve matches as is shown in the following table:

Menlo Golf and Country Club.	Points.
Captain J. S. Oyster	1
Dr. F. H. Moss	0
Perry Eyre	1
S. L. Hopkins	1
E. B. Murphy	0
P. W. Selby	0
R. D. Girvin	1
J. R. Smith	0
A. P. Redding	0
F. W. McNear	1
P. B. Roberts	0
Dr. J. C. Spencer	0
	—
	5

San Rafael Golf Club.	Points.
J. J. Crooks	1
R. J. Davis	1
A. S. Lilley	0
Douglas Hardy	0
Gustav Sutro	1
R. B. Hellman	1
W. J. Casey	0
Dr. H. O. Howitt	1
Colonel Dunn	1
G. M. Pinckard	0
Dr. F. W. Skaife	1
George Heazelton	1
	—
	7

A. S. Lilley captained the San Rafael team and P. W. Selby was captain of the visitors.

With two points in their favor on the first half of the match the San Rafael team went down to Fair Oaks on Saturday, October 14. After a very pleasant luncheon served under the trees near the Fair Oaks club house the second half of the match began. The Menlo team was made up exactly of the same men as on the previous Saturday, though the order of the players was changed slightly. Douglas Hardy and W. J. Casey being absent, the one in the Eastern States and the other at Portland. Washington Irving and George Follis took their places on the San Rafael team. The Menlo players won on their home ground by just the same margin (two matches) as the San Rafael men had done in Happy Valley, as is shown in the table:

Menlo Golf and Country Club.	Points.
Captain J. S. Oyster	1
Perry Eyre	1
Dr. F. H. Moss	1
S. L. Hopkins	1
E. B. Murphy	0
P. W. Selby	0
F. W. McNear	0
R. D. Girvin	0
J. R. Smith	1
A. P. Redding	0
P. B. Roberts	1
Dr. J. C. Spencer	1
	—
	7
Score on October 7	5
	—
	12

San Rafael Golf Club.	Points.
R. J. Davis	0
A. S. Lilley	0
J. J. Crooks	0
Gustav Sutro	0
Dr. H. O. Howitt	1
R. B. Hellman	1
Dr. F. W. Skaife	1
George Heazelton	1
W. Irving	0
Colonel Dunn	1
George Follis	0
G. W. Pinckard	0
	—
	5
Score on October 7	7
	—
	12

Each team having won twelve out of the twenty-four matches and scored twelve points, a tie resulted. The closest match was that between Dr. J. C. Spencer of Menlo and G. M. Pinckard of San Rafael. At the eighteenth hole

they were all square, but the nineteenth and the match went to Dr. Spencer.

The arrangements, as is usual in home-and-home matches, had been made that a tie should be played off on a neutral course, and for this purpose the new Ingleside links and the Del Monte course were suggested. But, though many members of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club were playing on the Lake Merced links during October, the course was really hardly ready for play and it would not have been convenient to provide nearly thirty persons with a substantial luncheon at the club house. Several of the players were greatly in favor of going down to Del Monte on some convenient Saturday and playing over thirty-six holes on the Sunday. This would have made a very pleasant outing, with ample means of satisfying keen appetites. But some of the players thought that the demands upon their time and energies would not permit them to travel so far from the scenes of their daily labors and the Del Monte idea was abandoned, that is, for the purpose of playing off the tie, though it is quite likely that a party of golfers will visit that fine course later, when it shall have been softened and improved by rain.

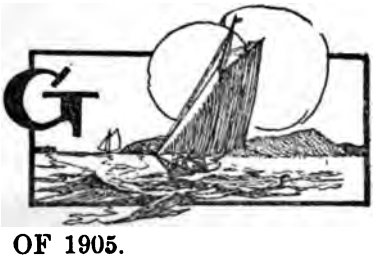
It was agreed to decide the tie either on the Happy Valley course or the Fair Oaks links, the team playing on its home course to concede a handicap of two points to the visitors. As Fortune determined on the Fair Oaks course, the Menlo team conceded to the San Rafael visitors the two points agreed on. It thus became necessary for the Menlo team to win eight matches out of the twelve to achieve a victory, as seven matches against five (plus the handicap of two) would have made 7 to 7, or another tie. It seemed quite probable that a second tie would result, but the Menlo men put the issue beyond all doubt by winning nine out of the twelve matches and proving victorious by a score of 9 to 5 points. The details are shown below:

Menlo Golf and Country Club.	Points.
Perry Eyre	1
Dr. F. H. Moss	1
S. L. Hopkins	1
R. Girvin Jr	1
P. W. Selby	0
E. B. Murphy	1
P. B. Roberts	1
J. R. Smith	0
F. W. McNear	1
R. D. Girvin	1
A. P. Redding	0
Dr. J. C. Spencer	1
	9

San Rafael Golf Club.	Points.
A. S. Lilley	0
R. J. Davis	0
J. J. Crooks	0
Colonel Dunn	0
R. B. Hellman	1
W. J. Casey	0
Dr. F. W. Skaife	0
Gustav Sutro	1
W. Irving	0
G. Heazelton	0
G. Follis	1
G. M. Pinckard	0
	3
Handicap	2
	5

As shown by the above table the home team lacked the services of its strongest player, Captain J. S. Oyster, the vacancy created being filled by the addition of R. Girvin Jr. On the San Rafael side Dr. H. O. Howitt was missing, his place being filled by W. J. Casey. The losers found the course difficult on account of its extreme dryness and hardness, the fair green being seamed with cracks an inch or two across. The sand greens, too, were puzzling to players accustomed to well-turfed greens. The Menlo men, however, won by so good a margin as to create a suspicion that they are a stronger team than the Marin County representatives.

YACHTING



THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1905.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE yachting season, the closing cruise of which was made on October 29 by the Corinthians, the bridge over the entrance to Tiburon lagoon being raised on November 12, was a highly successful and pleasant one. The winds lasted unusually well, there being a strong, steady breeze on the last Sunday in October. The races, clam bakes, aquatic sports and other events were well attended, with the exception of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association's annual regatta on September 9, which clashed with a prize fight and, naturally, got the worst of it.

The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, at their annual meeting, elected the nominees on the regular ticket unanimously, the head of the ticket being W. G. Morrow, who was commodore in 1904. A resolution expressing confidence in the commodore and emphasizing the necessity of loyalty to the officers was introduced by A. J. Treat and was declared to be the sense of the meeting. Throughout the season, except for a short absence in Southern California, Commodore Morrow was always on hand at club events and continually exerted himself to bring them to a successful issue. At the closing jinks on October 22 the members presented to the commodore a handsome silver cigar-box, ornamented with the club pennant and the commodore's flag in colored enamels and with the monogram letters "W. G. M." as

a mark of their appreciation of his work. A. G. A. Mueller, who has been financial secretary for three years, received a memento in the shape of a gold watch chain and a locket bearing the initials of the club and the date on one side, and the recipient's initials on the other.

The members of the Corinthian Yacht Club also chose their commodore, Tom Jennings, for a second term. The Corinthian season was, as usual, a gay and active one and was sweetened by the recovery of the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Cup in the contest for which on Saturday, June 17, the Corinthian beat the Challenger (receiving 37 seconds) by 8 minutes 16 seconds corrected time. This being the second time that the Corinthian has beaten the Challenger, Commodore Morrow and the members of the San Francisco Yacht Club are disposed to think that a third trial of speed between the two boats is unnecessary, and are ready to admit that, barring accidents, the Corinthian is a faster craft on all points of sailing and would beat the Challenger under any circumstances. Speaking at the jinks on the closing day of the season at Sausalito, Commodore Morrow expressed a hope that in 1906 a boat flying the San Francisco pennant would bring the Perpetual Cup back.

It is, however, not easy to see how the San Francisco Yacht Club is to recover the coveted trophy. All the races for the cup have been in the 30-foot class, and, even if the San Francisco Yacht Club members were willing to incur the serious expense of building a boat, it is hardly likely that they could get a larger 30-footer than the Corinthian or a faster sailer. The committee having the Corinthian in charge fully believe that, by making some changes, she could be improved. There was not time to make these changes for the 1905 race, and, moreover, it was not thought necessary. But if an untried boat should be pitted against the Corinthian the Tiburon champion would be tuned up to attain a greater speed than she has yet shown.

There remains the alternative of challenging in another class. But in the other classes the Corinthians possess boats that would be hard to beat. In the 20-foot class is the sloop Ruby; in the 25-foot class are the sloops Neva and Discovery; in the 36-foot class are the sloops Presto and Harpoon, and in the 44-foot class the sloops Nixie and Speedwell. The only chance for the San Francisco Yacht Club seems to be to challenge with a schooner or the big yawl Tramontana. It would probably be best all round if some other club, say the California or Vallejo, would send in a challenge for 1906. The California Yacht Club has on its roll J. J. Sherry's racing machine Perhaps, which did not finish in the Admission Day regatta in the 36-foot class. It is hardly likely, however, that the Californias will feel inclined to go to the expense of tuning up a boat to challenge for the cup until they have built and settled themselves in a new house, which is an urgent necessity.

The only fast boat in the Vallejo fleet is Commodore A. E. Chapman's Helen, which it would be useless to pit against the Corinthian. Perhaps Commodore Vincent might be induced to challenge with his yaw Iola, which was beaten only 29 seconds, corrected time, by ex-Commodore J. W. Pew's yawl Truant in the Admission Day regatta. This challenge would do good in various ways: It would interest the California Yacht Club in the contest for the Perpetual Cup; would open the competition to boats not coming within the 30-foot class, and would bring back into the racing game that good old skipper John W. Pew. At present it must be admitted the chances for a cup race in 1906 look slim.

The merits and speed of the boats in the Corinthian fleet are now so well known that it is hard to induce many owners to enter their craft for the annual Decoration Day regatta, especially when the holiday falls on a Friday, Sunday or Monday, as the temptation of a three days' cruise proves strong in such cases. In the twentieth annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club no 20-footers started, and the yawl Truant, being the only one in her class, was merged into the 36-foot class for sloops. Ruby won in the 25-foot class, with Discovery second and Neva third; Aeolus sailed alone over the course in the 30-foot class; Harpoon finished first and Edna second in the 36-foot class, and Speedwell beat Nixie by the narrow margin of 33 seconds, corrected time, in the 44-foot class.

The annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Asociation on September 9 was almost a repetition of the Corinthian regatta on May 30, except that the Challenger beat Aeolus in the 30-foot class, and Frank Stone's sloop Presto, which did not take part in the May 30 regatta, beat Harpoon in the 36-foot class. Ruby won in the 20-foot class; Neva took first and Discovery second place in the 25-foot class; the yawl Truant beat the yawl Iola by 29 seconds, corrected time, in the special class, and the 44-foot class Nixie turned the tables on Speedwell, winning by 17 seconds. The throat halyards of J. J. Sherry's racing machine Perhaps, from which her owner expected great things, carried away and she did not finish. Presto, however, had so big a lead over her at the time of the mishap that the result would have been the same had the accident not occurred. The fastest sailing time over the full course was made by Presto, which, with a fresh breeze and a strong ebb tide, covered the thirteen miles in 2:05:49, the sloop Nixie's time being 2:06:48, and the sloop Challenger's time 2:07:49.

San Francisco yachting has never had so generous a friend as Joseph M. Macdonough, who, though he spends nearly all his time in the Eastern States, has shown his interest in Californian sport in the most practical manner. In 1895 he offered to present a series of five cups, of the total value of $1,250, one each year for five years, for competitions among the sloops of the 30-foot class, his wish being to encourage the building of small yachts. Of these five cups (the most costly and handsomest that have ever been competed for by San Francisco Bay yachts) Westerfeld and Morrow's sloop Aeolus won three, John W. Pew's sloop Truant captured one and Frank Stone's Presto took one. In 1901 Commodore Macdonough renewed his gift of $250 annually for another period of five years, but the money, instead of being expended on a single trophy, was used to buy a trophy in each of the six classes at the annual Admission Day regatta, the trophies not being equal in value but proportioned to the size of the competing yachts. This second series of cups is now at an end, but it is highly probable that the commodore will renew his gift.

During the month of September T. W. Hobron, formerly a member of the Corinthian Yacht Club, and owner of the sloop Gladys, paid a visit to San Francisco. He is now commodore of the Healani Yacht Club at Honolulu, and an enthusiastic yachtsman. He is very desirous to have a yacht race from San Francisco to Honolulu,

and promises that there will be no lack of suitable trophies. The yachts that could undertake such a trip are the schooner Lurline, formerly owned by A. B. and J. D. Spreckels, but now the property of H. H. Sinclair of Pasadena; the schooner Aggie, owned by James V. Coleman; the schooner Ramona, owned by Douglas White; the schooner Martha, owned by J. R. Hanify; the schooner Lady Ada, owned by M. A. Newell; the yawl Iola, owned by Commodore Vincent; the schooner Josephine, owned by F. W. Wakefield; H. R. Simpkin's yawl Tramontana; Commodore T. Jennings' sloop Speedwell, and Fulton G. Berry's sloop Nixie.

There is no doubt that an ocean race of this sort would be exceedingly interesting and it is greatly to be hoped that it may be brought about. Ocean cruises are so rarely made by San Francisco yachtsmen that anything that will promote them is welcome. Commodore Hobron says that the chief drawbacks to yachting off the coast of California are chilly fogs, but that a few hours' sailing on the open ocean brings the yachtsman into a mild, genial climate. The race would be set at a time when moonlight nights could be enjoyed, as these add so much to the beauty and pleasure of a cruise.

Though no San Francisco Bay yacht has cruised further than San Diego during the present year, in 1904 Commodore H. H. Sinclair of the South Coast Yacht Club made a long ocean voyage in his fine schooner Lurline, visiting the Hawaiian Islands, Tahiti, the Marquesas, Samoan and Fijian groups, returning to Honolulu and thence to the headquarters of the S. C. Y. C. at San Pedro. During the whole of this long cruise not the least mishap occurred.

RONDEAU REDOUBLE

TURN backward, Time, and draw the veil of years—
My riches for the days of poverty,
And all the echo sounds my old heart hears!—
Whatever be the cost, that will I pay.

Give me the greenness of the forest way
With, once again, Her laughter, for my ears
To treasure through the long eternity.
Turn backward, Time, and draw the veil of years.

Turn to the meadows, and the shaded meres;
The winding stream, that sings of joy alway.
And all the memories my soul reveres—
My riches for the days of poverty.

We two were young, Time, in the olden day,
And I would, for a space, forget the tears
Of after life in merry roundelay,
And all the echo sounds my old heart hears.

I would forget my bodings and my fear,
And wander where the meadow breezes play,
Young—with my maid of dreams forever near—
Whatever be the price, that will I pay.

Ah! Time, you be, insooth, life's motoneer;
Hear, then, and grant the boon for which I pray:
Give me my youth—then cheerfully the bier—
I ask but this of whom the years obey:
Turn backward, Time!

—Stacy E. Baker.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

DEVOTED TO SPORT IN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

CONDUCTED BY F. M. KELLY

[Today the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

WITH December the season for nearly all our game draws to a close, the various kinds of wildfowl being the only legal prey of the gun-bearers after this month. These are now fairly plentiful along our waterways, having come southward with the first frosts of the north. Of great variety are they—Canada geese, brant and ducks. Now the hunter waits in the sedges for the morning flights, and early evening marks his return there to await their coming again in the gloaming. It is cold work, this waiting; but how the blood races at the first rush of wings and the trailing line athwart the dusk! The chill and the damp of the waiting is forgotten in the trudge to warm quarters with a load of feathered game.

• • •

Our shooting season opened with much noise of firearms, the hills being thronged with the seekers after the haunters of the wild places. Never before in these parts had such an hegira been known; for game of all kinds had been reported most plentiful and even the man with the smallest germ of desire for the wild places betook himself from the town. Many were the disappointments, for somehow the game did not seem to be as plentiful as reported; the result being that much ardor was cooled, and following week-ends saw only the old reliables leaving for their favored grounds. It would almost seem that the grouse and the deer are well able to protect themselves; for their cunning in getting away from the smell of powder so quickly after the hunting season opens shows that they are not altogether deficient in the sense of preservation. Then take the Mongolian pheasant. This is a bird that has multiplied to a great extent since being introduced here, and is now the cause of much abuse from the farmers, who claim that the damage done by this sporting bird is considerable. Though very numerous, big bags of pheasants have been rare this season, for the cock is the most wary of birds, and it would take an open season of considerable duration to decrease the number materially.

• • •

Until March the angler is now forced to rest, unless he be satisfied with the angling below tide waters on our rivers, where the salmon trout and its kind may be taken throughout the year. The past season has been a noted one for the disciples of Izaak Walton, for the fish have been more than usually plentiful. The prospects for the season to come look exceedingly bright.

In looking back over the work of our game clubs for the year that has but a short time yet to run, it affords me much pleasure to offer them congratulations on the good which has been accomplished along the line of fish and game preservation. There are things of course on which all men are not expected to agree, but the amount of good done far outweighs what one may think bad regarding the regulation of game and fish. Sometimes, however, a little carping is beneficial, and has a tendency to limit the one-sidedness of things.

• • •

At length I understand the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club are going to seriously take up the matter of a gun license. I say seriously because though they considered the question before, I do not think it was considered seriously enough; for nothing came of it. Such a license would be productive of much good. In the first place, it would provide a fund which could be devoted to the payment of more wardens, as it is next to impossible for the few now in the payment of the government to accomplish the best of results—the driving from the hills of the men who still have the temerity to shoot for sale, and who still manage to dispose of their killings to those who would eat of game, but who have not the necessary stamina to hunt for themselves In the second place, a gun license might bar from the fields and the uplands (would that it would) many who cannot measure in their minds a nobler sport than the killing of jays, woodpeckers and other birds with habitats there, and which adorn the outer places by their presence. There is altogether too much of this needless slaughter hereabouts, and the question of its curtailment would be worthy of the best efforts of our game clubs and natural history societies. The sportsman will not quarrel with the gun license, will not kill needlessly; it is the "sport" who will be antagonistic, who kills for the sake of killing all that has life and is legal prey. This latter cannot know the difference between the shooting of game birds and the slaughter of jays and woodpeckers. He does not realize that these have but little fear of man's presence and are easy victims; and that the game bird's every instinct is matched against man's and that the whole pleasure of shooting is in getting game that is worthy of a man's mettle.

• • •

In honor of Fred Gilbert, Chan Powers, Rollo Heikes, Tom Marshall and Jack Fanning, trap shooters who happened to be passing through the city early in October, the Seattle Gun Club held a shoot. It was thought that there would be some fancy shooting and some big scores made. The experts, however, did not exert themselves, doing only a little better than ordinary scoring. About seven events were pulled

off when it started to rain, which sent the gun men back to Seattle. The shooting list follows:

First event, 10 birds, $5 added—Hardy 8, Smith 8, Griffin 8, Thielman 9, Ellis 10, Cooper 10, Burt 9, Cluley 8, Hall 7, Collin 9, Miller 9, Startup 8, Carter 7, Hillis 8, Dryden 9, Fleet 10. McConnel 7, Scott 8, Robertson 9, Marshall 10, Powers 7, Fanning 10, Heikes 7, Gilbert 9, Howe 9, Ole 7, Wittwer 9. Kennedy 8, Johnson 7, Stack 8, Stewart 9, Arnold 8.

Second event, 15 birds, $10 added—Garret 12, Ellis 15, Cooper 15, Burt 12, Steele 14, Hall 13, McLaughlin 13, Hillis 12, Fleet 14, McConnel 13, Marshall 13, Powers 13, Heikes 13, Gilbert 14, Dunn 13, Madison 13, Fox 13, Arnold 12, Junker 13.

Third event, 20 birds, $15 added—Garret 17, D. Cooper 18, Hall 17, Miller 17, McConnel 17, Robertson 17, Powers 20, Marshall 17, Fanning 17, Heikes 19, Gilbert 19, Howe 18, J. Cooper 17, Dahl 17, Junker 16, Madison 16, Perkins 16, Carter 16, Bert 16, Steele 16, Smith 16, Fleet 16, Fox 16.

Fourth event, 15 birds, $10 added—Hardy 12, Smith 12, Griffin 12, Thielman 13, Taft 12, Ellis 13, D. Cooper 13, Burt 14, Steele 14, Cluley 13, Collier 12, Miller 12, McLaughlin 14, Startup 13, Hillis 15, Dryden 12, Fleet 12, Robertson 12, Marshall 13, Powers 14, Fanning 13, Gilbert 14, J. Cooper 12, Dahl 13, Wittwer 11, Scott 11, Hall 11, Madison 12.

Fifth event, 20 birds, reverse system, $15 added—Ellis 19, D. Cooper 18, Carter 18, Robertson 17, Fanning 15, Heikes 15, Gilbert 16, Hillis 16, Thielman 15, Eaton 15, Powers 14, Howe 14, Miller 14, Startup 14, Cluley 14.

Sixth event, 15 birds, $10 added—J. Cooper 14, Dahl 12, Hardy 11, Smith 13, Thielman 13, Garret 11, Marshall 13, Powers 13, Fanning 14, Gilbert 15, Howe 12, Perkins 11, Robertson 12, Ellis 13, D. Cooper 11, Steele 12, Cluley 13, Hall 11, Collier 11, Miller 13, McLaughlin 12, Startup 12, Carter 13, Hillis 15.

Seventh event, 20 birds, reverse system, $15 added—Ellis 19, D. Cooper 19, Burt 17, Steele 18, Cluley 17, Miller 18, Collier 17, McLaughlin 18, Startup 17, Hillis 19, Carter 17, Arnold 19. Hahl 18, Powers 20.

* * *

THE VANCOUVER ISLAND FISH AND GAME CLUB.

17 Trounce Avenue, Victoria, B. C.
October 17, 1905.

The Editor—Dear Sir: I trust you will allow me space in your valuable magazine to reply to Mr. Kelly's article in the October issue of the "Western Field" in which he commented on a letter of mine which appeared in the July number. To begin with, I must thank Mr. Kelly for the very kind way in which he has spoken of the efforts of the V. I. Fish and Game Club to protect the game of this province. I must also thank him for admitting that when he wrote the article in the May number "it was the V. I. Fish and Game Club which he had in his mind as the most important factor in the issue" viz., the enclosed land section in the game act of last session. This was so patent that I took it for granted. If Mr. Kelly will study the section referred to a little more carefully he will see that while the fence need not be a legal fence, the land so enclosed must be "in use for agricultural, pastoral or horticultural purposes." Mr. Dunsmuir's, or rather the C. P. R. lands on Vancouver Island are not only unfenced but they are not used for any of the three purposes mentioned in the Act, so it would be a somewhat difficult matter to stop anyone shooting over these lands under this section of the act. The reason that the words "fence shall not necessarily mean a legal fence" were inserted in the act, was that very many of the fences inclosing private property are not of the necessary legal height in places. A case was tried here some time ago and a conviction was not secured because though most of the fence surrounding the property was of the legal height a small portion was not and the magistrate acquitted the offender. It was a mere technicality of course, but it is just these points which we have to guard against. Now as to sportsmen doing all in their power to keep friends with the farmers: I confess that it seems so absurd to me that they should do otherwise that I am inclined to lose patience with men who do not agree with me on this point. The farmer owns the land, the crops on which the birds feed are his, and if it were not for him we should get very little shooting in the way of either pheasants or quail. There are very few farmers who, if a man goes to their house and asks permission to shoot ever their land, will refuse to give same, and will probably ask him to come again if, after the day's shooting, he leaves a brace of birds at the house on his departure. Mr. Kelly ridicules the idea of the gentle and mild-mannered sportsman doing anything so naughty as to use abusive language to a farmer; if he cares to call at my office I shall be pleased to give him some information on that point, also the names of several whose stock have been not only peppered but killed by so-called "sportsmen." I have not heard anyone say that such an action was deliberate. Mr. Kelly remarks that "it is hardly reasonable to assume that this body (the V. I. Fish and Game Club) is infallible." Well, I don't suppose anyone out of a lunatic asylum would. Mr. Kelly's last sentence in his article in the October number is more to the point: A gun license would be a God-send. In the June number Mr. Kelly remarks: "This club (V. I. F. and G.) is a most energetic one * * * though there are a number of outsiders who find fault * * *. It is up to them to quit kicking and get in line with those who are doing their best to foster wild sport on Vancouver Island; as members they can state their grievances and ideas," etc. I am sorry to say that Mr. Kelly does not practice what he preaches, as he is not a member of the V. I. Fish and Game Club.

I hope that this correspondence will now be closed, as it takes up time which might be devoted in a more useful manner in the interests of game. Yours faithfully,

J. MUSGRAVE.
Hon. Sect. Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend.
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE FIELD TRIAL DOG IN HUNTING

By C. H. BABCOCK.

WHAT is the difference between the field-trial dog and the shooting-dog? What is the difference in their work? Are they trained differently? These questions are many times asked of the field-trial man by those interested in the shooting-dog, and the answers are many and varied.

Those of the old guard usually insist that any dog that is a good one to get birds over is a good field-trial dog, and the more "killing" he is the higher he ranks in their esteem; for they claim that bird-getting is the logical purpose of the field-dog.

Pace and range are entirely secondary in their estimation. What they want, and must have, is point-work, first, last and all the time, and it makes little difference how this is accomplished so long as the dog shows his ability to fill the game bag. None of your high-strung, wide-flung dogs for them. Give them a dog that stays in sight, feels for the faintest scent, roads up carefully, and, above all, *points*.

They insist that brains and nose are the chief requisites in the field-trial dog, and, given these, he will find as many birds as his faster brace-mate with much less exertion—in fact lets his head save his heels. No dog, they claim, can keep up, for all day, a break-neck speed; so why not award the prize to a dog that starts in at a pace that he can maintain during a day's hunt?

At the other extreme we find those who consider that a dog that can win in fast company is surely a good shooting-dog according to their interpretation of the term. Not only that, but a dog to be fit to win in field-trials must have, first of all, great speed and range, then with this is to be coupled a fair degree of bird-sense and point-work.

Between these two extremes is a class—and a very large one—who are satisfied with fair speed and range and a real good degree of bird-sense and fair quantity of point-work.

Every degree between the two extremes has its admirers, but really the ideal field-trial or shooting-dog is the one that can combine the two extremes and the gradations. If a dog is capable of performing in only one way under all conditions, he is sure in the course of a field-trial career to find that conditions were against him the greater part of the time and he is branded as an erratic performer.

There is a certain kind of dog that every handler is satisfied to have in his string when he takes in a circuit of trials, and handlers are as a general rule pretty good judges of what a field-trial dog should be. This dog is, first of all, fast and a stayer in all kinds of weather. He must also be very wide in range where it is required. This will be more important where the dogs are

worked on ground that is not likely to hold any birds. In some instances the dogs may be cast off in a perfectly barren stretch of ground with no birds nearer than a mile distant. Here is where your close or medium range dogs are likely to make a very sorry display, and are lucky if they are carried into the next series. Working around near their handler, there is absolutely no possibility that they will find any birds. This is the real test of the field-trial dog, for it is his duty to *go to birds*, and after a cast or two to satisfy himself away he goes on a cast of a mile or so. If he is lucky enough to find birds out there, and holds them until his handler comes up, he has made a long stride toward winning the stake. But now he is among the scattered birds and on this coast a dog must work singles also. A "bevy dog" may win in the East; but out here, if he leaves the scattered birds and casts away for another bevy, his chances of winning are badly damaged if not ruined. So here he must be well in hand on singles. If the country is brushy, he must take that fact into consideration and hunt fairly close to his handler, so that he may be found when on point. If you have a dog of this kind, he is at home in every emergency—as a dog of restricted range can never be.

Such a dog should also be equally good as a shooting dog, for he has brains as has been proved by his ability to adapt himself to conditions. A dog of only fair intelligence may be good among single birds and, to a certain extent, this is also true of a dog that is required to hunt bevies only; but to combine the two and take advantage of all kinds of ground, the dog must be made of the material that makes the most efficient shooting-dog on earth.

Now, when taking this dog fresh from the trials will he make a good dog to shoot over right at the start? Possibly not. The main difference between the training of the field-trial dog and that of the hunting dog is chiefly a matter of degree. The field-trial dog is held down only just so much as is necessary. He is kept just on the verge of wildness in order to give him dash, snap and courage. Then in the final stages of preparation this is brought to such a degree of fineness that perhaps a rest of a day longer than was anticipated may tip the balance just a trifle too far, and the brilliant performer may be just a little too high-strung, and commit errors that will throw him out of the money.

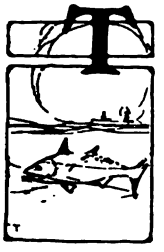
This dog is good material out of which to make a high class shooting dog, and the training that he has had up to this point is just the very best to develop all the good there is in him; but if you give him six months' rest and then take him afield to shoot over, the chances are good that your companion may remark: "No field-trial dogs in mine! Give me just a plain, ordinary shooting-dog."

But take this same dog and force-break him to retrieve; work him long heats every time out; break him to mind the whistle a little more perfectly (for in field-trial work he should not be too perfect in this regard lest he answer the whistle of the other handler). Kill birds over him and force him just a little at every department of his work, and you will have a dog that goes a little slower from the start, yet his ambition and free running gear carry him at a good gait all day with no thought of quitting. He does not cast quite so wide, and is not difficult to keep track of. On singles he is quick and snappy; and in retrieving, where the bird has not been closely marked down, he moves about so quickly that he will find the bird in half the time of a slow-moving dog.

In order to find a bevy with him you are not obliged to cover every foot of the ground yourself; he is able to go out and find them alone, saving you much useless traveling. This is in great contrast to the "plug" dog who points the birds after the hunter has found them for him.

Once hunt over a good converted field-trial dog—a dog that is able to work out a field while you are passing through it, one that has been brought under perfect control—and it is very probable that hereafter "the plain ordinary shooting-dog" that you prized so highly will have suffered badly in comparison.

A FEW "PROS" FOR THE PROMOTION OF FIELD-TRIAL RETRIEVING



THE term "steady to shot and wing" as applied to shooting conveys two separate ideas: first that the dog should appreciably halt and await further orders, either after his handler has shot over a point or at a bird which he, himself, may have accidentally flushed or which the dog may have pardonably flushed—which admitting certain circumstances and conditions, climatic, odorific and otherwise, is liable to occur to many an all-for-all good dog.

The term "steady to shot," as applied in a strictly sportsman's sense, means that the dog should not "break" after a point (since no true sportsman shoots otherwise than over a point) and give chase to the bird at which his handler has shot; and, in a popular scientific sense, it means that the dog's natural instinct to capture has been dominated and controlled to serve his handler's ends.

The second expression "steady to wing," means much the same thing as the first, and the dog should comport himself quite the same, either when the bird is "put up" accidentally by himself or handler or by his handler intentionally without having been shot at, as he does when the bird has been intentionally shot at.

The reasons for both these restrictions on the dog's natural methods adopted in self-hunting are manyfold, and among the many three stand out very boldly: first, to prevent the dog, in his known futile efforts at attempting to capture from "getting up" birds; second, to give his handler time to circumspect the confronting exigencies; and third to give him such time as is necessary to prepare, load, get a good footing, commanding position, etc.; to greet such other birds which may have "stuck" in the immediate vicinity of the bird last flushed. Of course this all means much and is all of undeniable benefit and profit at the close of a day's outing. Aside from the "bag" considerations of these universally adopted methods, it gives that finish to the performance and impresses the dog of his servitude, which alone prevents his degeneracy into the ranks of "self-hunters"; and since we are to adopt methods to keep the dog in control, those which give the most material returns namely, steady to shot and wing, have been adopted.

Needless to say the same considerations and arguments hold for the insistence of "backing," and are as vital as steady to shot and wing to a good day's sport. Backing, in short, summarizes all that steady to shot and wing means, but refers to the dog who is, for the time being, playing a secondary part.

Steady to shot and wing are therefore two distinct qualifications in a shooting dog; of course in a large proportion of the times the two are inseparably associated, as the shot follows the flush so closely that the carrying out of steadiness to the first necessitates the carrying out of steadiness to the second. Nevertheless the two occur separately sufficiently often to consider them distinct, viz.; an unshot at flush and an unpointed shot. Now, in field-trial methods as practiced to-day (at least here on our Coast) the two expressions have but one meaning, viz., steady to wing. The expression "steady to shot" is meaningless.

The carrying of pop-gun pistols, and the lately adopted obligations of carrying a gun is all rot and meaningless, unless an occasional kill and retrieve is insisted upon in each heat. Is it the report of the pistol, or the additional length of barrel or increase of report as lately adopted, that causes the dog to be unsteady to shot? Not much! The dog's pleasure and gratification is in his ocasional capture. There was a time when genus dog could capture unassisted by man, but through domestication this food-getting ability has been lessened.

Sporting dogs presently—and especially those over which birds have been killed—have come to realize that in conjunction with their handler this is still possible. The result of this all, then, is that after the shot a dog has come to associate a "kill," and it is this expectancy of gratification and pleasure which induces him to be "unsteady to shot," and it is in this sense only that the expression has meaning; since the report in itself will make no dog over which birds have never been killed unsteady to shot, unless he be gun-shy.

Our field-trial steady to shot then has no meaning whatever unless it be evidence of the absence of gun-shyness.

Either one of two possible solutions are open to use: discard the pop-guns altogether or else insist upon an occasional kill, for the one without the other is mockery. Have at least one bird killed over a point of each dog in eacn heat and retrieved in such form as to show the dog has been given sufficient occasion to associate report and kill; and then do all the missing imaginable and pop-gun discharging afterward, and I will be able to say truthfully as to whether the dog is steady "to shot" in the full meaning of the term.

The general cause of confusion and discussion is the erroneous terminology, when by "steady to shot" is really or at least ought really be meant "steady to kill," since shooting in itself is no incentive to unsteadiness.

The general objection to this by handlers is that it is detrimental to "class," but the real objection is that it is the hardest natural tendency of the dog to be overcome, for the very reason that it is the very incentive that gives him his hunting proclivities and the one inheritance deepest rooted, viz.: ultimate capture. Logically it seems that if an incentive to continued hunting, it ought to promote rather than lessen class. Of course good judgment should be practiced in reference to the amount of killing done, otherwise class will be lessened through the dog becoming a "potterer" for self-gratification. Furthermore, many a good dog would not be relegated to a parlor rug, after his not "making good" as a field-trial dog after three or four seasons' trial (at which time it is too late to commence retrieving) had he been taught to retrieve as a part of his field-trial education.

To substantiate my arguments one has but to take a field-trial "steady to shot" dog out on a shoot and see how readily his "steady to shot" control in a field-trial sense is cast to the winds at the first kill, and in conclusion I beg to say that it has not been with a desire to criticize but rather to promote the interests of sport that these observations have been made.

VICTOR A. CAGLIERI.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS

The twenty-third annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club will be held on the same grounds utilized last season, at Bakersfield, Cal., beginning Monday, January 8, 1906.

The judging will be done by Mr. W. J. Baughn of Ridgeville, Ind., a gentleman well known on the Eastern circuit as a very competent and painstaking judge, and the owner and breeder of many high-class dogs.

Reports from the grounds are to the effect that birds are unusually plentiful, and as the grounds are now and will be carefully patrolled until the opening day, the prospects for successful trials are very flattering.

Entries for the All-Age Stake close December 15. The Derby entrants paying second and qualifying payment November 1 are as follows:

SETTERS.

John Riplinger's (Seattle, Wash.) white and black bitch Cynthia (Stylish Sergeant-Pera), whelped July 22, 1904. Owner, breeder.

H. A. Jones' (Eureka, Cal.) white, black and tan dog Montauk J. (Bruce-Juna H.), whelped April 10, 1904. Owner, breeder.

J. E. Terry's (Sacramento) white and black bitch (unnamed), (Drake Windem-Mary Lou), whelped June 18, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch (unnamed). Same breeding.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch (unnamed). Same breeding.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Bessie Mortimer (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), whelped April 3, 1904. P. D. Linville, San Francisco, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Merry Duchess (Fairland Dude-Merry Heart), whelped July 30, 1904. C. N. Post, Sacramento, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch (unnamed) (Kilgarif-Belle of the Ball), whelped —, 1904. H. S. Humphreys, Indianapolis, Ind., breeder.

Hugh Hopkins's (Minturn, Cal.), chestnut and white bitch Aunt Marie (Uncle B.-Sport's Belle), whelped January 3, 1904. H. R. Edwards, breeder.

S. Christenson's (San Francisco) black, white and tan dog Goliath (Kilgarif-Maggie F.), whelped April 3, 1904. P. D. Linville, breeder.

Same owner's orange and white bitch Sunburst (Fairland Dude-Merry Heart), whelped July 30, 1904. C. N. Post, breeder.

Same owner's white, black and tan bitch Light Heart. Same breeding.

Dr. E. E. Stone's (Napa) black, white and tan dog Narcisse. Same breeding.

Albert Betz's (San Francisco) black, white and tan dog Merry Dude. Same breeding.

Mrs. C. E. Wilson's (Ross, Cal.) white, black and tan dog Encinal (Clipper W.-Rod's Sylvia), whelped September 8, 1904. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Ross, breeder.

Same owner's white, black and tan dog Sour Jack. Same breeding.

J. W. Considine's (Seattle, Wash.) blue belton bitch Miss Hap (Count Rowdy-Roxane), whelped September 23, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and black bitch Lady's Count Gladstone Jessie Rodfield Galore. Same breeding.

J. E. Lucas's (San Rafael) black, white and tan dog Uncle Dudley. Same breeding.

W. W. Van Arsdale's (San Francisco) white and orange dog Mendocino (Uncle B.-Count's Gift), whelped August 24, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Madera. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and orange bitch Pima (McCloud Boy-Peach Mark II), whelped July 20, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Paul Peoper's (Los Angeles) red Irish setter Lady Echo II (Ch. Fred Echo-Miss Lady Finglass II), whelped April 25, 1904. George E. Walter, Rushville, Ill., breeder.

POINTERS.

W. B. Coutts's (Kenwood, Cal.) liver and white dog Tod Sloan (Bolin's Duke-Whisper), whelped July 19, 1904. Owner, breeder.

W. W. Van Arsdale's white and liver bitch Sonoma (Dr. Daniels-Pabe Jingo), whelped January 13, 1905. Owner, breeder.

F. H. Jermyn's (Scranton, Penn.) white and black dog Raffles (Ch. Senator P.-Miss Rap), whelped July 23, 1904. J. W. Flynn, San Francisco, breeder.

John Eriksen's (Seattle) white and black dog Senator's Jack. Same breeding.

J. W. Flynn's (San Francisco) black and white bitch May. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and orange dog Senator's Don (Ch. Senator P.-Flynn's Dolly Jingo), whelped May 13, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's white and orange dog Senator. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and lemon bitch Dollie. Same breeding.

F. G. Schumacher's (Los Angeles) lemon and white bitch Lady Belle (Teddy Kent-Jack's Fashion), whelped May 20, 1904. W. J. Morris, Los Angeles, breeder.

W. J. Morris's (Los Angeles) white, liver and ticked bitch Navajo. Same breeding.

Stockdale Kennel's (Bakersfield) liver and white dog Combination Boy (Cuba Jr.-Bow's Daughter), whelped March 1, 1904. Owner, breeder.

Same owner's liver, white and tan dog Oakwood. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and liver dog Baywood. Same breeding.

Same owner's liver and white bitch Cypresswood. Same breeding.

Same owner's white and liver dog Hickorywood. Same breeding.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

MRS. NELLIE BURRELL SCOTT will be pleased to accept commissions for fish and game paintings in all mediums. Studio, 740 Shrader street, San Francisco. Reception and exhibition Wednesday of each week.

• • •

DACHSHUND—Fine pedigreed litter ready for shipment. From working parents. Andrew Brown, O K Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

• • •

The Anglers' Annual, 1906; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

• • •

I MAKE bear hunting a specialty. Will take parties out until December, Fishing first-class. Bucks are fat until October 15. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—Smith Gun with automatic ejector and single trigger. Used three months only. 12-7-¾-30-14¼-2¼-1½. List $140.00. In perfect condition, with case $80. L. E. Walker, Ontario, Calif.

• • •

PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS, flint-lock pistols, buffalo horns polished in pairs, also made into hat racks, Navajo blankets, elk tusks and curios. Illustrated lists, three cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

• • •

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Prop., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Fifty first-class skins of the beautiful copper pheasant. A. E. Colburn, 1204 S. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

FOR SALE—A magnificent site for a sportsmen's country club and game preserves; 2,010 acres patented land, of which 500 acres are fine lake, 500 acres marsh and tules, the remainder being fine upland grazing land. Handsome groves of timber; six immense ice-cold perpetual springs; place of great natural beauty. Deer, ducks and other waterfowl; pheasants, grouse and fish in abundance; 400 tons wild hay now ready for cutting. All land under fine legal fence; extensive drainage improvements; cabin and barn in good shape. Situate about 35 miles from Ashland, Oregon. Price $15 per acre, less than half asked for adjacent property. Address, for particulars, Frank H. Mayer, Western Field office, 4 Sutter street, S. F.

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants, etc.; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having live game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

• • •

FOR SALE OR TO LEASE TO RESPONSIBLE PARTY—A country home of 320 acres in Lake County. Elevation 2,300 feet, climate perfection. Best of hunting and fishing. Fine furnished house of nine rooms, modern conveniences, hot and cold water, etc. Farming implements, cow, chickens, etc. Good railroad and stage connections. Six miles from proposed railroad which will be built within eighteen months. For full particulars address L. M. H., room 52, No. 3 California street, San Francisco.

• • •

QUAIL DOGS FOR SALE—Beautiful two-year-old English Setter, female. Pedigreed. Eligible. For a good second-hand 12-gauge hammerless. Enclose stamp. Davis, dog trainer, Fairmount, Minn.

• • •

WANTS MISCELLANEOUS — Before subscribing get our prices and premiums. Hall & Floyd, 815 Eleventh street, Washington, D. C.

• • •

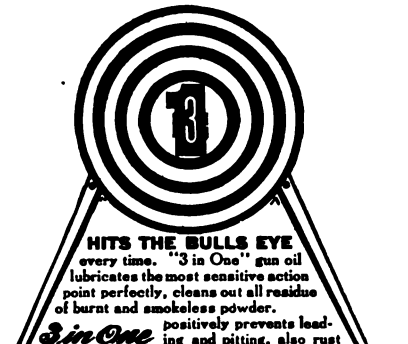
$7 TAXIDERMIST'S OUTFIT and one greyhound slip for two dogs. Want saddle, revolver or offers. Hugh Steele, Lawrence, Kansas.

Castle Dome Cut Plug

The Best Smoke For the Pipe

In America. Made from Old Va. Sun-Cured Tobacco. Money refunded if it bites or burns the Tongue. Sent prepaid postage 70c. Pound. Large Sample 10c.

JASPER L. ROWE,
RICHMOND, VA.
Estab. 1880. Ref. Broad Street Bank



HITS THE BULLS EYE every time. "3 in One" gun oil lubricates the most sensitive action point perfectly, cleans out all residue of burnt and smokeless powder.

3 in One positively prevents leading and pitting, also rust and tarnish. Write for special gun booklet and trial sample—both free. G. W. COLE CO. 143 Washington Life Building, New York.

Order a pair of beautiful

INDIAN MOCCASINS

Made of genuine moosehide, embroidered with Indian tribe designs. Men's sizes 6 to 11, $2.75; Ladies' and Boys' sizes 2 to 5, $2.25; Youths' and Misses' sizes 11 to 1, $2.00; Children's sizes 5 to 10, $1.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. We also supply moccasin slippers, same as above. Send for free catalogue.

METZ & SCHLOERB
87 Main St. Oshkosh, Wis.

TRADE TOPICS

AN ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

What could be more acceptable to your Eastern friends than a case of California's exquisits wines? Take, for instance, the world-famed " Cresta Blanca " vintages offered by the Wetmore-Bowen Company of 410 Post street, San Francisco, known the world over for their rare excellence—purity, body, color and bouquet —they are the standard of all American wines and the first choice of connoisseurs. Everywhere that fine wines are used you will find the " Cresta Blanca " brand, and the name is a hall-mark among American vintages. Not a cafe, grill, hotel or prominent wine dealer in America but knows, commends and handles them; therefore your friends will know and appreciate their value, even before their palates are tickled with their ambrosia.

The Wetmore-Bowen Co. are preparing specially packed cases for the Christmas presentation trade, and already the demand is enormous. We advise all our readers to send without delay for their elegant catalogue of their famous souvenir offerings, feeling sure that we will be thanked for the suggestion. Always address the Wetmore-Bowen Co., 410 Post street, San Francisco, and don't forget to mention " Western Field " when you write.

* * *

MOUNTED SPECIMENS AT THE PORTLAND EXPOSITION.

Those who visited the great Exposition at Portland during the past summer were no doubt deeply interested in the mammoth collection of birds and animals representing the fauna of the State of Oregon. It will interest our readers to know that these specimens were mounted by the Northwestern School of Taxidermy of Omaha, Nebraska. At the close of the exposition this collection received the first grand prize and nine gold medals, which was practically everything that was offered on taxidermy work.

This means a great deal to the above school, as it places them in the first ranks of all the leading taxidermy institutions. This school makes a specialty of teaching taxidermy by mail. They have on their rolls thousands of the sportsmen of the United States and Canada. If any of the readers of "Western Field" desire to learn to mount and preserve their own trophies of birds and animals, we would recommend that they write to the school for their new illustrated catalogue and a copy of the taxidermy magazine.

It is needless for us to say that this institution is entirely reliable, and that you will receive fair and honorable treatment at their hands, for the fact that they were awarded the large contract for the exposition is proof of these things. If you have not seen their new catalogue be sure and send for it. You will find their advertisement on another page of this issue.

YOU WANT THIS.

The calendar for 1906 issued by the Peters Cartridge Company is fully up to the high standard set by this company in past years. It is of the usual size, and depicts that proud moment in the experience of a big game hunter when he emerges from the forest depths bringing the much-prized moosehead, borne on the back of his guide. The calendar is handsomely lithographed in twelve colors, and embossed, and will doubtless be much sought for by dealers and sportsmen generally. It will be sent to any address upon application to the Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, with enclosure of 10c in stamps or coin to cover the cost of mailing.

* * *

COMMON ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Examples of " Faulty Diction " are so common that many people look upon the improper form as being the correct one, and Thomas H. Russell, L.L B., editor-in-chief of Webster's Imperial Dictionary, has done the public a great service in having written the new book, entitled " Faulty Diction, or Errors of the Use of the English Language and How to Correct Them,"

WHAT WE MANUFACTURE

GUN CASES	Leather, Canvas and Fabrikoid.
LEGGINGS	72 styles made of all materials.
HOLSTERS	Every description and pattern.
BELTS	Shell, Cartridge, Money and all Latest Style Body Belts.
GAME STRAPS	Duck and Quail.
BASKET STRAPS	Fish Basket.
ROD CASES	Canvas, Leather and Fabrikoid.
BASEBALL GOODS	Belts, Bat Bags, Bases, Uniform Rolls.
FOOTBALL GOODS	Pads, Head Gears, Belts, Ankle and Wrist Supports.
BAGS	Punching Bags, Bike Bags, Game Bags, Tyrolian Bags and Knapsacks.
SAMPLE CASES	We make speciality on Cutlery and all kinds of Samp e Rc s.

Also Sole Pacific Agents For

"FABRIKOID"	The best Artificial Leather made, used for Upholstering, Carriage Trimming, Book Binding, etc.
Michigan Steel Boat Co.	Manufacturers of all kinds Steel Boats
Federal Waterproofing Co.	Manufacturers of Waterproof Canvas

WESTERN AGENCIES CO.

A. J. BURTON, Manager

San Francisco 513 Market St. California

B. G. I. TOMLINSON CLEANERS

Adapted to all chambers. Clean thoroughly without cutting the inside surface of the gun. Insure the life of your gun by using a Tomlinson Cleaner.

BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY

AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. — BRIDGEPORT, CONN. — PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

which the publishers have, by printing it on thin Bible paper, succeeded in getting into what may be called vest-pocket size.

Illustrating the comprehensive treatment that has been given the subject by the author, there are 1,017 headings treated in the book, under some of which—" plurals " for instance—over fifty errors that are not at all unusual are to be found illustrated and corrected.

It is rarely one's good fortune to become possessed of so valuable a book, and especially one so compact and of as much general interest.

It can be furnished in Russian leather or cloth bindings at a merely nominal price by the publishers, Geo. W. Ogilvie & Co., 169 E. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

AN ENTERPRISING CONCERN.

Foremost among the manufacturing concerns who produce sporting goods in this territory, the Western Agencies Company has built up a reputation for good products, quick service and fair dealing that is unexcelled in Western America.

Under the efficient management of Mr. A. J. Burton, its trade has been extended to such proportions that it presently supplies not only the Pacific Coast and adjoining States with an infinite variety of sporting goods, but reaches out as well all over the Orient, doing a particularly heavy trade in Japan and Australia.

This is to be logically expected, when one views the magnificent line of leather and canvas sporting goods, leggings, belts, traveler's sample rolls, gun cases, shell boxes, game carriers, hunting and outing clothing, etc., which this firm turns out. In addition to their own manufacture they likewise are Western agents for many of the most prominent Eastern factories, and have made an especial success out of their lines of boats, etc. They are also sole Coast agents for the famous artificial leather " Fabrikoid " (successor to Pegamoid) and the thousand and one articles made from it. Dealers and jobbers here and in the Orient will do well to correspond with this concern when contemplating the laying in of stocks of sportsmen's requirements, for the Western Agencies Co. can supply anything in this line at shortest notice and on the most favorable terms; and Eastern factors desiring an aggressive, enterprising and altogether up-to-date representative in this territory will find in the Western Agencies Co. the connection they are looking for. When writing the company always address 513 Market street, San Francisco, and don't forget to mention " Western Field." The full-page advertisement of this company appears elsewhere in these columns, and to it we earnestly direct our readers' closest attention.

SHREVE QUALITY

Needs not be enlarged upon here. The great reputation of this famous concern has been established by decades of the fairest of dealings and the supreme excellence of their offerings. When you buy jewels, plate or anything else in the jewelers line at Shreve's, you get only gems. And what is best of all, you get full value for your money and go away impressed with the most pleasant realization that you have been treated with a courtesy and care that is characteristic only of the grand old school of gentlemen, who believe that patrons should be friends and who overlook no effort or means to make them such.

For your own pleasure go and view their great new holiday stock. It beggars description. Of course you know the place—there is only one Shreve's in California.

* * *

ARTISTIC CLOTHING.

Foremost among the tailoring establishments of the Pacific Coast is the well-known firm of Mills & Hagbom, Phelan Building, this city, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in these pages.

Mr. Mills is especially well known to this territory's best dressers, he having for a long time been connected with Bullock & Jones Co., and his artistic taste and skill is cheerfully conceded by everybody; while Mr. Hagbom has a similar reputation of his own, being known as one of the most painstaking and efficient makers in the country.

Seconded by a large and able corps of high-grade assistants, it is no wonder that with their magnificent offerings in all fabrics—especially in fine English and Scotch woolens—that they are able to please the most fastidious patrons and to retain their patronage. A visit to their elegant establishment will mean an order, for the fabrics and workmanship are irresistible.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE BOYS.

It is a well-known fact that our President is an enthusiastic devotee of every variety of outdoor life, such as hunting, horseback riding, swimming, tennis and football. President Roosevelt emphasizes his strong inclination for healthy, manly, outdoor sport whenever possible, and his splendid physical condition is no doubt due to the active athletic life he has always led.

Not long ago the Pres.dent wrote a characteristically vigorous letter to General George W. Wingate of New York City, president of the Public School Athletic League, in accepting the honorary vice-presidency of that meritorious and extensive boys' organization. Among other things, the President dwelled particularly on the

HOLIDAY GOODS

JEWELRY SILVERWARE

DIAMONDS, PEARLS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES

WATCHES CUT GLASS

NO FINER STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST

PRICES ALWAYS MODERATE

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

104-110 GEARY STREET

importance of rifle shooting and learning to hit the mark, the formation of boys' and girls' gun clubs, and the necessity of equipping the schools with rifle ranges.

His declarations were in entire accord with the oft expressed views of the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., makers of the accurate and reliable Stevens rifles, shotguns and pistols. This famous and typical American company has for many months been waging an active and aggressive firearm education campaign, which means that an army of boys throughout our country is learning to shoot straight and getting the incalculable benefit of the tonic air of woods and fields. Scores of outdoor men and women have heartily commended and endorsed the Stevens movement.

The profusely illustrated 140-page Stevens catalogue, lists the entire line; contains full information concerning each model, prices, etc., and in addition is a valuable reference book on ammunition, the proper care of firearms, the choice of a rifle, etc., etc. Mailed anywhere for 4 cents in stamps to pay postage.

VERY DESIRABLE CARS.

Leavitt & Bill are now exhibiting the '06 Reos. These machines jumped into prominence in the early part of this year by their wonderful performances in hill climbing contests throughout the East.

They seem to meet the demand for a low-priced car that will actually do the work, and stand the rough usage of heavy touring.

In the Los Angeles to Santa Barbara endurance run the touring Reo tied three other machines with a perfect score, and the runabout Reo was the only machine to make a perfect score in the two-passenger class.

These machines are the design of R. E. Olds, and are the product of his own factory, being in no sense an assembled product.

Mr. Olds has had perhaps more experience than any other American designer, and the Reos show a perfection in detail that does him credit.

The touring car is of long wheel base, and has the popular side entrance body, with a detachable tonneau. The motor is of the opposed type, and develops sixteen horsepower at a low engine speed. A feature of the engine is the location of the valve on top instead of underneath the cylinders. The inlet as well as the exhaust is mechanically operated. This arrangement of the valves brings the 2-to-1 gearing at the top of the crank base, and it together with cams and push rods are consequently very accessible. In fact the whole machine has been designed in such a manner that all parts are reached from above, and it is never necessary to go under the rig to repair or adjust. The radiator of the Reos is designed in such a manner that in case of a leakage in any of its sections, the defective section may be taken out, the whole nested together, and serious delays obviated when on the road.

The transmission is very simple and is practically indestructible, it being impossible to burr the teeth or the gears or to otherwise injure it by careless driving. The gears are much larger than those used in other makes, are of steel and bronze bushed. They run in an oil bath, where the oil cannot get out nor the dust get in.

Hyatt roller bearings are used in the rear axle, and Timkin roller on the front wheel. A chain of ample size transmits the power from the transmission to the differential.

The runabout is practically the same as the large car, but only employs one cylinder. The head of the engine is under the front foot board, thereby bringing the spark plug and carbureter to the most accessible location. In other respects, mechanically, the two machines are practically the same. The runabout, when equipped with a folding rear seat, presents a new idea that makes it possible to utilize the family vehicle for business purposes. The little car has ample power to carry four people anywhere they want to go, and will make a speed of 26 miles

per hour. A touring box is a neat attachment for the runabout, and while possessing a fine appearance, it has plenty of room for a good-sized dress-suit case. The machine equipped with a touring box has become a favorite with physicians.

The large car has a touring box to take the place of the tonneau. The picture shows one of the large Reos fording a stream. It is said that owing to the location of their spark plugs and carbureters they will go through deeper water than any other machine now in use.

THE "REO" FORDING A STREAM.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES.

The Fraser Hollow Spar and Boat Co. of Greenport, Suffolk County, N. Y., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue, has a well-earned reputation for exceptionally good values in all its products, values which should appeal instantly to our discriminating Coast sportsmen who demand the best of everything that the world offers. The excellence of their hollow spars is perhaps best exemplified by the fact that the two famous Cup trial-boats in 1901 the Constitution and Independence, as well as the British Challenger Shamrock II carried hollow topsail spars made by this company. These famous spars are made from the finest selected spruce that is obtainable in the United States or elsewhere, and are made in the best and most scientific methods.

Each spar is carefully designed to produce the best proportioned diameters and thickness of shell requisite for the necessary strength, rigidity and durability. The cement used in the construction is Mr. J. G. Fraser's secret composition, known only to him, we believe, the only successful thing of its kind yet discovered. It is weather proof, and not only so, but retains under all atmospheric conditions a certain elasticity and great lasting properties, so that no matter what the strain on the spars, the cement remains perfectly intact, and to all intents and purposes a part of the wood itself.

The Fraser Co.'s particular construction enables them to produce a hollow spar equally strong and reliable, and yet stiffer than one of the same dimensions of solid spruce, yet the former will be anywhere from thirty-five to seventy-five per cent. (depending upon the thickness of the shell) lighter than the solid.

Such immense saving in weight above decks (and without sacrificing any strength, but on the contrary increasing rigidity and stiffness), means not only considerable more speed in a yacht, but greatly increased stability. Such advantages are of course desirable in cruising as well as racing craft.

That these spars are reliable and satisfactory in every particular is borne out by the fact that most of the best known and most successful of marine architects and yacht builders in the world are using them exclusively.

But while hollow spars are a notable Fraser feature, they form but a small portion of the product of this celebrated concern. Yacht "jewelry" of all kinds is made by them in profusion, and in addition thereto they turn out to order yearly hundreds of high-speed launches, automobile launches, cruising launches, yachts' davit boats, hunting boats, canoes, skiffs, fishing boats, and all kinds of pleasure craft, built in a manner that has made the name "Fraser" synonymous the world over with good material and conscientious and artistic workmanship. A wholesome and commendable feature about their business methods is that they quote but one listed strictly net price to everyone, which appears in their catalogues and is subject to no discount whatever, except when cash in full acompanies the order or where three or more boats are ordered at same time. We advise all our readers to send without delay for samples of their catalogues and other literature, assuring them of much contained interest therein. Always mention "Western Field" and address your letters plainly to The Fraser Hollow Spar and Boat Co., Greenport (Long Island), Suffolk County, N. Y.

Slocum Hand Power Motor.
A WONDER IN BOAT MOTORS.
Greater results than with oars. Greater speed with less work. Face either direction in operating. Reverses instantly. No skill required. Price $25.00. Write for circular. Patented.
Slocum Hand Power Motor Co., Erie, Pa.

THE "INDIAN"
Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award
St. Louis
World's Fair

Winner of
all important
events, 1904.

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass

Why Not
CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other"
Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it,
to insist on its bearing

this A·VIGNIER·Co· SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING
Beware of an inferior substitute

POLO ! POLO !!
Eroom's Polo Sticks and Balls

are known all over India, South Africa, Australia, and other Countries where the game is played. Our Sticks are used by all crack players.

Prices moderate.
Good terms to large Buyers.

EROOM & Co.,
Polo Specialists,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.

THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco, Cal.

CAPITAL - $1,500,000
SURPLUS - - 1,500,000

Accounts Received on Favorable Terms from Banks, Corporations and Individuals.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS AFFORD ABSOLUTE SECURITY FOR VALUABLES OF ALL KINDS AT SMALL EXPENSE.

DIRECTORS—Geo. C. Perkins, H. L. Davis, James Moffit, John W. Phillips, P. E. Bowles, W. H. Crocker F. P. Deering, J. A. Rey.

WALLACE EVERSON, Pres., JOHN BERMINGHAM, Vice-Pres. A. P. REDDING, Secy

PACIFIC SURETY COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

PAID-UP CAPITAL $250,000 **CASH ASSETS $420,000**

GUARANTEE AND CASUALTY SURETY ON BONDS

Bonds of Suretyship issued on behalf of persons holding positions of trust; we also act as surety on Bonds required in Court Proceedings.

PLATE GLASS INSURANCE

HEAD OFFICE, 326 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAFE DEPOSIT BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO

PACIFIC SURETY COMPANY.

Much interest is attached to the marvelous growth of corporate suretyship all over the United States. It is now about twenty years since a number of the States passed laws enabling corporations to act as surety on bonds. Some of the States were very slow to pass such laws, but in others, like New York and California, they saw the necessity of relieving the individual from acting as surety in most cases where bonds were required, and also were wise enough to enable corporations to form for that purpose, and placed them under the supervision of the Insurance Commissioner, making it a class of insurance.

The public was very reluctant, at the beginning, to take hold of the proposition, possibly for the reason that it disliked to pay for something that always, heretofore, was procured for nothing. At the same time, they could not help but see that putting suretyship upon a business basis made the party procuring the bond more independent, and relieved him of what otherwise might become a very embarrassing obligation.

The Legislature of 1884-1885, in this State, passed a general corporate surety law, at the suggestion and instance of several leading business men in this city, which resulted in the formation and incorporation of the Pacific Surety Company. This corporation has been exceedingly conservative in the conduct of its business, and, in fact, confined its operations to this State, until a few years ago. One of the results has been that the people of California today are more thoroughly imbued with the idea than in almost any of the other States, and another result has been that nearly everyone of the many surety companies formed in the last few years have established agencies in California.

The growth of the business has attracted the attention of several prominent Insurance Commissioners in various States of the Union, and the many insurance journals are devoting a great deal of space to matters of interest pertaining to this class of business.

As will be seen by the above, the Pacific Surety Company is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, surety company in the United States, doing all branches of suretyship. The business is intricate, when compared with other classes of insurance, and has to receive much more personal attention on the part of those managing it than any other line. The great diversity of bonds used in business these days entails upon the management very close inspection, and the same also from the company's legal department.

The Pacific Surety Company has a board of directors, who are prominent in the various calls of life in San Francisco and its stockholders likewise are interested in the welfare of this city and State. Starting with a capital of $100,000 in 1885, it now has a paid-up capital of $250,000, with a net reserve of $116,000. The conservative management of this company and its stability bespeak for it the patronage of all those who believe in home industry and in keeping the money derived therefrom in their own State.

IF YOU ARE A CAMPER

You want to send, without fail, for a copy of the elegant catalogue of the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis. This firm is the manufacturer of the world-famous "Gold Medal" camp furniture and camp outfits so extensively used by outers in every land. Their line includes cots, chairs, stools, tables, stoves, special tents of Khaki duck, and the other hundred and one things necessary to every well-ordered outer's camp. They issue a very valuable book of 136 pages (with 200 illustrations) that should be in the hands of every camper, and will send same to anyone enclosing 10c—coin or stamps—to cover postage. The "Gold Medal" product is one of those "so different" productions which at first sight commend themselves to sportsmen, and once used will never be displaced by any other "make." Dealers are particularly invited to correspond with this firm, who have a very attractive proposition to make to worthy representatives. See their advertisement on another page.

THE NAME IS ENOUGH.

"Bullock & Jones Company" on any article of wearing apparel is like the old English hallmark on silver plate—it stamps the quality as sterling—the highest and last proof of excellence.

There is therefore little that need be said in these pages in regard to their product. The public is well aware of the fact that nothing but the best of everything comes from their hands, and that, too, at prices astonishingly low, everything considered. Despite the old adage to the contrary, clothing does very often help to make the man. You can always know a gentleman by his raiment, and Bullock & Jones are gentlemen's clothiers.

* * *

OUTDOOR PASTIMES OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER.

"A good wine needs no bush," and it would be simple supererogation to praise the literary work of Theodore Roosevelt. Suffice it to say that the latest book of our sportsman President shows a literary maturity and polish far above his other works, and will be hailed with enthusiasm by all the reading world. There is in Roosevelt's books a something of completeness, a brevity and conciseness and consummation that is characteristic of the man who can make more short cuts to the right goal than have ever been essayed by hunter, politician or statesman. Roosevelt goes to the point quickly and when his story is told there is nothing left to say. The book is published by the Chas. Scriner's Sons, New York, in their usual acceptable style.

EMIL W. HAGBOM
Formerly with
James W. Bell Son & Co.
New York

EDWARD MILLS
Late of
Bullock & Jones
San Francisco

MILLS & HAGBOM

Tailors and Importers

PHELAN BUILDING

Are Now Ready to Fill Orders For FINE CLOTHES. The Very CHOICEST ENGLISH and SCOTCH WOOLENS Can be Found at This Place.

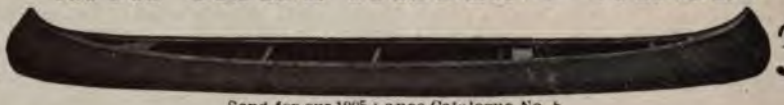
DO YOU WANT A TIGER SKIN?

Sportsmen desiring to decorate and embellish their dens, libraries or dining-rooms with rare East Indian trophies will do well to correspond with Messrs. Van Ingen & Van Ingen, Mysore, India. This firm, which is taxidermist by appointment to the governor of Madras, H. H. the Maharajah of Mysore, and H. H. the Rajah of Pudukota, is in a position to supply American sportsmen with the very finest tiger, leopard and other varieties of beautiful heads and rugs, at prices which will command their immediate attention. Any animal peculiar to Asia or Africa can be supplied in magnificent specimens without delay. The opportunity of obtaining these desirable specimens should be improved while the chance offers. In a few years such trophies will be so rare as to command exorbitant prices. Better write them while their stock is full and prices low. Always mention "Western Field," and address them at either Mysore or Ootacamund, India.

Fish Will Bite
Like Hungry Wolves
Any season of the year if you use **Magic Fish Lure**
A wonderful bait that greatly, attracts all kinds of fish. Best bait ever use for nets, traps, and trot lines. No poison. Not unlawful to use. Price 25c a box. If you live near a lake or stream write to me and I will give you a box to help introduce it in your neighborhood. Agents wanted.
J. F. GREGORY, K-21, Anadarko, Okla.

HIGH GRADE PADDLING CANOES

15 feet to 18 feet



From 31.50 UP

Send for our 1905 Canoe Catalogue No. 5

Makers of THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR

Send for our No. 4 Spar Book and Price List

Famous St. Lawrence River Skiffs, Racing and Cruising Launches, Etc
High Grade Work Only

THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR & BOAT CO.
J. G. FRASER, Manager — Western Avenue, Greenport, Suffolk Co., N. Y

PURITY GUARANTEED
Dos Mesas Exquisite Wine

During December, an extra discount of 10 per cent in order to reduce our stock to make room for the coming vintage. Send for Catalogue.

H. N. CROSS, M. D.,
319 Montgomery St., San Francisco

THE
Anglo-Californian Bank

LONDON OFFICE (LIMITED) 14 AUSTIN FRIARS

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK,	$6,000,000
SUBSCRIBED - - - -	3,000,000
PAID IN - - - - -	1,500,000
SURPLUS & UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	1,000,000

REMAINDER SUBJECT TO CALL.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON:
Rt. Hon. Chas. P. Ritchie, M. P. — E. H. Cunard
I. Simon — Hon. H. H. Fowler — Isaac Seligman
I. SIMON, Managing Director, London.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE:
N. E. CORNER PINE AND SANSOME STREETS
IGNATZ STEINHART, P. N. LILIENTHAL
Managers in San Francisco.

Telephone Main 678
WM. M. WEIL CO.
Circulars and Samples
Distributed in San Francisco and Neighboring Towns
106 PINE STREET, Cor. FRONT
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod

Here is a jointed rifle cleaning rod which will not bend or break at the joints. It is the only jointed rifle rod of which this can truthfully be said. When screwed together it is as rigid and strong as a one-piece rod. It is made in three sections with two steel joints, a steel swivel at the end of the rod and with a cocobolo handle. Choice of jagged or slotted detachable ends.

Price with solid brass sections - $1.00
With seamless brass tube sections 1.25

Prepaid—Mention Calibre.

MARBLE'S RIFLE CLEANER IS MADE OF BRASS GAUZE, FOLLOWS THE TWIST AND IS GUARANTEED TO REMOVE LEAD, BURNED POWDER OR RUST WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY TO THE BARREL. IT CLEANS VERY RAPIDLY AND IS EXCEEDINGLY DURABLE. PRICE 50C. PREPAID. MENTION CALIBRE. ALL OF MARBLE'S EXTRA QUALITY SPECIALTIES ARE FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE, OR WILL BE SENT DIRECT, PREPAID. SEND FOR CATALOG "H".

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.
GLADSTONE, MICH., U. S. A.

STEVENS

FOR XMAS

YOUR BOY WANTS A STEVENS—AND WANTS IT BAD! DON'T DISAPPOINT HIM—ADD TO HIS PLEASURE AND EDUCATION BY GIVING HIM A FAMOUS STEVENS RIFLE SHOTGUN OR PISTOL. ASK YOUR DEALER—INSIST ON THE STEVENS. IF YOU CANNOT OBTAIN, WE SHIP DIRECT—EXPRESS PREPAID, UPON RECEIPT OF CATALOG PRICE. SEND FOR 140 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG. DESCRIBES ENTIRE LINE, FURNISHES VALUABLE INFORMATION ON SHOOTING AND AMMUNITION AND IS BRIMFUL OF XMAS SUGGESTIONS. OUR ATTRACTIVE THREE COLOR ALUMINUM HANGER WILL BE MAILED ANYWHERE FOR TEN CENTS IN STAMPS.

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.

31 MAIN STREET

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

The Laflin & Rand

CALENDAR

FOR 1906

Will Be Issued In December

To those who send us the Brand of Powder they Shoot and 10 cents in coin or stamps

DON'T FORGET FULL NAME AND STREET NUMBER

Address Advertising Division

Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

PHIL. B. BEKEART CO.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH—Smith & Wesson Marlin Fire Arms Co., H. Werlemann, A. J. Reach Co., E. C. Cook & Co., Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, Markham Air Rifle Co., Ideal Manufacturing Co., Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., Bridgeport Athletic Manufacturing Co., Ithaca Gun Co. Daisy Manufacturing Co.

Special Agent "E. C." & "Schultze" Gunpowders.

STOCK CARRIED . . . . . .

GOODS SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY

114 Second Street SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Authorized Capital	$1,000,000.00
Paid Up Capital	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .	270,000.00

Interest Paid on Deposits. Loans Made.

DIRECTORS.

WM. BABCOCK	Parrott & Co.
S. L. ABBOT	Security Savings Bank
O. D. BALDWIN	O. D. Baldwin & Son
JOSEPH D. GRANT	Murphy, Grant & Co.
E. J. MCCUTCHEN	Page, McCutchen & Knight
L. F. MONTEAGLE	Capitalist
R. H. PEASE	President Goodyear Rubber Co.
WARREN D. CLARK	Williams, Dimond & Co.
JAS. L. FLOOD	Capitalist
J. A. DONOHOE	Pres. Donohoe-Kelly Banking Co.
JOHN PARROTT	Capitalist
JACOB STERN	Pres. Levi Strauss & Co.
WILLIAM BABCOCK	President
S. L. ABBOT	Vice-President and Manager
FRED W. RAY	Secretary
SIDNEY V. SMITH	Attorney

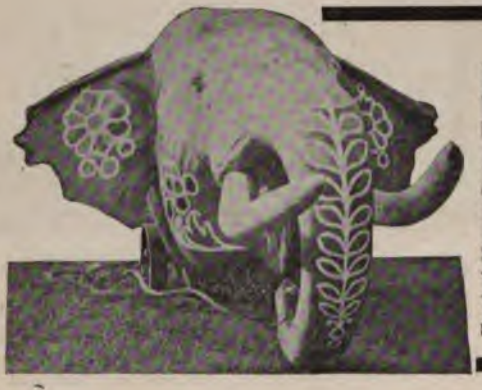
Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co.

Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

We manufacture the Celebrated Gold Medal Camp Furniture and Complete Camp Outfits, including Cots, Chairs in great variety, Stools, Tables, Stoves. Special Tents of Khaki Duck, and sell our product exclusively through dealers. Our Catalogue sent to any address free on request. Send for our Complete Camper's Manual, a book of 136 pages, 200 illustrations, a book on camping and camp outfits, for 10c. postage or coin.

GOLD MEDAL CAMP [illegible]

Our California distributing agents are **NEVILLE & CO., San Francisco** and **Wm. H. HOEGEE CO. Los Angeles.** We solicit inquiries for prices and ask any one who cannot get our goods through dealers to write us.



Head of Mysore State—Elephant.

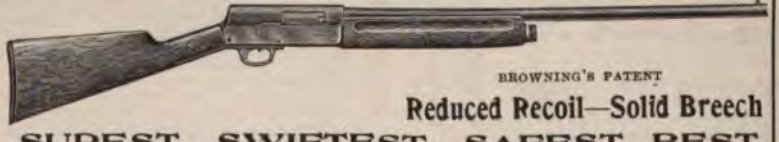
By Special Appointment to
H. E. THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS
H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE
AND
H. H. THE RAJAH OF PUDUKOTAH

Van Ingen & Van Ingen

ARTISTIC
TAXIDERMISTS

MYSORE AND OOTACAMUND
S. INDIA

Remington Automatic Shot Gun



BROWNING'S PATENT

Reduced Recoil—Solid Breech

SUREST, SWIFTEST, SAFEST, BEST

Send Postal for Descriptive Catalog.

BROWNING BROS. CO., - - - - - OGDEN, UTAH.

150 Page General Catalog FREE Illustrates Every thing For Every Sport In Every Season.

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc. We can teach you with complete success by MAIL. Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips. DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies. Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.

"Have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS.

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines (including WESTERN FIELD.) Let us explain our school fully. Send Today for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 130 D. St., Omaha, Neb.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—It keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's Face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free. *Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

H. F. LORQUIN

323 Kearny St., S. F.

Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.

Telephone Montgomery 761

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905..... 37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, Jr., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

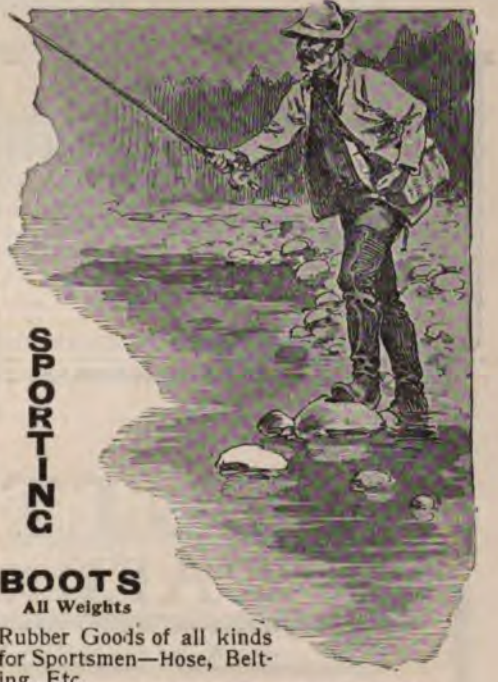
Directors—F. TILLMANN, Jr., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1. Copper.....75 cts. Lead.....50 cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uranium, Vanadium each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**



SPORTING

BOOTS

All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

453-455 Mission St. San Francisco

Marlin

Face to face with the most dangerous of American big game, the grizzly bear, a man must have a rifle that won't fail him. Famous hunters use a *Marlin* because they can trust it. They know a *Marlin* won't fail them at a dangerous moment.

Marlin Repeating Rifles have a shocking power and penetration that is destructive to the strongest game. Armed with a *Marlin* a man may face a wounded grizzly or moose with perfect confidence.

The Model 1895 *Marlin* Repeaters have "Special Smokeless Steel" Barrels, and use powerful smokeless loads. The big bores hit hard and open a big hole. The game bleeds fast and dies quickly. Small bores and black powder may kill sometimes, perhaps after Mr. Grizzly has killed you or run away so far you'll never find him. If you want to take no chances and have the quickest killer made, use a *Marlin* '95 big bore with smokeless cartridges. No other repeater is made in big bores with "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels. *Marlin* accuracy is absolute, certain and dependable. The *Marlin* action is simple and compact, while the unique *Marlin* Breechbolt keeps out rain and snow, and will not permit dry twigs or sand to enter and clog the mechanism. *No other gun gives this protection.*

The *Marlin* is the original solid top and side ejector. There is a solid wall of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties cannot throw in your face.*

Join the great army of *Marlin* enthusiasts—buy a *Marlin* for your eternal satisfaction. Send to-day for our new Catalog and Experience Book. Free for 6 cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

51 Willow Street **New Haven, Conn.**

KILLS RUST

THE *Marlin* RUST REPELLER is the best rust preventative made, because it does not gum or drip, and heat, cold or salt water does not affect it. Rust Repeller sticks, no matter how hot the firing. Get it of your dealer. Sample 1½ oz. tube sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Model '95, .45-70, 26-in. ½ Octagon, ½ magazine, Take-Down Extra Selected Pistol Grip. Large rubber butt, special engraved, gold or platinum inlay, stock and forearm carved. Catalog list price $250. *Marlin* Model '95 Rifles from $15.60. Catalog prices. Less at your dealers.

Phone Grant 95

BUTTRICK'S CAFE AND GRILL

42 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Grill Open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Commercial Publishing Company

Printers

Proprietors of the
Commercial News
(Daily and Weekly)
Engravers, Binders
Blank Book Makers
High Class Publications Our Specialty

463 Mission St., San Francisco
Telephone Main 1003

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

After JANUARY 1st, 1906 the subscription price of **WESTERN FIELD** will be $1.50 a year Single copies 5c

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

236 Post Street, San Francisco

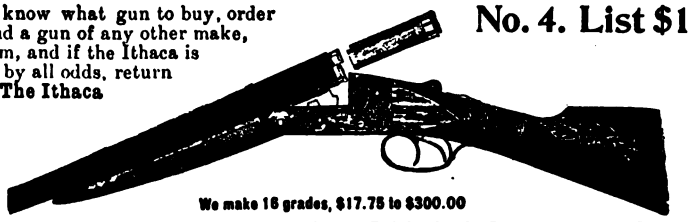
Pictures, Sporting Prints,

. . . Framing . . .

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

No. 4. List $100.00



We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR **ART CATALOGUE**

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

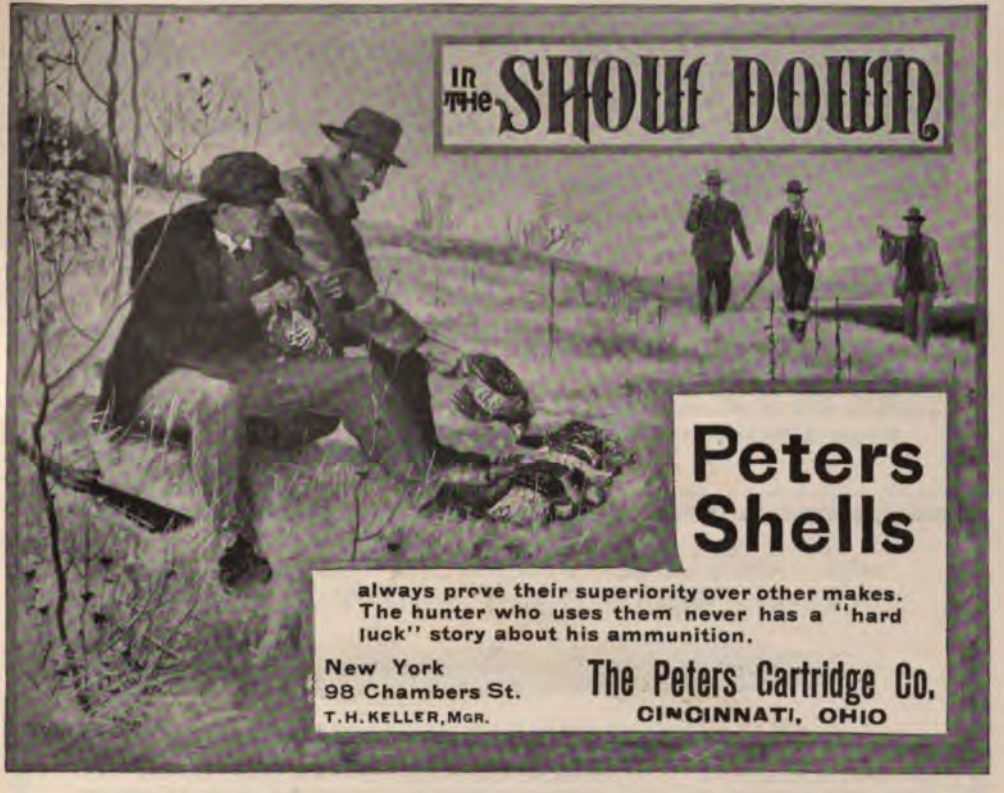
The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Agents for Pacific Coast

---

Hats to Fit Every FACE FORM FANCY

TOM DILLON, Milliner for Men
Opposite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.



Peters Shells

always prove their superiority over other makes. The hunter who uses them never has a "hard luck" story about his ammunition.

New York
98 Chambers St.
T. H. KELLER, Mgr.

The Peters Cartridge Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Hunter One-Trigger

Never Balks. Never Doubles. Hundreds in Use and Every One Perfect

HUNTER ARMS CO.
FULTON - NEW YORK
Send for Catalogue

Smith Guns Shoot Well

New Lyman Rear Sight
FOR MAUSER RIFLE
(Patented)

No. 35 Price, $7.00

Very accurate and easily adjusted. A specially constructed base renders it easily attached to bolt stop. When on rifle, there is nothing to interfere with loading from clips. Slightly elevating slide, it is easily turned to one side, allowing removal of bolt.

Send for our 96-page Catalogue.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

Fisher & Co.
(Incorporated)

HATS GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

Established in 1851

Hat Boxes, Dress Suit Cases, Valises, Bags and Umbrellas. Shirts and Underwear to order.

9 Montgomery St. San Francisco

Portable Buildings

For Automobiles, Shooting Boxes and various other purposes. They are strong and substantial, wind and weather proof, all wood. Stock sizes on hand.

—Send for Catalogue

Burnham-Standeford Company
519 Second St., Oakland, Cal.

SAVE THIS COUPON **SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER** SAVE THIS COUPON

14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN, that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Last Notice.

Up to and including December 31, 05, we will accept new subscriptions and renewals to old ones (for any period of years in advance) at the old rate of $1 per year. After that date, the price will be advanced to $1.50 per year. Take advantage of this offer before it is too late. We play no favorites.

Address all remittances to

Western Field Co.

4 Sutter Street,

San Francisco.

HAYDEN'S IMPROVED

Pocket Water Filter

Small, Efficient, Durable
It Filters Through Charcoal

A NECESSITY FOR

Sportsmen, Hunters, Wheelmen and Tourists.

SPECIAL OFFER

With a view to introducing this filter directly to far western sportsmen, I have consummated an arrangement with the publishers of this magazine whereby I am enabled to offer a full year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD, together with one of these improved filters for the small sum of $1 25 Remit in any way convenient, except loose in mails, addressing always

CHAS. A. HAYDEN
South McAlester, I. T.

THE

SPORTSMEN'S CAFÉ

413 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Under the management of

IKE DUETCH

(Formerly of Crystal Palace.)

Merchants' Lunch, private rooms.

Game Cooked for Sportsmen Free of Charge

LARGE BANQUET HALL

CALIFORNIA KENNELS

RIDGEWOOD
MENDOCINO CO.
CAL.

In the Stud

POINTER
DR. DANIELS

FIELD CHAMPION OF THE PACIFIC Coast, a many time winner, Field and Bench. We also offer the services of the high class setters . . . .

McCloud Boy,
Harry H. and Jay M.

all Field Trial winners of superior quality

FEE OF EACH, $25

CALIFORNIA KENNELS

RIDGEWOOD MENDOCINO CO., CAL.

DR. A. E. BUZARD

Veterinary Surgeon

M. R. C. V. S. London

CORNER POST and FILLMORE STREETS
San Francisco, Cal.

Special attention given to the Diseasesof Dogs. Thoroughly equipped hospital for all animals. Advice by mail $2.00.

TELEPHONE WEST 636.

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S., 1278 Broadway, N.Y

AT STUD—$25.00

MARX

Winner of first prize in limited class—San Francisco bench show, 1905

LLEWELLYN SETTER

Combination of Champions—Gaths Mark, Gladstone's Boy and Bohemian Girl. Half Brother to Plain Rex, the field trial winner.

P. C. PULSE, Oakland, Cal.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager

BAKERSFIELD
Kern Co., California

FASHION RESTAURANT

L. BESOZZI, Proprietor Phone James 2101

504 Market St. 5 Sutter St.

GAME AND FISH COOKING UNEXCELLED

Ladies' Dining Room Upstairs

Week Days From 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. Closed Sundays.

Hospital . . FOR DOGS

416 Fifth Avenue

Opposite French Hospital

Geary Street cars stop at the door. Temporary Phone West 3004

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr. JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D.

Continental
Building & Loan Association
of California

Established . . . 1889

This Association pays 6 per cent. per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
Its paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
Its monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co-operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal.

A CHEAP GUN

FOR EVERYBODY SEEMS TO WANT A CHEAP GUN

A CHEAP GUN CANNOT BE A GOOD GUN

REMEMBER the Best is Cheapest in the End, and None too Good for You. The PARKER GUN is the Best and Cheapest Gun today. It will Outwear and Outshoot a Dozen Inferior Guns. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PARKER BROS.

New York Salesroom
32 WARREN STREET

37 Cherry Street
MERIDEN, CONN.

When the Birds Fly High

You Need

Remington SHOT GUNS

U.M.C. AMMUNITION

You then have an

Invincible Equipment

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT

86-88 First Street, S. F., E. E. DRAKE, Manager

AMMUNITION

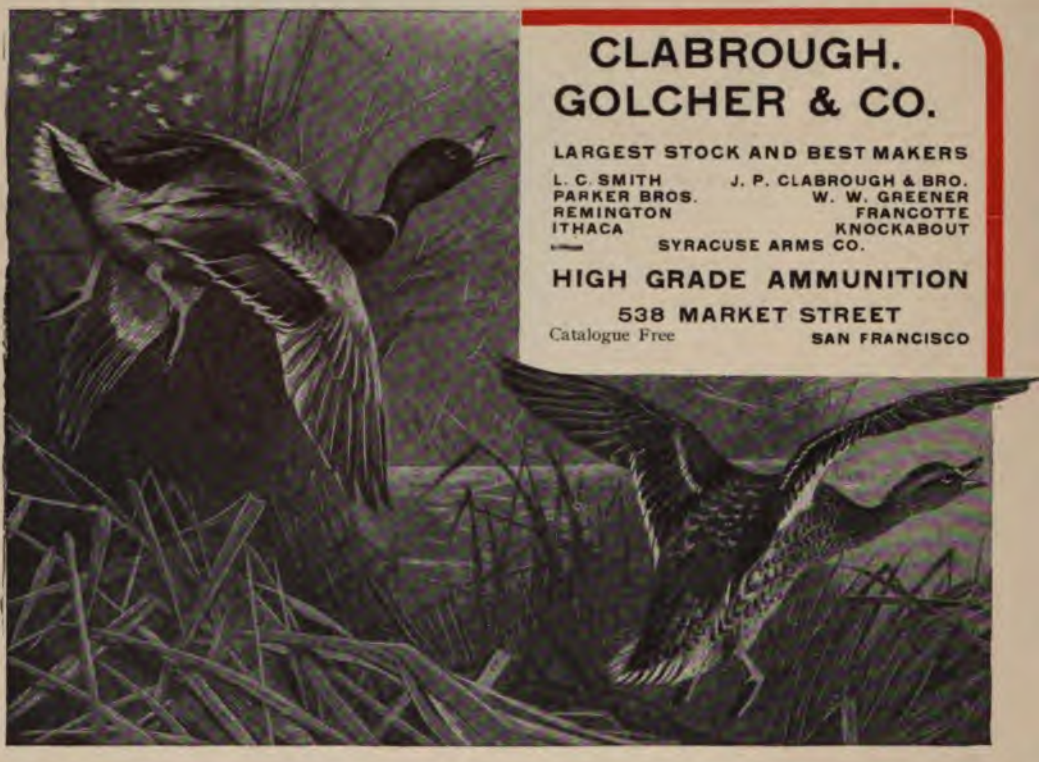
WINCHESTER

Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO — A. MULLER Agent

WESTERN
FIELD



CLABROUGH. GOLCHER & CO.

LARGEST STOCK AND BEST MAKERS

L. C. SMITH — J. P. CLABROUGH & BRO.
PARKER BROS. — W. W. GREENER
REMINGTON — FRANCOTTE
ITHACA — KNOCKABOUT
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

HIGH GRADE AMMUNITION

538 MARKET STREET

Catalogue Free — SAN FRANCISCO

SHOOT YOUR GAME WITH

BALLISTITE

Once used always used, that's what you want, a Powder with penetration. Light Recoil and withstands climatic conditions. You get these features in BALLISTITE.

GOOD SHOOTERS SHOOT GOOD POWDER.

BAKER & HAMILTON

Sole Agents Pacific Coast

LOS ANGELES — SACRAMENTO — SAN FRANCISCO

WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262

VOL. 7. JANUARY, 1906 No. 6

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FRONTISPIECE—A Northland Madonna

WHEN THE CHINOOK RUN ..... *Francis Steel*

A SONG OF FAREWELL (Verse) ..... *R. Wesley Asbury*

IN THE GREEN SHADOWS ..... *H. H. Dunn*

A TRIP TO EMILE FALLS ..... *J. A. Buchanan*

A DEER HUNT IN THE ADIRONDACKS ..... *J. P. Fletcher*

AT EVENTIDE (Verse) ..... *Mary Vaughan*

HOW BILLY TRIED FOR WOODCOCK ..... *"Re-Capper"*

STAR BREAK (Verse) ..... *Agnes Lockhardt Hughes*

HANK, A COUGAR AND AN INDIAN ..... *Dan Pearsall*

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHING WATERS ..... *Edward H. Goodnough*

THE MESSAGE (Verse) ..... *Chas. Elmer Jenney*

SOUTH COAST FISHING PART III —"On the Edge of the Kelp Beds" ..... *"Stillhunter"*

NIGHT (Verse) ..... *Donald A. Fraser*

THE BLUE BUCK BEYOND THE BURN ..... *J. E. Sawyers*

BALLAD OF THE NORTHLAND (Verse) ..... *Stacey E. Baker*

A KLONDIKE WOLF CHASE ..... *Norman F. Hesseltine*

THE PASSING OF THE GRIZZLEY ..... *T. Shelley Sutton*

TO A SPOTTED FAWN ..... *Frank H. Mayer*

STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION CONVENTION .....

THE LUMINOSITY OF PLANTS ..... *Lawrence Irwell*

CALIFORNIA WOMEN GOLFER'S TOURNEMENT .....

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT ..... *F. M. Kelly*

AN IDEAL CRUISING GROUND ..... *Arthur H. Dutton*

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1905 ..... *Arthur Inkersley*

SCENT ..... *C. H. Babcock*

INDEX TO VOL. VI .....

17—DEPARTMENTS—17

A CLEAN SWEEP FOR

SELBY SHELLS

At the Inter-State Tournament held Sept. 15-17 at S. F.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE

Preliminary Handicap, One-hundred Bird Race

Pacific Coast Handicap, One-Hundred Bird Race

ALL WON WITH SELBY SHELLS

THE MASTER GROCER

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

A matter of health
GROCERIES

S. F. Stores
432 PINE STREET
232 SUTTER STREET
2829 CALIFORNIA STREET
1401 HAIGHT STREET
Oakland: 13th and CLAY STREETS

Telephones:
Private Exchange One
Private Exchange 100
West 101
Park 456
Main One

OTIS ELEVATORS

HYDRAULIC
ELECTRIC
STEAM
BELTED

PASSENGER or
FREIGHT

FOR EVERY
SERVICE

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY
Pacific Coast Department Office and Works
509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 527

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "WESTERN FIELD."

Fine Roadbed

Elegant Equipment

AMERICA'S NEW SCENIC LINE

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

Combines all the Latest Improvements for Making Travel a Pleasure

THE BEST DINING CAR SERVICE IN THE WEST
The Direct Route to Salt Lake City and all Eastern Points

Information and Descriptive Literature Gladly Furnished by any Representative

E. W. GILLETT, General Passenger Agent

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

T. C. PECK, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent

WHEN YOU GO EAST

Take the through cars running via

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Through Colorado and pass the finest scenery in America by daylight.

For full information, literature and sleeping car accommodations, communicate with or call upon

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

W. H. DAVENPORT, General Agent.

E. L. GURNEY, City Ticket Agent

THE MASTER GROCER

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

A matter of health
GROCERIES

S. F. Stores
432 PINE STREET
232 SUTTER STREET
2829 CALIFORNIA STREET
1401 HAIGHT STREET
Oakland: 13th and CLAY STREETS

Telephones:
Private Exchange One
Private Exchange 100
West 101
Park 456
Main One

OTIS ELEVATORS

HYDRAULIC
ELECTRIC
STEAM
BELTED

PASSENGER or
FREIGHT

FOR EVERY
SERVICE

Automatic Electric Elevator The Otis Automatic Electric Elevator is automatic in the fullest sense of the word. It requires no attendant, and a child can operate it. On each floor is a single push-button, at the landing and in the car is a row of push-buttons, one for each floor. The car responds to the pressing of a button by coming to the floor you are on and stopping itself there. Until it has stopped the door is locked, and the only door unlocked is the one at which the car is at rest. Power may be derived from any lighting circuit and the current consumption is well nigh negligible. The task of arranging houses already built for an elevator is not formidable. Correspondence invited.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY
Pacific Coast Department Office and Works
509-511 Howard Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Private Exchange 527

Fine Roadbed

SALT LAKE ROUTE

Elegant Equipment

AMERICA'S NEW SCENIC LINE

THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

Combines all the Latest Improvements for Making Travel a Pleasure

THE BEST DINING CAR SERVICE IN THE WEST
The Direct Route to Salt Lake City and all Eastern Points

Information and Descriptive Literature Gladly Furnished by any Representative

E. W. GILLETT,
General Passenger Agent

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

T. C. PECK,
Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent

WHEN YOU GO EAST

COLORADO MIDLAND Midland Route RAILWAY

Take the through cars running via

THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY

Through Colorado and pass the finest scenery in America by daylight.

For full information, literature and sleeping car accommodations, communicate with or call upon

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

647 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

W. H. DAVENPORT,
General Agent.

E. L. GURNEY,
City Ticket Agent

Three Through Trains to CHICAGO

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

daily from points in California via the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago and North-Western Railways,

Over the Only Double-Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago.

The Overland Limited, the most luxurious daily train in the World. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car, electric lighted throughout, Booklovers' library. Less than three days San Francisco to Chicago. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars through to Chicago without change. For tickets and full information call on ticket agents Southern Pacific Railway, or address

R. R. RITCHIE, General Agent Pacific Coast
617 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

C. & N. W. Ry.

California Northwestern Railway

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

IS MORE THAN ATTRACTIVE FOR SHORT TRIPS

ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

Round Trip Tickets are sold, with return limit Mondays, from San Francisco to all points North of San Rafael,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT

On Sundays, half Rates

OR ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO

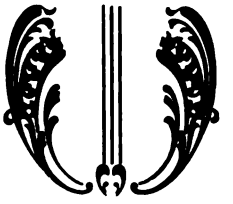
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineburg, Sonoma, Verano, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY.

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry; General Office, Mutual Life Building, Corner California and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, California.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager **R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent**

HOT SPRINGS,
ARKANSAS,
THE GREATEST HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT ON THE CONTINENT.
FAMOUS ALIKE FOR
RECREATION AND REST.
ELEGANT THROUGH SERVICE
VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN
ROUTE.
FREE ON REQUEST-FINE LITERATURE, ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE, CONTAINING & ALL INFORMATION ABOUT HOT SPRINGS. ADDRESS ANY AGENT OF THE COMPANY.
W. J. SHOTWELL, General Agent
625 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



PAPER

MEANS

ZELLERBACH

"A Standard for Good Quality"

SAN FRANCISCO
AND
LOS ANGELES

Here's Your Chance

A great half price Offer

Read every word of this announcement, for it is the opportunity of years. Never before was such an offer given to the public, and it is safe to say never will it be made again. This year several magazines have increased their subscription price, which shows how much greater this offer really is. Only a limited number will be sold at this price, therefore we advise everyone to accept this without delay. When we have received a certain number, we shall withdraw the offer.

Cosmopolitan

having now passed to the ownership of the most successful publishing house in existence, the Hearst organization, will shortly become the most widely read magazine in America. Over

500,000 copies a month

will shortly be required to fill the demand, while within a year it will outrank every other magazine in this country. "The best, no matter what it costs," is the motto of its editors, therefore it will be in Cosmopolitan that you will find the writers of world-wide reputation; the matters on which they write will be questions on public tongue; its fiction will be masterpieces of pen-craft; its whole contents will set the standard for magazine perfection. We cannot tell to-day who will be its contributors, for to-morrow's sun may shine upon a new-born Conan Doyle, or the author of another "David Harum," and should such be, you will find it in Cosmopolitan.

Our Extraordinary Offer

As noted above, we have secured a limited number of subscriptions to

The COSMOPOLITAN Magazine and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. We will send these two magazines in conjunction with WESTERN FIELD for one year to any address for only $3.00—about one-half of the list price. This offer good only until February 1, 1906.

Fill out this coupon—cut it off—mail it TO-DAY,—and secure the greatest bargain that will ever be offered to the reading public. Do it *to-day*, SURE! We also want agents to work this great proposition for us.

New Southern Hotel and Annex

BAKERSFIELD

F. W. TEGELER & CO., Proprietors

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FIELD TRIAL MEMBERS

40 Rooms with Bath
60 Rooms without Bath

COMPLETELY RENOVATED
STEAM HEAT, BATHS

New Southern Hotel
BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

Santa Catalina Island

A combination of mountain and seashore.
An endless variety of amusements and attractions, including boating, bathing, fishing, golfing, tennis, viewing the marine gardens through glass bottom boats, etc., etc.

Hotel Metropole

Accommodations First Class

Additional information, reservations, etc., from

BANNING CO.
Huntington Bldg.
LOS ANGELES

THE PALACE HOTEL

The Leading Hotel of the Pacific Coast

Thoroughly modern, with steam heat and compressed air cleaning plant

CUISINE UNSURPASSED

THE LICK GRILL

IS SECOND TO NONE IN

SAN FRANCISCO

Many changes in the remodeling of the brick house have made it the only fire proof hotel in San Francisco.

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY

HEADQUARTERS FOR MINING MEN

LICK HOUSE

O.W. KINGSBURY, LESSEE

Corner Sutter and Montgomery Sts.

ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

1 COLUMN $1.00

2 COLUMN $2.00

We thoroughly understand the wants of the critical buyer. Operating the most complete Engraving and Printing Mail-Order plant in America day and night, you receive prompt service, satisfactory goods and prices that create friends whether you are in Mexico, New York or 'Frisco.

Illustrations of every kind and description, either in colors or black and white.

Printing, such as booklets, fine catalogs, private correspondence paper, office stationery, etc.

All orders executed promptly and artistically.

Work Right or Money Back.

WRITE NOW AND "WE'LL DELIVER THE GOODS.

CLARK ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.
ARTISTS=ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS.

O'BRIEN & SPOTORNO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

POULTRY AND GAME

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS

CALIFORNIA MARKET

TELEPHONE 515

THE BEST RIFLE SIGHT

For all kinds of Shooting, in all kinds of weather a delight, or on any background, is...

KINGS' PATENT TRIPLE BEAD SIGHT

IVORY, GOLD OR BLACK—All on the gun at once. Take your choice. Ask your dealer, or by mail.

$1.50 Postpaid Circulars Free

D. W. KING, Jr.

Box 399 Denver, Colo.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS. Made in many sizes and for all purposes.

The cut here shown is our No. 45 Portable Garage 12'-4⅝" wide by 15'-4⅝" long. Shipping weight approximately 3,850 lbs.

These buildings are strong and substantial, wind and weather proof, constructed entirely of wood. Any one can set them up in a remarkably short time.

Send for catalogue No. 6 which will give weights, prices and cuts of many sizes now in use.

Burnham-Standeford Company

519 SECOND STREET OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

SCHULZE & BROWN

ARCHITECTS

SUITE 515, WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO

SHREVE & BARBER CO.

GUNS

739 Market Street 511 Kearny Street

Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

and Sporting Goods

SAN FRANCISCO *CALIFORNIA*

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES, BANK VAULTS AND JAIL CELLS

METAL OFFICE FURNITURE, SCALES

PARCELLS, GREENWOOD CO., 216 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

TEL. MAIN 1032

TELEPHONE MAIN 478

Dryselius & Co., Dealers in

Fish and Oysters

FROGS AND TERRAPINS ALWAYS ON HAND

93 California Market, S. F.

Orders delivered for breakfast, luncheon and dinner

Telephone Main 487 PRIVATE ROOMS

PAUL'S

Hotel and French Restaurant

Game Dinners a Specialty

COMMERCIAL LUNCH, 50c DINNER, 75c

375 Bush Street

SAN FRANCISCO

Shreve & Co.

are MANUFACTURERS of

PRESENTS FOR MEN

Smokers' Sets, Whips, Crops, Canes, Swagger Sticks, &c., &c.

and other dignified, elegant and useful articles in gold and silver

POST & MARKET STS.
SAN FRANCISCO

Twenty-Third Annual Trials
OF THE
PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB
To be run at
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA
beginning
Monday, January 8, 1906

MEMBERS' STAKE ANNUAL DERBY
ALL AGE STAKE CHAMPION STAKE
All age stake closes Dec. 15

A. BETZ, Sec.
201 Parrott Bldg.

W. W. VAN ARSDALE
President
San Francisco

For Information Apply to the Secretary

High Class Engraving
Reasonable Prices
Prompt Delivery

We are Specialists in Book and Catalogue Illustrations as well as Designers and Engravers of Cards, Letter Heads, Labels, etc.

NEWSPAPER CUTS
of all Descriptions

CALIFORNIA PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.
502-508 Mission St. Cor. 1st
San Francisco, Cal.

Attention, Sportsmen!

At this season of the year you will find the best kind of fishing in the hills of Monterey County. At RANCHO LOS LAURELLES you will find a well equipped Hotel and Camp under the same management as famous

HOTEL DEL MONTE

with every opportunity for fishing and shooting. The one resort of California that combines the attractions of all others—sea bathing golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, hunting and all out-of-door sports.

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager
DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

Why not make Del Monte your headquarters

Manufacturers
- of -
Fishing Tackle Specialties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

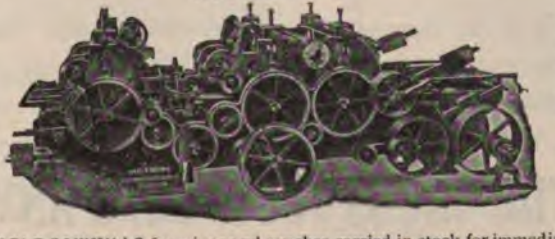
Special Prices to Dealers and Jobbers upon Application.

If interested in sporting goods, send for our catalogue of the line of goods you want. . .

OLYMPIC ARMS CO.
801 MARKET ST.
C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

THE EBY MACHINERY CO.
17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, Cal.
DEALERS IN

Sawmills and Wood-Working Machinery
Write for Estimates



Shingle Machines Engines and Boilers

SMALL PORTABLE SAWMILLS for mines and ranches carried in stock for immediate delivery

Buy a "Eureka" Loose Leaf Ledger

When You Change Your Books for the New Year

Awarded Gold Medal for Artistic Printing and Bookbinding at the Lewis and Clarke Exposition

Conceded to be the strongest and best on the market—by all expert accountants and bookkeepers. Made in all sizes and shapes and manufactured entirely on the Pacific Coast.

THE HICKS-JUDD COMPANY

21-23 First Street San Francisco, Cal.

MOUNT YOUR OWN TROPHIES

Sportsmen:

LEARN to MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS, HEADS, FISHES, TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, etc. We can teach you with complete success by MAIL. Save the fine specimens you secure while on your hunting trips. DECORATE YOUR HOME AND DEN. True sportsmen always desire to save their best trophies.

Here is an opportunity to learn to do your own taxidermy work RIGHT, enabling you to make a splendid collection at small cost. You will enjoy this fascinating work.

Thousands of Sportsmen Are Our Students

"I have made a great success of taxidermy."—Albert Terrill, Norway, Mich.
"I have earned $675.00 this season with my taxidermy work, using spare time only."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIG PROFITS by selling mounted specimens, or working for others. The shooting season is now open. You will secure many fine specimens. MOUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF. We teach you STANDARD METHODS and GUARANTEE SUCCESS.

Our school is strictly reliable, being endorsed by all leading sporting magazines [including WESTERN FIELD.] Let us explain our school fully. Send To-day for our New Catalogue and a copy of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE—both free. These books will interest you, if you are a Sportsman. Sit down and write for them now.

The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 130 D. St., Omaha, Neb.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free. *Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

H. F. LORQUIN

323 Kearny St., S.F.

Taxidermist

Mounting game heads, birds and fur rugs a specialty.

Telephone Montgomery 761

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$ 2,500,098.42
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1905..... 37,738,672.17

F. TILLMANN, JR., President; DANIEL MEYER, First Vice-President; EMIL ROHTE, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Cashier; WM. HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier; GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary; A. H. MULLER, Assistant Secretary.

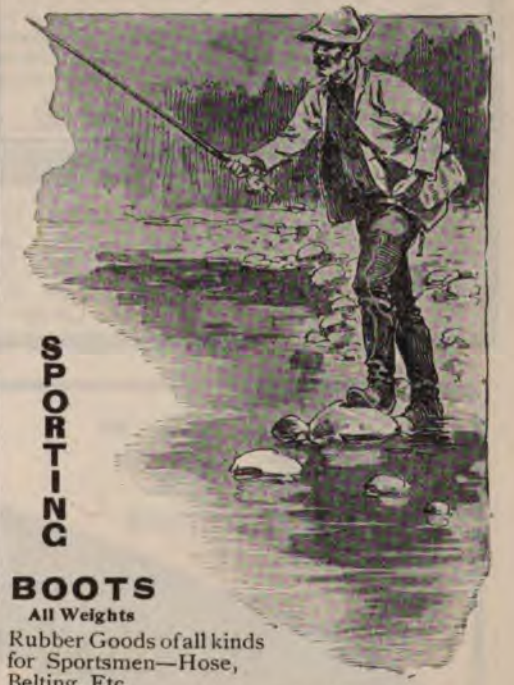
Directors—F. TILLMANN, JR., DANIEL MEYER, EMIL ROHTE, IGN. STEINHART, I. N. WALTER, N. OHLANDT, J. W. VAN BERGEN, E. T. KRUSE, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

CORRECT ASSAYS

Gold and Silver.....$1.00 Copper.....75cts. Lead 50cts.
Iron, Zinc, Silica, Lime, Manganese, each.....$1.00
Cadmium, Tungsten, Uraninm, Vanadium, each.....$5.00
Controls, double above prices—guaranteed.

C. A. COOPER

Established 1880 **Silverton, Colo.**



SPORTING BOOTS

All Weights

Rubber Goods of all kinds for Sportsmen—Hose, Belting, Etc.

PACIFIC COAST RUBBER CO.

453-455 Mission St. San Francisco.

Marlin

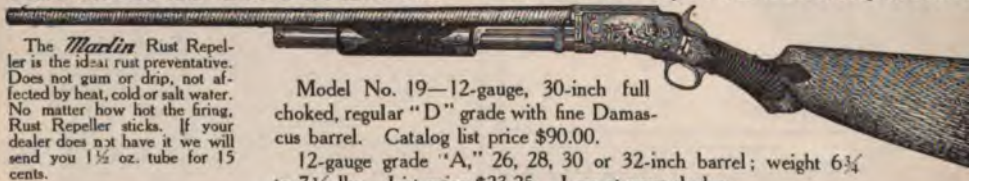
Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardiest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

The *Marlin* 12-gauge is especially adapted to all forms of wild-fowl shooting where the gun is exposed to many hardships, yet must remain in perfect working order and be able to reach the strong flying ducks and geese at long range. It combines the balance and ease in handling of the best double guns—with the superior sighting and shooting of the single barrel. Made for both black and smokeless powder.

The *Marlin* has ⅓ less parts than any repeating shot-gun made, therefore, weighs less and is assembled in half the time. The *Marlin* is the original solid top and side ejector, there is a solid shield of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties can't throw in your face.* The *Marlin* breechbolt shuts out the rain or snow, sand, twigs or leaves. *It keeps the shells dry.* This is a *Marlin* feature. No other gun has it. Accuracy in *Marlin* repeaters is absolute; they are always to be depended upon.

The *Marlin* 12-gauge new model No. 19, has two extractors, two-piece safety automatic recoil device and other important refinements. If you shoot you should know all about *Marlin* repeaters. Let us send you our 1905 Catalog and our book of real "Marlin Experiences." *Free for 6 cents postage.*

The Marlin Firearms Co. 51 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



The *Marlin* Rust Repeller is the ideal rust preventative. Does not gum or drip, not affected by heat, cold or salt water. No matter how hot the firing, Rust Repeller sticks. If your dealer does not have it we will send you 1½ oz. tube for 15 cents.

Model No. 19—12-gauge, 30-inch full choked, regular "D" grade with fine Damascus barrel. Catalog list price $90.00.

12-gauge grade "A," 26, 28, 30 or 32-inch barrel; weight 6¾ to 7¼ lbs. List price $23.25. Less at your dealers.

EL PALENCIA

"REX"

THE BEST "BIT" CIGAR ON EARTH.

EXACT SIZE

ALL CLEAR HAVANA

PALENCIAS

MADE IN 30 SIZES

BOLTZ, CLYMER & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT,

416 Market St., San Francisco.

A NORTHLAND MADONNA.

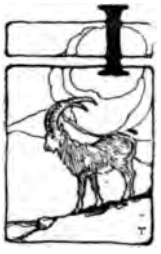
WESTERN FIELD

Published at 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Main 1262

VOL. 7. JANUARY, 1906 No. 6

WHEN THE CHINOOK RUN

By FRANCIS STEEL.



IN THE faint gray light of dawn the Umpqua races by with the soft *swish-swish* of hurrying waters. The mountain air is chill with the last breath of winter. Filmy white mists drift back and forth across the river, curling and twisting in ghostly pantomime. From above comes the great voice of the spring floods—the sullen boom of the rapids, rising and falling in deep insistent cadence. At our feet, in a little sheltered eddy, floats a boat, squat and flat-bottomed.

After laying the heavy trolling rod in the bottom we take our places in the boat. The oars are shipped, and we back slowly out. The current strikes us with a bubbling rush that careens the boat dangerously.

Over toward the right-hand bank a row of rough log fishing "jetties" loom out of the mist. For these we make, sidling across the current with the bow steadily upstream. It is a hard pull, with the water racing away before your oars; but at last we reach the bit of slack water just below the jetty, and tie the boat to the logs, while the line is being let out. It is a strange position, out here in mid-stream; and as we watch the swirling torrent tugging at the boat, an involuntary shiver creeps up our spines.

With a heavy plash a great dark back rises for a moment above the foam-flecked water. In haste I pay out the line until the flashing spoon is a hundred feet astern. Then we cast loose and swing out into the current, zig-zagging slowly back and forth across the river, rowing up-stream all the time, yet losing a few feet at each crossing. The current meanwhile keeps the spoon throbbing furiously. Another dark form rolls languidly to the surface almost over the spoon, this time silently as a shadow. My muscles tighten expectantly, and the big rod quivers in my hands. Oh: if he would only strike!

We have already gone by, and I have settled back in despair, when suddenly there comes a tug on the line, heavy and powerful, as if the spoon had caught a floating log. With a heave I send the hook home, yelling excitedly, "I've got him! I've got him!" Apparently, however, he has me; and the fiend himself could not better that salmon's pace as he tears off down stream.

About a hundred yards below me is a small rapid. A short distance below this the river again plunges down a series of seething rapids, which extend without a break for several miles. The salmon is making straight for the upper rapid. I press the leather brake until it smokes, but to no avail. My line is almost all out, and the treacherous current is slowly dragging the boat toward the rapid. Now the fish is in the white water. The strain on the line is doubled, and the boat is hurried relentlessly forward. Now she strikes the tumbling rapid. For a moment the white waters lash at us vindictively, and the skiff plunges swiftly forward in a delirious careening rush. Then we are through, and the boat rides smoothly again.

The salmon is still fighting fiercely, but the terrific strain is beginning to tell, and

even his iron muscles are tiring. If he reaches the seething chaos of the lower rapids, however, he is safe, for there is no running them.

I grip the brake convulsively with the last of my waning strength. Sharp pains shoot through my weary arms, and my thumbs are weak and numb; but when the salmon is almost in the rapids with one final desperate effort I stop the rush. Checked at last, he turns and tries to fight his way up-stream. But the current is against him now, and long fight has sapped his strength.

Slowly the skiff is worked over to shore at a place where the bank is shelv and sandy. I leap into the water and w ashore. At sight of the bank the saln makes a last despairing rush but his hausted muscles fail him; he turns slo upon his side, and is drawn unresisting the beach.

A SONG OF FAREWELL

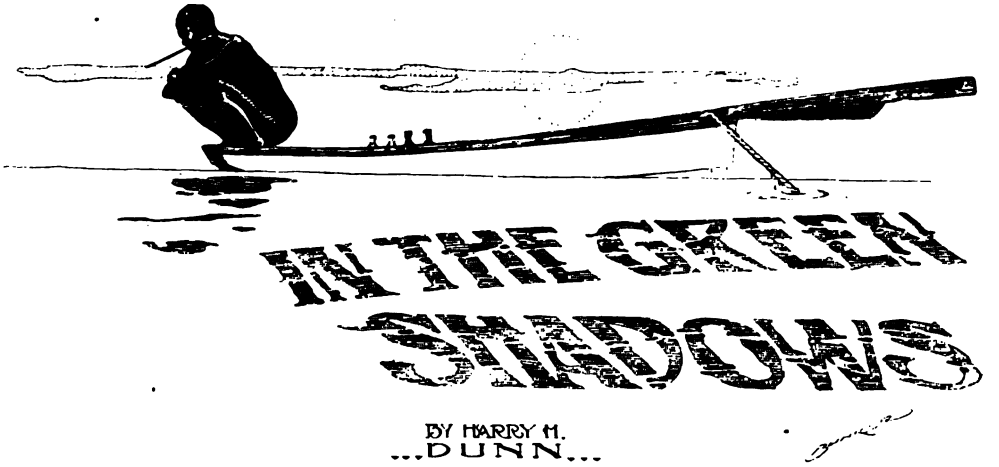
YE happy birds, oh, whither flying?
So swift ye wing away
I scarce can mark your trailing pinions.
Does there a warmer day
Await on other shores,
To your glad summons quick replying?

Oh! linger yet awhile. Ye carry
The summer on your wing;
Too long will winter seem without you,
Too tardy coming, Spring.
But melody of song
In warmer climes delights to tarry.

Alas! we may not more entreat you,
When bluer skies await;
When other birds will carol welcomes,
And tales of joy relate.
We can but pray, sweet friends,
That no harsh storms will ever meet you.

And so—away!—far out of seeing
Into the heaven high;
Leaving no mark, save that of music,
On earth, and sea and sky;
No sweeter song than made
By your light pinions, southward fleeing.

—*R. Wesley Asbury.*



IN THE GREEN SHADOWS

BY HARRY M. ...DUNN...

STRETCHED far and wide in shelter of the mighty arm of land that reached out into the sea lay the coral beds. Beyond them, where the water deepened and the floor of the sea became less smooth, a forest of long tangled seaweed fronds uprose, lifting on their slimy crowns flat bunches of still flatter leaves. Great round bulbs of brown upbore these leaves, bulbs of tough leather-like strength that no sea could overwhelm, no wind drive upon the rocks that bared their white teeth through the surf at the further end of the great bay.

At their lower ends strong tentacles groped hither and yon through the darkness, laying hold upon the rocks and even upon the clayey soil of the sea's bottom, seldom tearing loose and yet increasing in thickness and length but little each year. The stalks they upreared from this slight grasp upon the earth cast long wavering shadows in the thin halo of light that filtered down through the prism of the waters to their bed, and in and out forever through these darker blotches in the water moved a horde of finned ones, large and small, they that hunt and they that flee, seeking ever one of two things—food or safety. Among the coral beds the mighty ones found rich gleanings from those that fled in fear when their swift fins winnowed the algae forest, but beyond the coral they seldom ventured. Here the sea sloped abruptly away into abysmal depths and when even the mighty tigers of the sea were forced to pass for a space above these dank dark places they rose to the warm, sunlit surface, despising the great pulpy crawling things that hid in the caves beneath.

And to such a bit of the wide water world as this there came one night a wanderer. It may not be told whether he came in spring or summer, or autumn or winter, for all seasons are alike at these depths, but of a surety he came as travels one whose wish was law, one who held in his thick muscles the strength to lay claim to all he might desire. Dark, dull, gray-brown in the color of his thick skin, he moved almost imperceptibly through the water and the seaweed forest. Over the coral beds and down into the great caves he did not venture much, but, running along all sides of the kelp through which he could not force his huge bulk, he finally dislodged a great blue-nosed shark, larger even than himself, from his hunting seat in a cove of the sheltered bay and took up his own residence therein.

Longer of body than many of the fishing boats that passed above his retreat on their way to the oyster beds on the bar outside each day, his girth was duly proportioned. Every inch of him was muscle, backed up by a great tail which drove him through the water at a speed greater than that of any of those that sought to flee his opened maw. Squarely across what short neck he had was

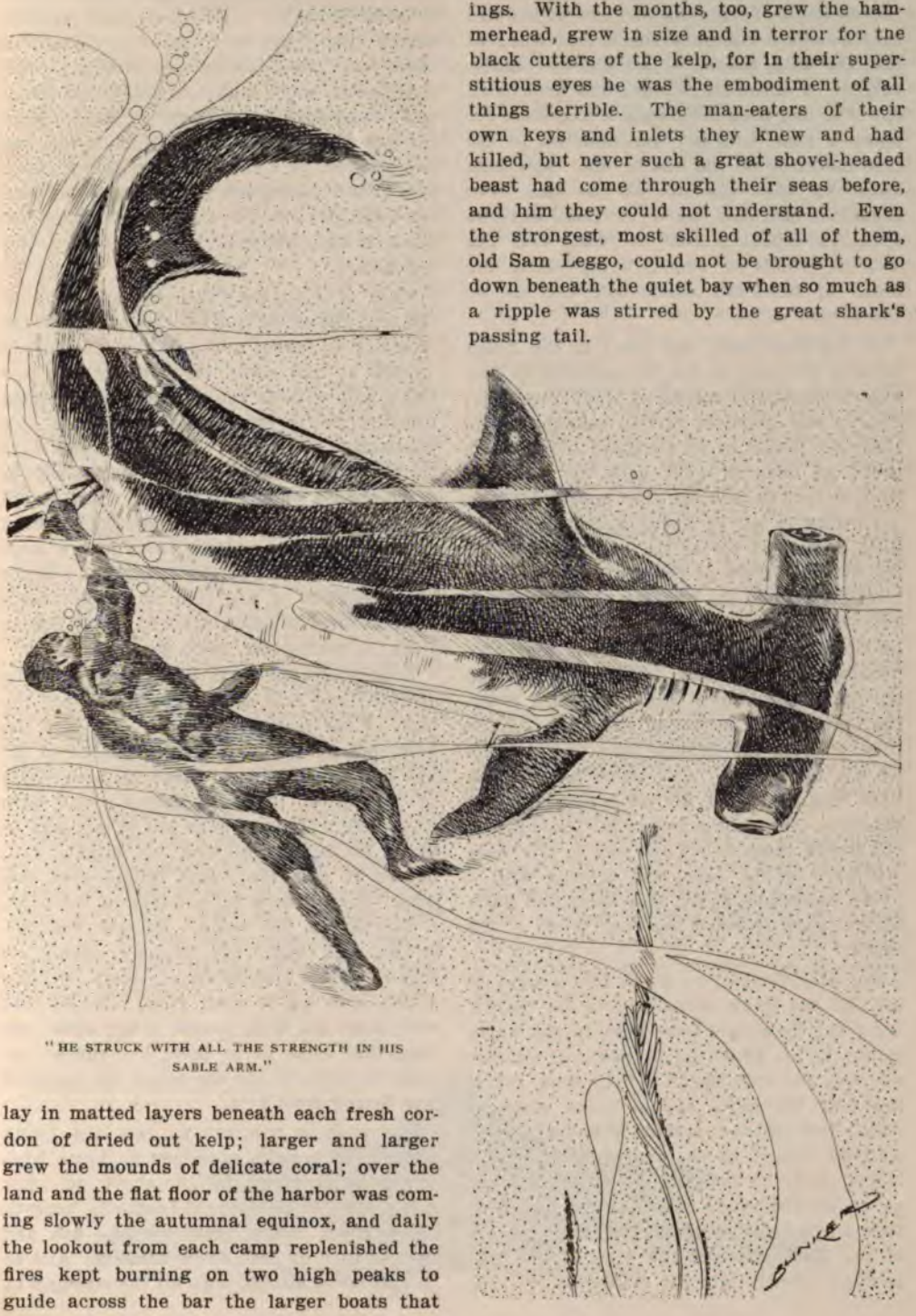
set his great, hammerlike head, one rounded eye in each end of it, his mouth beneath and wide half-circles of gills flanking his neck down almost to his first fin. From all these things, and because he was such a fighter that even the man-eaters of the deeper waters would have none of him, men called him and his kind hammerheads, mightiest of all the sharks of the warm southern seas. His weight could not have fallen much short of a ton and his wide mouth glistened through the green waters with row on row of white teeth, yet day by day he passed among the coral fishers harmless and unharmed; day by day they spoke one with the other of his great size and how it seemed to increase under their very eyes, even laid wagers out of their scanty earnings as to what would finally become of him, none fearing his shadow, none wishing him aught but good as he drove himself through the water in headlong pursuit of some lesser swimmer. And then again, he would repass them, his jaws laden with the body of his catch, his wide fins driving him slowly on, the long tail rigid behind. On such occasions as these the diver people would cross themselves even as they stood beneath the water and pray in their hearts to their own saint to keep the hammerhead in their harbor, across whose bar they knew no hungry terror of the outer seas would dare come to give battle with their guardian. For the finned wanderers of the bay he was death incarnate; to the human animals who fished beside him, their naked brown bodies striving to usurp his domain, he was a friend.

And so, day by day, time might have passed into ages without change between the shore and the sea, indeed, the new generation of coral divers were coming up in the ways their fathers had followed for so long, when one dark autumn day the iodine burners came. Out of the north, borne on the wandering wings of a gray-sailed, fouldecked schooner, they drifted in. Twelve of them there were, big and black and powerful, ruled by a slip of a white man to whom the gathering and the burning of the great bunches of kelp was an old, old story. On the curving white beach they set up their camp, these Caribs and their pallid master, a row of low tents. In front, just above the reach of the highest flow of the tide, made a great pit, wherein, when they collected their harvest from the sea, would burn it to the brown-gray ash sought.

The first day they passed in idle ma of bunks and tables and chairs, in the sl ening of great knives and in clumsy w ling among themselves on the beach. them the brown-skinned coral hunters w not mix, and here was laid the first fue many a long and bitter quarrel, fought for the most part in words, when, at d the coral skiffs and the larger yawl of seaweed cutters slipped over the smooth face of the harbor. And yet the blows might have been expected to follow t words never came—partly because the men would not approach the iodine c and more perhaps because the Caribs denied the daily portion of whisky to w for much of their life they had been customed.

Finally the quarrel became a sort of sided attempt by the black men to injur business of the divers. Each day worked some bit of harm to the little anchored over a desirable bit of sea tom where coral grew best, or cut loose of the many little boats at anchor within the groaning bar. And then, dull gray morning the hammerhead all i vertently took a place in the struggle. among the coral fishers unheeded he s passing above and between two as they with indrawn breaths above their hu task there on the sea's floor, and on o where the blacks, long, scythe-like kniv hand, mowed their harvest. To the b men he was no new sight, indeed, he see like a sort of friend they had long kn to the Caribs he was the epitome of te and they fled his passage in headlong fr clambering one by one over the sides o yawl with awful tales of his size and th tack he had made on them. In spite of quarrel they could not forbear calling t men in the other boats, letting them k of the monster they had seen. Back a the water came a derisive laugh from divers, and the battle but deepened.

Fire on fire had there been in the grea on the sloping sands; pile on pile of a



"HE STRUCK WITH ALL THE STRENGTH IN HIS SABLE ARM."

lay in matted layers beneath each fresh cordon of dried out kelp; larger and larger grew the mounds of delicate coral; over the land and the flat floor of the harbor was coming slowly the autumnal equinox, and daily the lookout from each camp replenished the fires kept burning on two high peaks to guide across the bar the larger boats that should come to bear away the season's gleanings. With the months, too, grew the hammerhead, grew in size and in terror for the black cutters of the kelp, for in their superstitious eyes he was the embodiment of all things terrible. The man-eaters of their own keys and inlets they knew and had killed, but never such a great shovel-headed beast had come through their seas before, and him they could not understand. Even the strongest, most skilled of all of them, old Sam Leggo, could not be brought to go down beneath the quiet bay when so much as a ripple was stirred by the great shark's passing tail.

Fear of the thing physical was not so much in the heart of the giant negro as of the spiritual, something strange and weird that he could not understand, and when at last the kelp, moved by an unusual undercurrent of old ocean, caught and held down one who had been old Sam's diving mate for many a year, this too was ascribed to the evil influence of the shark, and then Sam swore to have the life of the fish, even though it cost him his own. Long days he spent in brooding over his loss, over the way in which he should bring about the death of this half devil, half fish, he so feared and hated.

In his own home, far away in the green islands, well-nigh across a continent, he had known the larger sharks as wanderers only, coming and going at certain seasons of the year, but bound to no bays and inlets. Nor could he imagine what held the hammerhead so long in this one brief space of water. According to all he knew the shark should have been gone across the bar and out into the deeper waters of the sea long ago; nor could he fathom the mystery of the constant course the great fish held when at nightfall he made his way up the harbor from his hunting grounds down near. the bar. Had the Carib but known what was plain to all the coral divers he would have gone to the inlet wherein the hammerhead was wont to lie all night long, and there have fallen upon him as he left his place in the bright sunshine of morning, but to all these southern people there is but one way to kill these creatures of the deep, and that is with a knife, two-edged, sharp as a razor and quite long enough to reach the very vitals of the shark.

But all of these things he that sought to kill did not know—therefore he did exactly the thing he should have done in the warm waters of his island home, rowed at sunrise out over the still bay in a little boat, carrying only his knife and a heavy stone to which was attached several fathoms of rope. Arrived almost in the center of the landlocked pool, he lowered the stone to serve as an anchor, and, naked as he had ever been when as a boy he played in the waters of the Gulf, stood at the edge of the boat peering intently into the depths below. Beneath him swam the bands of aureoled lowtail, swiftly dashing hither and yo they fed from the numbers of anchovies smelts that everywhere filled the sea. their wake came the slow swimming sh heads, and, more sluggish even than t now and again some great sunfish cr the line of his vision. Long time he wat and waited, a slender-bladed knife, r edged and needle-pointed, gripped bet his teeth, his massive arms folded acros black breast, his eyes intent on the w beneath.

Then of a sudden there fell a silenc the sea; the smelt and the tiny mackere on and on in peace; no ripple of water mo outside in the offing the fog lay low thick and with it the southern sun fo bravely, slowly tearing its dark mass filaments of silver, making path through it wheredown the first golden ra dawn should wander to the sea. Nor m the black, until, rushing headlong, brea into mighty leaps as if in awful fear, a band of yellowtail passed around and b him, heedless of the boat or its occu Behind them a space, traveling even f than the fleeing fish, fell a great shadow

Noiselessly the Carib let himself ove gunwale and into the sea, squarely int path of the rushing Nemesis. For him hammerhead would not have paused a but that he was black. Had he been w or even brown the great hunter would passed him by, even gone out of his wa avoid brushing him with his mighty but as it was, the round lidless eyes what they mistook for another of his a usurper in his world. Hunger was gotten, and upon his life-long enemy turned, wide mouth agape, teeth shi white, eyes aglow with fury. He did turn upon his side, foolish fancy about kind that some of us hold, but rushed ready to seize, to kill the enemy he supp was fleeing from him.

For such a moment as this the C waited; as a swift swimmer he knew self to be no match for the shark, so, a few strokes he dropped instantly ben his pursuer, rising again ere the fish time to turn or even check himself. An he rose so he struck, with all the strengt

his sable arm, struck and sunk the long blade clear to the hilt in the leathery flank. But slow for an instant had been the blow, and instead of reaching the heart of the hunter it fell short and only wounded him grievously in one of the muscles of his mighty tail. The pain of the thing was new to him; never before had he met in battle one of his own kind who could injure him so and the thing puzzled him. In the course of twice his own length he turned, mouth again open, ready to engulf, to cut with sharp teeth the foe that had so sorely hurt him. And, as he turned he beheld the black swimming with long, leaping strokes close upon him. What manner of monstrous crab of the depths this might be he could not know. Fear laid hold upon his sturdy heart and with one swing of his powerful tail he headed for the mouth of the harbor. Out across the bar, in the deeps of the open sea, he made no doubt there was safety, and it he sought speedily.

After him, fast as he might swim, rising anon to the surface for air, following the slender trail of blood that showed so plain the path of the one he hunted, came the Man, scarcely less at home beneath the waves than the shark and much more quick to turn and wheel and kill. So on they swam, and because on account of the placing of his eyes, the hammerhead might not see what went on behind him, he supposed his enemy had given up the chase and lessened his own speed accordingly that he might give his throbbing muscles a rest. More than all the rest, as it happened, he came to a stop just above the black caves that limned the outer edge of the bar. Here with him the Carib came up in his swimming, and moving noiselessly from behind, raised once more his arm to strike.

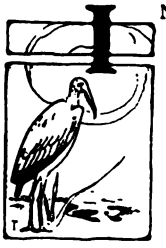
* * * * * * * *

For many a long day there had lain just in the shelter of the first of these caves a great devil fish. It mattered little to him how roughly rolled the sea, the gentle underwaves of his world brought to him bit by bit each day's food; with the greater creatures that passed above and around him he troubled himself little, though he might easily have reached to the surface of the sea above the cave's mouth with the long tentacles that grew from his pulpy body. Year by year since the time of his coming to this bit of sheltered sea had he grown until now the spread of his slimy arms could not have been less than three times the length of the hammerhead. One by one, intertwining in their winnowing of the waters these arms moved slowly, slowly, until the trailing heel of the Carib, just as he straightened himself in the water for that final thrust, laid its weight fully across one of them. In an instant all the waving arms were stilled; a breath more and they closed in silent clasp above the black ankle. Tangled as he supposed in some waving seaweed fronds, he strove harder and even harder to free himself. And as he struggled, more and more of the tentacles added themselves until at last they drew him down — he could hold his breath no longer—the knife slipped from his palsied hand—his great head rolled on his shoulders—slower and yet more slow he was drawn down to the sharp beak waiting, waiting for him.

On and on the hammerhead swam, on and on and round about the sea until the salt of the water healed him a bit and no more the trail of blood followed wherever he moved. Then back to the bay he came, back to the little boat rocking so softly on the rising tide.

A TRIP TO EMILE FALLS

By J. A. BUCHANAN.



IN July of 1903, Will Bond, Jim Perry and the writer spent two weeks hunting and fishing in the Cascade Mountains, in Oregon. We camped on Little River, a beautiful, clear mountain stream, teeming with mountain and rainbow trout. Our tent was pitched on the bank of the stream in a shady grove, an ideal spot, and for two weeks I was lost to the world, all thoughts of business or the cares of my office cast aside, every energy devoted to my favorite recreation.

One of the most arduous, although probably the most enjoyable of the days thus spent was on a trip to Emile Falls. Emile Creek flows into Little River about half a mile above our camping place, and the falls are about seven miles up the creek, little known and seldom visited. Indeed, I doubt if a dozen white men have ever seen the falls. No road nor even trail leads in that direction, and we had to make our way through the mountains covered with evergreen forests of mighty firs, dense thickets of brush and undergrowth, tangled vines and fallen logs.

We had decided to get an early start, hunt through Squaw Flat and up Buck Horn Ridge, then make our way down through the cañons to the falls, and during the afternoon fish down the stream to camp. Accordingly, we were up and on our way at six o'clock, when the mountain air, redolent with odor of flowering vegetation and balsamic forests, was delicious and bracing. A mile of steep mountain climbing took us to Squaw Flat, a comparative tableland, and a famous hunting place. For two hours we clambered over fallen giants of the forest which were matt over with moss or covered with clingi vines, made our way through tangled thi ets, visited all the little meadows, or op places, but though we saw many deer failed to get a shot.

Then we went on slowly up Buck Ho Ridge, a narrow "back-bone," dividi Emile Creek from the Umpqua River. The we had better luck. About ten o'clock stopped to rest by the side of a deer tr leading across the ridge. We had wait but a few minutes when two bucks ca stepping lightly down the trail on their w to water. Perceiving us, they dashed aw down the cañon. We immediately opened them, and if a stray hunter had been a where in that solitary region he would ha thought a young battle was in progress, rapidly did we fire at the fleeing blacktai We soon found that we had bagged one the bucks, the other escaping. After dre ing our deer, Will took it upon his ba and we again "hit the trail," but so struck off toward the right down t cañons.

We passed close by "Pompey's Pillar," column or shaft of rock rising to the heig of one hundred feet from the cañon belc a wonderful reminder of the erosion of c turies that is still in progress. The shaft nearly round, about twenty feet in diamet at the base, and tapers slightly to the t On the top there is considerable vegetati and a lone fir, about fifteen feet in heig "Pompey's Pillar" is one of the natu wonders of the Cascades, though but lit known.

After an hour of hard walking we reach Emile Creek. But where were the fal Neither of us had ever been there.

POMPEY'S PILLAR. CASCADE MOUNTAINS IN DISTANCE.

could not hear them nor see any break in the cañon ahead of us. But we were sure they could not be below us, so hanging our deer in a tree we started up the stream, making our way over the bowlders and through the water, for there were no trails leading to the falls, and it was almost impossible to travel through the dense thickets that lined either bank.

We were wearied with our long tramp through the mountains, and many times we stopped to listen, expecting every moment to get a glimpse of the falls. For two miles we struggled on, and had almost come to the conclusion that we had been misinformed and that there were no falls there at all, when suddenly, on reaching a bend in the creek, the welcome roar of falling waters greeted our ears, and we beheld the beautiful falls not more than three hundred yards ahead of us.

It is a splendid sight, the clear mountain stream dashing over a precipice one hundred and twenty feet high, and plunging noisily into the basin below. It is really two falls, the first falling about sixty feet into a basin, which it was impossible for us to reach. Out of that basin the water flows over another sheer precipice, plunging down sixty feet into a large pool, which is about forty feet in diameter. The depth of the pool we could not tell, but we could plainly see the mountain trout sporting in the
en feet below the surface. Jim
brought our cameras along for
getting pictures of the falls,
ever made. We were dis-
appointed in not being able to get the entire falls in one picture, on account of the trees and brush, but we were well satisfied with what we did get.

After eating our lunch, we prepared to fish in the crystal pool. And talk about sport! Shades of Izaak Walton! If old Ike, himself, could have been along, he would have written a second part to his quaint old treatise, "The Compleat Angler," for he certainly never saw anything like it. Standing on a large rock out in the water, Will cast his fly far out into the pool, and a dozen fine trout struck at it. Again and again he cast, each time bringing out a beauty. Impatiently Jim and I worked with our lines, but before we were ready to cast, Will had fully a dozen in his basket, ranging in length from ten to fifteen inches. We each attached two hooks to our line, and frequently brought out two at a time. I doubt if any one had ever fished in the pool before. Within an hour we had our baskets filled, and reluctantly reeled up our lines. As the afternoon was wearing away, we prepared to make our way toward camp, for we had seven miles of hard traveling before us, down the bed of the mountain stream.

We found our deer where we had left him, and after resting a few minutes took up our burdens and went on down the creek. We could see the trout playing in the pools, and we could have had fine fishing all the way down. We were tempted to try it, but we already had more than we could use, so

LOWER EMILE FALLS AND POOL.

"WE HAD OUR BASKETS FILLED."

"MANY PRETTY LITTLE WATERFALLS"

we were forced to forego the pleasure. We found beautiful scenery all along, passing many pretty little waterfalls, and getting many good views.

About three miles from the falls, Will, who was walking ahead, suddenly ran upon a black bear in the creek. The animal gave a frightened roar and, dashing out of the water, started up the mountain on a ridge that was barren of trees or brush. He made a fine target as he swept up the mountain side, and the cañons resounded with the report of our guns. He was struck three times, the last shot taking him behind the ear, and he came rolling down the steep incline almost to our feet. It took some time to skin the shaggy monster, but we wished to save the pelt, though it added much to the burdens we already had to carry, and our progress was slow and wearisome.

Walking down the bed of a stream, over bowlders wet and slippery, skirting deep pools and wading waist deep at times, is hard work even under the most favorable circumstances. But loaded as we were with a deer, a bear's pelt, two baskets of fish, guns and cameras, it was trying in the extreme. It was better, however, than making our way over logs, through dense thickets and tangled underbrush, and down or across deep cañons in the mountains, so we stuck to the stream and plodded on, becoming unmindful of the many promising fishing places, the sequestered retreats or the magnificent scenery of mountain and stream. It is hard to retain one's enthusiasm for nature, or to properly appreciate it when one is so tired that it would seem that every step must be his last. Nevertheless, the scenery unappreciated then is a pleasant memory in my mind today.

Just as darkness was gathering over the mountains we emerged from the mouth of Emile Cañon and were soon at our camping place, the most fatigued trio that ever went into the mountains. An hour later, Will, our cook, managed to get our supper, and it is needless to say that we enjoyed the delicious venison steak and mountain trout, for we were as hungry as wolves.

That was one of the hardest trips I ever had in the mountains, but we considered the game was worth the candle. Many views of Emile Falls and other points of interest, a fat buck and a bear was glory enough for one day, and certainly repaid us for the toil and hardships we experienced, and I have never regretted that I took the trip.

A DEER HUNT IN THE NORTHERN ADIRONDACKS

By J. P. FLETCHER.

IT was in the fall of 1904 that three hopeful hunters started on an overland trip for the great park region of the Adirondacks in quest of deer, and incidentally any other game that might be found in that region. The party consisted of Owen Johnson, Frank Wilder and the writer.

We established our camp some ten miles north of Loon Lake. Deer were quite numerous but the hunting was difficult owing to the dryness of the woods. Fortune did not favor our efforts to any great extent for the first few days, although Owen did succeed in killing one deer. The next day was election and proved to be a lively one for me. I did not run for office but I did run for deer.

About two inches of snow fell during the night and only a hunter knows what possibilities it brings. I was first to discover the snow, and rousing the others, hastily prepared for the hunt, taking a small lunch and making sure I had plenty of cartridges for my repeater. I started out alone for whatever luck might come my way. The weather was ideal; high clouds hung thick overhead, effectually shutting out the sun, and the temperature, just above freezing, made a fine tracking snow. There was not a breath of wind stirring.

Traveling a southwesterly course, I had gone about a mile from camp when I sighted a large deer which, having seen me first, was making for cover at a lively rate. I immediately formed a resolution to capture that identical animal or follow him until night, and started to carry it into effect. I had heard that a man will out-travel a deer in an all-day race, so taking the track I found my game had made a bold run for about a mile nearly straightaway before halting in a dense growth of underbrush out of which I heard him hastily depart at my approach.

Different tactics were now adopted by him and I was obliged to keep close on his trail which purposely led under large clumps of evergreens that had caught the snow, leaving no track. This trick was easily met by rounding the whole bunch and taking the track where he came out. Many were the dodges this wily old chap tried in order to lose himself, a favorite one being to backtrack himself for a short distance, then make a tremendous leap sidewise into a clump of bushes or a large patch of grass. But after about three hours of this crosstag, evidences of fatigue began to show in his signs and I caught an occasional glimpse of his fine figure as he would take a fresh start, always now from his nest.

He would make a run and gain on me, walk a short distance, and then lie down with his eyes on his back track. Resting as long as he dared he would leap about ten feet direct from his nest. This race was kept up until about 1 o'clock, when I saw an opportunity of outwitting my game by anticipating his hiding place, and, halfcircling him, forcing him from cover across a meadow where I hoped to get a fair shot.

Not having fired before my plan worked; he came from cover like a rocket, making for the heavy timber across the meadow. My repeater spoke three times, the last shot bringing him down just as he was entering the timber on the other side. I was very glad the chase was over, and discovered it had warmed me up somewhat and that my lunch was small indeed.

Preparing my game and hanging him up consumed nearly an hour. It then suddenly dawned upon me that I had been traveling without consulting my compass, which I now discovered had been left in camp. However, not knowing the direction the compass would not have be-

was I to get back that night? Only one way—back-track myself. After traveling for about a mile, I was making a big cut-off, when in passing some old pine tops a large fawn scudded from behind them into the big pines near. I was wondering how a fawn could make so much noise in getting through the brush when to my surprise and delight I came across a track which I instantly recognized as that of a bear. I thought it good fortune to be on a fresh bear track, for of all the game in that region, I especially wished to get a bear.

Not knowing so much about bears then as I did two days later, I started out after him at my best pace and could soon hear him as he tore through the brush which he seemed to have a special liking for. I shortly discovered that the bear was more favorably built for brush traveling than I, and as long as he insisted on staying in it my chances for sighting him were very slim. But the race went merrily on. Finally he left the brush to enter a tangled tamarack swamp where all his movements were plain. Some of his tactics were identical with those of the deer I had so successfully followed, all but the side lunges.

At one place he began at the top of a fallen tamarack which was several feet from the ground and started to travel its length; when near the middle the loose bark slipped off and he fell broadside into the slush and mud, leaving great nail marks on the log where he tried to save himself. Presently I discovered that darkness was fast approaching and I felt that I would not see camp that night.

Taking a last look at that track, I wondered if man could out-travel a bear. Standing on a log I viewed the situation. Everywhere fallen tamarack, caused by the terrible fires that swept that country the preceding season. Knowing no difference in directions, I struck for the most open looking country. Meanwhile it had grown dusk and by the time I was fairly out of the swamp the darkness was complete, excepting that I could distinguish objects on the snow. Expecting nothing but to lie out all night, I thought I might as well build and maintain a good fire, as in that way I could get some much-needed rest.

I gathered a large heap of pine needle which heap I suspect is now the favor nest of some mouse or chipmunk, for, lc as I did through all my pockets, I was able to find a match. The only thing I was to move on as it was already getti cold, and after traveling over a ridge abc a half mile I came across two parallel str of tall grass which told me it had been old toll road. Thinking that by followi this trail I might come to some shelter followed it for perhaps a mile where branched off and was lost. Looking to right I thought I could see the outlines a roof covered with snow, and going th found an old logging camp, but fire h made ruins of all the building except wl had evidently been the office. This seem to have been recently fitted up, as the dc was barred and the ends of the bars w nailed on the frame inside. As I thoug the situation warranted my getting in if p sible I pushed in the sash and crawled in

I was delighted to find a stove, some wo cooking utensils and provisions, and a noted that the cabin was well located n a small lake where I procured water; but was only after an half hour or more groping that I found matches. I thoug then that my cup of good fortune was c tainly full. Making myself comfortable, decided to take up the bear trail the n morning and so lay down on the straw bu to rest.

The first break of day found me on back-track to where I had left the chase previous night, and soon after dawn I sight bruin's nest where he had passed the nig among the soft branches of a fallen balsa On sighting me he beat a hasty retreat. took up the chase, trying to cut off this treat. Although I rushed the bear all d his only sign of weakening was that feet began to bleed. But just before da ness I came upon him and with two w aimed shots made him mine. After spe ing the night in the same cabin I imme ately started for our camp and reached about 3 P. M. I found that my companic were very much worried about me after second night's absence and had sat up night firing guns and keeping a fire burni

AT EVENTIDE

THE Day and the Night in the twilight met,
As Day, with face to the West,
In her tossing draperies—rose and gold—
Was hastening home to rest;

And Night with her trailing dusky robes
And her silver crescent crown
From the far-flung star-gemmed gates of the sky
Was floating so softly down.

In the hush that followed the hours of stress
They paused for a whispered word,
And faint and far, on the silence fell
The sleepy notes of a bird.

Said Day unto Night, "I give you my World
To guard 'till to-morrow's dawn;
Oh, shelter my children under your wing
When I to my rest have gone."

"Give them peace, and the boon of quiet hours,
And surcease from toil and care;
When morning comes I will claim them again,
And all of their burdens share."

Then the Night drew near to the waiting Earth,
And waving her poppy wand,
Bade her servant, Sleep, with his healing balm,
To a tired world descend.

With fingertips soft on their eyelids pressed,
He wooed them to sweet repose;
And wrapped them in dreams, in rose-tinted dreams,
That may all come true—who knows?

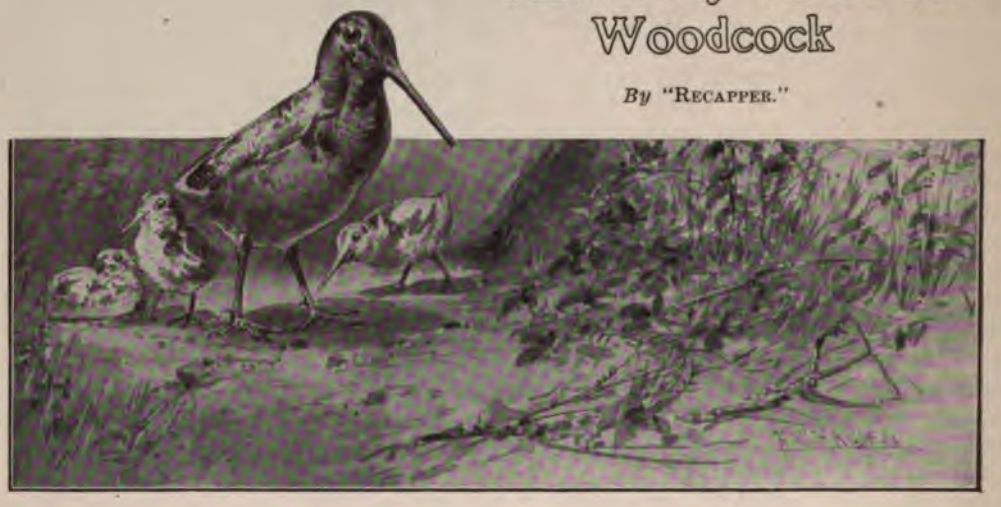
And when Day came again, with smiling face
Peeping over the Eastern hills,
She found a New World, such a fresh bright world,
Washed clean of yesterday's ills.

By the grace of Night, the magic of Sleep,
And the soothing power of Rest,
'Twas a World new-born that could meet the morn
With courage, and hope, and zest.

—*Mary Vaughan.*

How Billy Tried for Woodcock

By "RECAPPER."



EVERY old sportsman of wide field experience can tell of amusing characters and incidents that have come under his observation. We of the Middle States do not have the big game our more fortunate brother sportstmen of the West can go in pursuit of, but we sometimes get lots of fun when in search of the smaller game, and meet characters worth remembering. Strange as it may seem, even at this late date, we have many among us, who, in so far as regards their ideas of the habits of our game, are "tender-feet" from head to heel, and I wish to state that the incidents here related occurred exactly as told. As all the parties mentioned have been dead many years, their real names are given, and most of them were personal acquaintances of the writer.

Away back in the forties, they were all living in the city of Trenton, N. J. One of them, the late Horace Smith, was a born sportsman and devoted his whole life to the pastime. Game, including the ruffed grouse, quails, woodcock, and Wilson's snipe, was here in plenty. Smith was a busy man in the open seasons. At the time referred to, there lived next door to him, "Billy" Boswell, the then sheriff of Mercer County. Boswell liked good living and was especially fond of game. Not being a sportsman by nature, he, of course, knew nothing of guns, dogs, and shooting, and was moreover, one of those easy-natured, good-humored men on whom it was easy to play a practical joke. He and Smith were great friends, and the latter knowing the sheriff's tendency toward epicurianism, presented him with much game. But at last Boswell decided that he ought not to further impose upon his friend's proverbial generosity, and determined to bag his own game. He asked Smith's advice as to the matter of purchasing a gun and other necessary outfittings and, going to Henry Parker's gun store, invested in a gun. Right here it is necessary that I briefly describe a part of the city of Trenton as it was then. Right through what is now the center, but which was then the eastern border of the town, flows the Assanpink Creek, a tributary of the Delaware river. In those days, there was a strip of moist ground on either bank, grown up with willow trees, water birches, and swamp alders. These strips of cover extended up the creek about two miles, and were a favorite feeding ground for woodcock. It was one of Smith's shooting grounds, and being within two hundred yards of his home, he would often get out early in the morning, hunt up on one side

of the creek, and return on the other, and reach home in time for breakfast; as he was a good shot, it was a common thing for him to bring in from a dozen to twenty or more woodcock.

Boswell was determined to try and do as well, and as is was the open season he quite often left the duties of his office to his deputy, and worked over the same ground. Smith being cognizant of Boswell's desire, quit going there, as he wished his friend to have all the chances to himself. Time after time Boswell worked long and hard but never a bird could he get. They were there in plenty, but always when he shot there was some clump of bushes in his way or the bird dodged just as he drew trigger and escaped unhit.

At that date there lived in Trenton a man by the name of Joe Hammet. He kept a livery stable and was acquainted with most of the town residents. If ever there was anyone quick to work out practical jokes on others it was Hammet. One day he met Boswell and asked what luck he had had with the woodcock. "None at all, Joe, I can't kill a blamed bird, and yet I have no trouble in finding them, even though I have no dog. I cannot understand why Horace has such luck and I will not ask him."

Hammet saw his chance and knowing his man seized it. "Well Sheriff, I suppose you can keep a secret, so I am going to put you onto something good. It's this. Horace Smith don't get his birds with his gun, he only carries that as a blind."

"But, Hammet, how does he get them, for get them he does?"

"Will you give me your word not to tell what I say to you, Sheriff?"

"Certainly, if you wish, so now go ahead."

"Well, Sheriff, Smith catches his bi[illegible] traps."

"Catches them in traps! Why, I d[illegible] know it could be done, Hammet."

"Did you never know, Sheriff, th[illegible] England woodcock used to be caug[illegible] snares.

We he[illegible] and u[illegible] and [illegible] have

feeds, bores in the moist ground with his bill for the worms, and leaves the holes made thus. Now the right thing to do, is to set a trap where you see these borings, cover it very lightly with dirt, and when a bird comes there to feed, before he knows it he puts a foot onto the trap, and he is yours."

"By Jove! Hammet, that's a good idea, and how stupid I was not to think of such a plan. I'm going right straight to John Barnes' hardware store, buy half a dozen traps, slip out tomorrow and set them; but I'll take my gun just for looks."

That evening Hammet called on Smith, told him what was up and asked him to keep quiet, and Smith agreed. "Why Horace, when the joke comes out, as I intend it shall one week from today, Boswell will have to stand the cigars for half the residents of this town."

That morning Mr. Barnes was visited by the Sheriff, and was much surprised when the county official asked for steel traps. "Troubled with rats, Sheriff? I am bothered at home that way myself sometimes. I tried arsenic on them, and killed a heap, but the blamed things crept into the walls and other places about the house to die, and, when the weather got hot, the smell nearly drove us out of the house." Boswell, remembering his pledge of silence to Hammet, did not enlighten neighbor Barnes; but the latter concluded rats must be plenty when the Sheriff purchased six traps, and had them sent to his home.

For nearly a week thereafter most of the duties of the sheriff's office fell to the lot of the deputy, as in the earlier part of the mornings, and again toward evening, Boswell said he "had business to attend to out of town." He was watching his traps, but for some reason for which he could not account, he did not get any woodcock. On [illegible] fifth morning he found what proved to [illegible] a skunk in one trap and, not having [illegible] any previous acquaintance with these [illegible]s, he had an experience which cost [illegible] suit of clothes and the trouble of [illegible]e most vigorous baths he had [illegible] to say nothing of a violent [illegible] Boswell. [illegible] of this, thought it was

time to show his hand and the Sheriff was much surprised to have his friends ask him how many woodcock he had caught. Suspecting something he went to Joe Hammet and was told of the trick. Hammet got such a tongue-lashing as he had never had before and, though Boswell "stood the cigars" for his friends, he vowed that if Hammet ever said "rats," or mentioned woodcock to him again he would put him in the county jail.

Forty years after, the writer while in the company of Horace Smith met the former Sheriff Boswell on State street in Trenton. After talking of other matters for a few minutes, Smith asked Boswell "if he had been out lately after woodcock?" The answer he got was, "For God's sake, Horace, let that old joke drop, for I never wish to hear of it again." His wish was granted for both Smith and Boswell died shortly after, but in the meantime Smith had told me the incidents as given above.

STARBREAK

THE pines are trembling on the purpling hills,
While in the West the sunset gates unbar;
And through the open portals, day goes forth
To greet the night, adorned with one pale star.
The daisy droops amidst the clover blooms,
And in the brook the moon her crescent dips.
Dappling the dimpled face, where golden suns
Have rained sweet kisses on her silvery lips.

Now fairy fingers weave their jeweled tents,
And pitch them o'er the grasses, far and near;
While from her chaliced cup a pearl of dew
Is spilled upon the flowers, like a tear.
The rippling rill is tinkling in the glade,
The falling leaves drift softly through the air·
A moonbeam seeks the blue-eyed gentian's haunt,
And finds her bending low in silent prayer.

Then, through the shimmering veil of mystic gauze,
A thousand twinkling eyes serenely peep,
And silvery showers from the white moon fall,
Upon the world in night's fair arms, asleep.
Ah! then I kneel beside the limpid lake—
That glittering mirror of the jeweled sky—
And o'er my heart a starbreak softly gleams,
The light of thy dear love—the star that cannot die!

—Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

Hank, a Cougar and an Indian

By DAN PEARSALL.

YES, I allow as how that was about the most excitin' ten minutes I ever experienced in the neighborhood of the Humptulips River; but if any of you ever heard of a cougar buttin' in and savin' a man's life from a dirty, thieving redskin, then I may as well crawl back in my shell and go to sleep."

Thus spoke Hank Mayer, the best-known guide, hunter and trapper in the Olympics, and any one who was aware of his ability and reputation for yarning, would not have rested until he had heard what had occurred during those ten minutes. Hank's reputation as a disciple of Hans Anderson was as widely known as his ability to land you in the midst of a band of deer or elk. Any one who recommended him always added, "and never say nay to a yarn if you are at all anxious to make a kill, for his one hobby is to yarn—yarn—yarn."

This night I was not adverse to Hank's taking the stump, for we had tramped since sunrise on the trail of a band of elk, bagging one eventually, thanks to Hank's skill as a trailer. This was my fourth trip to the almost inaccessible peaks of the Olympics, my former being not at all successful owing to the fact that I was never fortunate enough to engage an able guide, and now since I had the one man who could ferret out the game I was more than willing to hear a sample of his skill at yarning.

"Let us hear about it, Hank, and while you are at it don't cut out any of the 'excitin' minutes,' for I am des
him, and curled up in my
the blazing fire.

"Waal, my boy, I
her to you just a
to me at the time, for I was plum skart out of a good two years' growth. That cougar you took a crack at to-day sort of reminded me of it, as he was just such a one as old thunderbolt.

"Don't know whether you ever heard of the 'Eagle Eye uprising' or not, but old Eagle Eye he were the 'Big I Am' among the Humptulips and sort of kept them in line till his son, Kakakalis Jack, who was red fire and greased lightnin' all in one, took command. Anyways it was about two years before that uprisin' that the little incident happened. My old dad he were trappin' up on the upper Humptulips and had built sort of a permanent camp there. He traded with the Indians and managed to get along pretty well with them, allowing for a tilt now and again.

"I was somewhat of a boy, big and awkward, and anxious to knock out a few dollars myself. Dad, he used to take me along when he went North, as he sometimes stayed weeks at a time. I had trapped a little on the side and managed to get enough cash together to buy a repeatin' rifle. Reckon I was as proud of that gun as a mother is of her first kid—anyways I was the envy of all the young fellows at the settlement.

"Early one season, soon after gettin' the repeater, Dad and me loaded two canoes and went North to the camp. Game was plentiful, and after settin' out our traps and fixin' up camp for a good six weeks' stay, Dad, he sent me over to the Indian village—a good two days' journey distant—to barter for the season's catch and also register a kick with Eagle Eye, as some of his dirty young bucks
" robbin' our outstandin' traps.
had quite a pow-wow; old
' pretty easy to deal with,
'n, also promisin' that our
molested in the future.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

By STILLHUNTER.

III—ON THE EDGE OF THE KELP BEDS.

BACK of us lay San Pedro. Catalina was a blue shadow on the western rim of a wide lane of waters, and to the north lay Santa Barbara, Anacapa, San Nicolas, huge formless bulks rising from an emerald sea. Out of the greens of the shallow inshore waters the snorting launch plowed bravely on into the dull red streak that denotes the real channel. Here the barracuda bit at our bone jigs even better than they had in the waters closer inshore, and we fought them, handliner and rod enthusiast, until both tired of the game and turned to the boatman for something new.

Nice student of human nature is old George; without our asking him, he turned the boat's nose round about in midchannel and once again we were breasting choppy waves, our journey a sore test for anyone who did not stand well on his sea legs. Moment by moment the little engine beat its rhythmic way, swirling swiftly the screw against waves that would hold us back, until in the course of an hour we were bordering on great patches of sea that were even redder than the main channel, out of which we had moved into the more quiet shelter of a great bend in the hills. Over these dark places the sea rolled like molten glass; little whitecaps came bravely up out of the green water only to smooth themselves out where the kelp forests waved their fronds a few inches below the surface.

Here George dropped down the drag and got out a long, slender, jointed pole. In a few minutes he had half a dozen hooks floating a few feet under water a couple of rods from the boat, and in a very few more minutes two small mackerel were swimming about in a bucket full of sea water set firmly on the boat's bottom. Soon the bucket seemed to be full of the blue-backed fellows, and still the old man kept on catching them. "You'll need 'em all," he said, and time proved we did.

By the time we had caught enough the sun had just reached the middle of his afternoon journey, and I do not think I have ever seen the sea more beautiful. Here and there great jack-smelt broke the water into flying as they leaped clear from the sea to some finny pursuer we could not see over the schools of anchovies how gulls and the terns, fishing far fr on such a glorious day. A quiet

me that he was not prowlin' round my camp that hour of the night for any good, and I wasn't goin' to take any chances. After a few good duckin's of cold water, he opened his eyes and he sure was a surprised Indian. He denied emphatically that he had any evil intentions and said that he was merely passin' that way on his road to the settlement; but, when I threatened to leave him just as he was unless he confessed, he owned up that he had come with the purpose of stealin' my gun. Swore that he never intended to injure me, and all that tommy-rot, but I had my own ideas about the matter. I tramped back to the village and got some bucks to come and tote him home, and I reckon he is livin' now none the worse for wear, though they say he carries about a pound of lead in his carcass from the uprisin' he started two years later.

"I thought the affair out afterwards, and this the conclusion I came to. Kakakalis had decided to have that repeater, and followed me when I left the camp, intendin' to sneak up durin' the night, rap me on the head and steal the gun. But his well-laid plans were all knocked in the head by the cougar, which was no doubt out on a foragin' trip, and smellin' the blood of the deer, was creepin' over to get a meal, and while doin' so, saw the Indian crawlin' through the brush, and gettin' riled at losin' its supper, turned on him.

"Now, I don't give that cougar any credit for intendin' to do me a good turn, but I am mighty glad that he was in that neighborhood, and hungry."

A MESSAGE

WHERE, in Mid-winter groves, a thousand suns,
Eclipsed among the glossy orange leaves,
Seem wanton waste of brightness while there cleaves,
Its cloudless track above, the orb that stuns
The human sight; where flower and fruit at once
Their pleasures lend, I long abode. My eyes
Forgot the dark pine woods, the wind that grieves,
Where the great Southern moon its slow course runs.
So gentle langour sought to steal me quite
Unto herself; had writ it in her tome.
One New Year's eve, alone, and in the gloam
A sound came to my startled ears from out the night—
[illegible]e honking on their Southern flight—
[illegible]l flew far, far Northward—Home!

—*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

A CHANNEL DOLPHIN

yellowtail it must be a yellowtail that I had caught. And when I had him turned he didn't sulk, not he! He let out a link or two in the stroke of that strong propeller of his and started off to one side in a dead ahead race for Avalon. I had taken in some two hundred feet of the slack he had gained on me, and while I was letting him run away with this the boatman got our craft around and started after the running fish. My companion, real sportsman that he is, had taken in his handline when he saw the size and nature of my strike, so that the light pole and line should have the freedom of the sea round about the scudding boat.

A half mile—a mile went by, and then, though the speed of the engine remained the same, I was compelled to occasionally take in a little line; plainly he was weakening. Now he was not more than two hundred feet ahead of the boat and with all the strength of my arms I raised the tip of the rod and struck him as hard as I could; but it seemed only to spur him to renewed activities and he broke water, shaking his head for all the world like some mighty trout, striving to tear the barbed instrument of his torture from his lips. Often he rose to the surface, throwing more than half of his yellow-green body out of the sea, showing an aureole of gold round about his tail and fins. Now, too, he wavered from side to side, now here, now there, now up, now down, seeming to seek the deeps of old ocean in the hope that some sheltering rock he had once known would receive him again into its protecting shadows. But he made the mistake that cost his life when he headed for the open sea away from the kelp bed that had so often been his salvation from enemies. Down among the tangled fronds he could have broken with ease the thin line, but that same thing we humans call Fate turned him from the very path he should have taken and into the ways of death.

Soon the color of the water began to change; the engine had slowed down and we were battling with the rough red sea of mid-channel. A change for the worse had come over the waters and a heavy wind was drawing in from the west, raising huge whitecaps and driving many of them together to form now and then a wave of considerable size. Evidently a storm was beating far out in the sea, for heavy swells followed each other with increasing rapidity,

FROM A DAY'S CATCH AT AVALON—YELLOWTAIL, TUNA, ALBACORE, SMELT, BLUE PERCH AND SUN FISH.

until it seemed at times as if the rod would be torn from my hands. The little boat would broach to as some especially huge roller passed, only to catch herself in time to meet a still larger one squarely, nose on. She was a staunch craft, this fishing launch, and I would much sooner have tried the trip across the channel to Catalina in her than in many of the larger boats that load themselves to the gunwales every sunshiny day with land lubbers, and make the passage over one of the most cruel, unreasonable pieces of water the sun e'er shone upon—the Santa Barbara Channel.

My companion wanted to turn back as the island began to loom large through the rising inshore wind, and I turned to George, who had overheard our argument. "We git 'um," was all he said, shooting the wheel over as he spoke so as to throw the prow sharply into the face of an oncoming wave. By this time I was pretty well wet, the sun was fast dropping down into the black sea, the waves had taken on that peculiar color and motion as if they were covered with oil, which so frequently precedes heavy coastal storms; the fish was no longer fighting, merely running away, and I determined to make an end of the chase soon, much as I would have liked to follow where my finned pilot led.

Again I set the hook deep into his jaws; again he tried to raise his body above the water, but barely half of him cleared the crest of a wave and I knew that he was mine within a very few minutes. So, gradually, as George increased the speed of the launch, I drew in the thin green line out of the sea, bringing nearer at each whirl of the reel a king of the seas, a royal fighter who had led us a long afternoon's chase and who was thoroughly worn out else he had never so easily succumbed. There was a bit more fighting as, from the crest of a wave, he caught sight of the boat; one or two more spasmodic jumps, none like that leap he had made when first he felt the hook lay hold upon his jaws; then silence and almost a slack line. As he came alongside I leaned over the rail of the tossing boat, put two fingers well within his wide gills and lifted him over the side; no need of gaff here for

"NOT THE LITTLE 'PUNKIN SEED' OF OUR YOUTH."

he was almost dead. His great tail moved a moment on the flat floor of the launch but that was all. In widened circle we turned the boat, and driving before the teeth of an inshore breeze that had become a gale we flew for the mainland, only one fish in our box, but more than satisfied with him. Could either George or I have given back the doughty fighter his life, I think we should have cheerfully lifted him gently over the side and rejoiced to see him swim away. Believe me, brethren of the rod and gun, there is no real joy in the moment of the kill; and I would have given much more for a photograph of that great yellowtail when he first broke water in his dash for freedom than for many of his kind dead in the bottom of my boat. He weighed forty-seven and a half pounds in San Pedro.

* * *

But the prime yellowtail fishing—and indeed all kinds of deep-water angling—is at Avalon, the golden. Some time, later, when I get these fish stories well started, I am going to devote a whole chapter to Avalon and the fishing banks that lie out a bit therefrom. And the fish you catch there is not all of fishing either, for you have seen and floated over one of the most beauttiful bits of ocean in the world. If you have had courage, you have risen at dawn and slipped away over the glassy sea in your little boat to see the sun come up, to see Apollo's loving fingers gild the mainland shore, dim in the distance, and then reach out rosy tips to touch into life the crest of a buried range.

Then, one by one, from out the sheltered cove wherein they have lain all night, come the white-winged fisher fleet—not fishing for the market, but carrying you and I and thousands of other sportsmen from all over the world. Said an old English globe-trotter to me last season at Avalon: "I have fished in every ocean from the North Cape to Melbourne; I have caught swordfish on the coast of Labrador and papagallos in your southern gulf, but never in my life have I had such sport, combined with every convenience, as I have had here." [illegible] flag—a large red square of bunti[illegible] is traced in white the outlines o[illegible] which is run up over a bo[illegible] tuna is safely gaffed—fl[illegible]

his launch; a thirty pound white sea bass lay in the well, and his boatman lifted up with pride a string of rock bass half as long as himself. The tuna proved to weigh 129 pounds and was fought exactly one hour and ten minutes, not nearly so long as the famous fish caught by Col. Morehouse and Mrs. Dickerson, but still quite enough to make a man realize that he had been up against a good strong fish and one that knew how to fight for the freedom he loved.

Occasionally on these yellowtail trips one sees strange things from out the sea; beautiful nautili float past on azure wings; flying fish lift themselves on hurried pinions from the very front of the boat, and rarely whales, dolphins and porpoises pass, alone or in schools, round about your craft. The steamer Hermosa, plying between San Pedro and Avalon, once ran squarely into a whale, scraping his back and raising the boat almost clear of the water. The huge cetacean was doubtless more frightened than the passengers on the boat, and is said to have dived with all possible speed, leaving behind him a long trail of blood where the steel plates of the hull had laid heavily on his back. Seals are all up and down the coast, arrant thieves, but so graceful and adding so much to every bit of shore they frequent that they should by all means be zealously guarded from those fools who would consider it a feat to "kill a seal."

Great sharks now and then dispute the fishing of these waters with the boats. Last year a pair of huge hammerheads stayed in the channel for much of the season, following boats that were trailing their catches in the water at the stern, and, once at least, stealing a fine string of several yellowtail that had been left in this manner. One of these sharks could not have weighed less than 3,000 pounds, while the other was but a trifle smaller. It is not probable that they would attack a man in the water, but it was an uncanny sight to see one of the great blue-backed fellows rise within a few feet of the boat, his glassy eyes projecting from a grisly awkward head, and his mouth lined with row on row of teeth. Not so often appear sun fish—not the little "punkin seeds" we caught along the Mississippi and the Wisconsin at the dawn of our days, but great fifteen-hundred-pounders, like the one whose photo I am showing you today. No one to my knowledge has gone after these with a rod and light line, but eventually some one will do it, I suppose. Now they are taken with harpoons or "Lily irons," and even then the great bulk and strength of the fish occasionally breaks the heap rope and he escapes.

NIGHT

FAIR, gold-crowned Day has drawn her crimson train
Thro' western gates, and pearly-mantled Eve
Has smiled on all things 'round. Now she does leave,
And in her place comes somber Night to reign—
Dark Night, arrayed in shroud of sable stain,
That all bestrewn with golden dust of stars,
But makes her darkness beautiful, and mars
Not Luna's splendor, as o'er land and main—
Her torch-bearer—she glides with silver feet.
Then over all the world a hush descends
While weary mortals sink in slumber sweet.
All nature, high and low, together blends
[illegible]ful rest to wait the morning bright,
[illegible]ently enjoy the boon of Night.

—*Donald A. Fraser.*

The Blue Buck Beyond the Burn

By J. E. SAWYERS.

"JIM, why don't you kill the big blue buck beyond the burn," said a friend chidingly to me, and he then related his last hunting experience, growing eloquent in telling of the great size and cunning of the big Columbian blacktail buck that he and other hunters had seen many times beyond the main "burn."

The fact that fellow nimrods had seen a big buck many times, and their narrations of his numerous escapes, led me to look forward to a day's hunt.

The locality where the big deer made his lair is on the northern slope of the watershed that extends toward Smith river, in Southern Oregon. The chances of securing good shots at deer in that particular locality were more than probable. But I suspected that many deer which were reported to have big horns might have been hornless had the hunters been better shots and able to bag them, thus having an opportunity to verify their claims regarding the predominance of bucks on this range.

My experience had convinced me that does and fawns were plentiful in that locality and bucks hard to find. However, I do not claim to be an expert hunter, yet my eyes have always saved me from a mistake so common among hunters, shooting a doe for a buck.

And when the leaves had fallen and the heavy fogs drifted inland every night from the Ocean, and the sultry September days were ladened with smoke from the forest fires. I tried my hand at bagging deer.

The journey to likely places was commenced long before daylight, and when the first glimmer of light began to break through the fog banks I had gone far into the forest. Deer signs were plentiful, but the tracks were small, and the fog and smoke so thick that a deer could not be seen more than fifty yards distance. But nevertheless, a fool hunter will climb, scramble and tumble around, faintly hoping that some stupid deer may be taken unawares.

Several times I heard what I supposed were deer running through the brush, which always revived my sunken spirit and made me hunt with untiring zeal. I continued the hunt, although the prospects of finding game were not alluring. But about eight o'clock the fog began to clear away and I could see some distance, but the smoke was dense enough to make every thing look hazy. And at that time in the day deer were concealed in their beds, in the brushy gulches where they were hard to find, and still harder to approach unobserved.

The deep, brushy gulch near the head of the cañon looked like a good place for deer to hide during the day. It was examined and the young growth of [illegible] willows with bark peeled plainly that bucks had been rubbing posts for polishing t[illegible]

the tangled maze was so dense that it was out of the question to think of finding game there. And then I was anxious to hunt for the "big blue buck," but it was a mile to where he was supposed to be in hiding. In fact, my friends purported to tell me of the very up-rooted tree that screened the much hunted buck from the hunter's view.

When near the head of the cañon, I saw some kind of deer take a jump or two, but I failed to get a shot, although its appearance encouraged me. So I went at it again with renewed vigor, feeling that I would secure venison. Of course, the hope of success or the joy of pursuit thrills one even more than the actual triumph.

A series of small ravines and benches extended to the mountain stream below, and I hunted carefully across these and succeeded in frightening a doe and fawn; I really expected some bucks would be concealed in those favorable places, but my opinion was not sustained by the results.

Further on, a deep rugged gulch, with rocky bluffs on each side of it, reached away to the main cañon. I explored this and almost wore myself out floundering through the ferns and salal brush. When about half way up the opposite side I looked down into the bottom of the gulch and saw part of a deer. It resembled the surroundings so well that I hardly felt certain about its identity, and before I had determined its true nature the thing ran off, but it proved to be a small doe.

I followed around the hillside under a bluff of rocks for a short distance, and soon discovered a large buck that a cougar had killed. The big cat had partly covered the deer with dirt and leaves, but never returned to feed on his prey.

I crossed over the ridge and followed down the gulches of the northern slope. Evidences of game and hunters were abundant; but the aggravating feature was the shimmering heat waves; then the smoke was settling in the gulches and the falling cinders irritated the eyes and nostrils.

A little to the westward was a steep, jaggy hillside where several brooklets took their

Geo. Gignac, Photo. "IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE FOR DEER."

"A STEEP, JOGGY HILLSIDE."

rise and trickled down the mountain side; but the place was so uninviting that most hunters avoided spending good time in wearing out muscles in the vain effort to find deer there.

I tried to fathom the depths and mysteries of the place and found many fresh beds, but the elusive deer was particular to avoid discovery. I zig-zagged across the steep gulches, worked up and down the ravines, in fact, did everything conceivable to startle deer out of the likely places, but failed.

Finally, I worked around the hillside and soon found myself in a more difficult place with deer signs thicker than ever. I scrambled and climbed, occasionally tumbling or sliding down the inclines. A deer crashed through the brush in his mad flight, and a glimpse of the white strip extending downward from his tail was all I saw of him.

Then I went further down and discovered a pocket in the mountain-side, covered with small brush and vines. Well, that looked like a good place for a buck's lair, but the chances of seeing a deer were slim; but then, the poor chances often pan out better than one might expect, although I was tired enough to "sleep the sleep of the just," I mustered courage and went at it. Hardly had I made a good start when a deer bounced out and went thrashing through the brush. I went in pursuit, but failure was my portion again.

When the chase was over I was covered with perspiration and felt somewhat dejected; for hunting deer after they have retired for the day is usually unsatisfactory, as they are always in places where they can escape without being seen by their enemies.

While I stood wondering what to do, a slight rustling of leaves attracted my attention; on looking around I saw an object moving through the brush, then it paused. I watched it, but could not see it clearly, so held my fire; I felt certain, however, that it was a deer. Then it moved stealthily again, but still I could not see it well enough to feel certain as to its true nature, although the color was that of a deer in the blue.

I observed the different trails leading away from the cover, but failed to see anything. Presently some blue jays perched among the alders below me began to scold; and I knew that something had attracted their attention and watched carefully for a moment. Then I crept cautiously, but still giving some attention to the trails toward the alder thicket.

After looking for several minutes, I saw the foreleg of a deer about fifty yards distant, but the body of the animal was behind a log. The perplexing situation made me fearful of getting a fair shot, and the deer acted like he was satisfied with his place of concealment. However, I kept advancing, expecting every moment to see him jump into the thick covert.

My attention was diverted by some brush rattling, and looking just above, I saw a deer sneaking out with his head held low, and with his horns tilted back. The brush was thick but I risked a hasty shot at him, for I had to shoot quick, because he was about to disappear behind a log, and the big deer

plunged forward and I fired a few shots at him as he dashed down the hillside. After following some distance, I found the wounded deer and finished him with another shot. He was hit several times, and much of his meat was bloodshot, so I decided to hunt for another; and then he was too large to be carried, so I thought as long as it would be necessary to take a horse in after him, that another deer could be taken out on the same horse.

Yes, there is the gorge below, where ferns and brush grow profusely and beckon to one to go further; for if one fails to increase his bag the marvelous scenery will repay him for his trouble. Possibly there in the heart of the mountain some wary buck may be chewing his cud, or fighting flies; if so, he might be taken unawares.

A pause—a needed rest—and the hunt is resumed. Now for the "old burn" where deer lie in the green gulch, and to evade their foes slip down through the vine-maple screen that hides their avenue of escape from designing eyes. Another deer, yes! two —three—go bounding down the hill. Pshaw! —a doe and her fawns.

But beyond the burn is the haunt of the "blue buck," so often and so much hunted for, and a goodly prize for the successful nimrod that wins him.

When midway down the mountain side I changed my course and followed eastward, along just below the head of each little gulch that breaks away from the table-lands; down each a little brook followed its murmuring course.

I soon reach the long cañon beyond the burn, where the noted "blue buck" made his lair. I confess that I moved most cautiously; for the fact that much hunting had been carried on in that locality made deer very shy.

Surely it was an ideal place for deer to evade the hunter. Many irregular spurs reached into the cañon and broke off abruptly; while the deep crevice-like ravines were covered with a perfect maze of shrubs and trailing vines, affording ample concealment for the "wise old bucks." I decided to wait until the evening shadows began to lengthen, for I felt certain that the only hope of seeing a deer was to watch for them when they were feeding; and the prospects of a gloomy night, caused by the dense smoke, indicated that deer were likely to feed early in the evening.

After looking into the gulch for some time, my attention was attracted by some animal moving through the brush below me, yet it moved with such delicate "fawn-like" tread that it was scarcely audible.

Finally, I saw the antlers of a deer. I watched carefully, and presently a deer appeared and then quickly disappeared. He had not seen me, but he seemed restless. Shortly after he had disappeared, I saw a dog-wood tree shaking, but before I could get to a place of vantage to see the cause of the disturbance it ceased. Then a rattling of gravels attracted my attention. I supposed from the nature of the noise that it was caused by a bear digging for something.

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and I crept as carefully as possibly toward the place of disturbance, taking advantage of brush and ferns to conceal my body, carrying my rifle ready for instant use. When I reached a good place to take observations, I awaited developments. Shortly afterward I saw a deer busy polishing his antlers. He would rub them up and down against a small maple, occasionally prodding the ground with his horns, and then shaking his head, acting, in fact, very much like a bull goring the ground.

Just then I discovered two big ears tilted forward, looking more like two big gray leaves, and the black nose of a deer pointed at me, not fifty yards away. A closer examination with the spyglass revealed the large horns and the outline of the perfect head. There he was, his big mellow eyes gazing intently at me, and enjoying his own heritage.

The rifle shot that disturbed the mountain calm echoed back a muttering rebuke, and the "big blue buck beyond the burn" lay dead.

And after all—what glory is there in slaying these beautiful creatures? Recreation for the tired muscles and the scenic beauties remain the only treasurers of the relentless pursuit; for at most, the innocent blood of the deer does not even satisfy the morbid lust to slay.

BALLADE OF THE NORTHLAND

THE forest dells are bleak and cold—
  Gray cloisters of the Nuns of Snow—
The leafless trees, a-down the wold,
  Swing wild to runes I may not know,
  In garments gemmed, that spark and glow;
In shrouds of fleecy fabrics white—
That dance through all the moon-lit night
  To whistling winds that wierdly play;
Sing, then, when stars are silver-bright,
  The magic of the snow-bound way.

To sorceries that bind and hold,
  The wizard Winter's adagio
Is woven, when the Autumn's gold
  Is paid to Time. His coffers flow
  With silver that the clouds bestow
In payment for each mystic rite,
And tribute to the regal knight
  Who rules the storms. Then, ho! essay
A lilt to cry, in lyrics trite,
  The magic of the snow-bound way.

No dryad pris'ner is paroled—
  Each oak, frost-locked, is celled below,
A fairy wood-nymph to enfold,
  Till verdant things again shall grow—
  Till Spring shall speed the ghostly show,
And wan old Winter rouse to flight—
No fay would dare his kiss, despite
  His merry song, and manner gay,
For lo! behind the scheming wight,
  The magic of the snow-bound way!

L'ENVOI.

The snow-bound way to lure—delight!
Ah, muse, your help, that I may write,
  And in my verses here display
A rhythmic talent to recite
  The magic of the snow-bound way.

—*Stacy E. Baker.*

Photos by Geo. Gignac. GEMS OF THE NORTHLAND.

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHING WATERS

By EDWARD H. GOODNOUGH.

JOYOUS memories rise on gladsome wings and Minnehaha's tumbling cataract dashes at my feet, weaving thought where the smell of powder combines with a wild ride near Fort Snelling's shadow.

Whirring forms, instinct with vigorous life, hurtle o'er the brown prairies; pulses thrill with an excitement that can only be felt by those who are born with feelings that make them love all that pertains to nature.

A crisp October morning with frost crystals clinging to every wayside tree and brightening the prairie grasses with brilliant scintillations as the sun warms them with her daylight kiss.

Our hunting wagon rumbles to music in unison with our own spirits, buoyed to concert pitch by the thought of a successful day among the pinnated members of the grouse family. Over rolling hills we bowl merrily, gazing adown the sweeping vistas where lies many a placid lake, flanked by hardwood forests, on which countless wild fowl will later meet their fate.

The tang of the morning invigorates us; the unimpeded sense of freedom inspires us; the moving panorama of unsullied nature makes our hearts leap with the joy of living (if but briefly) amid such surfeit of autumnal beauty.

Our first halt is at Minnehaha, where we feast our eyes upon her sparkling waters and live o'er again the thought that has made her famous in song and story.

> Crystal waters, sparkling, dashing;
> Foaming waters, gurgling, crashing;
> Why such eager purling, whirling,
> O'er the silvering, quivering fall?
> Other waters reinforce thee!
> Scurrying will not divorce thee,
> From thy source above the wall.

Partially satisfying our desires we gretfully depart with the musical rhy of waters singing in our ears.

Fort Snelling looms into view, hist spot of world-wide interest, recalling us thought of earlier days when the Gol West was making history and linking self to the powerful East both by force arms and increasing wealth.

We now leave the wooded slopes pierce the great prairie sea that undul like the waves of old mother ocean; br and limitless, seeming to drink the li from far western worlds, where dwel people unknown to us; and, with the de of our ancestors, we long to penetrate tl farther seas and explore their mysterie

If all men had only the desire to the wild things of nature, scarce a liv specimen would now inhabit the ren mountain fastness, or the almost impe trable jungles of Africa or India.

That man who possesses some of the stincts of the barbarian, through the cesses of education and its attendant fining influences quells in large meas his inherited desires and goes afield v broad gauged purposes. To secure res from the trying ordeals that env him in the strenuous commercial that pervades all cities; to absorb w nature ungrudgingly extends with o hand to those who seek her with and heart. He who possesses the inb faculty to place the canvas on his n and indelibly impress there the pict of some gloriously beautiful scene, portray its glowing colors so clearly some future occasion leaves no doubt in listener's mind that he who speaks tre near to the sublime.

Here find we freedom knowing no straint; on and on o'er the seemingly tr less plain; to us there seems "just beyond

"MANY A PLACID LAKE."

world more attractive than our own, and we chase the "will o' the wisp," alluring us, calling us to "brighter fields" and "greener pastures." 'Tis the call of our Earth mother, bringing us near to our own; awakening desires long unfulfilled; now reaching a realization that buoys us so far above the normal we feel immune 'gainst all earth's trouble.

He who measures success afield by his "kills" should be likened to him who only thinks of his hoard of wealth; both are selfish, both are narrow and lack capacity for a meed of what life holds in store for us.

Our mental camera having worked rapidly during the early morning hours, we unleash our dogs and the sportsman's inspiration seizes us; far and wide our rangers sweep, noses high in air, keen in their desires to inhale that delicious aroma which means to us the hidden quarry.

Who knows not real delight let him breath the incense that floats blithely free upon the prairies; feel the indefinable thrill that wells and surges through his being when the booming wild creatures cleave the air in swift affright; watch the coursing of the intelligent pointer or setter, and when the climax comes (the eventful moment that precedes the rise), thank your Creator for the privilege of living to reach this moment of supreme joy.

Afar on yon rolling mound is a tense figure, seemingly cast in bronze, looming against the brilliant horizon; his form quivering; great drops of saliva stream from his powerful jaws; eyes glazed yet rolling from side to side; a look of ineffable, unspeakable joy illumines his face; with eager thought he awaits your coming which now betrays unusual excitement.

You drink in this picture with feelings akin to that of the connoisseur who dreams before a masterpiece of art; fearing you may not absorb all its possibilities if the issue be forced; the Blue Belton silhouetted against the now browning hill, the burning light from the interminable West; the undulating waves of silvering grasses.

The moment comes so long delayed; can it be real? The spell is broken as a thunderous roar rends the air; for this moment we become barbarians. A few repititions and we cry, enough! Then seek relief for the inner man not forgetting the deserving care due our animals.

Our thought now reverts to the aborigines of this glorious land, and we almost envy

"A TENSE FIGURE * * IN BRONZE."

the unrestricted freedom that they permanently enjoyed until the encroachments of civilization robbed them of their birthright. Here roamed the giant bison in numbers beyond computation; great herds of elk frequented the valleys and deer innumerable populated the wooded sections. The coyote's hateful cry echoed through the night, and mournful howls issued from many a cavernous wolf throat. The "mule" rabbit overran the grass country and millions of feathered migrants, ducks, geese and plover, were loth to leave the pond holes and water courses until drear winter forced them southward.

Truly was this a paradise for those who lived to hunt and loved not work. How sad to see everywhere the bison's bleaching bones, telling of ruthless slaughter and the passing of all his kind to the happy hunting grounds.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind,

is following swiftly in the footsteps of the shaggy giants, and from the same cause, too much civilization.

Farmsteads now dot the landscape and industry has replaced shiftlessness, yet the wild and grand living things have been crowded to their death; irrigation has brought bloom to the desert and the world "do move."

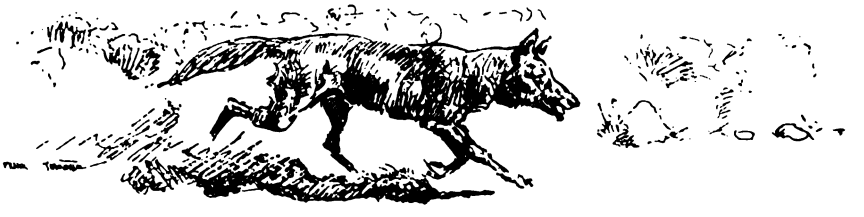
Mid-afternoon, and horses and dogs refreshed after their long rest; our faces are turned homeward, dogs are taken in to give them keener zest for the hour that precedes evening.

As we idle along a feeling of deep contentment steals over us, and life is truly sweet. The gorgeous sunlight, a stream of molten gold, glints and gleams on the waving grasses; the air is laden with a pungent odor that mother earth exudes under such soothing influences; one can peer far in the liquid transparent blue and feel that earth is a foretaste of heaven; friends seem everywhere; the boundless, limitless expanse beckons with welcoming hands; the breezes fan our cheeks caressingly; we feel and see only the beautiful, and our enemies have all passed over the "great divide."

A coyote! Presto! change! The hunter's blood is up! Away we roll like charioteers of, old, our craft wildly surging up and over the cresting mounds, straight toward old Fort Snelling; miles are eaten as if by magic but our quarry outdistances us and disappears in a copse to emerge no more to our sight. 'Twas with no thought of capture that chase was given, but simply that a vent be allowed our unusual exhilaration.

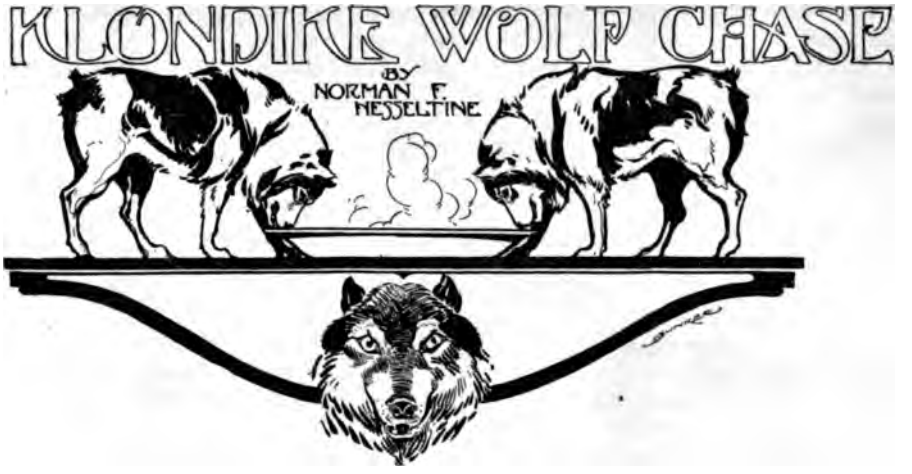
We bagged a few birds ere the golden halo pressed our glorious day in the archives of the past but not 'mong those that lie mid musty tomes.

Memory's imprint looms large against this day, and brings us cheer by the fireside on many a winter's night as we "reminisce."



A KLONDIKE WOLF CHASE

BY NORMAN F. HESSELTINE



IT WAS in February, 1895, that I was on a return trip down the Yukon with a sled and a pack of dogs. I had been up from Circle City to Dawson with a load of merchandise and was in a hurry to get back over the 320 miles in as short a time as possible. The river was in many places smooth and glassy, so that I could speed along for miles without interruption, while at other times a rough and uneven surface would render progress laborious and slow. The air was clear and, though the temperature must have been below zero, it was not cold for that latitude in winter. It was a lonesome journey, day after day passing without a sight of a living creature save my dogs. In front of me were always their waving bushy tails and if I looked to the right or left I saw nothing but the same dreary plains of snow.

I had got down to within about one hundred miles of Circle City when I noticed wolf tracks, the first signs of life since leaving Forty Mile. Wolves are scarce in the Klondike on account of lack of food; they are ravenously hungry and eat mud or even offal. I had never known them to attack a man and so felt no fears although alone and without arms. I had not even a revolver, for in those days the rough and lawless rush for gold had not begun, and a revolver would not have been of service unless it were a large one—which would have seemed all the heavier with freight at a dollar a pound. When it came night a large full moon arose, and I could see almost as plainly as by day over the wastes of glistening snow. My team was still fresh and I resolved to push on and make a short stage before encamping for the night. I took out from under the canvas spread over the load a piece of bacon and with a small sheath knife began to cut off strips for the dogs. When I came to the leader he sprang at me (the Klondike dogs are of a savage race) and cut his paw on the knife. I saw that he was disabled from hauling and so, binding up the wound with strips of cloth, I unhitched him to run loose at the side. We started on down the river and had gone a few miles when suddenly I thought I heard a noise behind me and the dogs started to tug uneasily at the traces. I was uncertain for a minute and then there came from way up the river back somewhere in the wilderness, how far back I could not tell, a long wail which told me that wolves were on my trail. I started into a run, and the dogs needed no encouragement; instinct told them that there was danger and they were mortally afraid of wolves. I realized that it would be a hard race. Between me and Circle City there was no human habitation. Wolves do not run fast, but they can run a whole day without tiring and overtake any dogs hitched to a sled.

In looking over the team I saw the bandaged paw of my leader stained with blood; it had left a trail for the wolves. No time could be lost. I unhitched him and, to prevent his keeping by us, with the butt of my whip I broke one of his forward legs. He was almost as good to fight as ever and I wanted him to detain the pack. The wolves were now in full cry, and howl after howl went up into the frosty air, never ceasing, and dying away only to start with fresh vigor. We were on a run and I watched my poor leader limping along with yelps of anguish on three legs, striving to keep the pace but slowly falling behind to a horrible death. I hated to lose him for he had pulled well for me and I had paid a good price for him; but my life was worth more than his.

I now recalled that a few miles down the river there was a log cabin called a fort; it was deserted but made a frequent stopping place for travelers on the river. If I could reach that cabin I might find some persons encamped for the night; but with or without strangers it was my only refuge. For fifteen minutes we kept on the run, the howls coming nearer and nearer, and then there was a series of cries, yelps and barks. I knew that they had overtaken my leader. He lasted about five minutes, and after a short pause they began again the long regular howl. They were on our trail once more and were overtaking us. I calculated the distance to the hut, which was still far away. I could not throw away any provisions for I had only enough for my journey and they were so tied down that I could not get at them; but I reached under the canvas and took out the remaining piece of bacon and flung that after me. It did not seem more than five minutes before the wolves were after that bacon. There was a short chorus of cries, then again they started off for us.

It was now a race for life. The dogs were at the utmost speed and I was running at their side. If I found that I could not reach the cabin I determined to cut the dogs loose and with the knife turn around and face the wolves. It became a matter of minutes. The howls were so loud that I turned and saw the pack in full cry after me. About a dozen there were, stu out one after the other in a long lir the leader, a huge ferocious beast, advance, would every now and then up his head and emit a long howl went all through me. I had become heated and excited in the race but, al I fully knew my danger, I was in real afraid in any sense of the word. But ories of the old farm house up amo New Hampshire hills would keep r through my mind.

Suddenly we rounded a bend in the There upon the bank stood the hu welcome light gleamed from the d shuttered windows. It was deserte tenantless, with the door wide ope tinct in the moonlight as if it were day. The dogs saw it, too, and strain harder. The wolves were so clos escape had now come to be a mat serious calculation. They were gra overtaking me and we put forth a efforts. The leader had got to withi or three hundred feet of me wh reached the banking on the top of stood the cabin.

Up we started and were almost door when the forward runners of th caught in a projecting shelf of frozen In a moment I had drawn my knife the traces and the dogs, let loos rushed into the open door. I wa behind them, and so close was the l wolf that I seemed to feel his breat by the time he had reached the en I had closed and barred the door were saved! The dogs crouched do the corner whining in absolute terr I began to reflect. Outside on the sle all our provisions. It was the de winter. We were shut up in a hu rounded by hungry wolves in the mi a wilderness of ice and snow. The n town, Circle City, and probably the n human being, was eighty-five miles aw

Now the fun began with the sled. wolves ripped off the canvas (it ma hungry to hear them) and started a for the provisions; they soon de them and still eager for food, turned attention to the hut. The leader be circuit on the outside, going 'roun

"THE PACK IN FULL CRY AFTER ME."

'round sniffing at all the openings. I grabbed a piece of board and pried open the lower part of the door. Instantly he thrust in his nose and at that moment I slashed it with my knife. There was a yelp of pain and he drew back. I watched him from a crevice in the wall. The blood was running from his nose, coloring the snow at his feet. The other wolves gathered and silently began to march in a circle around him. He was all of a tremble, trying desperately to keep up his courage by snarls and ugly barks; but he was doomed. It seemed as if someone had said "scat" and the whole of the rest of the pack were on him. When the crowd broke up there was only a big red patch on the snow.

I didn't sleep much that night but dozed from time to time. When the sun rose no wolves were to be seen, but I did not dare to leave until afternoon. I traveled several hours, making slow time for we struck some rough ice, and when I laid down at night I was ravenously hungry. The next day we on, still hungry and a little faint; and on the third day it did not seem as if any of us had strength to start off. It is not an uncommon thing in the Klondike for travelers to be caught without food, and the usual custom is to kill a dog. But I had already lost one and I liked my dogs too well to sacrifice them. All that day, however, I looked longingly at those dogs, and many times I had determined to kill one, only to give up the idea after a hard struggle. Yet I was weary and faint and when I lay down at night I knew that without some nourishment I would die of hunger and cold. In the morning of the fourth day I could not get up courage to set out on the

journey, and the same old struggle arose. Finally a thought flashed across me. One by one I dragged the dogs up to a log and chopped off their tails. From the tails I made a delicious soup which the dogs seemed to relish as much as I did. It gave us renewed strength, and the next day we reached Circle City.

THE PASSING OF THE GRIZZLY

MIGHTY monarch—king of mammals,
Once the Nero of the West!
Once the dread, triumphant despot
Throned upon the mountain's crest!
Once the king of brute-creation,
Potent beasts thy simple prey—
At thy step the forests trembled,
Even Nature seemed at bay!

Of that Western wild. the master;
In that solitude, supreme;
Thou hadst never known an equal—
Man, himself, thy prey did seem;
Not the rifle's fatal bullet,
Not the power of man or beast,
Seemed to quell thy fearful courage—
Thou wert greatest, they were least!

But the huntsman claimed the battle;
Year by year thy kingdom fell;
Science won where strength was baffled—
Thou wert vanquished—vanquished well!
None are left to tell the story,
All thy hosts have passed away;
Yet thy power and bloody glory
Far survive thy final day!

—*T. Shelley Sutton.*

TO A SPOTTED FAWN

CHILD of the untamed wild, in whole soft eyes
The fitful light of vague alarum gleams,
Born of the violence which did surprise
Thy soft siesta with its twilight dreams,
Restrain thy timorous flight if but to mark
How little thee to wrong I am inclined.
Doubt not! For ne'er could evil thought so dark
Find e'en a moment's lodgment in my mind.

Look not so wildly on me, little one,
And stay that heaving bosom's fluttering.
Soon can the cañon's fastnesses be won,
And call solicitous thy mother bring
Back to thy side—whilst I, in solitude,
Tread the dim forest aisles' uncertainness,
Cheered on my wandering thro' the darkling wood
By the sweet vision of thy loveliness.

Thou'rt gone! I hear afar the hollow thud
Of tiny hoofs upon the yielding ground;
Anon, resounding thro' the echoing wood,
A bleat maternal tells thy dam is found.
A pain unwonted fills both heart and eye—
Longings for that which nevermore may be;
How would I pour my soul out in one cry
Could I but call my mother back to me!

—Frank H. Mayer.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB
AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Offices: 4 Sutter Street, corner Sansome Street.
Telephone, Main 1262.

Registered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

FRANK H. MAYER . . . . . Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

OUR POSITION

MUCH to our surprise we find that many of our friends have placed a wrong construction upon our editorial in last month's issue entitled "The License Question," the mails daily bringing us letters of sharp censure upon our assumed "change of front," some of them even intimating that we have gone over to the enemies of game protection and are conniving at the continued sale of game under the cloak and plea of the benefits to be derived from licensing game dealers.

Considering the amount of vituperation hitherto poured out on our devoted heads by the "enemies" in question, on account of the aggressive and indefatigable warfare which we have always waged—and will continue to wage upon them in the interests of real game protection, these lately ev conclusions of our friends are very a ing.

To set their minds at rest we desi say here, once and for all, that if our tion requires any definition we offer following:

WESTERN FIELD is an advocate of, emphatically demands the insertion in game laws, of a clause ABSOLUTELY HIBITING THE SALE OF ANY AND ALL DOM GAME, be it fin, feather or fur bearin ANY AND ALL TIMES.

We believe in and demand a flat bl State (citizens) license of say $1.00 year, to be taken out by any and e one—irrespective of age, sex, color or dition—who hunts, takes, pursues or any game or game fish in the State of fornia.

We insist that aliens and non-resi of this State be compelled to take o censes at least ten times greater in fees than the ones exacted from cit residents of this State.

We believe in the prompt abolitio the privilege of County Supervisors t any way change or modify the game in even the slightest respect. One State law for everybody alike, and its enforcement, is the only logical conditi

And once and for all we wish to phasize and impress upon the minds o public that "Western Field" is not u the control nor in any wise subjected t "influence" of any man, set or com tion of men, other than its editor, who cutes the policy dictated by the exec committee of this magazine, and wh personally responsible for everything pearing in these columns.

We give no consideration to anony complaints or "hearsay" reports of law violations. We do not deal in g and can only entertain matters of "Western Field" stands eagerly rea prosecute any case or cases of game infraction, where the evidence is auth and dependable, without regard to the sonality, "pull" or social or financial nence of the malefactor. We play no f

ites. We admit no offensive personalities to our columns—we are publishing a magazine for genuine sportsmen—and genuine sportsmen are always and necessarily gentlemen. We offer no medium for the venting of private spleen or personal pique, but our columns are always open to the courteous and earnest discussion of any matters pertaining to sport and game, or the preservation of the latter and the elevation of the former. We propose to vigorously assail all abuses in this connection, without fear or favor, no matter whose private interests suffer, and while our politics are those of pure principle only, we shall not hesitate to fight the devil with fire if it becomes necessary. Let it be understood without further circumlocution that "Western Field" has enlisted for the whole war in this fight for game protection. In the presence of many conflicting private interests it has had to make its own fight against heavy odds, but we are still in the ring and so far have won the bulk of the decisions—and we are not disfigured enough so that you can notice it.

We believe it to be the duty of every sportsman in the State to stand firmly behind the State Fish Commission in its labors—when those labors are judiciously and intelligently performed, not otherwise, and it is equally as much our duty to resent and attack any maladministration of office should any develop. The Commission surely does not arrogate unto itself absolute infallibility; it should therefor not get unduly exercised if its actions be criticised from time to time, by those competent to do so. It should also remember that it is not a legislative body, but purely an executive one; its province is not the making of laws nor the lobbying for bills whose provisions are diametrically opposed to the wishes of the element chiefly interested. There would be a great deal of friction eliminated were the Commission to get into close personal touch with the sportsmen of the State, learn the concensus of their opinions as expressed in open conventions, and give courteous consideration thereto instead of depending upon the more or less precarious idiosyncrasies of a single employee to direct their arbitrary policy. The sportsmen of this State have passed the kindergarten stage and no longer require the services of an officious old dry nurse to define what is and what is not good for them. They are mostly big boys now and are strenuous in the idea that they have some say as to what medicine they will have to take.

The game protective associations, as well as non-attached sportsmen likewise, want to cultivate a little more consistency and a little less oratory if they really are sincere in their protestations of their all-absorbing desire to see the game protected and the game laws enforced. They should remember that it is their solemn duty as citizens and true sportsmen to personally report, or, if necessary, prosecute any and all violations of the game law which come under their notice. The operation is easy; any policeman or other public peace official will make an arrest on the submission to him of sufficient evidence, and any court will aid in the punition of a real offender. That is the business which we pay them to transact. Do some other things, gentlemen, besides merely talk. A few cases of prosecution by private individuals will do more in the interests of practical and effectual game protection than all the flowery platitudes you could utter in ten thousand State conventions. Try what a little less criticism and a little more complementation of the Commission's work will do. Personally secure one conviction yourselves, and then you will have some right to kick about the Commission's handful of deputies not being able to catch every last offender in this gigantic State. And, by the way, do a little less game law violating yourselves. It will lend a great deal more weight to your arguments if you refrain from coming so dangerously "near" to an excess of bag limit that you have to give a few birds away to some other fellow in order that your sack may successfully pass inspection. And it is not an indication of true sportsmanship to sneak into some other State and violate its laws simply because the opportunity offers.

We think that we have now dispelled any illusion that the public may have entertained about as to "where Western Field is at." Briefly summarized, we stand for:

No sale, no partisanship—no graft!

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession. A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession. M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession. A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer. A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls. $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close se A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close seasc F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close seasoi F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; missed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. N held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. N held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JUL

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in posse Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo. Wm. $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, velo. Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Cc Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close se Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in posses Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, E beth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in posses Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized st bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Office F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, nora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

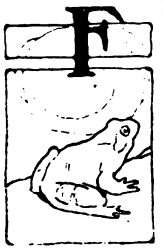
Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, T City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close se Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, R. Welch; ten days in jail.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.



FROM time to time the question is propounded to this office, "What is the State Fish Commission doing toward the enforcement of the laws and the protection of our game?" As a sufficient answer we append hereto a transcript from the Commission's office — records showing what has been accomplished in only the short time elapsing between the days of April 5 and December 1, 1905. Heretofore the Commissioners have, for rather sentimental reasons, demurred to our request to be permitted to publish the particulars of such arrests, taking the kindly but certainly mistaken position that it was not generous to so perpetuate the record of men's criminal folly, assuming that each offender's first offense would be his last. "Western Field" has always thought differently; this is an age of enlightenment, and violations of law these days are things of deliberate intent if not pure maliciousness. We insist that a tabulated statement of these arrests, with full accompanying data, would, if kept standing in these columns, have a most wholesome deterrent effect upon prospective violators, and certainly would operate against a repetition on the parts of those convicted. We propose, therefore, with the assistance of the commission's officers to publish and keep standing a continued resume of all arrests made during the ensuing year; this should be a matter of public record and conversance, and we propose to make it such.

Results of arrests made by officers of the Fish Commission between April 5 and June 10, showing the names of the offenders, the charge, where arrest was made, by whom, and the result:

C. R. Squires, excess bag limit on trout, Floriston, W. R. Welch; fined $20.

Wm. Sutherland, killing doe, Calpella, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; fined $50.

P. R. Kestner, sturgeon in possession, Red Bluff, W. R. Welch; fined $30.

N. M. Kettles, sturgeon in possession, Corning, W. R. Welch and T. W. Bermingham; fined $20.

A. Enea, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $25.

L. Kopta, sturgeon in possession, Corning, T. W. Bermingham and Constable Gumble; fined $20.

Jack Smith, killing deer close season, Westport, C. E. Gordon and W. T. Ornbaum; fined $25.

A. Camelio, sturgeon in possession, Antioch, Antioch constable; fined $20.

Andrew Hansel, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

John Watson, using set net, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

Z. Milani, underweight striped bass in possession, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; fined $20.

Frank Moranda, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

Frank Swain, dynamiting fish, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; fined $250.

A. Trapini, sturgeon in possession, San Francisco, N. R. Welch, M. L. Cross, Ernest Schaeffer; jury trial, June 26.

California Central Gas and Electric Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Levin Tanning Co., polluting Santa Rosa Creek, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

G. Gianevo, killing meadow lark, McCloud, Mart Dennis; fined $25.

John Day, deer meat in possession close season, Calpella, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

W. T. Soule, live quail in possession without permit, San Pedro, E. R. Hall; case dismissed.

Capital Refining Co., allowing residuary products of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Pacific Smelting and Refining Co., allowing residuary product of petroleum to pass into waters of State, Oakland, W. R. Welch; case dismissed.

Wm. T. Jones, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

John W. Hampton, deer meat in possession close season, Livermore, W. R. Welch and John McGlinchy; fined $25.

Pol. S. White, using explosives in Kings River, Sanger, R. E. L. Cobb; case pending.

M. Hamai, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

C. Gominaga, undersized abalone in possession, Lompoc, L. de la Cuesta; fined $20.

A. Swan, deer hide in possession, evidence of sex removed, Ukiah, A. W. Ralph; discharged.

P. Lecata, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Wong Him, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter, fined $20.

Ah Hung, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Ah, Choy, female crabs in possession, San Francisco, Police Officers Kramer and Coulter; fined $20.

Edgar Smith, deer meat in possession close season, Ukiah, A. F. Lea; fined $25.

John Anderson, black bass close season, Calpella, A. W. Ralph; fined $25

Amos Gianque, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; fined $25.

Harry Jones, quail in possession close season, San Diego, Web Toms; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; fined $25.

E. Cervelli, quail in possession close season, Fort Bragg, Thos. Rhodes; case pending.

G. W. Calder, deer hides, evidence of sex removed, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

"Jane Doe," selling deer hides, Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; case pending.

Antone Marovich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch, case pending.

Joe Korlich, using set net, Haywards, Deputy Gooch; case pending.

Caraman, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, Lehmkuhl; case pending.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession close season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; fined $25.

Sam Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

He Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. F. Slye; case pending.

John Blosser, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession. A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Boutiller, small striped bass in possession. M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession. Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession. A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls. $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; dismissed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. Neale, held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Geo Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY 27.

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in possession Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo, Wm. Ray; $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, Covelo. Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Covelo, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close season, Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possession, Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession close season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possession, Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped bass, Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized striped bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession close season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officers A. F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, Sonora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Rio Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, Tahoe City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close season, Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W. R. Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling
R. Welch; ten days in

R. P. Poe, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $50.

C. M. Anderson, killing quail close season, Willits, A. W. Ralph; $25 fine.

C. S. Gruning, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

A. B. McCutcheon, killing deer close season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Ah Sing, Fresh buck horns in possession, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Charley Borson, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

Miss F. Louise Sheppard, killing deer out of season, Laytonville, J. C. Ingalls, A. F. Lea and Wm. Rae; $25.

Chas. Noyse, killing deer out of season, Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

E. Chapman, kiling deer out of season, Happy Happy Camp, A. E. Doney; $25 fine.

There were also seized over 3,000 pounds of undersized striped bass; 250 pounds of unlawfully possessed trout and 10 illegally used nets.

ARRESTS MADE FROM AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 25.

E. P. Lounibos, shipping doves in concealed packages, Glen Ellen, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.) underweight striped bass in possession, Sacramento, George Neale; $20.

Luke Petrich, shipping underweight striped bass, Pinole, J. C. O'Connell and J. H. Davis; $25 fine.

T. G. Canckwell, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $50.

T. A. Lang, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $75 fine.

Richard Faulkerson, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25.

Louis Saroni, having spotted fawn in possession, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; dismissed.

Dennis O'Leary, killing a doe, Stonyford, J. R. Martin; $50.

Tony Bezoni, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

White McClure, taking black bass with net, Sacramento, E. E. Pedlar and George Neale; $20 fine.

Henry Christopher, killing deer close season, Yreka, T. W. Birmingham and A. E. Doney; $50.

Chas. Kisaki, killing quail close season, Monrovia, Manuel Trijo; $25 fine.

J. Cavagna, killing a spotted fawn, Healdsburg, J. C. Ingalls and A. F. Lea; $25 fine.

H. Matushara, using set net, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $100 fine.

Al Quinn, killing a meadow lark, Ione, J. E. Kelly; $25 fine.

Ray Streeter, shooting on enclosed land, Alhambra, Eldridge S. Freer; $25 fine.

Joseph Flamini, taking young of fish, San Rafael; $25 fine.

Herman Stolz, quail in possession close season, Sacramento, George Neale; dismissed.

Lee Yoke Suey, offering for shipment dried California shrimp, San Francisco, Chas A. Vogelsang and E. E. Pedlar; case pending.

Stephen Billeci, using small mesh net for taking striped bass, Pinole, J. H. Davis. J. C. O'Connell and Antone Soto; $200.

ARRESTS MADE AUG. 26 TO SEPT 1, 1905.

Lagakes, killing quail close season, Pa- L. Wallis; pending.

undersized abalone in possession, H. J. Abels; $25.

Fon Ring, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Sue, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Hoy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah King, undersized abalone in possession Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Poy, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Ah Jim, undersized abalone in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $50.

Oscar Siberg, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

E. A. Wickersham, taking crawfish during the close season, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $20.

Jas. Weller, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

Tom Jones, killing a fawn, Ukiah, Constable Lynch; pending.

John Hitchcock, killing a fawn, Susanville, E. D. Payne; pending.

B. Moro, fishing without a license, Vallejo, J. H. Davis; pending.

SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1905.

Clarence Shiveley, killing quail close season, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; dismissed.

Ah Jo, undersized abalones in possession, Santa Maria, H. J. Abels; $25.

Mrs. M. Henry, excess bag limit, trout, Redlands, H. J. Pritchard; $29.

M. Scondres, crabs in possession close season, Oakland, Thos. Woods; $20.

Thos. John, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; $25.

A. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

M. Arieds, killing quail close season, San Fernando, W. B. Morgan; dismissed.

A. Enea, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, W. R. Welch and M. L. Cross; $100.

P. Fereira of Alameda, killing quail close season, Kelseyville, A. F. Lea; $50.

Chas. Widmyer, Saturday and Sunday fishing for salmon, Isleton, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer Superior Court.

L. Schagg and John Ingraham, killing does, Jolon, S. J. Smart; dismissed.

H. F. Jensen, killing a doe, Eureka, J. E. Morton; $50.

T. Busha, killing quail close season, Hopland, A. L. O'Neal; dismissed.

John McCann, deer hides in possession with evidence of sex removed (73 hides). J. E. Morton; pending.

Leon Vieux, killing a doe, Pleasanton, A. S MacDougall; $50

J. D. Rice, killing quail close season, Redding, Eugene Barion; $25.

G. Narcosso, killing quail close season, Jackson, C. B. Arditto; $25.

C. Giovanini, killing quail close season, Jackson, O. H. Reichling; $25.

V. Mei, shipping underweight striped bass, San Francisco, M. L. Cross; $100.

Mario Fediricone, shipping underweight striped bass, M. L. Cross and J. C. Ingalls; pending.

A. Engel, proprietor Palace Restaurant, Los Angeles, crawfish in possession close season, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

J. Perejallo, underweight striped bass in possession, Haywards, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Philip Ghiorzo, killing ducks, close season Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; $40.

Chas. Lee and John Lee, killing ducks close season, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; discharged.

Levin Tanning Co., allowing substances dele-

terious to fish to pass into Santa Rosa Creek (second complaint), Santa Rosa, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Cap. Elmore of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; $25.

Tom Lockhart of Delta, selling deer meat, Redding, T. W. Birmingham and W. H. Pepper; pending.

I. N. Searle, dynamiting fish, Paso Robles, Thos. Rhodes; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25

Antoni Bongiobanni, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

Antony Olerici, plover in possession close season, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $25.

E. Gumbert, underweight striped bass in possession, Petaluma, J. C. Ingalls and M. L. Cross; $20.

Giacomo Carnigha, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $50.

Giacomo Carnigha, using a set net, Oakland, Deputy Thos. Wood; $100.

S. Samoni (Free Market, Oakland), underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thos. Wood; $20.

C. Schmeiser, quail in possession close season, Lakeport, A. F. Lea; $25.

C. F. Henderson, killing tree squirrels, Willits, T. C. Gibson; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing meadow larks, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

Joe Winthrop, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $25.

P. Cantiere, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Ferraro, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

Angelo Olean, killing quail close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

John W. Yeary, quail in possession close season, San Luis Obispo, J. C. Ingalls; pending.

Thos. S. Esrey, ducks in possession close season, Hanford, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

Wm. Edinson, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

T. G. Porter, salmon in possession close season, Stockton, A. S. Edwards; $200.

Martin Ivancovich, selling underweight trout, San Francisco, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Ah Sing, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Miss Octavia, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

Walter Lewis, quail in possession close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; pending.

Carl Rischer, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

Gene Prindiville, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

—. Kennedy, killing a spotted fawn, San Jose, W. De Soto; pending.

SEIZURES, AUGUST, 1905.

100 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
2400 lbs. underweight striped bass.
1 set net.
1 salmon net (used Saturday and Sunday fishing).

SEIZURES, SEPTEMBER, 1905.

50 lbs. black bass bearing net marks.
250 lbs. salmon.
1350 lbs. underweight striped bass.
40 lbs. trout improperly shipped.
100 lbs. undersized crawfish.
12 doz. quail.
2 set nets.

$1520 fines imposed for month of September.

ARRESTS MADE, OCT. 1 TO NOV. 1, 1905.

C. Roppa, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Pietro Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

S. Cardinale, fishing before sundown Sunday for salmon, shad, striped bass, with a net, Pinole, J. J. O'Connell; $200.

Tom Ruggers, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

A. Conini, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

Charlie Riggio, killing quail close season, Salinas, S. J. Smart; $25.

M. Almieda, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

F. Marincovich, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

Frank Nordiste, undersized crawfish in possession, Santa Barbara, H. J. Abels; $25.

A. Rossi, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Frank Bargacci, undersized crawfish in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $20.

Charles L. Meyer, offering dried shrimp for shipment to China, San Francisco, Charles A. Vogelsang; $20.

Manuel Silva and Cello Bettino, killing quail close season, Sacramento, George Neale; released on account of youth.

E. Smith, trapping quail without permit, Ferndale, W. P. Huestis; $40.

Peter Bomda, salmon in possession close season, Benicia, J. H. Davis. J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court.

G. Balleci, selling and having in possession underweight striped bass, Martinez, J. M. Walker; $25.

Charles Dondero, underweight striped bass offering for sale, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

K. Matsurura, killing meadow larks, Dinuba, W. H. Elam; $25.

Henry Harris, killing quail close season, San Jose, I. L. Koppel; $25.

A. Leuceth, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

B. Ford, killing quail close season, Pleasanton, A. S. MacDougall; $25.

L. G. Zaiser, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

Ice and Cold Storage Co., Los Angeles, salmon in possession close season, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; pending.

W. R. Fair, killing quail close season, San Diego, Webb Toms; $30.

Francisco Germano [illegible] non-game birds in [illegible] ley, J. C. Ingalls [illegible]

Fred Manar[illegible] Berkeley, J. C

Gus Lageri, quail in possession, close season, Santa Monica, H. I. Pritchard; $25.

Ernest Tonelli, killing tree squirrels, San Rafael, G. E. Ortinan; $25.

Charles Benson, killing quail close season, Redlands, G. W. Koehler; $25.

Milton Carlson, killing quail close season, Madera, James R. Warner; $25.

Warren Player and James Devine, salmon in possession close season, Washington, Geo. Neale; held to answer before Superior Court, $200 each or 100 days each.

Frank Billeci and V. Billeci, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

Rocco Russo and S. Russo, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

Giatiano Ollando and Gaspar Fontira, salmon in possession close season, Rio Vista, J. H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell and A. Soto; held to answer before Superior Court, $200.

C. W. Woods, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Oliver James, killing gray squirrels, San Rafael, John S. Ellis; $25.

James Nigro and Antone Nigro, night shooting, Los Banos, J. E. Newsome; $25.

Philip Esparcia, bag limit on quail, Concord, Thomas Duncan; $50.

M. Baresti, underweight striped bass in possession, Oakland, Thomas Woods; $50.

J. A. Johnson, killing a doe, Kern City, O. H. Klein; acquitted.

James Bennelli, killing wild birds, sec. 637a, A. F. Lea; pending.

Elmer Tuttle, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Frank McMasters, killing quail close season, Glenville, O. H. Klein; $25.

Ellis Robinson and Bert Robinson, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Huestis; pending.

Frank Legg and William Rolley, taking salmon close season, Fortuna, W. P. Heustis; pending.

Served summons on French-American Wine Co., polluting waters of Russian River with substances deleterious to fish, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea; pending.

D. J. Murphy, offering snipe for sale, Los Banos, E. E. Pedlar; dismissed.

C. Deanglo, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; dismissed.

Ferdinondo Fosoraci, using set nets, Eureka, W. P. Huestis and Ellis Robinson; $100.

John Lewis, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

John Ball, catching salmon above tide water close season, Red Bluff, T. W. Bermingham; held to answer before Superior Court, pending.

P. Peri, plover in possession close season, Oakland, H. W. Gooch; $25.

Frank Gillaino, shooting meadow larks, Oakland, Thomas Woods; acquitted.

Ray Teal, shooting ducks close season, Arcata, J. E. Morton; $25.

C. Meredith (American Fish Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, Sacramento, George Neale; $50.

Carnadi, underweight striped bass, Be-
D. Hyde; $20.

(Nauman & Co.), excess bag limit
Francisco, W. R. Welch; $25.

H. C. Gallon (Scatena & Co.), excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

J. F. Correia, excess bag limit on ducks, San Francisco, W. R. Welch; pending.

Walter H. Mack (Western Fish Co.), underweight striped bass, San Francisco, Ernest Schaeffle; pending.

T. Yatago, killing meadow larks, Fresno, M. J. Burnham; $25.

$2,030 imposed in fines during the month of October, 1905.

2 small mesh nets seized.
8 salmon nets seized.
1,580 lbs. salmon seized.
145 lbs. striped bass seized.
38 lbs. trout seized.
2,109 ducks seized.
81 quail seized.
20 snipe seized.

ARRESTS BETWEEN NOVEMBER 1 AND DECEMBER 1

Zaiser & Co., excess bag limit on ducks, Los Angeles, H. I. Pritchard; $150.

V. Cardinalli, using a set net, Benicia, John H. Davis, J. J. O'Connell, A. Coto; $100.

Joseph Feloci, doe hide in possession, Healdsburg, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $35.

Louis Feloci, deer hides in possession, evidence of sex removed, Healdburg, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

Jose Pengallo, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $75.

Angelo Herid, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Francisco Tavasaro, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Joe Smith, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Ben Hughes, killing owls, Fresno, E. E. Pedlar; $9.50.

G. Pasquale, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

S. Mirante, underweight striped bass, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; $25.

Thos. Vonsaloo, using a set net, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; pending.

Linji Machiville, using a set net, Point Richmond, Thomas Woods; held to answer before the Superior Court.

Antone Petrich, underweight striped bass, Pinole, Geo. Neale and J. J. O'Connell; $20.

J. E. Ingraham, excess by limit on ducks, Bakersfield, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

J. W. Ingraham, excess bag limit on ducks, Bakersfield, E. E. Pedlar; $25.

John Law, night shooting, Long Beach, W. B. Morgan; $25.

John Law, trespassing on enclosed land, Long Beach, W. B. Morgan; sentence suspended.

Fred Sam, taking trout, close season, Loyalton, R. W. Bender; $20.

M. Kiyama, taking trout, close season, Loyalton, R. W. Bender; $20.

Adam Berinig, netting ducks, San Rafael, John H. Davis; dismissed.

F. G. Archer, killing black birds, McCloud, Mart Dennis; $25.

Joe La Barbeara, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis; $25.

Cosmo Busallacchi, netted ducks in possession, San Francisco, John H. Davis and J. C. O'Connell; $25.

President.
H. T. Payne, 725 Baker Street, San Francisco.

Vice-Presidents.
Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Williams, Porterville; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; T. A. Chatten, Visalia.

Executive Committee.
C. W. Hibbard, Chairman, San Francisco; Frank H. Mayer, San Francisco; Floyd S. Judah, San Francisco; Frank V. Bell, San Francisco.

Membership Committee.
E. A. Mocker, Chairman, San Francisco; S. A. Heller, San Francisco; Dr. J. H. Barr, Marysville.

Secretary-Treasurer.
E. A. Mocker, 1316 Hayes Street.

County Associations—Their Secretaries and Addresses:

Alameda County Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.—A. L. Henry, Sec.-Treas., Livermore, Cal.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.

Angels—Walter Tryon, Sec., Angels Camp, Cal.

Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.

Auburn—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.

Boulder Creek—J. H. Aran, Sec., Boulder Creek, Cal.

California Audubon Society—J. Scott Way, Sec., Pasadena, Cal.

California Rod and Gun Club Association, 316 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Chico, ——————————, Sec., Chico, Cal.

Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.

Colusa—S. J. Gilmour, Sec., Colusa, Cal.

Corning—Mason Case, Sec., Corning, Cal.

Covelo—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covelo, Cal.

Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.

Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.

Fresno—D. Dismukes, Sec., Fresno, Cal.

Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.

Healdsburg F. and G. P. Ass'n—J. H. Kruse, Secretary, Healdsburg.

Hollister—Wm. Higby, Sec., Hollister, Cal.

Humboldt—Julius Janssen, Sec., Humboldt, Cal.

Jackson—O. H. Reichling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.

Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.

Kern County—E. F. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.

Kings County—S. S. Mullins, Sec., Hanford, Cal.

Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport, Cal.

Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.

Lodi—Greer McDonald, Sec., Lodi, Cal.

Lompoc—W. R. Smith, Sec., Lompoc, Cal.

Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.

Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.

Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.

Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.

Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.

Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.

Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Sec., Nevada City, Cal.

Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.

Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.

Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.

Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.

Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.

Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.

Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.

Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.

Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.

Redlands—Robert Leith, Sec., Redlands, Cal.

Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.

Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.

San Andreas—Will A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.

San Rafael—H. E. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael, Cal.

Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.

Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.

San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino.

Santa Clara—J. H. Faull, Sec., San Jose, Cal.

Santa Cruz—R. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz, Cal.

San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.

San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Santa Marie—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.

Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.

San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.

Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.

Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.

Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.

Sierra Co., F. and G. Association—F. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.

Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.

Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.

Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.

Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.

Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.

Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.

Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.

Three Rivers—F. B. Britten, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.

Truckee River—F. & G. Assn.—F. M. Ruthe ford, Truckee, Cal.

Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.

Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.

Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.

Visalia—Thomas A. Chatten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.

Watsonville—Ed. Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.

Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.

Woodland—W. F. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.

West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.

Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

THE California Fish and Game Protective Association's sixth annual convention was held at Marysville on the 24th and 25th inst. The visit of the attending delegates was made an entertaining and hospitable function by the Marysville sportsmen, who are noted for their good fellowship.

The meeting opened at the City Hall on Friday evening. Col. E. A. Forbes presided as Chairman.

Mayor Eckhart, the first speaker, welcomed the visitors and extended the hospitality of the city to the delegates. Col. Forbes in a brief address on the subject of fish and game protection introduced President H. T. Payne, who outlined the purposes and objects of the association in its work as follows:

"It is my pleasant duty to return to you the sincere thanks of our association for the warm welcome that you have extended to us. We wish also to thank the citizens of Marysville, and especially its newspapers, for their very generous reception.

"It is true there are not many of the members of the association here, but that is principally because this is not a legislative year and consequently our labors are not as great as at the meeting in the year preceding the legislative session.

"Our association meets here now in its sixth annual convention. We come, I can assure you, with no selfish purpose; we come asking nothing for ourselves that we do not desire as freely granted to every other citizen. As an evidence of that I call your attention to the fact that it was this association that first appeared before the legislature and asked that a limit be placed upon the number of birds or animals that we might kill in one day. Not only that, but at the last session we went before the legislature and asked for a still greater reduction in that number, because we saw that game was growing scarce while the number of guns was multiplying and hunting becoming more popular with the young men. So we asked for that further reduction, which I am sorry to say we did not succeed in obtaining. In addition to that, not wishing to see those who never hunted taxed for the preservation of the game, we went before the legislature and asked that the sportsmen, those who did hunt, should have a license imposed on them by the state in order to raise the money necessary for the protection of the game.

"Now, when we do that, we certainly cannot be accused of being selfishly engaged in this work and wanting to keep the game for ourselves. We do not. We believe the game is an important factor in the prosperity of the state; that it is one of its important resources. We know that the game of California and the varieties of fresh water fish which are protected by law at certain seasons furnish the people of the state with more than 23,000,000 pounds of wholesome food every year. That being the case there can be no question that it is a valuable asset in our resources; for every pound of fish or game placed upon our tables allows the export of just that much more of other products and brings back to us the value of those other products. So the game and fish are worth that much in money value to the state. More than that, we know from observation and investigation that the game of California attracts to the Coast eastern tourists and sportsmen who expend in our midst more than a million and a quarter annually. We also know that the sportsmen of the state, those who hunt and fish for pleasure, expend in the pursuit more than seven and a half millions every year. Who gets the money? Your railroads, your hotels, your stage lines, your livery stables? Not they, for they spend it. It also goes to your gun shops and from those it circulates in every avenue of trade. It goes into the hands of those who work for a livelihood.

"The object of this association is to try to secure such legislation as will maintain the supply. We are trying to have such laws passed and trying to see that they are enforced. And we believe that the best way to secure their observance and to cure a man of violating them is not by arresting and punishing him, and thereby possibly making his family suffer for his wrongful deed, but, if we can, by going to him and talking to him and showing him wherein he is doing wrong not only to himself, but to his fellow citizens, converting his heart and making him a game protectionist. For when we have once succeeded he is a game protectionist forever after and will not violate the law. Therefore we believe that educating the people as to the value of the game and the necessity for its protection is the very best way to secure the enforcement of the laws. For that reason we are endeavoring to plant local associations in all parts of the state. We have them in a great many counties now. In some, of course, they are not as active as in others, but in some they are so active that a violation of the law in that county is a rare thing, which has been brought about by the moral influence of the members.

"You in Marysville can do the same. As your mayor has stated, and which I know personally to be a fact, you have in your county and the county adjacent some of the finest hunting grounds in the state. If I should tell you the number of pounds of game the people of this city consume every year it would astonish you; and, as I said before, by consuming that you have that much more of other prod- -fore, it is of value to -ure to the hunt- -leasure, and

San Perano, quail in possession close season, San Jose, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; fined $25.

Ah Hoy, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Sun, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ha Le, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah Muck, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H Davis; case pending.

Ung Ginn, using shrimp net to catch fish, Sausalito, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Longmire, selling deer hides, Willows, J. P. Rye; case pending.

John Bonner, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

P. D. Taylor, killing tree squirrel, Willits, Constable A. J. Smith; fined $25.

Con Ming, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ling Tie, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Muck Lum, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Sing Wong, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Ah You, using shrimp net to catch fish, San Francisco, J. H. Davis; case pending.

Calif. Pine Box and Lumber Co., allowing saw-dust to escape into stream, Yreka, A. E. Doney; case pending.

Henry Day, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

Alfred Day, deer meat in possession, close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case still pending.

E. W. Owens, deer meat in possession close season, Willits, J. C. Ingalls and A. W. Ralph; case pending.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JUNE 10 TO JULY 1.

Antone Marovich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Joe Korlich, using set net, H. W. Gooch; 50 days in jail.

Caraman, shipping underweight bass, C. F. Lehmkuhl; dismissed.

Robert Van Fossen, deer meat in possession, J. C. Ingalls and Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

Sam Perano, quail in possession, Deputy Sheriff Arnold; $25 fine.

John Poggi, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

Geo. Ghin, dynamiting fish, A. L. Justice; still pending.

M. A. Thomas, deer meat in possession, A. F. Lea; $25.

E. Routillier, small striped bass in possession, M. S. Hotchkiss; $20 fine.

Andrew Rice, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. Arelo, using small mesh net, George Neale, $200 fine.

Chas. Nelson, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. R. Dwelly, deer meat in possession, Wm. Ray; $25 fine.

J. P. Parker, killing doe, W. P. Huestis; $50 fine.

A. Dewitt McAllister, deer meat in possession, W. T. Smith; $25.

John Linser, deer hides in possession, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; acquitted.

A. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

E. Linser, killing female deer, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $50.

A. C. Tracy, deer meat in possession, A. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $25 fine.

Ed. Sturkins, killing doves close season, A. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, $25 fine.

Joe Srouth, killing doves close season, A. Lea and J. C. Ingalls, dismissed.

Wm. C. Cummings, killing doves close sea A. F. Lea, J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

J. B. McNemara, killing doves close season F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. F. Finn, killing doves close season, A. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

Wm. Smith, killing doves close season, A. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

T. McSweeny, killing doves close season F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; dismissed.

F. Hatfield, killing doves close season; missed.

Mono Russo, using small mesh net, Geo. N held to Superior Court.

Salvator Russo, using small mesh net. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Giatorno Russo, using small mesh net, Neale; held to Superior Court.

Rocco Russo, taking black bass, Geo. N held to Superior Court.

Peter Cardinali, taking black bass with Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Ben Cardinali, taking black bass with Geo. Neale; held to Superior Court.

Mono Ruffo, taking black bass with net, Neale; held to Superior Court.

ARRESTS MADE FROM JULY 5 TO JULY

D. B. Cummings, fresh deer hide in posses Covelo, Officers G. R. Rodman and Wm. $25 fine.

C. C. Cooper, killing deer, Covelo. Wm. $25.

Frank Doolittle, deer meat in possession, velo. Wm. Ray; $25.

Donald Green, deer meat in possession, Co Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Kenneth Green, killing ducks close sea Los Angeles, Geo. Stimson; $25 fine.

Clarence Parrott, deer meat in possess Rio Dell, W. P. Huestis; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, Deer meat in possession, E beth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25 fine.

F. Pendleton, deer meat in possession season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25

W. L. Greene, deer meat in possession season, Elizabeth Lake, H. I. Pritchard; $25

J. W. Waugamon, deer meat in possess Santa Cruz, C. A. Reid; $25.

G. Viscuso, shipping under-sized striped b Black Diamond, E. E. Pedler; $25 fine.

D. Costansas, shipping under-sized str bass, Martinez; $25.

W. U. Demaree, ducks in possession season, Visalia, M. F. Jones; $25.

Thomas Hill, deer hides, Dyerville, Officer F. Lee and J. C. Ingalls; $40.

W. A. Divoll, killing deer out of season, nora, Thos. C. West; $25 fine.

E. A. Jenks, deer hides in possession, Dell, A. F. Lea and J. C. Ingalls; $20.

Geo. Johnson, Arcata; $20 fine.

Chas. Sutro, excess bag limit on trout, T City, E. A. Schaffle; $25 fine.

M. Goddard, killing ducks in close sea Independence Lake, W. R. Welch; $25 fine.

Geo. D. Bertha, buying trout, Truckee, W Welch; $20 fine.

John Summers, selling trout, Truckee, R. Welch; ten days in jail.

Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming, the total number of licensed hunters was 261,241. The largest numbers in any of these states was 78,823 in Wisconsin and 92,250 in Illinois, and the average in all was 26,124.

The destruction to game and fish, song birds and forests, which an army of 50,000 hunters roaming at will over the state might bring about, is beyond computation. In the absence of game and fish laws these persons would be free to hunt and fish in every month of the year, to shoot throughout the breeding season, to kill song and insect eating birds for food and sport, break up nests and destroy eggs, and to destroy our valuable supply of both game and fish to the point of utter extermination. The object of game and fish laws has been to prohibit indiscriminate hunting and fishing, to limit the bag and catch, to regulate the close seasons to conform with the laws of nature, in order to perpetuate our supply of game and fish and to protect the property of the farmer from trespass and injury by the irresponsible hunters.

"The value of the service of an active fish and game warden to a community is beyond estimation, and the benefits that result to the people from an active administration of his office cannot be realized until experienced and understood. Where efficient wardens are employed violations of the game or fish laws are few and far between, and the supply of game and fish consequently noticeably increases; besides this fact the farmers are saved much annoyance from irresponsible persons tramping through their growing crops or otherwise trespassing on their lands, the liability of fires is reduced to the minimum. The farm fences are not broken or their gates left open and the rights of the farmers and privileges of the sportsmen are more generally appreciated and observed.

"At this time this State is threatened with an influx of foreigners. These irresponsible newscomers, ignorant of both law and language, mistake liberty for license and go afield at all times of the year, without regard to reason or law and thus not only jeopardize the property of the farmers, but also the privileges granted to sportsmen by the farmers.

"It is the duty of every citizen, whether he be sportsman or farmer, to report immediately to the fish and game warden any and all violations of the law of which he may have any knowledge. Where efficient and qualified wardens exist they may have no limitation in making such reports, for the warden always considers such information strictly confidential. What are necessary qualifications of a successful warden? They are many. Above all else, he must be an honest man who commands the respect and confidence of the community; he must be courageous and firm and gifted with good common sense; he should have a thorough knowledge of the game and fish laws and the mode of procedure in the courts; he must be ever vigilant and know neither friend nor foe in the discharge of his duties. He must likewise have a thorough [illegible] and of the habits of the fish in it. He devices an [illegible] must be a true sportsman and thoroughly familiar with sports afield and in all its departments."

A. R. Orr, of Visalia, and other speakers also addressed the meeting.

The session held on Saturday, November 25th, was brief. All business was transacted by 2 o'clock p. m.

In the election of officers President H. T. Payne was re-elected; Dr. A. M. Barker of San Jose, T. J. Edgecomb of Shasta, Dr. J. H. Barr of Marysville, H. A. Greene of Monterey and Attorney A. R. Orr of Visalia were elected vice presidents and E. A. Mocker of San Francisco was re-elected secretary and treasurer.

The following committees were appointed by the President:

Executive Committee—Dr. C. W. Hibbard of San Francisco, William S. Tevis of Bakersfield, Dr. A. M. Barker of San Jose, W. W. Richards of San Francisco and A. R. Orr of Visalia.

Membership Committee—A. E. Mocker of San Francisco, Dr. T. J. Edgecomb of Redding and C. L. Powell of Pleasanton.

Legislative Committee—H. W. Kelly of Los Angeles, C. W. Hibbard and Frank V. Bell of San Francisco.

During the meeting sixty-five new members to the association were elected. Many of them were Marysville sportsmen. Dr. C. W. Hibbard reported upon what had been accomplished by the association at the last session of the State Legislature, mentioning incidentally the able assistance given by Hon. Charles M. Shortridge.

A memorial resolution to the late Hon. Thomas J. Sherwood was read and adopted. The press was remembered in a resolution expressing the appreciation of the association for support and assistance in furthering the cause of fish and game protection.

The next convention of the association will meet at Monterey Friday, November 9th, 1906. Invitations were received from Sierraville, San Francisco and Redding, but Monterey had the strongest backing.

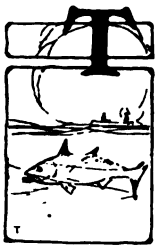
The delegates and visitors were the guests of the Tute Hunting Club at the club's shooting lodge on Saturday night. They enjoyed a delicious duck stew that evening and spent some very cheerful hours in the comfortable club house. Sunday morning a duck shoot was indulged in. Birds were not overly plentiful, but enough were bagged, however, so that each of the guests took home a small string of ducks.

The delegates attending the convention were:

H. T. Payne, San Francisco; A. R. Orr, Visalia; E. A. Mocker, San Francisco; I. L. Koppel, San Jose; H. A. Greene, Monterey; J. H. Barr, Marysville; F. V. Bell, San Francisco; W. R. Welch, Berkeley; R. E. L. Cobb, Fresno; C. W. Hibbard, San Francisco; C. L. Powell, Pleasanton; J. G. McMillan, San Jose; U. M. Damon, Oroville; Dr. J. S. Wren, Loyalton; J. B. Law, Loyalton; T. J. Edgecomb, Shasta; L. McDaniel, Paso Robles; E. Dryselius, San Francisco; L. Wells, Pleasanton; Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; George Denne, San Jose; H. P. Doble, San Jose; Floyd Judah, San Francisco; H. W. Keller, Los Angeles; J. H. Schumacher, Los Angeles; Dr. J. H. Suttliff, Corning; J. F. Godfrey, Oroville; W. W. Richards, San Francisco; J. Sub. Johnson, Visalia; S. D. Merk, Paso Robles; C. C. Rivers, San Fran[illegible]o; W E. Geach, San Jose.

THE LUMINOSITY OF PLANTS

By LAWRENCE IRWELL.



THE great naturalist Linnaeus was the first to record an observation concerning luminous plants, his attention having been drawn to the subject by his daughter, Christina. Walking in her father's garden one June evening, she observed that the flowers of the garden nasturtium gave forth sparks or flashes. The phenomenon was repeated on successive evenings, and also in the mornings before sunrise, when not only her father, but other scientific men were present. One of these, an electrician named Wilcke, believed that the flashes were electric, and this appears to be the opinion of most authorities who have investigated the phenomenon since that time, although some believe that the scintillations are only apparent, and class them among optical illusions. The fact that the flashes are invariably observed at times when the air is dry and charged with electricity is, however, an argument—and a strong one—in favor of Wilcke's opinion. Perhaps no flowers exhibit luminosity in a more remarkable degree than those of the plant noticed by Linnaeus, although the common marigold, martagon lily, and sunflower are also highly luminous. Erasmus Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," chose the common nasturtium as the typical phosphorescent plant.

The remarkable scintillations first observed by Christina Linné have now been witnessed by so many credible and competent observers that their reality can hardly be said to be in doubt. Mr. Haggren, a Swedish botanist, noticed them frequently, and when at work in his garden employed a man to watch certain flowers and to make signals whenever the flashes occurred. Both the botanist and his assistant saw the light constantly and at the same moment, playing around the flower-heads of marigold. This was in the months of July and August, the phosphorescence being only seen at sunset or for half an hour later, and never on rainy days or when the air was loaded with vapors. A microscopic examination of some of the flowers, to ascertain whether little insects or phosphoric worms might not be the cause of the light, soon convinced most naturalists that no form of animal life was responsible for the phenomenon. Neither worms nor insects were found.

The next hypothesis made public about seventy years ago was that the electric light was caused by the pollen of the florets, which, in flying off, was scattered upon the petals. This idea is, of course, untenable.

In the year 1835, a Mr. Trimmer, an Englishman, published in the *Magazine of Botany* an account of his observations which clearly pointed to electricity as the cause of plant-luminosity. This gentleman was walking in his garden in the evening, many nasturtiums being in bloom, when vivid flashes from these flowers attracted his notice, although his thoughts were far away from phosphorescence. The flashes were brilliant, and at the same time the sky was overcast with a thunderstorm. Seven years later, the same phenomenon was observed by a certain Mr. Dowden and three friends at almost the same time and under similar climatic conditions. In other words, the eight o'clock in of very dry we declining dayl light appeare

of the flowers, so as to make a more or less interrupted corona round the disc." The flowers which gave off the light were a double variety of the common marigold.

Even within recent years more than one naturalist has recorded his personal observation of the phenomenon. The following words appeared in *Science Gossip* in September, 1891: "On the evening of June 16th, I happened to be taking a stroll in my garden; and passing by a fine plant of the common double marigold (*Calendula officinalis*) of a deep orange color, I was struck by a peculiar brightness in the appearance of the flowers. After watching for a few seconds, I observed to my great surprise, that coruscations of light (like mimic lightning) were playing over the petals. Thinking that I might be only the victim of an ocular illusion, I brought out other members of the household, and asked them to report exactly what they saw. Some perceived the flashes readily enough, but others only slowly and after patient observation, all eyes not being equally sensitive to such rapid vibrations of light. These performances commenced about 8:30 p. m., and continued for perhaps an hour. I afterward ascertained that much later on, when it was almost dark, the whole plant seemed to glow with a sort of pulsing phosphorescence."

The common nasturtium was also luminous in a less degree, the luminosity in this case extending to the leaves, which it is further stated, gave off a "blue vapor of extreme tenuity." The writer continues:

"I put a leaf of the nasturtium on the stage of a microscope; and having focussed it for the central spot from which the nerves branch off, under an inch-and-a-half objective, I brought it into a room nearly dark. Looking at it then through the microscope, I found that the leaf could be distinctly seen almost by its own light. The appearance of the luminous vapor floating [redacted]face (like moonlight over rip-[redacted]s strikingly beautiful. The twinkle with points of diating from the com-nt like a silver star. nessed after a day

The discovery of phosphorescence in the leaves of Tropaeolum (nasturtium) introduced a new feature into the subject of luminosity of plants, and is of great interest. And, considering that the luminosity remained on a leaf which had been detached from a plant and removed to quite a different spot, and that it was visible alike in daylight, dusk and lamplight, it would be advantageous to know how those few naturalists who still adhere to the optical illusion theory account for the remarkable persistence of the condition.

Up to now all the flowers mentioned have been of an orange color, and it is probable that such flowers are phosphorescent in an exceptional degree. But luminosity is by no means restricted to "golden-colored" flowers, for it has been observed in the white rose and scarlet geranium. As long ago as October, 1843, the luminous property of the hairy red poppy had been recorded, and sixteen years later, the scarlet verbena was added to the list of phosphorescent plants. In all attempts to observe plant-luminosity, hot, dry weather must be chosen, and the hour of sunset is the period when the flashes may be expected.

The False Dittany (*Dictamnus fraxinella*),—of which there are several garden varieties, red, white and purple—may be said to occupy a unique place among luminous plants. It secretes a fragrant essential oil in great abundance, and in warm weather this exudes and volatilises so that the air becomes fragrant with it. In addition, this volatile oil is highly inflammable, and if a light is brought near to it, fire results. This discovery was made by the gifted daughter of Linnaeus, and has been verified more than once in later times. In 1863, experiments were made by Dr. Hahn which were at first unsuccessful, but on bringing a lighted match to a nearly faded blossom, a reddish, crackling, strongly-shooting flame, which left a powerful aromatic smell, yet did not injure the peduncle, made its appearance. Careful microscopical examination of the False Dittany has shown that the inflammable etheric oil is contained in numerous minute reddish-brown glands, located on the flower stalks.

Other instances of luminosity in flowering

plants are afforded by the milk-sap of *Euphorbia*, which is said to shine with a phosphorescent light on warm nights in the forests of Brazil, and by the roots of certain plants, such as the fragrant *khus-khus* and other grasses. After a wet cloth has been applied to the *khus-khus* grass for about a couple of hours, it gleams in the dark "with all the vividness of the glowworm," and although the luster fades away as the specimen becomes dry, it revives on the application of fresh moisture. It does not appear to lose its luminous property through frequent applications of moisture. The sap of the *cipo*, a South American vine, is said to be so highly luminous that, when injured, it seems to bleed streams of living fire. "Large animals have been noticed standing among its crushed and broken tendrils, dripping with the gleaming fluid, and surrounded by a seeming network of fire."

Passing now from the flowering plants, we come to the ferns, mosses and fungi. Here we meet with some very striking and undoubtedly genuine instances of phosphorescence. Luminous fungi are said to be abundant in German coal mines. Hanging in festoons and pendants from the uneven roofs, twisting, rootlike, round the pillars and covering the walls, they give to these otherwise dreary excavations the semblance of fairy palaces, and even dazzle the eyes of those persons who are unaccustomed to brilliant lights. Mr. Erdmann, a commissioner of mines, says: "I saw the luminous plants here in wonderful beauty; the impression produced by the spectacle I shall never forget. It appeared, on descending into the mine, as if we were entering an enchanted castle. The abundance of those plants was so great that the roof and the walls and pillars were entirely covered with them, and the beautiful light they cast around almost dazzled the eye. The illumination they gave out is like faint moonshine, so that two persons near together could readily distinguish each other's bodies."

These spreading masses of luminous vegetable matter were formerly looked upon as a distinct species of fungi, and were classed with a few others of similar root-like form in the group Rhizomorpha; but they now known to be simply the m (spawn) of various species of Agaricu large genus to which the common mushroom belongs. The phosphorescer said to be due to slow decay and oxid either of the mycelia or fructifications fungi. The eminent English bot Hooker, found that heat, dryness and a soon dissipate it. He investigated the ject of phosphorescence in India, and that luminous myselia are common i dead-wood used for fuel by the nativ Northern India. He writes:

"The phenomenon (luminosity) is conspicuous on stacks of firewood. Darjeeling, during the damp, warm su months (May to October), at elevatio 5000 to 8000 feet, it may be witnessed night by penetrating a few yards int forest. * * * Billets of decayed were repeatedly sent to me by resi with enquiries as to the cause of their inosity. It is no exaggeration for me t that one does not need to move fron fireside to see this phenomenon, for if is a partially decayed log among the wood, it is almost sure to glow with a phosphoric light. A stack of firewood lected near my host's cottage, presen beautiful spectacle for two months— and August. And passing it at night, to quiet my pony, who was always ala by it. The phenomenon invariably a panies decay, and is common on oak, l birch, and probably other timbers; it eq appears on cut wood and on stumps, is most frequent on branches lying clo the ground in the wet forests. I have r to believe that it spreads with great ra from old surfaces to freshly cut ones. it is a vital phenomenon, and due t mycelium of a fungus, I do not in the doubt, for I have observed it occasio circumscribed by those black lines whic so often seen to bound mycelia on wood, and to precede a more rapid de

Agaricus olearius, a fungus that i uncommon where olives grow, may be in the dark crevices of the olive-stems the gills under the pileus or disc shine brightly. Equally remarkable is the zilian species of phosphorescent agaric

parasite on the Puitado palm—the light of which is of a pale greenish hue, and equals in brilliancy that of the larger fireflies. Borneo can boast of a closely allied species, also parasitical on trees, the greenish luminous glow of which has been likened to the glow of the electric discharge. Australia appears to be exceptionally rich in these fairy lamps, most of which belong to the same genus, Agaricus, although the prevailing color of their light is white. One species, found in the valley of the Swan River, deserves particular mention, if only on account of its size and weight. This was found by the traveler Drummond. It measured sixteen inches in diameter and a foot in height, and weighed about five pounds. Mr. Drummond hung the fungus up inside the chimney of his sitting room so that it might dry, and on passing through the apartment in the dark, observed that it gave out a most remarkable light, such as he had never even seen described in a book. No light could have been whiter. "The luminous property continued, though gradually diminishing, for four or five nights, when it ceased on the plant becoming dry." When some natives saw it, they cried out "Chinga!"—their name for a spirit—and seemed afraid of it. Both Mr. Drummond and Mr. Low (Australian explorers) have asserted that the light from some of these *agarics* is bright enough to read by. Even these statements, however, are eclipsed by the account of the spruce log which the Rev. M. J. Berkeley saw, and which was literally ablaze on the inside with the white mycelia of some unidentified species of myxogastes. When some of this luminous matter "was wrapped in five folds of paper, the light penetrated through all the folds on either side as brightly as if the specimen was exposed."

A French naturalist, M. Tulasne, who made some careful experiments in vegetable phosphorescence, found that the light from luminous fungi was extinguished *in vacuo* or non-respirable gases; and from this he inferred that "it is due to a slow combustion without heat, arising from a chemical combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere, inhaled by the fungus, with a substance peculiar to the plant." Whether this is the real explanation of the phenomenon or not, cannot be definitely stated, but the subject is of great interest and deserves more attention than it has received during the past twenty years.

THE TRUE GRIZZLY

Editor "Western Field." San Francisco, Cal.:

WHILE looking over the October number of the Western Field I noticed what appears to be a three-cornered fight about the grizzly bear. Now I have no license to "butt in" on this argument, but thought perhaps there would be no objections to making it a four-cornered scrap. Judging from what I can gather from Mr. Payne's argument, a Mr. Boren has sat down on a Mr. Conway for some article the latter has written about the true grizzly. As I have read neither Mr. Conway's nor Mr. Boren's articles, I cannot argue as to the truth of what they say. So, of course, I will have to confine myself to Mr. Payne's statements.

The first thing to be considered in this argument is: What is the true grizzly, and where is he found? The first mention of this animal (so far as I have been able to learn) is in the journals of Lewis and Clark. On June 4th, 1805, while they were camped at the mouth of Maria's River, a tributary of the Missouri below Great Falls, Mont., Clark, together with five men, made a two days' trip up the Missouri. On this trip they for the first time saw the grizzly bear, which they called the "White Bear," owing to its very light or silver color. As I understand it, when an animal is first placed on record in the scientific world it becomes the representative of a species, at least this is what happened in this particular instance.

The Grizzly of California was not discovered, or had not been put on record at this time. Mr. Payne says that there has not been a true grizzly killed in California in the last twenty-five years. He is undoubtedly right, and he would be more correct if he would state that, so far as we know, there never was a true grizzly within the confines of that State.

Mr. Payne's authority for the statement that the big bear in Golden Gate Park is not a true grizzly is correct; and, furthermore, I don't remember of ever hearing anyone that knew anything about what they were talking about say that it was a true grizzly. Ursus Horribilis Ord. was the first grizzly that we have any record of, and therefore it is put down in all scientific books as the true grizzly type, the locality of the specimen secured being given as Montana. Its geographic distribution is given as follows: Northern Rocky Mountains, from Wyoming and Northern Utah northward; also the whole of the interior of British Columbia, and thence northwestward, following the interior mountain ranges, to Norton Sound, Alaska.

The large grizzly found in California is a species of the true grizzly, and was named by Baird, in the Mexican Boundary Survey, in 1859 as Ursus Horribilis var. Horriaeus. Type, locality, copper mines, Southwestern New Mexico. Geographic distribution, Southern Rocky Mountains and outlying peaks and ranges in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Northern Mexico and Southern California. This species of the grizzly is larger than the true or Rocky Mountain grizzly, and is of rather a different color; the Rocky Mountain bear is more of a white, or silver color. But the color of a bear does not determine its species; that is, so far as the black bear and the grizzly are concerned. I have seen many an old mother black bear with one black cub and one brown one, and also the grizzly with one very dark cub and two that were almost white. In the Selkirks, British Columbia, the grizzly may be seen in all shades, from black to white.

Mr. Payne says that he is aware that naturalists claim that we have but one species of bear in the United States. Now will Mr. Payne please give us the names of the naturalists who have made these statements? I have read everything on the grizzly that could be had since early boyhood, and this is the first time that I ever heard this statement. That there are at least four species of the grizzly in North America is recognized by all scientists, and it is altogether likely that there are one or two more.

About the ferociousness of the grizzly I can only judge from my own experiences and what the early hunters and explorers have recorded regarding them. Lewis and Clark found him very savage and ill-natured, prone to attack at sight or sound; and they said one's only safety when encountering him was in climbing trees. But their habits must have changed somewhat since then; I have hunted the grizzly for more than twenty years, and have been a close observer of the habits of this most interesting animal. I have always found him the most wary and cunning of all the big game. That a female with cubs will attack, if she is suddenly confronted by what she considers an enemy, there is no doubt, but on the whole I do not believe there is any danger from the grizzly attacking one unless the animal is wounded. Of course there may be exceptions, such as where some old fellow has had his temper and disposition ruffled up, and is ready for a scrap at all times if any one comes near him.

In the life of James Capen Adams, the old grizzly bear hunter of early days, he speaks of the California grizzly as follows: "He may not seek a conflict, but he never flies from it. He was to be found in the bushy gorges in all directions, and sometimes in my hunts I would send a distant shot after him; but as a rule I paid him the respect to keep out of his way, the first winter. Not that he feared me; but

he did not invite the combat, and I did not venture it. But after a few months I considered it a point of honor to give battle in every case."

If there was ever a greater grizzly hunter than Adams, we have no record of his exploits. Adams hunted the grizzly from Mexico far up into Oregon and Washington, and from California to Great Salt Lake. He hunted and killed many of them, both the true and the California grizzlies; and he says that the Rocky Mountain grizzly is more disposed to attack man than the same species in other regions. But in all his experiences he does not mention one single instance where the bear attacked the hunter, unless driven to it by too near approach or by being wounded.

Fremont, in his report to the Government in 1847, says that they saw the California grizzly in large families, and that they were not given to disturbing those who did not disturb them.

About grizzlies climbing: I am of the opinion that those hunters who place them up trees are a little unreliable. That a young grizzly can and does sometimes climb, I know, for once I saw three cubs climb when attacked by dogs. But they only climbed up a tree where the limbs came close to the ground. That they will climb a smooth tree I do not believe. The safety of the Lewis and Clark party depended on their being able to climb trees. Fremont speaks of seeing a large family of grizzlies gathering acorns, similar to the native Indians; that he saw several of the young bear up in the tops of the oak trees, picking and knocking the acorns down, while the old bears gathered them up and ate them; that the cubs climbed down, upon his approach, only to be cuffed and driven up again by the old bears, the latter evidently not being aware of the explorer's presence.

But Adams gives an account of an old grizzly climbing. He was on one of his hunts, with a man named Kimball. They shot at and wounded an old grizzly, when she made for Kimball, who dropped his rifle and climbed up into a large oak tree. The bear followed to the foot of the tree, and Adams says: "I saw that she was about to climb and therefore fired, but the ball hit her in the neck, and only served to enrage her; she made a leap at the tree, clasped it, and up she went." Adams then tells of running under the tree and shooting her while she was trying to get Kimball, who was out near the end of a limb.

It was certainly a good-sized bear that Mr. Payne saw weighed, and it is to be deplored that he did not have a record of the weight; but the "estimated" weight of the other bear that he helped to kill was still more wonderful. I have seen but one large grizzly weighed, and it is so far under Mr. Payne's bear that I am loth to mention it. It is reasonable to suppose that California grizzlies were as large at the time Adams hunted, as they were in '63 when this mighty hunter had finished with the grizzly. Now Adams does not give the weight of any bear, but it is to be presumed that he weighed one, as he certainly had the opportunity to do so. However, as he speaks of the weight of the largest bear he ever encountered, we shall take it for granted that he had the animal weighed.

In speaking of the capture of the big bear which he named "Samson," he tells of seeing the animal's track in a certain cañon and was at once impressed with the size of the footprints; he made up his mind to capture his bearship at any risk, as it must certainly be a larger bear than he had ever encountered. He therefore concealed himself behind a boulder to watch for and get a glimpse of the bear. He says: "After lying behind a rock for an hour and a half, happening to cast my eyes down the trail, I beheld the monster advancing, his head was raised and he was sniffing the air; I had never seen so large a bear before; he looked like a moving mountain, and my heart fluttered for fear of being discovered."' Adams then goes on to tell how he captured this bear in a trap, and says: "We peeped through the cracks of the trap, and saw that our prize was one of the largest in the land." Referring to him afterward, he says: "There is Samson, whose weight is more than fifteen hundred pounds." As Adams kept Samson in his show for a number of years, it is to be supposed that he had positive knowledge of the animal's weight.

Mr. Payne says that as a confirmation of his statement that there are no more true grizzlies, he has a friend who has a standing offer of $500 to any man who will give him an opportunity for a shot at a true grizzly. Now I fail to see how or why this proves anything, other than to imply ignorance as to what the true grizzly is and where found. If Mr. Payne and his friend will go to British Columbia they will most likely see a specimen of the true grizzly. Of course if these old-timers and self-made naturalists will not take as authority what the scientific world accepts, there is no use of arguing the subject. Josh Billings says: "To lose your temper and argue back shows you are just as big a fool as the other fellow." Mr. Payne does not tell us on whose authority he has based his argument, nor does he inform us what kind of a grizzly has taken the place of the old California grizzly; nor from what country he came. These are a few points on which we should like to be informed. In the present day and age of the world a fellow has to deliver the goods, and I am willing to admit that I am "from Missouri."

W. H. WRIGHT,

Spokane, Wash.

A BLEAT FROM WYOMING

I should like to file an exception or two to some points in the opinion of Mr. E. A. Leopold, as set forth in his articles on the sporting rifle which appeared in "Western Field" some months ago. Mr. Leopold gives the impression that the .30 caliber quick twist rifles are of comparatively short life, that the quick twist is unfavorable to accuracy, and that the .32-40 special is a better hunting rifle.

There is an old .30-40 model '95 Winchester at Pacific Springs, Wyo., that has been shot on an average at least 1,000 times per year for seven years. The gun is seldom cleaned or oiled on being set away, and never before or during the time it is being fired; and many times I have seen it so hot that more than touching the barrel was out of the question. Yet to-day the wear of the rifling is imperceptible (though the barrel shows pitting on close inspection) and the groove cuts on a bullet that has been fired are clean-cut and sharp in the corners, and

cannot be detected with the naked eye from those on a bullet fired from a new rifle into the same substance; and it would require a better shot than inhabits this alkali country to ascertain that the accuracy of this rifle is the least impaired.

I am the first individual that fired this gun, and also one of the last, and if you will excuse the egotism will say that I can shoot close enough in competition to make most of the boys in the Bad Lands hold pretty steady—certainly close enough to test the accuracy of a rifle, even off-hand. The only difference that I can detect in this old rifle is a slight falling off in velocity. There is a white rock on a hillside just about 800 yards from the saloon door at Pacific, at which hundreds of shots have been fired, and to hit it now the sight (a Lyman Receiver) has to be raised a notch higher than when the gun was new; but the higher trajectory is not perceptible at two to three hundred yards, as we use the same notch as formerly for those distances.

The question might be asked by some curious individuals from Missouri, "How does it happen that this gun has been fired so many times?" Well, Pacific Springs is a supply point about eighty miles from the railroad. A store, saloon, blacksmith shop, shearing corrals and dipping vats constitute the whole town. The proprietors keep a big freight outfit on the road all summer to furnish the numerous sheep outfits with supplies. Much of the time there is a gang of camp movers, sheep herders and sheep men around there, and most of the boys in this vicinity are keen on shooting. So they shoot for fun—and for other things, even money. The old .30-40 belongs to the house, and is mostly used in all matches; to make these matches fair for everyone, all shoot the same gun. It is a common occurrence for two or three hundred shots to be so fired in a day there. The gang will "chip in" and buy cartridges, so it costs each one but little, even with cartridges at five "bucks" per hundred; and then the house throws in a box occasionally, for the shooters buy lots of "sheep dip."

I just happened to mention this old .30-40 because it has been shot more than any smokeless rifle I ever saw or heard of; and I imagine there are few rifles in existence that have been shot more times. But I have yet to see the first .30 caliber rifle that was worn out or that even had a good starter in that direction, and I have used many, shooting all kinds of sheep herders' guns in all kinds of conditions—and some who are reading this know what excellent "care" the average sheep herder takes of his rifle.

I used a '94 model .30-30 carbine on the saddle for over five years, and though I try to take good care of the inside of a barrel, yet this one was slightly rusted several times, and went without cleaning a great part of the last two years I used it; for I was thinking of "throwing it in the creek" and buying a .32-40 special when they came out. Yet it shot just as well, so far as I could tell, the last day I used it as the first, and I know it shot a great deal closer than ninety-nine men out of a hundred can hold. But I raffled it off at Pacific and got the .32-40 carbine (the first that ever came to Pacific) and it was going to be the gun.

I had it fitted with Lyman receiver rear and ivory bead front sight; got a reloading outfit for black powder loading. (I had learned better than to load smokeless long before this.) And what a disappointment! The gun was the most unsatisfactory I ever owned. With the smokeless ammunition it was not as accurate at any distance as the .30-30, .30-40, or .25-35, and was absolutely unreliable beyond 200 yards, and with black powder and lead bullets (even as hard as I could cast them) no good results could be had at any range from fifty yards up. One shot would foul the rifle so that you couldn't clean it in half an hour without shooting a smokeless cartridge through it. Now don't tell me that I don't know how to reload cartridges for I've been at it for twenty years, and know all that the "Ideal Handbook" can teach a fellow—and then some.

I used several other .32-40 specials in sporting rifle and carbine models belonging to others, and found them all the same. If a fellow has some one to herd the game up within 100 yards, like the dukes in the old country have, the special would do; but the gun is absolutely a failure at long range, and I defy anyone to show me that it is not.

A gun, to be of much use to a sheep herder, wants to be accurate up to three or four hundred yards, so that he can shoot close enough to a coyote to make the dust fly anyway, and the .25-35, .30-30, or .30-40 will do it every time.

And now to any of you boys who from inexperience may fear wearing out a .30-30, .30-40, or .25-35 quick twist rifle, I want to say: "Don't worry," for you'll never wear one out in the term of your natural life, and you won't have to take such good care of it either. If you do wear one out you'll have to shoot a darn sight more than any ten cowpunchers or sheep herders I ever drank "sheep dip" with put together. And they shoot a heap, too, betimes.

R. C. McAULEY.

Pacific, Wyoming.

BEST METHODS OF TRAPPING AND POISONING COYOTES

BY J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

Nothing is more destructive to poultry, sheep, young hogs and calves than coyotes. They are found in great numbers in all the Western States, especially in the stock-raising sections, and though bounties are paid for the scalps in nearly all the counties, they are far from being exterminated.

On many of the big cattle ranches in California, Australian stag hounds are used to kill them. A man is employed ride over the range with the dogs and do nothing else but hunt coyotes. Some ranches keep as many as thirty dogs, using part of the pack alternately so as to rest them. Out of thirty dogs hunting this way several are always out of commission on account of lameness and other injuries. The sight of this species of canine is something wonderful, as they will detect a coyote as far

as the average person can see. One large full grown dog, well trained, will kill a coyote alone when a man is around to encourage him, but they work better in packs. Two or three of them will tear their game to pieces in less than a minute.

Poisoning and trapping are the principal modes of destroying them. To do this successfully requires experience, as everything else, for you have a very foxy animal to contend with. It is almost impossible to trap an old experienced coyote. I have placed eight large steel traps around the carcass of a yearling calf and they have eaten it entirely without springing a trap. The most successful method to employ in trapping them is to drag an old carcass around the pasture, in narrow gulches and through narrow passages of rock, and place your traps along the route, always covering them with dust, small twigs or grass.

The best possible thing to drag about is a dead skunk, placing two or three traps around it when you are through. Coyotes will follow the scent of a skunk for miles, and when they find it will always lie down and roll on it. The skunk is also good to drag around the field to lead them to a dead carcass that you have poisoned, or to drop strychnine poisoned baits on the trail of it.

If possible, never touch a bait with your hands. Use some means of putting the poison in it or on it without its coming in contact with any part of the person, even the shoes. Any kind of meat is good for a bait, but of all fresh meat liver is the best. Rabbits, squirrels, doves, etc., are also good. Kill them and insert the poison while the body is warm so it will circulate through the system. Fresh meat baits of any kind rarely give the same satisfaction as dried meat, for the reason that buzzards, hawks and other birds of prey detect it ofttimes before the coyote and carry it off. When dried meat baits are used, which is, no doubt, the best of all (meat of any kind will do), it must first be sprinkled with poison, or insertions of poison made in it, then hung in the sun until thoroughly dry. This kind of baits can be carried easily and placed almost anywhere without being molested by the fowls of the air. They will keep for months if placed where they will not get wet.

If you desire to poison a hog pasture, and it is impossible to remove the hogs to keep them from eating the baits, the best method is to procure a 4x4 scantling and cut it in a few foot lengths; then bore a hole, an inch in diameter, three inches deep in each end of the block. Take equal parts of tallow and lard and melt just enough to make it run together, add your poison and pour into the holes. Place these blocks in different parts of the field where you think coyotes are accustomed to prowl and you will get them. If possible, roll a dead skunk over the blocks, or put them on the trail where a dead animal has been dragged. This is also a good way where birds, hawks and buzzards steal your baits.

In case a coyote is visiting your poultry yard, and all means of trapping and poisoning have failed to get him, take a chicken of your flock —a white one is the best, and a sick one, too, for that matter—pull a few feathers out of its back, sprinkle pulverized strychnine in the place and stake it out by the leg where you suspect Mr. Coyote will come. The chicken will usually live long enough to capture him. If this is too cruel, place a small chicken coop inside a large one, equal distance from all parts, and fasten it securely. Then put several chickens in the small coop, one or two good crowers are the best. Take the coops and chickens to a place frequented by coyotes, place traps all around it, cover and leave them until you catch your thief. It may be several days, but feed the chickens and leave them there and you will be rewarded.

Strychnine is the best poison for coyotes and should be used sparingly, for it does not require much to kill. If they start to eat a bait that is too bitter with the poison they will drop it from their mouths and never afterward touch anything that smells of strychnine. Enough pulverized strychnine to cover half an inch of the point of the small blade of your pocket knife is enough to put in a bait.

The best time to poison is when they prowl about in packs, as then they eat nearly everything they come to. The reason for this is that several discover the bait at once, make a rush for it, and the first one getting it eats it in haste, without suspicion, to keep the others from it.

The carcass of a young calf makes an excellent fresh meat bait. Drag it about the field on horseback before poisoning, then put the poison in the ears, nose, mouth and chest. Unless there are quite a number they will eat only part of it the first day, usually commencing with the flank and devouring the hind quarters. As this will not kill them, they are encouraged to come again and perhaps bring others with them. You will likely get several, as they eat nearly every thing of a right young calf, even the head.

A PECULIAR FREAK PHOTOGRAPH SECURED BY MR J. L. DUTTON ON MT. TAMALPAIS ROAD.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DURING the last three months of 1905 there was great activity among the golfers of San Francisco and the neighborhood. The fifth regular tournament of the northern division of the California Women Golfers' Association took place on the Fair Oaks course on Wednesday, the fifth of October. More than forty ladies entered their names for the 18-hole handicap against bogey and thirty-six completed the two rounds. All the golf and country clubs in the San Francisco Bay region except the Sacramento Golf Club were represented among the players, seven coming from San Francisco, six from Burlingame, seven from Claremont, eleven from the Menlo Golf and County Club and four from the Linda Vista Golf Club. Mrs. Balch of the Los Angeles Country Club also took part in the competition. Mrs. W. S. Martin and Miss Florence Whittell of the Burlingame Country Club, Mrs. Spencer of the Menlo Golf and Country Club, Miss Henry of the Linda Vista Golf Club and Mrs. F. W. Skaife of the San Rafael Golf Club entered and received handicaps, but did not play. Miss Alice Hager and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown of the San Francisco Golf Club were plus 2, as also was Miss Florence Whittel of the Burlingame Country Club. Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club being scratch.

The best score was that of Miss M. B. Houghton of the Linda Vista Golf Club, who, with a handicap of 16 strokes, was 2 up on bogey. She won the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. and a silver cup presented by the women of the Menlo Golf and Country Club. Mrs. R. D. Girvin of the Menlo Golf and Country Club won

Iknersley Photo. ON THE HOME GREEN, BURLINGAME COUNTRY CLUB.

second prize, a silver cup given by the men of the M. G. and C. C., her score being 1 up. Mrs. A. M. Shields of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club won third prize, presented by the M. G. and C. C., with a score of 2 down The players, their clubs, handicaps and scores are shown in the table:

FIFTH TOURNAMENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMEN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION, OCTOBFR 4, 1905.

Players and Clubs—	H'd'p.	Up.	D'wn
Miss M. B. Houghton, Linda Vista	16	2	..
Mrs. Girvin, Menlo	11	1	..
Mrs. Shields, San Francisco	18	..	2
Miss Knowles, Claremont	8	..	2
Miss Kempff, Menlo	8	..	3
Mrs. Rucker, Linda Vista	18	..	3
Mrs. Porter, San Francisco	18	..	3
Miss Dinsmore, Linda Vista	18	..	3
Mrs. Brown, San Francisco	**2	..	4
Mrs. Magee, Claremont	16	..	4
Mrs. Murphy, Burlingame	18	..	4
Mrs. Goodall, Claremont	16	..	4
Mrs. H. T. Scott, Burlingame	13	..	5
Miss Chesebrough, San Francisco	4	..	5
Mrs. Balch, Los Angeles	10	..	5
Miss Redding, Menlo	11	..	5
Mrs. Sherwood, Claremont	scr.	..	6
Mrs. Nickel, Menlo	11	..	7
Mrs. L. I. Scott, Burlingame	4	..	7
Mrs. J. R. Clark, San Francisco	3	..	7
Miss Deane, Claremont	16	..	7
Mrs. Moss, Menlo	18	..	7
Mrs. Flood, Menlo	18	..	8
Miss Ives, San Francisco	10	..	9
Mrs. Kiersted, Burlingame	11	..	9
Mrs. Moore, Menlo	16	..	9
Miss Howard, Menlo	18	..	9
Mrs. Johnson, Claremont	10	..	10
Miss Batchelder, Menlo	16	..	14
Miss Johnson, Claremont	13	..	14
Mrs. Hersey, Linda Vista	11	..	14
Miss A. Hager, San Francisco	**2	..	17
Mrs. Breeze, Menlo	18	..	*
Mrs. Poett, Burlingame	18	..	*
Mrs. Elkins, Menlo	18	..	*
Mrs. Knight, Burlingame	18	..	*

*No Returns.
**Plus.

On Saturday, October 7, the second half of the 36-hole home-and-home match between teams representing the Menlo Golf and Country Club and the San Rafael Golf Club was played on the Fair Oaks course, resulting in a tie, which was played off over the same course on Saturday, October 14. The full details of this match were published in the December issue of Western Field.

In November the Burlingame course was the scene of several interesting contests, the first of these being the sixth regular tournament of the northern division of the California Women Golfers' Association. On Wednesday, November 15, two dozen (save one) competitors took part in the 18-hole handicap against bogey, and a score (save one) handed in their cards. Representative were present from the Burlingame and Claremont Country Clubs, from the San Francisco and Menlo Golf and Country Clubs and from the Sacramento Golf Club. Miss Alice Hager of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood of the Claremont Country Club and Miss Whittell of the Burlingame Country Club played from scratch, the rest receiving handicaps. Mrs. W. S. Martin, 4 down, won the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. and a silver cup presented by Mrs. Samuel Knight, and Miss Alice Hager, 6 down, captured a silver cup presented by the Burlingame Country Club. The details follow:

SIXTH TOURNAMENT OF THE CALIFORNIA WOMEN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION, NOV. 15, 1905.

	H'd'p.	D'wn
Mrs. W. S. Martin, Burlingame	4	4
Miss Alice Hager, San Francisco	0	6
Miss Maria Deane, Claremont	11	7
Miss Whittell, Burlingame	0	7
Mrs. F. W. Skaife, San Francisco	18	9
Mrs. J. R. Clark, San Francisco	3	9
Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Claremont	0	10
Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Menlo	7	10
Miss Whitney Claremont	8	10
Mrs. W. P. George, Sacramento	14	10
Miss Ives, San Francisco	7	11
Miss Chesebrough, San Francisco	3	11
Miss Knowles, Claremont	8	12
Mrs. G. S. Garritt, San Francisco	8	13
Mrs. A. M. Shields, San Francisco	8	13
Mrs. W. P. Johnson, Claremont	10	14
Miss Schaw, Sacramento	18	14
Mrs. S. Knight, Burlingame	18	15
Mrs. G. W. Lane, Sacramento	11	15
Mrs. Fred Magee, Claremont	13	*
Mrs. L. I. Scott, Burlingame	4	*
Mrs. E. B. Murphy, Burlingame	18	*
Miss Kempff, Menlo	11	*

*No Returns.

Mrs. Henry Poett, Mrs. J. H. Moss, Mrs. H. Kiersted and Miss Carroll entered but did not play.

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, the secretary, treasurer and moving spirit of the C. W. G. A., took part in the sixth regular tournament of the southern division, held on the course of the Victoria Club at Riverside on the same day (November 15) as the Burlingame competition. She played from scratch, as did also Miss Ada Smith, Mrs. E. T. Perkins and Mrs. Griffith. Mrs. Brown's gross score of 99 was the best of the day and won a cup presented by the Victoria Club. The prize for the best net score was won by Mrs. C. M. Shannon of the Los Angeles Country Club, assistant secretary of the C. W. G. A., with returns of 115 less 18, net 97. Mrs. Shannon captured the silver medal of the C. W. G. A. Mrs. Aaron Leipsic of the Victoria Club won the prize for the second best net score, with 125 less 26, net 99; and Mrs. Brown won third prize for net score with 99 gross and net. Mrs. E. B. Howe captured a special prize presented to the second best among the women of the Victoria Club.

On Saturday, November 18, handicap mixed foursomes over 18 holes were held on the links of the Burlingame Country Club, the prizes being two handsome silver cups presented by Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Nine couple played, most of them taking nine holes in the morning and the remaining nine in the afternoon after luncheon. Miss Alice Hager of the San Francisco Golf Club and Cyril Tobin of the Burlingame Country Club won with a gross score of 94, less 4, net 90. Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Skaife of the San Rafael Golf Club, in spite of some hard luck, came in a good second with 118, less 24, net 94. The rest returned the following scores: Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel and Admiral Goodrich, 122 less 24, net 98; Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and W. Sherwood, 108 less 8, net 100; Mrs. W. S. Mar-

Inkersley, Photo.

E. B. MURPHY, BURLINGAME C. C.

tin and Perry Eyre, 104 gross and net; Mrs. Kiersted and H. D. Pillsbury, 122 less 18, net 104; Mrs. E. B. Murphy and E. B. Murphy, 113 less 8, net 105; Miss Whittell and E. J. Tobin, 114 less 8, net 106; Miss Johnson and Frank Kales, 119 less 8, net 111.

On Sunday, November 19, a handicap over thirty-six holes was played on the course of the Burlingame Country Club for a silver-mounted black-jack presented by C. O. Hooker. The event was open to men of any golf club. The weather, which on the occasion of all the other competitions of which an account has been given in this article had been beautitful, was dull and threatening on the 19th. At about noon rain began to fall and came down pretty heavily for an hour or more. In the afternoon the sky cleared somewhat. The trophy was won by Dr. W. H. Moss of the Menlo Golf and Country Club, whose net score was one better than that of Perry Eyre, who looked like a sure winner until he came to the sixth hole of the fourth and last round ,which cost him eleven strokes, for, after lifting from the barranca he played into it a second time and had to lift again. The details are given below:

MEN'S 36-HOLE HANDICAP FOR HOOKER TROPHY, NOV. 19, 1905.

	1st Rd.	2d Rd.	G'ss	H'd'p.	Net
Dr. W. H. Moss	90	97	187	6	181
Perry Eyre	92	92	184	2	182
Colonel Dunn	97	197	204	12	192
P. B. Roberts	110	105	215	22	193
Mr. Quick	115	97	212	18	194
W. H. Crocker	115	126	241	24	217
P. W. Selby	115	123	238	8	230
E. R. Armsby	104	*	6	8	..
J. L. Frothingham	120	*	..	24	..
Willis Polk	138	*	..	30	..

On Tuesday, November 28, the first competition for the Chesebrough Cup, presented by A. Chesebrough to the women of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, began on the new course at Ingleside. As there were not more than eight fair competitors, the first round of match play proceeded without any qualifying round. Mrs. J. R. Clark (handicap 3) beat Miss M. B. Houghton (9) 10 up 8 to play; Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel (12) won from Miss Chesebrough (scratch) by default; Mrs. R. G. Brown (scratch) beat Miss Ives (9) 4 up 3 to play; and Mrs. R. D. Girvin (10) defeated Mrs. G. S. Garritt (10) 1 up on 19 holes.

In the semi-final round Mrs. J. R. Clark beat Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel (receiving 9 strokes) and Mrs. R. G. Brown defeated Mrs. R. D. Girvin (receiving 10 strokes). Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. J. R. Clark will play the final round on

FIRST TEE, CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB.

Inkersley, Photo.

FRANK KALES, CLAREMONT C. C.

some convenient day, the latter receiving three strokes.

Half of a 36-hole home-and-home match between teams representing the Burlingame Country Club and the Menlo Golf and Country Club was played on the course of the former club on Sunday, November 26. Each match, no matter by how many holes it was won, counted one point to the winner's team. The closest match was between Dr. W. H. Moss of Menlo and E. B. Murphy of Burlingame, the opponents being all square in eighteen holes. The nineteenth hole was halved, but the twentieth was taken by Dr. Moss. The results of the matches are shown below :

BURLINGAME CLUB.	Points	MENLO CLUB.	Points
John Lawson	1	Perry Eyre	..
Willis Polk	..	A. P. Redding	1
A. B. Williamson	..	P. B. Roberts	1
Colonel Dunn	..	F. McFear	1
J. W. Bprne	1	P. W. Selby	..
Captain Payson	1	Percy Moore	..
Cyril Tobin	1	R. D. Girvin	..
E. R. Armsby	1	Dr. J. C. Spencer	..
E. J. Tobin	..	J. R. Smith	1
E. B. Murphy	..	Dr. W. H. Moss	1
Total	5	Total	5

The second half of the match was to have been played on the Fair Oaks course on Sunday, December 3, but was postponed on account of the funeral of Mrs. Burton Harrison to Sunday, December 10.

On Thanksgiving Day handicaps were held on the courses near San Francisco. Thirty-one players took part in an 18-hole handicap against bogey on the new course of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, the winner being Captain J. S. Oyster, who, with a handicap of five strokes, came in 4 down, John Lawson (2) and Dr. T. G. McConkey (5) tied for second place with 5 down.

On the Claremont Club course more than a score of competitors took part in an 18-hole handicap at medal play, first prize being taken by Charles S. Fee, with 95 less 18, net 77; second by C. F. Newton with 78 gross and net, and third by Frank Kales with 80 gross and net. The ladies held two putting contests, one of which was won by Miss Violet Whitney and the other by Mrs. F. Magee.

Fifteen competitors played in an 18-hole handicap, medal score, on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club, the winner being R. J. Davis with the good gross and net score of 88. W. J. Casey was second with 100 less 8, net 92.

On Tuesday, December 5, the first half of a 36-hole home-and-home match between teams of eight ladies representing the San Francisco Golf and Country Club and the Claremont Country Club was played on the Ingleside course. The results of this match will be given in a later issue.

The first annual tournament of the California Woman Golfers' Association will take place this month. The principal events will be a match between teams representing Northern and Southern California and the first competition for the championship gold medal of the C. W. G. A. At the time of writing it has not been decided whether the tournament, which lasts six days (January 22 to 27, inclusive) will be held on the Claremont or the Ingleside links.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

DEVOTED TO SPORT IN WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Conducted by F. M. KELLY

[To-day the immense territory comprising British Columbia and Alaska is a veritable sportsman's paradise. The mountains and valleys abound with big game, while the rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. The writer has hunted and angled much in this district, and information given can be relied upon. Any request, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will receive an early reply. Address F. M. Kelly, Victoria, B. C.]

Another year is numbered with the past, and 1906 comes smiling upon us. We welcome it, too; for cannot we feel already that it will bring repetitions of our happiest days of the year just gone, those days which were spent by the trout streams and in the game-hunted woodlands? Yes, the red-letter days of our outdoor life in the period of time just closed will be duplicated ere the new one has run its course. The year owes us this much, if nothing more.

* * *

The year just closed has been a notable one in this Northwestern country, particularly as far as British Columbia is concerned. Washington, of course, has had a fairly good system of game protection for a considerable time, with a number of able wardens to enforce the laws relating to same. British Columbia wasn't far behind with its laws, however; but the matter of their enforcement was somewhat neglected. The provincial police did the best they could under the circumstances; but their duties are not few, and it was utterly impossible for them to thoroughly cover the game proposition. As a result, infractions were many, a vast amount of out-of-season fishing and shooting being done. Very little of that will occur in future, thanks to good legislation and the energy of our principal game clubs. Vancouver Island has set the pace for the rest of the province, and market hunting has been declared illegal. I will not go so far as to say that game has not been shot and sold since the above became law, for it could be done to a considerable extent in the uninhabited portions of the island, but those who take the risks are liable to be caught at any time, when their punishment would not be slight. A non-sale law for the whole province should be the next move, and would be a gift for the new year which all true sportsmen would appreciate.

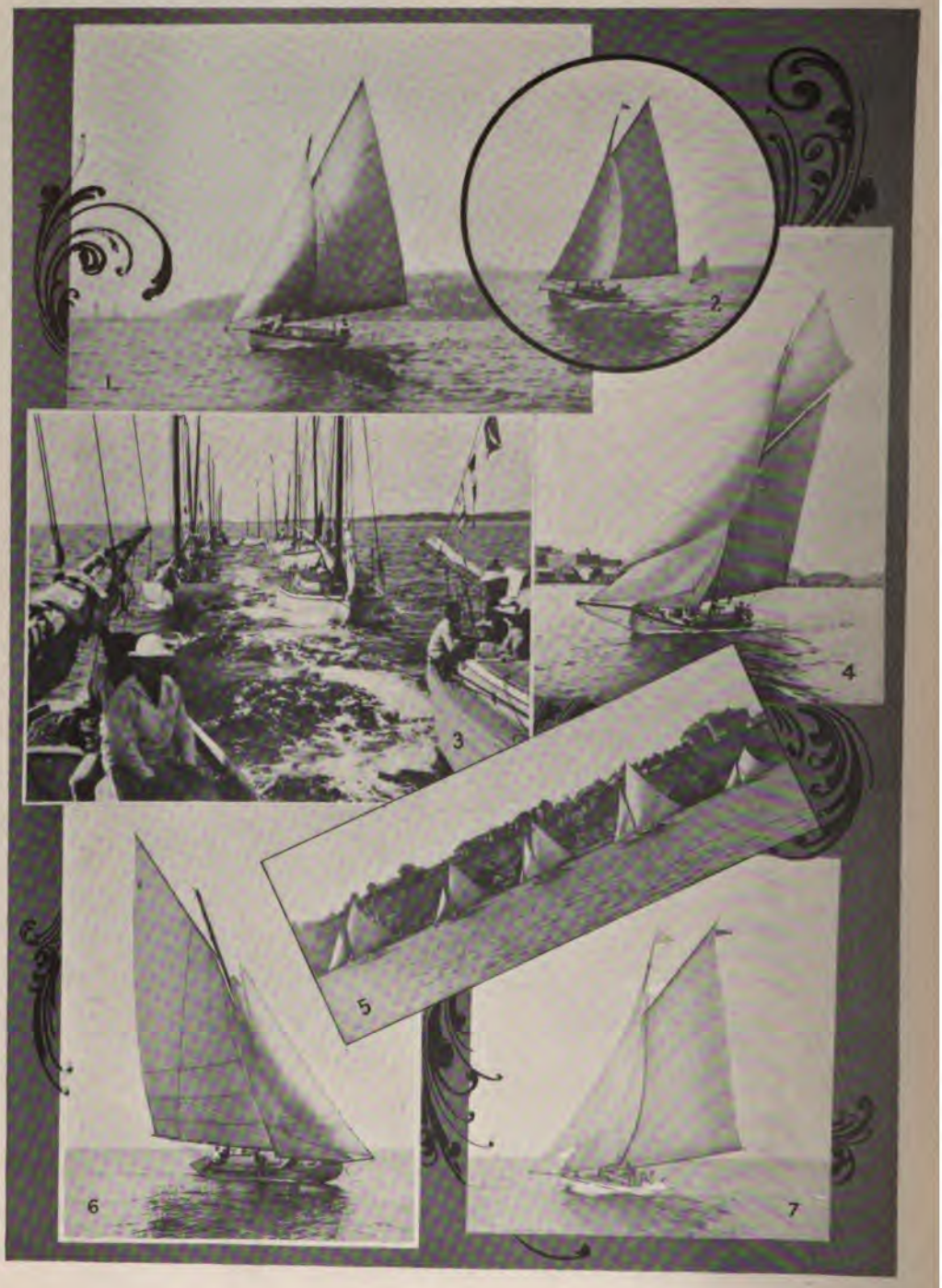
* * *

While the pheasant shooting season on Vancouver Island was in full swing, two rather amusing incidents occurred, one having a bearing on the other. They happened in a country district, not many miles from Victoria. It was evening. Along a dusty road, accompanied by his dog and bearing a gun, tramped a prominent member of the Vancouver Island Fish and Game Club, which club was mainly responsible for a certain clause in the Game Act which makes it an offense to trespass with dog and gun on enclosed lands. Sportsman, dog and gun came at length to where the road ran by a field, a favorite resort of pheasants. We cannot say that the sportsman would have climbed the five-rail fence and entered; for just about that time, from the bush on the opposite side of the road, his dog flushed a pheasant. The bird flew across the road, winging for the field. Though swift of flight, it was too slow for the man behind the gun, with the result that it went to ground on an easy angle some yards inside the fence. How, then, was the bird to be secured without breaking the law? The question was soon decided. At the crucial moment, however, two lads came along on their way home from school. They were bright boys, sons of the owner of the field, and who, as was shown, knew something of the game laws as to enclosed land. They hurried home, told the old man, who waxed wroth and hastened forth to meet the hunter. They met in the road, with the result that the sportsman was summoned to appear before the magistrate of the district on a certain date. He was there, and was discharged; but strange to relate, the man who prosecuted him was up before the justice of the peace on the very same charge as himself. It seems that he has a neighbor, whom he chanced to call on shortly after the sportsman from town had sought to recover the pheasant from his field, and while there he took occasion to remark that a certain enclosure of his neighbor's, having but a two-rail fence, was legal ground for the hunter. This neighbor would not agree with him, whereupon he vowed he would prove it. The very next day, his neighbor friend chanced to hear the report of a gun not far removed from the threshold of his domicile; and when he hastened out to learn the cause, he was somewhat surprised to behold a nice fat pheasant disappearing into the capacious pocket of the man from next door. Being amiable, he could do nothing less than summon him; and so on the same day that he was a plaintiff he was also a defendant, and for identically the same thing. He was also discharged.

* * *

During the early part of the season, the blacktail deer were reported by certain of our sportsmen to be very scarce. From the very few taken it would seem as though there were fairly good grounds for such reports. Deer were more plentiful, however, than for a number of seasons past, and this statement was substantiated by the excellent sport our hunters had during the last few weeks of the open time, when the deer were on the move. The rutting season is, of course, the easiest time to get them; for the chances of seeing game when moving are far greater than when lying still in some thicket. From all parts of Washington, too, the reports are to the effect that the deer were in greater numbers than has been the case for a number of years.

A CRACK NORTHERN AGGREGATION OF ATHLETES.



YACHTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

1. MADALEINE
2. DIONE.
3. TOWING FROM VICTORIA TO VANCOUVER.
4. LAVITA
5. START OF B CLASS, PORT TOWNSEND.
6. GWENDOLYN.
7. WIDEAWAKE

The music of many wings has been now for some time in our ears; for lo, it is the season of the wild fowl. With the first touch of cold weather they came to us in great numbers and variety. Many of them will know the breeding grounds of the North no more, their last migration has ended.

* * *

Some months ago, comment was made in these columns regarding the possibility of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company appointing a forest ranger for the lands lately acquired by them on Vancouver Island. This they have now decided to do, and the new official will immediately enter upon his duties. He will be allowed considerable latitude, especially with regard to hiring as many men as might be required to properly look after the game interests during the breeding season, immediately prior to the opening season, and in fact any time of the year when a force of men might do service in protecting the game. Mr. Dennis, land commissioner of the company, is mainly responsible for this action on the part of the C. P. R. He said a short time since that his company had decided that the game should have the fullest possible protection, and that nothing would be left undone in the endeavor to prevent any illegal shooting upon lands controlled by it. All the officials of the company realized that game was one of their principal assets; and that when the sport which Vancouver Island offered became more generally known they were convinced that it would be a resort of international reputation.

It is the intention of the C. P. R. authorities to place their wardens under the supervision of the provincial game warden, thus systematizing matters, which will avoid any possibility of collisions. The government has also agreed to give the wardens appointed by the railway company the same power as exercised by its own officials, being able to arrest and prosecute all those discovered violating the game act.

Another move is also projected by the railway company; and it is nothing more nor less than the organizing of the whole railway land belt into a district. At present it is possible for any one with a free miner's license to slaughter game of any kind in sections which are not municipalized. This privilege has been taken advantage of by hunters, who had previously secured licenses. They were known to leave several days before the open season and shoot under the very noses of the officers. The latter were powerless to do anything, and so an evil had been allowed to continue from year to year without any possibility of its being stopped unless parliament would pass an act to cover the matter. The government, however, has now practically assured the railway company that the land belt will be organized, which, it is hoped, will be the means of effectually stopping the barter in game of all descriptions.

* * *

Our farmers are nothing if not energetic; and they have become more especially so since things have been going their way in the matter of game laws. They think now that the legislature should do nothing less than attend to the consummation of their dearest wishes. Not satisfied with the passage of a law which prohibits sportsmen from venturing on their wildest land, they now want, in a number of municipalities, the representatives of the people to pass legislation to prohibit shooting on Sunday. Surely the sound of firearms cannot bother them when it is already impossible to shoot over their acres. That is not it, however, they seem to want things to suit themselves, to have everything their own way. Not content with leaving the city dweller limited regions in which to seek sport, they want to compel the man who enjoys the exhilaration of a day in the woods to remain at home sucking his thumb, or doing at least something as utterly inane. Oh, yes, they are very eager to have laws enacted for the protection of game; but when it comes to the proposed licensing of firearms, which a great number of our sportsmen desire, why they very strenuously object. "Do as we want," they say; the dweller in the city should have no rights at all, should not be permitted to spend his week-end in the hills with dog and gun. Does the fact of a man shooting on Sunday affect the conscience of the farmer? I am sure that if he were to spend his money in the town on the same day, the pocket of the worthy tiller of the soil would not suffer. It is a pity that our farmers cannot develop broader minds, cannot perceive that to get the best out of our very short life a man should be privileged to do what he would in his own time; that is, so long as his pleasures did not directly affect the calm serenity of the farmer's matchless observance of this particular day. What delightful arrogance there is in the appended: "At a public meeting held at Burnaby the question of public protection against the use of firearms was wisely considered; but a motion recommending the gun license was negatived. The following resolutions, however, carried unanimously:

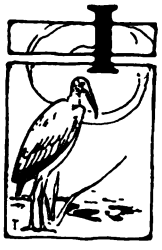
"That recommendation be made to the government asking it to pass a bill absolutely prohibiting the use of firearms on Sunday or the carrying of firearms on that day.

"That the meeting recommend to the incoming council the passing of a by-law for the prevention or regulation of the firing of guns or other firearms."

YACHTING

AN IDEAL CRUISING GROUND.

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON.



IT is somewhat astonishing that dwellers on the Pacific coast, notable throughout the world for their pre-eminence in practically all other forms of vigorous outdoor sports, should have apparently overlooked or neglected one of the noblest sports and most enjoyable pastimes of them all—deep water yachting. The virtual absence of cruising yachts from Pacific Coast pleasure fleets is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that few places in the world offer such attractive facilities for cruising.

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and all the other seaport towns of the coast have numerous small craft, of up-to-date model and manned by men of the true spirit, but the cruising yacht is a comparative rarity. Our men who possess the means to own and maintain such yachts are numerous, yet they seem to prefer other channels through which to expend their money and their sport-loving energies.

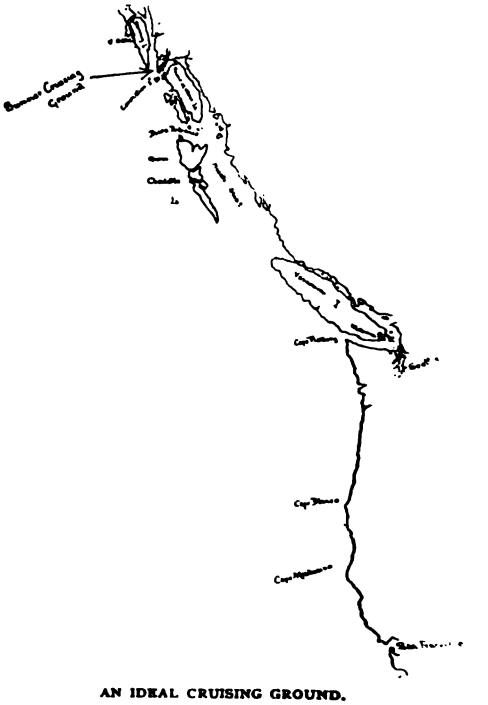
Yet at our very doors are cruising grounds that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. Without mentioning the southern coasts of California, the Hawaiian Islands and Puget Sound, Alaska is an objective for the cruiser that cannot be excelled.

I have cruised in the West Indies, off the New England coast, in the Mediterranean, the Grecian Archipelago, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus as far as the Black Sea, off the Central American coast, in the China Sea and in the Pacific islands, but I can truthfully say that Southwestern Alaska far surpasses all of these in its attractions for the yachtsman and sportsman. A beautiful region, plenty of good anchorages, abundant fish and game, unceasing places and things of interest, plenty of refuge from storm, and at the same time enough bad weather at certain seasons to give it the proper spice of excitement and danger, all combine to offer to the true lover of the sea's pleasures more than can be found anywhere within easy reach and within a reasonable cruising area.

The famous "inside passage" followed by the Alaskan steamers is itself well enough known to indicate the character of the magnificent scenery that the region presents. But this passage is a worn one. There are other places, more or less remote from the beaten paths, that are very heavens for the wanderer by water, who may go at his own behest. For example, a few specimen cruises may be suggested.

Imagine, first, that the craft is a sailing yacht, a schooner, about to sail from San Francisco in search of a Summer of pleasure in southeastern Alaska—the parts of southeastern Alaska little known to the outside world.

The start should be made about May 1st, not earlier, unless the party is composed of bad-weather sailors who look for excitement at the expense of comfort, for the good weather of Alaska does not begin much before June. The cruise up the coast will probably be pleasant, although fog and an occasional blow may be met, particularly off Capes Mendocino and Blanco. The course should be set for Queen Charlotte Sound, thence into and through Hecate Strait, out Dixon entrance and thence to Coronation Island, south of Cape Ommaney, at the southern end of Baranoff Island. Unless those on board wish, no stop is advisable until within Hecate Strait, and possibly not even then. Until Coronation Island is reached the passage



AN IDEAL CRUISING GROUND.

may be regarded as merely a journey to the cruising ground.

Should water or other supplies be needed on the way, there are other places en route where safe anchorages may be made, plenty of water and game be found, or meats purchased from Indians or fishermen.

In the northern end of Coronation Island are two or three anchorages for small yachts, the best being Egg Harbor, a deep inlet, with good shelter, beautiful surroundings, excellent water and both deer and bear to be had for the hunting, although bear are scarce. Plenty of salmon abound in the streams.

From now on, this typical cruise will be in places scarcely touched by white men, except an occasional prospector or hunter. Chatham and Frederick Sounds, Baranoff, Kuiu and Prince of Wales Islands, and many smaller islets are ideal places to spend the Summer, all of them teeming with fish and game. There are several beautiful harbors in both Baranoff and Kuiu Islands—Patterson Bay, Port Conclusion and Port Armstrong in the former, Port McArthur, Port Malmesbury and Gedney Bay in the latter. Most of these have grand waterfalls pouring into them from streams that give the most delicious water in the world, the meltings from the perennial snows that cover the mountains almost overhead. Dense forests primeval are filled with eagles and other wild birds and beasts, bear come right down to the water's edge; deer may be found a few minutes' walk from the anchorage, while in the uplands there are beautiful fresh water lakes, leaping streams and pools where trout are to be found. Halibut, cod and flounders may be caught in abundance with hand lines dropped over the vessel's side.

When one anchorage becomes wearisome another is always to be found. Should supplies of canned goods, groceries, ammunition or liquors run out, the towns of Shakan and Killisnoo are nearby, where new stores may be found. It is well, though, to take a liberal supply before leaving home, as prices in Alaska are high. It is not a bad idea to lay in the bulk of the wet goods at Victoria, where a stop may be made on the way north, also the cigars and tobacco, for they may be obtained there duty free and much cheaper than in the United States.

From June to September may be spent with the greatest enjoyment in this wonderful region, which is only one of several in Southeastern Alaska. The air is spring-like during the months named, rain is not frequent, and blows are rare, although fresh breezes are not uncommon.

About September 15th, however, the season changes with a snap. It becomes thick, raw and disagreeable; storms more or less violent occur; and the return journey should be commenced not later than September 1st.

From Coronation Island down, the return trip should be made as far as possible wholly on the outside. Some pretty little passages may be made partly inside, but at this season of the year they are dangerous on account of the frequent fog and thick weather, uncertain currents and foul ground.

It may be safely said that such a cruise as this, in a roomy, comfortable cruising yacht—even a sloop, is as good a way as there is for spending a summer's vacation.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1905.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

DURING 1905 six clubs have been affiliated with the California Cricket Association, three of them having their headquarters in or near San Francisco, and the other three being country organizations. The three city organizations are the Alameda, Pacific and San Francisco County Clubs, and the three country members are the Burns Valley Cricket Club of Lower Lake, Lake County; the Sacramento Cricket Club and the Santa Cruz Cricket and Athletic Club. Though the Sacramento and Burns Valley clubs retain their membership in the Association, they have no organized teams and played no matches during 1905.

At the annual meeting of the California Cricket Association, held at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, on March 6, Vice-President Captain John Metcalfe took the chair, the following being present: Henry Ward, L. W. Robitaille, Edward F. Hilton and T. J. A. Tiedemann, Vice-Presidents; Dr. Oscar N. Taylor, delegate of the Pacific Cricket Club; Henry Roberts and Henry Dixon, delegates of the San Francisco County Cricket Club; with E. F. Hilton and H. H. Davies, delegates of the Santa Cruz Cricket and Athletic Club. After the reading of annual reports and other routine work the following officers were elected for the coming year: Henry Ward, President; Captain John Metcalfe, T. W. Heakbane, L. W. Robitaille, Edward F. Hilton and T. J. A. Tiedemann, Vice-Presidents; Arthur Inkersley, secretary and treasurer.

The delegates of the clubs are the following: Alameda C. C., S. M. Foster and F. J. Croll; Burns Valley C. C., H. P. H. Haggitt and G. R. Webber; Pacific C. C., E. H. M. Lannowe and Dr. Oscar N. Taylor; Sacramento C. C., L. W. Robitaille and H. G. Macartney; San Francisco County C. C., Henry Roberts and Henry Dixon; Santa Cruz C. and A. C., E. F. Hilton and H. H. Davies.

As the Burns Valley and Sacramento clubs had no organized teams, no matches were arranged for them in the schedule, which provided that twelve matches apiece should be played by the Alameda, Pacific and San Francisco County Clubs, and six by the Santa Cruz Club, for the championship of 1905. Married vs. Single, England vs. All-Comers, Winners of the 1905 championship vs. a Combined Eleven, and a closing game with twenty-two on each side were also set down on the schedule, but none of them was played, matches between teams of veterans proving more interesting.

The opening match of the season was played on Sunday, May 14, between the San Francisco County Club, winner of the 1904 championship, and the Alameda eleven. The San Francisco eleven, helped by scores of 58 from H. B. Richardson and 28 from E. M. Petersen, won easily, scoring 142 to 68 runs. When the County met the Pacific team, on May 21, the Pacifics scored exactly the same total as their opponets had done on the previous Sunday, winning with 142 to 125. Richardson scored 96 not out for the County, but got no support except from the veteran E. G. Sloman, who went in last and scored 13 runs before he was bowled by Bowly.

During the Decoration Day holidays the Santa Cruz eleven visited San Francisco, and played a match against each of the three city clubs, being beaten on May 27 by the Alameda team, which scored 91 to its 50. On the 28th the San Francisco County team won by 103 to 49 runs; and on the 30th the Pacific team beat the visitors, 134 (for four wickets) to 72.

On June 11 the Pacific eleven beat the Alameda team unmercifully, scoring 152 runs to their 18. On June 18 the Alameda team made a much better display, scoring 168 runs to 139 for five wickets against San Francisco County. The match, being unfinished, was drawn. On June 25 the County beat the Pacific team by a score of 146 to 107, Richardson retiring after making 68 runs.

It had been arranged that the city teams should visit Santa Cruz during the July Fourth holidays, and two of them did so. The Santa Cruz men performed much better on their own grounds than they had done in Alameda, beating the Alameda eleven on the 2nd by a margin of 105 runs and the Pacific eleven by 49 runs. On the 9th the San Francisco County team visited Santa Cruz and beat the seasiders by 208 runs (for two wickets) to 98 runs, Petersen scoring 100 not out.

On July 9, at Alameda, the Pacific team beat the Alameda eleven 171 to 124 runs, six of the winning side scoring double figures. The only other championship match played during the month of July took place on the 23rd, when the San Francisco County team (with 82 runs for two wickets) drew with the Pacific eleven, who had scored 229 runs for 6 wickets, H. R. Elliot playing a fine innings of 91.

On August 6 the Alameda eleven scored 168 runs and beat the Pacific team, in spite of 80 not out from H. R. Elliot, by 44 runs, Harold Ward playing a good innings of 40, not out, and four other batsmen making double figures. On August 13 the San Francisco County players beat the Alameda representatives with a score of 166 to 102 runs, Harold B. Richardson con-

THE PACIFIC CRICKET TEAM, 1905.

tributing 62 runs and five other County batsmen reaching double figures. On the 27th the Pacific eleven beat the Alameda team with 170 runs to 95, H. R. Elliot playing a fine innings for 106 and capturing 7 wickets for 38 runs.

On September 3 the San Francisco County eleven defeated the Alameda representatives, scoring 163 to 61 runs. The veteran E. J. Stratton made the top score of the season, 107 not out. C. W. Irish clean bowled Harold B. Richardson for 1 run. On the 10th the Pacific team played a drawn match with the San Francisco County eleven, but on the 18th won from the Alameda representatives, who scored only 18, by a margin of 132 runs. On the 25th the County defeated Alameda with 129 runs to 75, and made sure of the 1905 championship. One more match was played, between the County and Pacific teams, but the result did not affect the championship. In the last Association match of the season, on October 1, the County beat its nearest rival, the Pacific eleven, with 257 runs to 119, E. J. Stratton making 89, H. B. Richardson scoring 61 not out, and four other batsmen compiling double figures.

The standing of the clubs for the championship of 1905 is shown in the table:

1905 Championship of the California Cricket Association.

Club	Pld.	Won	Drn.	Lost	%
San Francisco County..	12	7	4	1	75.
Pacific	12	6	3	3	62.5
Santa Cruz	6	2	0	4	33.3
Alameda	12	2	1	9	20.8

The San Francisco County team met the Alameda eleven five times, the Pacific team five times and the representatives of Santa Cruz twice. The County beat Alameda four times and drew with it once; beat the Pacific team once and was beaten by it once, drawing the remaining three matches; and won both its matches against Santa Cruz. The Pacific team was really a stronger and more even body, containing several good batsmen and bowlers, whereas the County owed its victory almost entirely to the skill and generalship of Harold Richardson. He was twelve times at bat, seven times not out. He scored 6 3 runs during the season and had an average of 125.2 runs for each completed innings. He also had the best bowling average, taking 27 wickets at an average cost of 8.4 runs. He received valuable help from E. J. Stratton, whose average was 54.5 for five innings, his best score being 107 not out, against Alameda on September 3. E. M. Peterson had an average of 30.2 for the season and captured 27 wickets at a cost of 10.7 runs apiece. L. E. Duquesne, Henry Roberts, T. W. Tebley, H. F. Pepys, L. H. Isern, T. J. A. Tiedemann, H. E. Boulton and J. T. Lafferty, with five others, made up the sixteen members from whom the eleven had to be chosen. The County club is the first to win the Perpetual Championship Cup purchased by the California Cricket Association.

The Pacific team beat San Francisco County in the first match, but lost to it in the second; the three other matches were drawn. The Pa-

cific eleven beat Santa Cruz on the Alameda ground, but lost to the seasiders at Santa Cruz. Of the five encounters with Alameda the Pacific eleven won four and lost one. All the three drawn games played by the Pacifics were with the County, while of the games lost the County, Alameda and Santa Cruz each gained one. By far the most serviceable batsman to the Pacific team was H. R. Elliot, who scored 452 runs in eight completed innings, giving an average of 56.5 per inning. His best innings were 106 against Alameda on August 27 and 91 against San Francisco County on July 23. E. H. Wilkes made an average of 20.45 runs in eleven completed innings and captured 37 wickets at an average cost of 7.84 runs. A. W. Wilding's batting average was 19.54 runs for eleven completed innings. W. Petherick, E. H. M. Lannowe, H. C. Casidy and J. J. Theobald also rendered good service at the bat. Casidy took 23 wickets during the season at an average cost of 8.69 runs. The Pacific team certainly had batting and bowling strength enough to have taken first place, but, after making a good score, was unable to get its opponents out before the call of time. It also lost the help of Dr. P. N. Taylor in the bowling department before the season ended.

The Alameda eleven beat the Pacific team and the Santa Cruz club and drew once with San Francisco County, but lost all the rest of its matches. Harold Ward, the captain, did all he could, but had a hard task to keep his team together, especially after it became apparent that the championship lay between the County and the Pacific team. The Bird brothers, the Croll brothers, Richter, Irish and Saunders were his principal support.

At the annual meeting of the California Cricket Association in March it was decided to expend a part of the profits realized at the match against Lord Hawke's eleven in 1902 in the purchase of a silver cup to be kept as a Perpetual Championship Trophy, the name of the winning club of each season to be inscribed upon it. A handsome three-handled loving cup has been bought and upon it has been engraved the name of the winning club of 1905—the San Francisco County Cricket Club. The trophy will be held for a year by the President or Captain of the County Club.

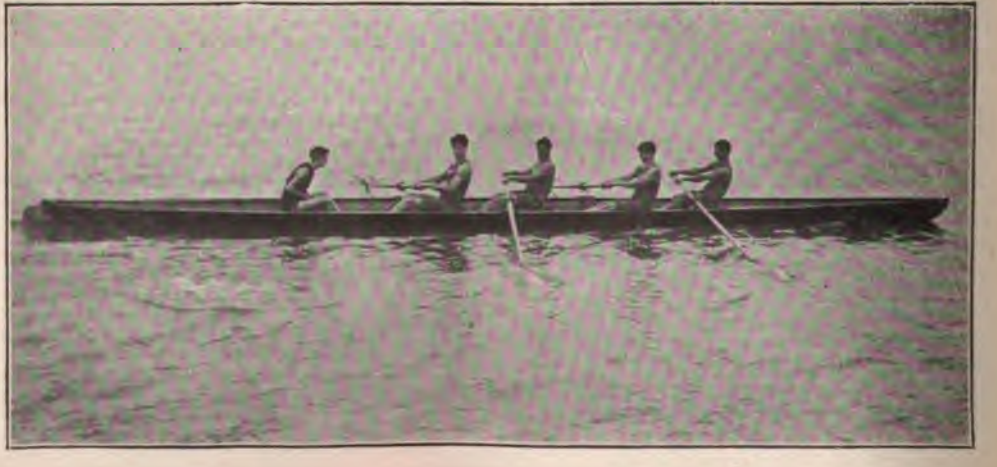
During the season of 1905 three matches in which a good deal of interest was taken were played. These were between teams of Veterans captained by Henry Ward, the President of the California Cricket Association, and Charles Banner. The first of these was played on Sunday, June 4, Henry Ward's team proving victorious. Banner's eleven scored 29 runs in its first innings and 62 in its second, or a total of 91 runs. Henry Ward's side, having scored 75 runs in its first innings, made the runs necessary to secure a victory for the loss of four wickets in its second innings. The best scores were 30 by E. M. Petersen for Banner's side and 27 by J. H. Saunders for Henry Ward's team, both batsmen retiring.

The second Veterans' match took place on Sunday, July 16, resulting in much higher scores than the previous contest. Henry Ward's team made 115, J. Lowe contributing 35 and Henry Ward 19; but C. Banner's eleven, aided by fine scores of 68 from E. J. Stratton and 78 from J. J. Theobald, compiled the handsome total of 198, winning the second match by 83 runs. Honors even.

The third and deciding match of the rubber was played on Sunday, August 20, Banner's team winning by a score of 126 to 93 runs. The principal contributor to the winners' total was E. J. Stratton, who retired for 29 runs. On Ward's side J. Lowe retired for 28 and T. J. A. Tiedemann for 25.

In addition to the games of which an account has been given, some scratch matches were played in Golden Gate Park between teams made up by Captain Auld of the British ship Kynance and the Rev. S. H. Wingfield-Digby, chaplain of the Seamen's Institute of San Francisco. A Marin County team, captained by G. H. Hellman, played a drawn game with the Pacific eleven on the Alameda ground on July 30.

Three centuries were scored during the season; 107, not out, by E. J. Stratton of the San Francisco County club; 100, not out, by E. M. Petersen of the same club, and 106 by H. R. Elliot of the Pacific Club. The most remarkable bowling performances were 3 wickets for 4 runs by E. H. Wilkes and 6 wickets for 8 runs by H. C. Casidy, playing for the Pacific team against Alameda on June 11. Dr. O. N. Taylor bowled 12 maidens out of 14 overs against San Francisco County on July 23.



"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

SCENT

By C. H. BABCOCK.

SCENT, as applied to hunting with bird-dogs or foxhounds, is a very interesting and sometimes puzzling study, and one may spend a lifetime in trying to solve its riddles and yet leave some of its whims unexplained. Most useful to the hunter, trainer or field-trial judge is a knowledge of this subject, and only by constant study of it in all its phases in direct connection with field work with every variety of scent-hunting dogs, can a working knowledge of scenting conditions be obtained.

I do not know that any man is fully capable of writing upon this subject, for there are some of its complexities that are and probably will remain a mere matter of conjecture, for want of sufficient proof.

Many there are who have reasonable theories for nearly every puzzling condition, but occasionally will be met a condition which in connection with scent-hunting dogs is baffling in the extreme.

I have spent years of close contact with this illusive quantity, in varying degrees of temperature and moisture, from the crisp dryness of an eastern winter with the thermometer registering many degrees below the zero mark, to the equal dryness of western deserts under extremes of heat. I have studied it in snow and rain storms, and in the all-pervading fog and mist, with dogs of many varieties constantly at hand, and yet while my theories enable me to account for many of its mysteries, one occasionally notes caprices of this unstable quantity that goes to prove that there are exceptions to every rule, and that infallibility of prediction of the condition of scent is a quality possessed probably by no one.

If this is true of the condition of scent, how much more is it true of the real nature of scent? Who can really solve the riddles presented here to the entire satisfaction of those who have inquired deeply into this subject? Perhaps one may be able to explain to his own satisfaction the nature of scent, but who can possibly do more than merely offer conjectures of certain effects of scent upon that intricate organism—the nostrils of a dog, on which that animal will rely in preference to all his other senses combined?

Ask almost any hunter why a hound is enabled to decide instantly which way to take a trail of his quarry which has passed from view. So readily comes his answer as to be almost worthy of carrying conviction, "Why the scent gets stronger in the direction the game traveled." A very handy explanation but a trifle superficial in its reasoning and not acceptable to those who have studied more deeply, for the dog makes his decision instantly upon striking the trail,

and does not test it even for a slight distance, and the competent dog seldom is in error in his judgment. And supposing he should attempt to test the track in this manner; the scent may have been growing fainter for hours, and the distance tested would have been traveled in a fraction of a second—too short a time, I maintain, for the least practicable difference in intensity.

True, many dogs will take the "back track," thus showing that the difference is slight, but there are many good dogs who never make this error and the hound that does so is generally disposed of as soon as convenient.

I can conceive of but one way in which this truly wonderful ability of the dog can be explained, and this will probably always remain a matter of theory. It is possible that scent after being cast off radiates in circles on each side of the trail. Now should these circles revolve so that the edges next to the trail would move in the opposite direction to that taken by the animal, it may plainly be seen that the radiation would be toward the nostrils of the hound and be stronger than though he traveled on the back trail where all the radiation would be away from him.

Of the nature of scent there have been other suggestions that are worthy of some consideration, such as the radiation of magnetism, but for our purpose and the theories that I shall offer it will be sufficient to assume that scent is moisture, and as such is subject to the laws of condensation and evaporation. If this fact be borne in mind it will explain the greater portion of the vagaries of scent.

The reason why so many people fail to realize the cause of scents being sometimes poor is because they think that scent should be good as long as the air or ground is damp, and they do not take into consideration the fact that the moisture—and thus the scent—may be condensing, and scenting conditions can be good only so long as the scent evaporates.

This fact was very forcibly illustrated to me years ago on an extremely cold morning in New England.

Over a heavy crust of snow, sufficient to support the weight of horses, had fallen during the night a light coating of ery snow. By daylight the therm had dropped to the zero mark, but Saturday—and scent or no scent, we have a try at the foxes; so coupling good pack of foxhounds we were af daylight. We had gone perhaps a mil home when we noticed plainly in the the tracks of reynard, but with littl than a sniff the hounds passed o plainly showing that cold-trailing thing impossible, so we proceeded o the intention of trying to "jump" which, as our dogs were fast and keep up, would probably give us a r this, however, we were disappointe early in the afternoon we were hon bound. In the meantime the sun ha getting in its work, as it does eve cold New England day, and the sno softened to such an extent as to "b in the feet of the horses. Coming the place where we had seen the fo of the morning, what was our surp hear our old strike dog, "Music," o on the trail.

The pack soon joined him, trailin tifully over a mile, where, in a thicket, Mr. Fox was "jumped" and a race for a few hours that was w our trouble. Here was a case of scen stronger twelve hours old than it wa hours, a fact, however, easily accoun The trail was made probably while t was yet fresh and damp. The temp then fell and the moisture was cond frozen—and no scent was given off u sun melted the snow and evaporation when the track appeared nearly as f when first made.

This feature of scent is equally able when rabbit hunting with harri day that is showery. So long as th ure condenses and rain falls the tr not be followed with any degree o faction, but between showers, es with the sun peeping through the even with the grass wet, the "driv good. There is an old saying amon ers, "a steaming morning for a fox c in other words, when the air is warm the earth and water, and the moistu orates.

The conditions that favor the fox-hound or beagle also favors the bird-dog, with the exception that a slight breeze is acceptable to the latter, while to the followers of foot scent it is not necessary. Conditions are liable to change from hour to hour, and the experienced field-trial judge must bear this fact in mind. If the air and ground are very dry the scent evaporates before reaching the nostrils of the dog. Then should a damp breeze, perhaps from off the ocean, spring up, the dog thus favored is likely to be credited with more than his due. This was exactly what happened at Coronado during the trials held there, giving rise to a long drawn out controversy of the superior merits of one dog over others. The judge, however, was wise regarding scenting conditions and gave only what credit was due. In this case the scent was carried from bird to dog without serious loss from evaporation, but still just enough to make conditions good.

Scent is poor when snow or frost lies on the ground, from the reason that the chill condenses it and it falls to the earth. With the air saturated with moisture, as it is on a cold foggy morning, the scent nevertheless is seldom good until the sun begins to dispel the mist. A breeze is necessary that the scent shall not go straight up, and the dog not be obliged to approach too closely before catching scent of the bird. This also accounts for the greater difficulty a dog finds in scenting a bird in brush compared to open cover, the brush or tall weeds stopping the movement of the scent.

Just after a rain the scent will be good, but one will surely be puzzled to find that under the same conditions of moisture the next day his dog appears "off nose" until it is discovered that moisture is condensing preparatory to raining.

When all other conditions are favorable, if a dog still refuses to recognize scent as he should, it may often be found that the stronger scent of other animals or of weeds overpowers that of the quails. Sheep, pigs, burnt land, smoke, alkali dust, sand, sage brush, mint, pollen from flowers, heat, causing the dog to breathe through his mouth instead of his nostrils, all exert an influence on the scent that must be taken into consideration.

As a case in point: Several years ago when Kilgarif made his sensational debut as a derby winner, it was the cause of much

BELLE J. AND A LITTER BY COUNT'S MARK JR., OWNED BY J. O. JONES ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO.

comment that he failed utterly to scent the birds when put down in the all-age stake, as the conditions seemed all that could be desired. Other good dogs failed as well, but notably when cast off in the same field. "Judge Hunter" and "Harry H" failed to make good, but when "Cuba Zep," a dog of unquestioned good nose, met his Waterloo, it set his wise handler, Mr. Dodge, to thinking, and ever since, the mere mention of the "pig field" will make the shivers run down the spines of Pacific Coast handlers.

Scent is much more troublesome in California than it is anywhere in the East, as in the latter part of the country the ground is generally damp from frequent rains, and this dampness serves to dampen the atmosphere which then is a good carrier of scent. This is one of the great drawbacks of trainers on the Coast, but more especially in that great valley between the Sierras and the Coast Range, where, without rain, scenting conditions are almost impossible. The effect of this dryness upon the dogs in training is likely to be injurious unless great care is exercised.

There being practically no scent the younger dogs have no inducement to point and as they must be stopped time after time for flushing, with never any encouragement by way of point work, the trainer is lucky if none of his string become discouraged and acquire the habit of "blinking," or at least go stale on birds. I have seen puppies that for months had refused to point, suddenly do beautiful point work the day after the first rain. The trainer is then enabled to encourage his dog for well-doing, and advancement goes ahead rapidly.

"KLAMATH," WINNER ON BENCH AND A MARVEL IN THE FIELD. OWNED BY C. S. MOSES ESQ., SAN FRANCISCO.

Right here is where the trials of the public trainer of shooting-dogs are likely to begin. The dogs are sent to him, perhaps in August, with the request that they be ready for work by the beginning of the open season. The rain does not come and the dog makes little headway. The trainer does his best but there is no scent, and consequently no points, and the owner blames the handler for what is entirely the fault of the weather.

There is another curious feature of the problem of scent, and that is that the birds themselves undoubtedly have considerable

control over the amount of scent given out. Birds on the nest are known to give off almost no scent, as are also birds of a bevy just scattered. Hunters of experience always wait some little time before letting their dogs try to pick up the scattered birds. This is almost universally conceded to be because the birds hold their feathers down tightly and thus prevent the escape of scent, and that when the birds begin to move about the scent escapes. There is another theory—and I believe the true one, for I have yet to see any weak point in its adaptation—which is that the scent that is pointed by the dog is given from the feet of the bird very largely, and that so long as these are covered up, little scent escapes. The bird upon the nest has her feet closely held beneath her, as does also the bird that has recently been flushed. The moment they move their feet are uncovered, and in case of a running bevy the scent is especially strong.

Many a dog has been rejected as possessing a poor nose because the sportsman tried to pick up the birds too soon after they were scattered. A case recently came under my notice where the dog with the poorer nose was selected because he succeeded in finding the most birds after the other dog had been worked for twenty minutes over the ground where they were scattered.

Thus it may be seen that, to the prospective purchaser, a knowledge of scenting conditions is very necessary, and, in fact, if all who hunt with dogs should fully post themselves upon this important subject, they would be not only able to hunt to better advantage, but the dog, who seldom gets more credit than is just, would not so often be the recipient of unjust punishment for circumstances over which he had no control.

WE CONGRATULATE THE PURCHASERS.

Mr. Charles H. Babcock, manager of the famous California Kennels, has informed us of the following sales, recently made by him:

"Klamath," winner of first Nov. and first winners, Los Angeles Bench Show, 1903. To C. S. Moses, San Francisco.

"Count's Mark," winner second Members' Stake 1902, and first, same stake, 1903, Pacific Coast Field Trials. To M. J. Cunningham, Bisbee, Ariz.

"Jay M.," winner third P. C. F. T. 1904, also second limit Los Angeles 1903. To L. Ducato, San Francisco.

The high quality of the above dogs is well known to every Coast fancier and we congratulate the lucky purchasers on their new acquisitions, of which they may justly be proud.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada, 1905.

Compiled by T. S. Palmer, Henry Oldys and R. W. Williams, Jr., U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Biological Survey.

(Corrected to August 15, 1905.)

BIRDS.

		State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.	Duck.	Plover.[1]	Snipe.[1]	Woodcock.[2]	Rail.[1]	Dove.[3]	Goose, Brant.[4]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 15			All the year	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 30		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]		1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 1			All the year	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Dec. 15-Oct. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[5]		2
	3	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			All the year	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[6]	3
	4	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]			All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[5]		4
	5	Rhode Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	All the year	All the year	Mar. 1-July 15[8]	Mar. 1-July 10	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[5]		5
	6	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1			All the year			Dec. 1-Nov. 1		Dec. 1-Aug. 15[5]		6
	7	New York[9]	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15[7]			All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		7
	8	New York[10]	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]			All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	8
	9	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			All the year	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 16	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[5]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[6]	9
	10	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-May 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	10
	11	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 15		All the year	Dec. 1-July 15[7]	May 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	11
	12	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			All the year				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	12
	13	Maryland	Dec. 31-Nov. 1	Dec. 31-Nov. 1			Dec. 31-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 31-Nov. 1[7]	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 31-Nov. 1[7]	Apr. 16-Nov. 1	13
	14	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1		Dec. 26-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	14
	15	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 15	Feb. 1-Nov. 15			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Jan. 1-July 20[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[7]	15
	16	West Virginia	Dec. 30, Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year		July 1-Mar. 1		Nov. 1-July 15	Nov. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	16
	17	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1			Feb. 1-June 30		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	17
	18	Ohio	Dec. 5-Nov. 15	To Nov. 10, 1905				Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Aug. 15	18
	19	Michigan	To Oct. 15, 1907	Dec. 1-Oct. 15[11]	To 1910		To 1910	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Oct. 1[7]	19
	20	Indiana[12]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	To Nov. 15, 1905	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Oct. 15[13]	Jan. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 10[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 15[13]	Oct. 1-Nov. 15[13]	Apr. 16-Oct. 1	20
	21	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To May 10, 1909	To May 10, 1909	To Apr. 30, 1909	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	21
	22	Wisconsin	To Oct. 1, 1910	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1[7]		All the year	Apr. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	22
	23	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	23
	24	Iowa	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	All the year	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	24
	25	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Aug. 1			May 1-Sept. 15	25
	26	Kansas	Dec. 15-Nov. 15[7]	Oct. 15-Sept. 15	Oct. 15-Sept. 15[7]		Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15					Apr. 15-Sept. 15	26
	27	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Nov. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Aug. 1-July 1	Aug. 1-July 1	May 16-Sept. 1[7]				Apr. 16-Sept. 1	27
	28	North Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1			May 1-Sept. 1	28
	29	North Dakota	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1					Oct. 15-Sept. 1			Aug. 1-Sept. 1	29
	30	Montana	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1						Apr. 15-Sept. 1	30
	31	Wyoming	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	31
	32	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[7]	Oct. 31-Sept. 1	Oct. 31-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1907	Aug. 16-Aug. 1		Apr. 16-Sept. 15[7]		May 1-Sept. 15[7]	Apr. 16-Sept. 15[7]	Apr. 16-Sept. 15[7]	32
SOUTHERN.	33	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	33
	34	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				34
	35	Georgia[14]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 16-Nov. 1	Mar. 16-July 15		Mar. 16-July 15	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-July 15	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]		35
	36	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1						Apr. 1-Oct. 1		36
	37	Alabama	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws				37
	38	Mississippi[1]	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 15							38
	39	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Aug. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	39
	40	Arkansas	Mar. 1-Nov. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year							40
	41	Louisiana	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		To July, 1909	Apr. 1-Dec. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	All the year	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[5]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	41
	42	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1							42
	43	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan.[15]-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1					43
	44	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Oct.	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Oct. 1-Aug. 1						44
	45	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		45
PACIFIC.	46	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1			Feb. 15-July 1	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15[7]					46
	47	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				47
	48	Utah	All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1					48
	49	Idaho	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15		Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 1-Aug. 1					49
	50	Washington	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		All the year	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15			50
	51	Oregon[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[16]	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Sept. 15, 1909	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[16]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1			51
	52	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1				Dec. 16-Sept. 1						52
	53	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-July 1	May 1-Sept. 15[7]	May 1-Sept. 15					53
CANADA.	54	British Columbia	All the year	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]			Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1[7]	54
	55	Yukon[4]		Jan. 15-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1				Aug. 1-Sept. 1				June 1-Sept. 1	55
	56	N.W. Territories		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15			May 5-Aug. 20	May 5-Aug. 20		May 5-Aug. 15		May 5-Aug. 20	56
	57	Unorganized Ter.		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								Jan. 15-Sept. 1	57
	58	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		All the year	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[16]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1			Jan. 15-Sept. 1	58
	59	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1910	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	59
	60	Quebec		Dec. 16-Sept. 15				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1		May[17]-Sept. 15	60
	61	New Brunswick		Dec. 1-Sept. 16				Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[18]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[18]	61
	62	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Oct. 1				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1					62
	63	Pr. Edward Isl.[4]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]				Mar. 1-Aug. 20	Mar. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 20		Mar. 1-Aug. 20	63
	64	Newfoundland		Jan. 15-Oct. 1				Jan. 15-Aug. 20	Jan. 1-Aug. 20		Jan. 15-Aug. 20		Jan. 15-Aug. 20	64

MAMMALS.

		State.	Deer.[1]	Elk.[1]	Moose.[1]	Caribou.[1]	Antelope.	Sheep, Goat.[1]	Squirrel.[1]	Rabbit.	Introduced Pheasants.[17]	
NORTHERN.	1	Maine	Dec. 16-Oct. 1[7]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Oct. 15, 1911				Apr. 1-Sept. 1	To Apr. 29, 1913	1
	2	New Hampshire	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year				Apr. 1-Oct. 1		2
	3	Vermont	Each'06 Oct. 20-30		All the year	All the year			Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	To Oct. 1, 1908	3
	4	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1906							Mar. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1907	4
	5	Rhode Island	To Jan. 1, 1909							Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Oct. 15, 1910	5
	6	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911							Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	6
	7	New York	Nov. 15-Sept. 1[7]	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year			Dec. 1-Sept. 15[7]	Local laws	7
	8	Long Island	Ex. 4 days Nov. 8							Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To 1910	8
	9	New Jersey	To April 5, 1906							Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	9
	10	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 15							Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	10
	11	Delaware								Dec. 1-Nov. 15[7]	Dec. 1-Oct. 15	11
	12	Maryland[1]	Local laws							Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Quebec	12
	13	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1							Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	13
	14	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Nova Scotia	14
	15	West Virginia	Dec. 16-Oct. 15							Three local laws	Newfoundland	15
	16	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1							Local laws	To Jan. 1, 1909	16
	17	Ohio								Jan. 1-Sept. 15		17
	18	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 10[7]	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913	To June 15, 1913				Feb. 1-Nov. 15[7]	To Nov. 20, 1905	18
	19	Indiana[12]	All the year							Sept. 15-Nov. 15[13]	To 1910	19
	20	Illinois	To Apr. 30, 1913							Oct. 15-Sept. 1	To Feb. 26, 1911[7]	20
	21	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[7]							Dec. 1-Oct. 15	To Apr. 30, 1906	21
	22	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year				Jan. 1-Nov. 10[13]	To Oct. 1, 1910	22
	23	Iowa	All the year	All the year						Jan. 1-July 1	To Jan. 1, 1910	23
	24	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1							Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	24
	25	Kansas						To Mar. 10, 1909		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	To Dec. 1, 1910	25
	26	Nebraska	Nov. 15-Aug. 15	All the year				Nov. 15-Aug. 15		All the year	To Feb. 26, 1907	26
	27	South Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1				To Jan. 1, 1911	Dec. 1-Nov. 1[19]	All the year	To 1910	27
	28	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	All the year	All the year	All the year		To Jan. 1, 1911	All the year[19]		Oct. 15-Sept. 1	28
	29	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year		All the year	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	All the year	All the year	29
	30	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1913			To Sept. 15, 1913	Nov. 15-Sept. 15[19]		To Sept. 1, 1909	30
	31	Colorado	Oct. 15-Sept. 20	To Nov. 1, 1907				To Oct. 15, 1907	All the year[19]		All the year	31
SOUTHERN.	32	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1							Local laws		32
	33	South Carolina	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]									33
	34	Georgia[14]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1								To Nov. 30, 1905	34
	35	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1									35
	36	Alabama	Local laws							Local laws	Local laws	36
	37	Mississippi[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 15									37
	38	Tennessee	To Oct. 1, 1907[7]							Mar. 1-June 1[7]	To Nov. 1, 1907[7]	38
	39	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]								To Mar. 14, 1913	39
	40	Louisiana	Local laws									40
	41	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1					To July 1, 1909	To July 1, 1909[19]		To July 1, 1909[7]	41
	42	Oklahoma	All the year					All the year			Jan. 1-Dec. 1	42
	43	New Mexico	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	All the year				To Mar. 15, 1910	All the year[19]		To Mar. 15, 1910	43
	44	Arizona	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	All the year				To Mar. 1, 1911	All the year		To Mar. 1, 1911	44
PACIFIC.	45	California	Oct. 15-Aug. 1	All the year				All the year	All the year[19]	All the year	All the year	45
	46	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year			All the year	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	All the year		To Sept. 1, 1906	46
	47	Utah	To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909				To Mar. 17, 1909	To Mar. 17, 1909[19]		All the year	47
	48	Idaho	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	All the year	All the year	All the year	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		To Mar. 6, 1909	48
	49	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	To Oct. 1, 1915	Dec. 15-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15		Jan. 1-Oct. 15[7]	49
	50	Oregon	Nov. 1-Aug. 15[7]	To Sept. 15, 1907						Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	50
	51	Alaska	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]			Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]			51
	52	Hawaii									Mar. 1-Sept. 15	52
CANADA.	53	British Columbia	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	All the year	53
	54	Yukon[4]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1			Jan. 1-Oct. 1			54
	55	N.W. Territories	Jan. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Jan. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1[16]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[16]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[16]	Nov. 15-Oct. 1[16]			55
	56	Unorganized Ter.	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]	Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			Apr. 1-Dec. 1[7]			56
	57	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec.	Dec. 15-Dec.	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1	Dec. 15-Dec. 1			To Sept. 15, 1909	57
	58	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	All the year	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]	Nov. 16-Oct. 15[7]			Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1915	58
	59	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[7]					59
	60	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 15				All the year	60
	61	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1910		Jan. 1-Oct. 1[7]	To Oct. 1, 1910				Mar. 1-Nov. 1	All the year	61
	62	Pr. Edward Isl.[4]								Mar. 1-Sept. 1		62
	63	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1910	To Jan. 1, 1915	Feb. 1-Oct. 31[7]						63

Pheasants.

Nebraska	All the year.
Colorado	All the year.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[7]
New Mexico	All the year.
Alaska	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
British Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[7]
Yukon[4]	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.
N.W. Territories	Dec. 15-Sept. 15.
Manitoba	Jan. 15-Sept. 1.
Ontario	Dec. 16-Sept. 15.
Quebec	May[17]-Sept. 15.
Nova Scotia	All the year.
Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Oct. 1.

Ruffed Grouse.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Dec. 1-Sept. 1.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Kansas	Oct. 15-Aug. 1.
Missouri	Oct. 15-Sept. 1.
California	Oct. 15-Sept. 1.
Nevada	Oct. 15-July 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Oregon	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.

Ringneck.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Delaware	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Maryland	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.[7]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.

Quails.

New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 1.
New York	Jan. 1-Nov. 15.
Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1.
Pennsylvania	Jan. 1-Nov. 1.
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20.
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1.
Nebraska	All the year.
Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	Apr. 16-Aug. 15.[7]
Kansas	Apr. 15-Oct. 1.
Louisiana	Mar. 1-Aug. 1.
California	Jan. 1-Oct. 15.
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15.
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Dec. 1-Aug. 15.
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1.
Oregon	Dec. 1-Sept. 15.
New Mexico	All the year.
N.W. Territories	May 5-Aug. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Newfoundland	Jan. 15-Aug. 15.

Chicken.

Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1.
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1.
Colorado	All the year.
Kansas	Nov. 15-Sept. 15.
Washington	Nov. 1-Sept. 1.
N.W. Territories	May 5-Aug. 15.
Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1.
Yukon[4]	June 1-Sept. 1.

1. Certain local exceptions. 2. Certain species. 3. Additional open seasons, included in following list: Dove: Indiana, Aug. 15-Oct. 1. Plover, Rail: Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Snipe: New Jersey, Mar. 1-May 1 (Wilson snipe only); Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30. Woodcock: New Jersey, Maryland, July 1-Aug. 1. Duck, Goose, Swan: Pennsylvania, Apr. 1-16; Ohio, Mar. 1-Apr. 30; Indiana, Oct. 1-Nov. 10 (under license); Michigan (shoveller, butterball, ruddy duck, redhead, sprigtail, whistler, widgeon, and sawbill ducks, geese, brant), Mar. 15-Apr. 11. Big Game: Unorganized Territories, July 15-Oct. 1. Caribou: Newfoundland, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. Squirrel: Kentucky, June 15-Sept. 15; Indiana, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. 4. Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. 5. In 19 counties to Mar. 15, 1905. 6. Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. 7. Alexandria county, to Sept. 1, 1905; Isle of Wight and Northampton counties, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. 8. Except south of Canadian Pacific Railroad between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 15-Nov. 1. 9. Except crested quail, to Nov. 1, 1907. 10. Upland plover only. 11. Except area. 12. Ravines wood duck, Louisiana, to July, 1908; Virginia, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 13. Game only. 14. Swan only. 15. Except swan: North Dakota, Oct. 15-Sept. 1; Wisconsin and Wyoming, all the year. 16. Except with dogs or snares. 17. Sheep only. 18. Except goat, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. 19. Except upland plover: Massachusetts, until July 15, 1910; New Jersey, Oct. 1-Aug. 1; Vermont, Dec. 1-Aug. 15; Manitoba, Jan. 1-July 1. 20. Except in southeastern Assiniboia, Dec. 15-Dec. 1. 21. Except east of the Cascades, to 1910, Sept. 9-19. 22. Sec. 808, ch. 160, Laws of 1905, prohibits hunting any game except waterfowl, Oct. 1-Nov. 15. 23. Nov. 8, 10, 15, 17. 24. Except trout, May 1-Oct. 1.

* Laws to 1908 not yet received.

WESTERN FIELD

INDEX TO VOLUME VI

FEBRUARY, 1905—JULY 1905 INCLUSIVE

INDEX.

FEBRUARY, 1905—JULY, 1905, INCLUSIVE.

		PAGE
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part II, The Wa-Kambas)	*Elmer E. Davis*	22
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part III, The Kikuyus)	*Elmer E. Davis*	116
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part IV, The Masai)	*Elmer E. Davis*	188
Afterglow (Poem)	*Mary Vaughan*	198
About Goats	*Manzanita*	253
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part V, The Masai)	*Elmer E. Davis*	264
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part VI, The Andorobo)	*Elmer E. Davis*	346
Additional Notes on Rod Trolling on Lake Tahoe	*Archibald J. Treat*	257
Aborigines of British East Africa (Part VII, Nandi and Kavoronda)	*Elmer E. Davis*	428
At Nature's Shrine (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	419
Association Football Season, 1904-1905, The	*Arthur Inkersley*	383
Annual Decoration Day Regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club	*Arthur Inkersley*	472
At the Traps (The Association Tournament)		482
"Big Bill," the Bear Hunter	*T. Shelley Sutton*	102
Big Sulphur, On the	*Montezuma*	247
Big Bill, the Musky	*Joseph V. Quarles*	257
Ballade of Wooded Ways (Poem)	*Stacy E. Baker*	263
Betsy Brown, My (Poem)	*John T. Grant*	340
Benefit of Field Trials	*Chas. H. Babcock*	389
Bear of Northern California, The	*W. Scott Conway*	411
Berkeley Hills (Poem)	*Mary Vaughan*	417
Blade of Grass, A (Poem)	*Harry T. Fee*	115
Church, My (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	101
Canary, The Wild	*Katherine March Chase*	171
Chance Acquaintance, A	*Alberta Field*	199
California Game Legislation in 1905	*C. W. Hibbard*	212
Coming of the Padres, The (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	285
Columbia River, The Old (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	326
Crowned Heads of Featherdom	*Alberta Field*	266
Chicken Shooting in Manitoba	*C. H. Babcock*	421
Corinthian Regatta, Annual	*Arthur Inkersley*	472
Chip of the Old Block, A	*Theo. Bond*	298
California Game Laws in Brief	*Chas. A. Vogelsang*	50-145
Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada		51-146
County Ordinances		49-144-216
Dreamer, The (Poem)	*Harry T. Fee*	7
Dog, The (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	45
Deer Hunt, A	*Sophia D. Lane*	113
Diver, The	*Harry H. Dunn*	130
Days with the Monterey Deer	*Dr. B. F. Coleman*	169
Devotion (Poem)	*Katherine March Chase*	203
Dog Shows of the Pacific Coast, The		393
Deacon on Fish Protection, The (Poem)	*Montezuma*	426
Day, A Perfect (Poem)	*Harry Dominy*	252
Dachshunde, The	*Andrew D. Brown*	85
Deformities in Animals	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	151
Desirable New Game Bird, A		464

INDEX

		PAGE
Editorials		46-142-210-292-362-459
Elk Meat	*S. D. Barnes*	34
End of Winter, The (Poem)	*Maud E. Smith Hymers*	168
Evening (Poem)	*Tom Veitch*	282
Experience, An Unpleasant	*A. St. John Oliver*	435
Frontispieces		2-96-162-246-314-410
Fishing on Little River	*J. A. Buchanan*	172
Fancies (Poem)	*Sam Exton Foulds*	444
For the Sportsman of To-Morrow	*An Old Flint*	53-137-290
Fireflies (Poem)	*Mary Vaughan*	198
Field Notes		60
Gregosaur of Black Lake, The	*Julien Josephson*	184
God's Edifice (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	326
Golden-Bedded River, The (Poem)	*Lillian H. Shirley*	345
Hunting Montezuma Quail in Mexico	*H. T. Payne*	163
Hunter's Paradise, The (Poem)	*Harry T. Fee*	183
His Patent of Nobility	*Gertrude B. Millard*	286
How to Distinguish a Trained Dog, and How to Keep Him Trained	*C. H. Babcock*	303
Hansen, Herman Wendleborg (A Sketch)		315
"It"	*James H. Pierce*	19
In an Old Schoolroom (Poem)	*Roscoe Brumbaugh*	284
In the Swelling Stream	*Dennison H. Clift*	337
In the Hills (Poem)	*Harry T. Fee*	415
Independence Day (Poem)	*Stacy E. Baker*	438
Inter-Club Golf Tournament	*Arthur Inkersley*	476
In Favored San Joaquin	*Paul G. Clark*	110
Judging of Field Trials, The	*A Handler*	232
Legacies (Poem)	*Tom Veitch*	423
Life History of Some Well Known Creatures	*Lawrence Irwell*	465
Mallard's Soliloquy, The (Poem)	*J. G. Bliss*	11
Moro Traps	*Ex-Soldier*	28
Milady Hunts (Poem)	*Stacy E. Baker*	112
Mormon Jack Explains	*Bertrand W. Sinclair*	126
Mount Lassen	*Geo. D. Baird*	341
Mt. Rainier (Poem)	*Agnes Lockhart Hughes*	416
Mountains, The (Poem)	*Darlington E. Edwards*	419
Mr. Muspane Protests		481
Night in San Francisco (Poem)	*Mary Vaughan*	198
Naughtiness in Feathers	*Alberta Field*	283
Northwestern Department	*F. M. Kelly*,	67-149-227-229-387-479
Outing, An Essay	*J. C. Hawver*	97
Our Last Quail	*Lycurgus*	122
Old Hunter's Song, An (Poem)	*Anonymous*	141
Otter Hunting	*R. Clapham*	274
Oak Openings	*T. S. Van Dyke*	321
Old Friends	*Still Hunter*	352
On the Links	*Arthur Inkersley*,	65-223-380-476
Oregon Game Laws, The		215

		Page
Pickerel Spearing Through the Ice	*Rev. Geo. H. Bennett*	8
Poppy Tents (Poem)	*P. B. Anspacher*	192
Pike and Carson Club	*Montezuma*	202
Poppy Time (Poem)	*Sam Exton Foulds*	273
Pacific Coast Trap Shooters' Association Tournament		482
Physical Culture	*A. T. Noe, M. D.,*	62-220-295-373-470
Pacific Coast Field Trials	*Harry T. Payne*	71
Rogue of the Woods (Poem)	*Tom Veitch*	125
Red Haired Bear Hunter, The (A Poem in Prose)	*Roger Reed*	139
Roosevelt, To Theodore (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	325
Rainbow Chasing	*By One Who Goes*	454
Rifle Talk (What Causes Keyholing—The Flight of Projectiles)	*Perry E. Kent*	225
Rearing of Puppies, The		231
Sport on the Lower Colorado	*T. S. Van Dyke*	3
Some Hunting Reminiscences (Parts I and II)	*H. S. Karr*	12-106
Sunset at Long Beach (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	33
Shadow on the Trail, The	*Harry H. Dunn*	38
Sunset at Siskiyou (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	181
Sketch, A	*Katherine Q.*	182
Spirit of Nature, The (Poem)	*Thomas Maitland Marshall*	201
Some Pointer History	*H. L. Betten*	230
Saddle Marked Bear, The	*J. S. Hicks*	327
Science of Silviculture, The (Parts I and II)	*Clyde Scott Chase*	370-451
Surcease (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	444
Sport in New Zealand—A Day with Wild Pigeons	*R. Clapham*	448
Trim	*By His Master*	154
Tavern, The (Poem)	*Chas. Elmer Jenney*	262
Trip to the Matoles Country, A	*Geo. D. Hibbard*	330
Tribes, The Lost (Poem)	*T. Shelley Sutton*	334
Tales of a Cat, The	*John B. Haas*	335
Three Glimpses (Poem)	*Harry Dominy*	453
Trade Topics		86-157-237-306-402-490
Unconscious Imitation Among the Lower Forms of Animal Life.	*Lawrence Irwell*	55
Veldt and Jungle, By	*From the Diary of an African Shikaree*	174
Vengeance of the Wild, The	*Harry H. Dunn*	205
When to Begin Training Dogs	*C. H. Babcock*	486
When the Sign Was Right	*S. D. Barnes*	445
Wanderers, The	*Harry H. Dunn*	439
Wolf River Camping Tales	*T. M. Marshall*	424
Where Nature Reigns (Poem)	*Alex. Ross*	17
When Both Basket and Trout Were Trumps	*Fletcher Coates*	21
What Is A Friend (Poem)	*Rose Bloom*	37
Wing River Bill's Courtship	*J. W. Schultz*	193
When Day Is Done (Poem)	*Katherine March Chase*	272
Where Cupid Mends His Arrows (Poem)	*Sophia D. Lane*	276
With the Geese	*Lycurgus*	277
Waiting (Poem)	*Harry Dominy*	361
White and Pink	*F. M. Kelly*	417
Work of the Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association	*Henry D. Cashman*	218
Yachting in Southern California	*Herbert A. Carse*	474

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 25 cents per line for first issue, and 20 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

MRS. NELLIE BURRELL SCOTT will be pleased to accept commissions for fish and game paintings in all mediums. Studio, 740 Shrader street, San Francisco. Reception and exhibition Wednesday of each week.

• • •

WANTED—Sportsmen to send for our illustrated catalogue of mounted Bobwhite Grouse, ducks, pheasants ,etc; beautiful for your den. Want to correspond with those having game for sale. Adams & Son, Lewis, Iowa.

• • •

The Anglers' Annual, 1905; 100 pgs.; illst'd; edited by Chas. Bradford; 25c postpd. Western Field, 4 Sutter st., S. F. Calif.

• • •

I MAKE bear hunting a specialty. Will take parties out until December. Fishing first-class. Bucks are fat until October 15. Address A. R. Gates, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

• • •

A BARGAIN—12-gauge Smith Hammerless shotgun, automatic ejector, 30-inch barrel, 14-inch stock, 3-inch drop at heel; never been shot; right barrel modified; left barrel full choke; gun cost $165; will sell for $100. Address W. H. Kay, Eugene, Ore.

• • •

PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS, flint-lock pistols, buffalo horns polished in pairs, also made into hat racks, Navajo blankets, elk tusks and curios. Illustrated lists, three cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

• • •

IF you want a good quail dog, look up Kenwood Kennels. W. B. Coutts, Prop., Kenwood, Sonoma Co., Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Handsome coyote robe, eight skins. A. E. Colburn, dealer in glass eyes and supplies, 1204 S. Main st., Los Angeles, Cal.

• • •

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers; puppies and matured stock, all from bench winners. The largest and best kennels on the Coast. "Briardale Record," winner of many prizes in England; never shown in this country, at stud, $25. Address, Briardale Kennels, Room 422, Marquam Building, Portland, Oregon.

• • •

WANTED—Sportsmen to investigate. Excellent results are being secured by using the Vented Muzzle. This improvement will surprise and please you. Send 2 cents for circulars, terms, guarantee, etc. P. E. Kent, Utica, New York

QUALITY

is the first consideration in everything we display. Our assortments of Carpets, Oriental and Domestic Rugs, Linoleums, Draperies, Lace Curtains, Office Furniture, etc., are the largest and most reasonably priced of any in San Francisco. We urge the comparison of qualities and prices elsewhere with ours.

Your early inspection is cordially invited.

W.&J. SLOANE & CO.
FURNITURE·CARPETS·RUGS DRAPERIES
114-122 POST ST., S.F.

THE AIM OF EVERY GUN owner is to keep his gun faultless—the finer the gun the harder he tries. If he uses "3 in One" the easier he tries. "3 IN ONE" oils every action part properly, cleans out the residue of burnt or smokeless powder, prevents rust on every metal part, cleans and polishes the stock, contains no acid. Write for generous sample—free. G.W. COLE COMPANY
143 WASHINGTON LIFE BLDG. NEW YORK

Castle Dome Cut Plug

The Best Smoke For the Pipe

In America. Made from Old Va. Sun-Cured Tobacco. Money refunded if it bites or burns the Tongue. Sent prepaid postage 70c. Pound. Large Sample 10c.

JASPER L. ROWE,
RICHMOND, VA.
Estab 1830. Loi. Broad Street Bas.

ARTISTIC TAILORING.

Mills & Hagbom, a young firm with a combination of experience and talent, is making itself felt in this community. A few words as to the members thereof: Mr. Mills, after mastering every detail connected with the manufacture of woollens, was induced by Bullock & Jones to leave New York and assume the general management of their business—a position he filled for more than twenty years—when he severed his connection with that firm to go back to his old home in New York, but like many others who, after a long residence in this sun-kissed land, found he was unhappy where one is frozen half of the year and broiled the other half, resolved to spend the remainder of his days in the land of fruit, sunshine and flowers, and reembarked in the business of making men's clothes. The next matter for consideration was the most important one in the tailoring business, viz., the cutting department. After canvassing New York's swell tailoring center, Fifth avenue, from end to end, Mr. Mills finally secured a cutter and partner who had learned his trade in the house of Jas. W. Bell, Son & Co. the most exclusive in its line in this country. Emile W. Hagbom, a young man of great mechanical skill and artistic talent, a man whom that high-class establishment unhesitatingly recommended. Mr. Hagbom, since his advent in this city, has done more than any other young cutter to advance matters sartorial. A discriminating public can rely on getting garments from Mills & Hagbom which they need not be ashamed to wear in any part of the world, and among the most fastidious dressers.

Mills & Hagbom are occupying the same rooms Sanders & Johnson used for so many years with such signal success.

There is no reason why San Franciscans should not be as well groomed as New Yorkers. Every year brings an improvement. Good clothes adds immensely to one's self-respect and neglect of such things is a crime. In time men will realize that to be covered is not to be dressed. Put yourselves more in the hands of people who make it a business to study the art of adorning the human anatomy and bear in mind it is impossible to be properly dressed unless you buy good clothes and plenty of them.

• • •

HIGHEST HONORS TO THE PARKER GUN.

Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., have received from the Lewis and Clark Centennial management diploma for gold medal awarded them for their Hammerless Gun. The award was made to Parker Bros. by the highest jury of awards known as the superior jury, composed of five of the representative men of Portland. Thus the highest compliment was paid the Parker gun by the Centennial.

The Parker Gun is famous for simplicity of action, beauty of outline and finish, and exceptional shooting and wearing qualities.

A GOOD BOOK FOR BOYS.

Boys, young and old, from 6 to 60 years, will be interested in the neat little book, "Fishing Across the Continent," by W. N. Hull, A. M., which has just been issued by the A. Flanagan Co., 266-268 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. It is a very readable series of fishing stories—not "fish stories"—told out of the experience of a well-known angler who writes primarily in the interest of and especially for boys. The information contained therein is authentic, concisely and cleanly written, and the book itself is very acceptable in make-up.

• • •

CARLOAD OF "3 IN ONE."

On October 31 the G. W. Cole Company, sole manufacturers of the famous "3 in One" oil, shipped an entire carload in one consignment.

This was the biggest single shipment of an order for "3 in One" or any gun or household oil that was ever made. The shipment consisted of 66,240 bottles.

As everyone knows who knows anything about guns and oils, lubricants, etc., the sales of "3 in One" are going forward by leaps and bounds, the increased sales of this lubricant, cleaner and rust preventer being unprecedented. "3 in One" has been sold all over the world for many years.

The demands for "three in One" at times taxes their facilities. But owing to their modern right up-to-date big factory at Rahway, New Jersey, and the policy of keeping adequate stocks ahead, orders for large or small size usually can be filled immediately whatever the quantity.

• • •

SOME PETERS PERFORMANCES.

The Urbana (Ohio) Gun Club was successful in landing both the team and individual trophies which have been contested for during several months past by the gun clubs at Springfield, St. Paris, Urbana and nearby points. The final shoot was held at St. Paris on November 1st, the Urbana team winning the Peters team cup with a score of 210, and Mr. E. W. Holding of Urbana won the individual trophy with a score of 49 out of 50.

The Woodward trophy contested for during the past season by the members of the Sandusky (Ohio) Gun Club, was finally won by Mr. John Deist, who thus establishes his claim to the championship of the club. Many of Mr. Deist's highest and most regular scores were made with Peters factory loads.

At Bound Brook, N. J., November 16th, the New Jersey Individual State Championship was won by Mr. F. C. Bissett, and the first and second amateur averages for the day's program were won by Messrs. E. F. Markley and J. Pleiss, all using Peters Ideal factory loaded shells.

• • •

SAVE YOUR TROPHIES.

The true sportsman nowadays is not satisfied with merely killing game. He wishes to have his best specimens mounted and preserve them as trophies of his skill with the gun. We believe that every true sportsman should know how to mount his own specimens of both birds and animals. The art of taxidermy can now be easily learned, and we cannot impress upon our readers too strongly the desirability of acquiring a knowledge of this splendid art.

If you are at all interested we recommend that you send to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy of Omaha, Neb., for their catalogue and a copy of the Taxidermy Magazine.

This school has been teaching taxidermy by mail for many years and has met with wonderful success. Thousands of our best sportsmen have taken their course and are now able to mount and preserve their own trophies for themselves, and also to do work for their friends, thus making considerable money on the side. If you have any spare time this winter do you not think it would be a good plan to take up this work and spend your leisure hours studying and practicing taxidermy?

The school is entirely reliable and the cost of their course is very reasonable.

HOLIDAY GOODS

JEWELRY SILVERWARE

DIAMONDS, PEARLS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES

WATCHES CUT GLASS

NO FINER STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST

PRICES ALWAYS MODERATE

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

104-110 GEARY STREET

DESERVEDLY A FAVORITE.

The little Stevens pistol herewith illustrated is one of those famous good little things whose value, like that of good wine, grows with the years. Half a life time ago, the writer became the proud possessor of one, which to-day is still in serviceable condition, and it is interesting to note in this connection, that this little arm is the first model which was produced by the Stevens company forty-one years ago. The fact that they still retain this style and list it in their output conclusively demonstrates that the Stevens "Tip-Up" pistol No. 41 is built along correct lines, and is most serviceable and practical.

THE STEVENS "TIP-UP" PISTOL.

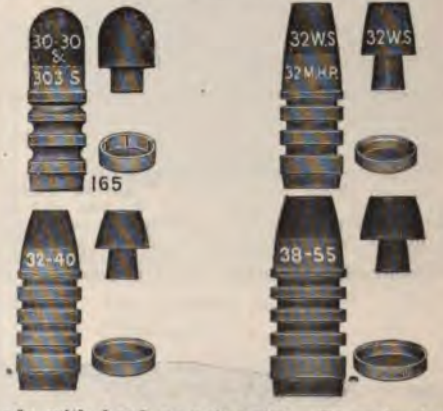
This pistol is a neat little model for ladies' use, and can be recommended for first lessons in pistol shooting. It is also a convenient little pocket pistol where it is desired to shoot at a mark at short ranges, say up to 15 or 20 yards. Very convenient when going on a short trip where there may be opportunities for target shooting and similar sport, or occasions may arise when it would be suitable for shooting small game.

The barrel for this pistol is octagon to forward end of frame, balance round, blued, 3½ inches in length; has a nickel-plated frame, single trigger, plain walnut grip stock, open sights. Weight 7 ounces. Adapted for .22 short R. F. cartridges. It is one of those weapons which a boy will prize above all things as a Christmas or birthday gift, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our friends as the biggest value for the smallest expenditure that we know of in sporting appurtenances. Give the boy one and see the confirmation of this in his eyes—and in his marksmanship.

ANOTHER NEW BULLET.

The new Ideal bullet No. 308284 with metal gas check recently brought out by the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn. for the use in the .30-40 Krag rifle, has proved to be such a success that the users of the various sporting rifles have been demanding similar bullets for their arms.

The Ideal Mfg. Co. inform us they are now prepared to furnish moulds, tools and gas checks for the following,—.30-30 Win Mar. & Sav. 303 Sav. 32 Win. Spl. 32 Mar. H. P. .32-40 H. P. and .38-55 H. P. rifles. Illustrations of these bullets show that the Ideal Mfg. Co. have gone a step further with these than they did with those for military use, for they can be



made with hard or soft point. To make both bullets, two moulds will be required, one for the complete bullet and one for the soft tip. The

EMIL W. HAGBOM
Formerly with
James W. Bell Son & Co.
New York

EDWARD MILLS
Late of
Bullock & Jones
San Francisco

MILLS & HAGBOM

Tailors and Importers

PHELAN BUILDING

Are Now Ready to Fill Orders for FINE CLOTHES. The Very CHOICEST ENGLISH and SCOTCH WOOLENS Can be Found at This Place

body of the bullet should be cast from hard alloy and the tip from pure lead. The proper charge of the powder for all of the .30-30's and 303 Sav. is 22 grs. weight of Lafiin & Rand Lightning and for all of the others, 32-40, .32 Spl. and .38-55 the charge should be 24 to 25 grs. of the same powder.

The bullets in the new Ideal Catalogue will be numbered respectively as per above illustrations.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co. tested this ammunition and report that after shooting fifty rounds: "The accuracy is good, barrel cleaned easily, showing no trace of leading, and the barrel did not rise but about one-half in temperature as when using the regular high-power ammunition." It is claimed for this ammunition that it can be made much cheaper than the price of the factory product. The individual can use his old shells over and over until they are worn out. It is also claimed to be a great saving on the wear of the rifle barrel.

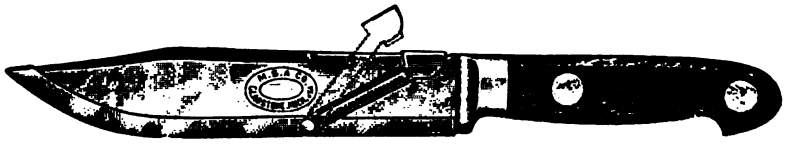
• • •

A FINE NUMBER.

The Christmas Number of the "Shooting Times" appears in an attractive green cover, and its contents are as varied and exciting as any enthusiastic Nimrod can desire. All the articles are contributed by practical shooting men, anglers, and naturalists, who know what they are writing about, and the illustrations, which are very numerous and well executed, have all been supplied by sporting artists. Amongst the many articles we notice: "Through Calm and Storm." "On the Irish Coast." "A Christmas Wolfshoot." "Wildfowling Within an Hour of London." "Wildfowling Grounds Anew." "A Corner in Cats." "Bog-trotting in Ireland." "A Lesson in Camping-out." "A Prehistoric Angling Match." "Early Morning on the Saltings." "Thymallus the Tantaliser." "A Professional Punt-gunner and his Work." "The Evening Flight." "The Windhurst Shooting Party." "Sea-fishing with Rod and Line." "A Wild Goose Chase." "Keepers' Night Dogs." "An Eventful Day on the Shore." "A Boating Incident." "Cliven, the Nature-Lover." "A July Day on a Northern Stream." "A Tale of Two Woodcock." "Smuggling Yarns told to a Wildfowler." "A 'Freshet' or 'Spate' in the Vaal River." "Rough Shooting on a Small Island." "Don't" Etc., etc. The price of the publication is 6d. (post free, 8d.), and the publishing office is at 72-76 Temple chambers, London, E. C.

A VALUABLE IDEA.

The knife edge protector herewith illustrated is one of those handy little "Marble tricks" that makes one wonder why it was not invented and put into practical use decades ago. Its utility is apparent at a glance and when one comes to consider its only nominal cost the inclination to order one is irresistible. Its application is so plain that no extended comment is necessary here. Every man who wants to keep that desirable keen edge on his cutlery will not require any urging on our part to send to the Marble Safety Axe Co., Gladstone, Mich., for a copy of their interesting catalogue which describes it in detail.



THE "INDIAN"

Chief of all Motocycles

Highest award St. Louis World's Fair

Winner of all Important Events, 1904

EQUIPMENT FOR 1905 { Adjustable Cushion Fork. Improved Double Grip Control. Brooks Imported Motocycle Saddle. Compensating Sprocket. G. & J. Motocycle Tires.

GET CATALOGUE

HENDEE MFG. CO., **Springfield, Mass.**

Why Not

CLICQUOT?

"It is better than any other" Champagne, but—be sure, when ordering it, to insist on its bearing this A. VIGNIER & Co. SAN FRANCISCO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST label

"THIS" kind is not tied with a STRING

Beware of an inferior substitute

PURITY GUARANTEED
Dos Mesas Exquisite Wine

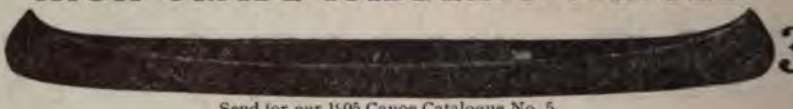
During January, an extra discount of 10 per cent in order to reduce our stock to make room for the coming vintage. Send for Catalogue.

H. N. CROSS, M. D.,

319 Montgomery St., San Francisco

HIGH GRADE PADDLING CANOES

15 feet to 18 feet



From 31.50 UP

Send for our 1906 Canoe Catalogue No. 5

Makers of THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR

Send for our No. 4 Spar Book and Price List

Famous St. Lawrence River Skiffs, Racing and Cruising Launches, Etc.
High Grade Work Only

THE FRASER HOLLOW SPAR & BOAT CO.
J. G. FRASER, Manager
Western Avenue, Greenport, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

SUPERIOR

Linotype Work

FOR

THE TRADE

AT

Reasonable Rates

FINE MAGAZINE AND BOOK WORK A SPECIALTY

The Linotype Work on this Magazine is done by me

J. D. HARVEY

509 Clay Street

PHONE BLACK 564

NEVILLE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Tents, Hammocks and Awnings

FLAGS

COVERS, CAMP FURNITURE, BAGS

TWINE, ETC.

TENTS TO RENT

530 DAVIS ST.

SAVE THIS COUPON

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER

SAVE THIS COUPON

14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

For one of these coupons and one dollar and a half we will send you a year's subscription to WESTERN FIELD and a beautiful finished 14-kt. SOLID GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN. that costs at retail $1.50. This pen is complete with box and filler and is fully warranted by the manufacturers and can be returned to them if unsatisfactory in any particular.

DIAMOND POINT PEN CO., 102 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

STEVENS

Every Man, Woman and Child may enjoy the healthiest of pastimes, shooting with the

STEVENS

The firearms that insure perfect sport, because they never disappoint—splendid arms in every way—built in all suitable sizes and weights. CATALOGUE OF FIREARMS FREE. We have compiled a 140-page illustrated catalogue, telling not only all about STEVENS ARMS, but containing useful and interesting information on shooting, sights, ammunition, how to handle and care for firearms, etc. This we will send you for 4 cents in stamps for postage. Ask your dealer, and insist on our goods. If you can not obtain them, we will ship direct, express prepaid upon receipt of price.

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. 51 Main St., Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner

This cleaner will attach to any standard rod and we guarantee that it will not injure the barrel in the slightest degree. Each section of the cleaner is composed of six washers made of the softest brass gauze we can obtain and are smaller in diameter than the bore of gun they are intended to clean. In this way the *spring* of the wire core holds only one side of each section against the bore and the *twist* in the wire causes the cleaner to follow the twist in the rifle. Thus many projecting ends of brass wire are forced into each angle of the entire rifling. The implement cleans very rapidly and is exceedingly durable. Price prepaid, 50c. Field cleaner 75c. Jointed brass rod with strong steel joints, steel swivel in tip and cocobola handle, $1. All of Marble's Extra Quality Specialties are for sale by dealers everywhere, or will be sent direct, prepaid. Send for Catalogue H.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich., U. S. A.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AGENTS

MAKE $25 TO $50 A WEEK by tuning and repairing pianos and organs. If you receive less, write to us; we make you independent for life. No knowledge of music required. Send today for free trials. New York School for Practical Piano and Organ Tuning by Correspondence, 50 Bible House, New York.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Manufacturing Co.

Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

We manufacture the Celebrated Gold Medal Camp Furniture and Complete Camp Outfits, including Cots, Chairs in great variety, Stools, Tables, Stoves, Special Tents of Khaki Duck, and sell our product exclusively through dealers. Our Catalogue sent to any address free on request. Send for our complete Camper's Manual, a book of 136 pages, 200 illustrations, a book on camping and camp outfits, for 10c. postage or coin.

GOLD MEDAL CAMP BED NO. 4.

Our California distributing agents are **NEVILLE & CO., San Francisco** and **WM. H. HOEGEE CO., Los Angeles.** We solicit inquiries for prices and ask any one who cannot get our goods through dealers to write us.

Head of Mysore State—Elephant.

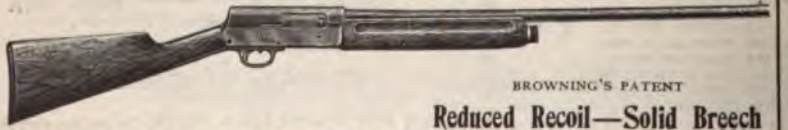
By Special Appointment to
H. E. THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS
H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE
AND
H. H. THE RAJAH OF PUDUKOTAH

Van Ingen & Van Ingen

ARTISTIC
TAXIDERMISTS

MYSORE AND OOTACAMUND
S. INDIA

Remington Automatic Shot Gun



BROWNING'S PATENT

Reduced Recoil—Solid Breech

SUREST, SWIFTEST, SAFEST, BEST

Send Postal for Descriptive Catalog.

BROWNING BROS. CO., ▪ ▪ ▪ OGDEN, UTAH

150 Page General Catalog FREE Illustrates Everything For Every Sport In Every Season.

Send three stamps for latest catalogue.

IDEAL Nº2 RE & DE-CAPPER.

PRICE $1.50

Straight Line Movement. Used as a bench or hand tool. Lever "A" folds over so tool may be carried in pocket. Weighs but eight ounces. Is strong and ***powerful.*** Seats the primers ***easily*** and ***positively*** to the bottom of pocket, which prevents misfires. Ejects old primer and seats new one ***without removing the shell,*** which is handled but once to perform the two operations, enabling the operator to do nearly ***twice the work*** in a given time. Now ready 25-35, 25-36, 30-30, 30-40 Krag, 30-45 Springfield (headless), 32-40, 38-55. Ask your dealers. If they will not serve you send cash to

THE IDEAL MFG. CO., 16 U. St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Hats to Fit Every FACE FORM FANCY

TOM DILLON, Milliner for Men
Opposite Palace Hotel

GO TO
SWAIN'S
BAKERY AND RESTAURANT
For the Best Article from the Best of Material
209 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A TRIAL BY JURY!

At the Portland (Oregon) Exposition, 1905, The Peters Cartridge Company made an exhibit of its goods, including Empty and Loaded Paper Shells, Metallic Cartridges for Rifle, Revolver and Pistol, Gun Wads, etc. The Jurymen who judged the exhibit were experts and acknowledged to be thoroughly competent to pass upon the merits of ammunition and fire-arms. They granted to The Peters Cartridge Company a

GOLD MEDAL—HIGHEST AWARD!

This decision was reached after a canvas of past records made with Peters Ammunition; a minute examination and an exhaustive test of the goods themselves. Coming thus near the close of a year marked by grand achievements the Portland award furnishes new and convincing proof of the superior shooting qualities and unsurpassed finish of

Peters Shells and Cartridges

The Hunter One-Trigger

Never Balks. Never Doubles. Hundreds in Use and Every One Perfect.

HUNTER ARMS CO.

FULTON - NEW YORK

Send for Catalogue

Smith Guns Shoot Well

WM. J. HACKMEIER

Formerly with and successor to Wm. F. Nolte

TAXIDERMIST

Mounting of Large Mammals and Game Heads a Specialty. Game Panels. Skins made up into Rugs.

108 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Phone Folsom 1582 SAN FRANCISCO

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

236 Post Street, San Francisco

Pictures, Sporting Prints,

. . . Framing . . .

Fisher & Co.

(Incorporated)

HATS GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS

Established in 1851

Hat Boxes, Dress Suit Cases, Valises, Bags and Umbrellas. Shirts and Underwear to order.

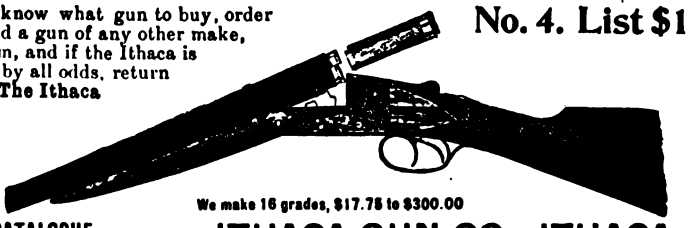
9 Montgomery St. San Francisco

Get your subscription in to Western Field before Jan. 1st, 1906, and save fifty cents.

ITHACA GUNS

If you don't know what gun to buy, order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N. B.—**The Ithaca Sticks.**

No. 4. List $100.00



We make 16 grades, $17.75 to $300.00

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH, PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 114 SECOND ST., SAN FRANCISCO

WESTERN FIELD

The Pacific Coast Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

WESTERN FIELD COMPANY : 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
Vice-President	CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
Secretary	A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
Treasurer	JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
Managing Editor	FRANK H. MAYER	San Francisco

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM S. TEVIS	Bakersfield
CHAS. S. WHEELER	San Francisco
A. J. TREAT	San Francisco
JOS. M. QUAY	San Francisco
W. W. VAN ARSDALE	McCloud, Siskiyou Co.
H. W. KELLER	Santa Monica
CLINTON E. WORDEN	San Francisco
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	San Francisco
EDG. F. PRESTON	San Francisco
F. W. VAN SICKLEN	San Francisco
C. W. HIBBARD	San Francisco

STOCKHOLDERS

FRANK MASKEY	F. W. VAN SICKLEN	WILLIAM S. TEVIS
M. S. WILSON	E. B. EDSON	CHAS. S. WHEELER
FLOYD S. JUDAH	J. H. SCHUMACHER	JOS. M. QUAY
W. W. RICHARDS	FRANK S. HICKS	C. W. HIBBARD
L. O. KELLOGG	FRANK S. EMERY	W. W. VAN ARSDALE
W. B. BOURN	WM. G. KERCKHOFF	H. W. KELLER
ROBERT OXNARD	J. E. TERRY	J. DOWNEY HARVEY
EDW. DONOHOE	W. E. GERBER	EDG. F. PRESTON
WM. H. CROCKER	CLINTON E. WORDEN	ALEX. HAMILTON
A. J. TREAT		FRANK H. MAYER

Life is Worth While

AMONG those of National prominence there is one magazine, above all, that inspires the reader to feel that life is *very much* worth while. Buy a copy of FIELD and STREAM from any newsdealer (15c.), and after reading it you will appreciate this assertion. Every believer in outdoor life, the truthfulness of Nature and all that makes for wholesome living, will find a heart-interest in its pages.

A TEMPTING OFFER

For a short time FIELD and STREAM offers free with each new subscription an exceptionally attractive pair of companion pictures (here shown in miniature) entitled, "To Hit is History" and "To Miss is Mystery." They are 11 by 18 inches in size, exclusive of margin or mat, and executed in full *water colors*. As a story-telling pair of artistic hunting pictures they are irresistible.

FIELD and STREAM is published monthly, 160 pages. It portrays the literature and art of Sport with Gun, Rod, Dog and Camera. If you "can't go" it will bring the wilderness to you; if you *can* it will tell you *How, When* and *Where!* A series of articles by *Horace Kephart* on

CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT

is just now running, which embraces more *useful* information on the subject than has ever before appeared in print. To get these articles complete, begin your subscription with the November, 1904, number; they are worth many times the subscription price of FIELD and STREAM. Another series of articles, equally important, which began in the July, 1905, number, is entitled

I.—TO HIT IS HISTORY

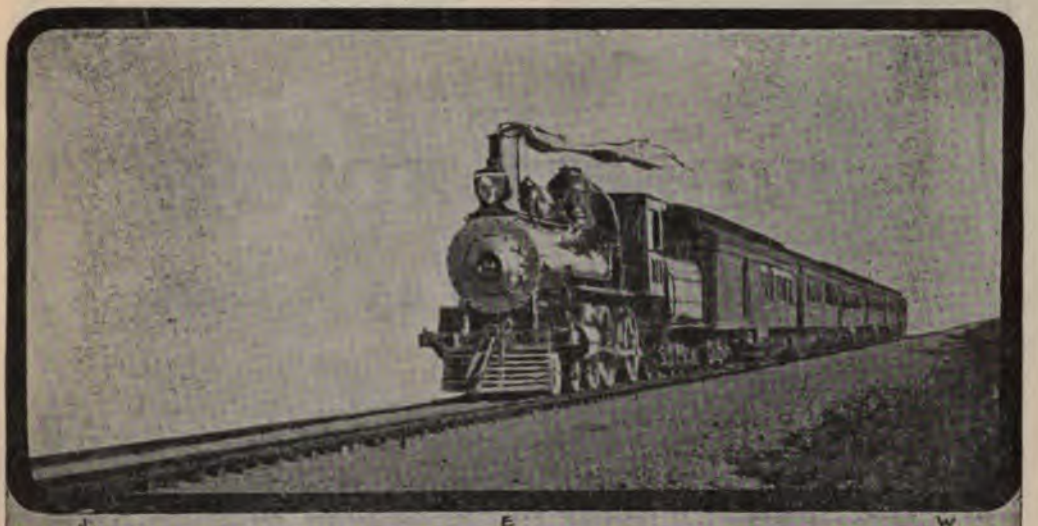
II.—TO MISS IS MYSTERY

AMERICAN GAME PARKS AND PRESERVES

by *Dwight W. Huntington*, author of "Our Feathered Game." Everyone interested in the most vital subject concerning American Sportsmen will follow these articles. They are liberally illustrated.

Do not delay your acceptance of this liberal offer. Send your order *to-day* or keep this page to remind you. $1.50 pays for a year's subscription and the pair of pictures mailed to your address; or if preferred, we will send, in place of the pictures, the only complete *Sporting Dictionary* ever published.

Address Dept. W **FIELD and STREAM,** 35 West 21st Street NEW YORK



Santa Fe

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

3 Days to Chicago

See the Grand Canyon on your way East. Full information at any

SANTA FE TICKET OFFICE.

Sunset Express

The • Easy • Way • East

NEW composite - observation cars with train libraries (get catalogue of porter); luxuriously appointed sleeping cars; model dining car service; courteous attendants; every modern convenience.

Daily Service

SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW ORLEANS

From New Orleans to New York By Water is an ideal way to complete the trip east. Speedy and palatial passenger steamers leave New Orleans every Saturday, or, if desired, trip may be completed by Limited Trains.

Get a copy of "Wayside Notes" a booklet, profusely illustrated, that tells all about the journey from beginning to end; the Old Missions and the many other historical landmarks. Sent for five cents by any agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES

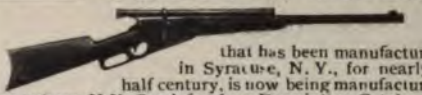
AND HOW TO FEED

Mailed **Free** to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D. V. S.,

1278 Broadway, N. Y.

The Famous "MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE"



that has been manufactured in Syracuse, N. Y., for nearly a half century, is now being manufactured at Auburn, N.Y. Send for free Descriptive Catalogue.
The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co.
Established 1857 Auburn, N. Y., U. S. A.

Fish Will Bite

Like Hungry Wolves
Any season of the year if you use **Magic Fish Lure**
A wonderful bait that greatly attracts all kinds of fish. Best bait ever use for nets, traps, and trot lines. No poison. Not unlawful to use. Price 25c a box. If you live near a lake or stream write to me and I will give you a box to help introduces it in your neighborhood. Agents wanted.
J. F. GREGORY, K-21, Anadarko, Okla.

STOCKDALE KENNELS

AT STUD:

Cuba of Kenwood
Glenbeigh Jr.—Stella

Cuba Jr.
Cuba of Kenwood—Florida

One of the highest class Field Trial winners in America. Seven wins in nine Trials before he was two years old.

POINTER PUPPIES AND WELL-BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE

R. M. DODGE, Manager BAKERSFIELD
Kern County, California

FASHION RESTAURANT

L. BESOZZI, Proprietor Phone James 2101

504 Market St. 5 Sutter St.

GAME AND FISH COOKING UNEXCELLED

Ladies' Dining Room Upstairs

Week Days From 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. Closed Sundays.

Hospital FOR DOGS

416 Fifth Avenue

Opposite French Hospital

Geary Street cars stop at the door. Temporary Phone West 3004.

DR. STEERS, Veterinary Surgeon.

Dr. WASHINGTON DODGE, Pres. JAS. McCULLOUGH, Vice-Pres.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney JOSEPH G. CRAWFORD, M. D

Continental Building & Loan Association

of California

Established . . . 1889

This Association pays 6 per cent per annum on term deposits of $100 or more. Interest begins the day of deposit and is payable semi-annually.

It also pays 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. One dollar will open an account. Write for particulars.

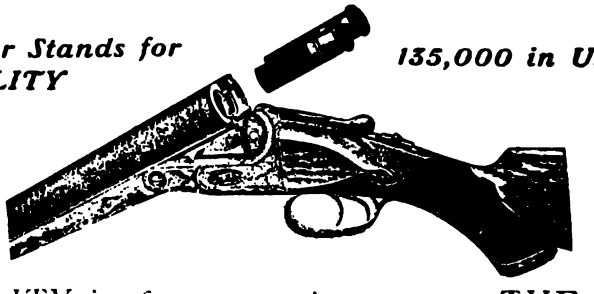
The Continental has over seventeen million dollars in subscribed capital.
It's paid in capital is over three million five hundred thousand dollars.
It has returned to its stockholders over two million five hundred thousand dollars in profits.
It's monthly income is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
It's the largest Co operative Bank in the United States.
It has helped over nineteen hundred of its members to build new homes.
It has helped over sixteen hundred members to acquire homes already built.
It has helped enough people to secure homes to make a city as large as Stockton.

Office, 301 California St. San Francisco, Cal

The Gun of Quality

Parker Stands for QUALITY

135,000 in Use



QUALITY is of paramount importance. THE PARKER GUN is the recognized standard of the world and stands today better than ever. The best gun value in the world; DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR it cannot be equaled. We never have made cheap trashy guns and THE PARKER is always found cheapest in the end. THE GUN FOR YOU.

This is a good time to begin to get ready for next season. Let us assist you, write today.

New York Salesroom
32 WARREN STREET

37 Cherry Street
MERIDEN, CONN.

PARKER BROS.

Remington

Shot Guns are absolutely accurate and trustworthy.

They have won, unquestioned, the highest endorsement of the world's greatest sportsmen. There's a reason for this—

Try a Remington

86–88 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

E. E. DRAKE
Manager Pacific Coast Depot

In a case of this kind it would go pretty hard if your rifle failed to shoot. . . .

USE

U. M. C. AMMUNITION

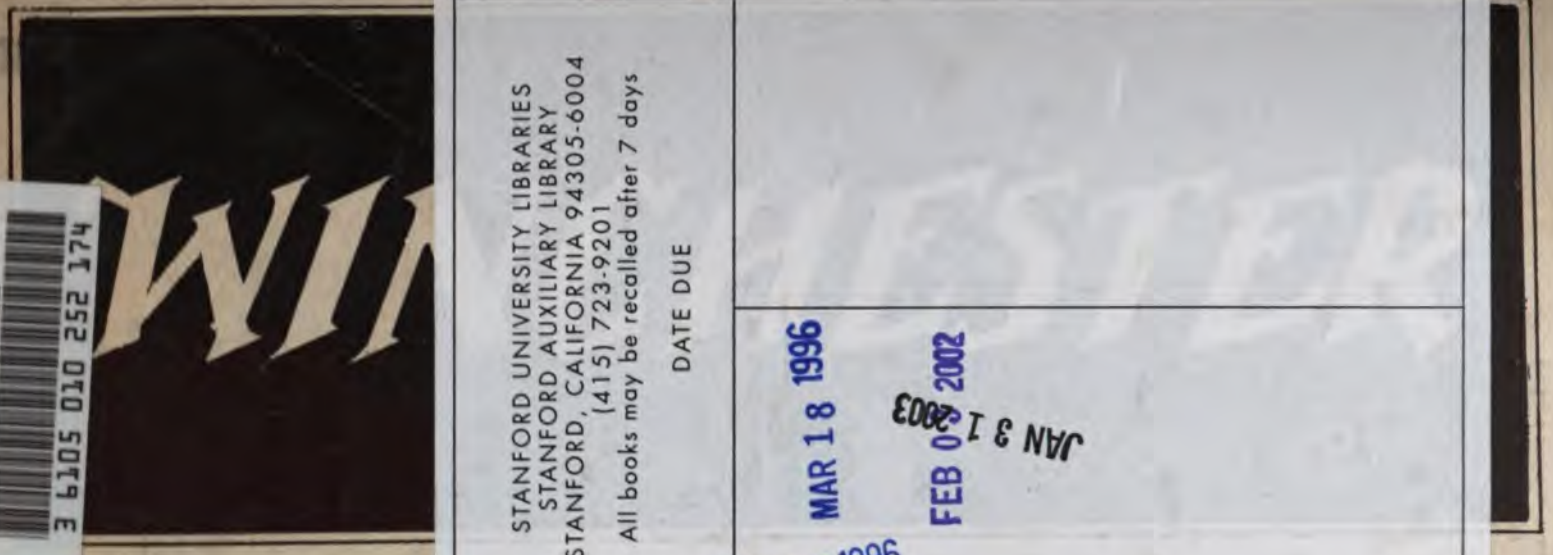
IT NEVER MISSES FIRE ✦ ALWAYS TO BE DEPENDED UPON ✦ TRY IT

FOR SALE AT ALL DEALERS

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT, E. E. DRAKE, Manager

86-88 First St., San Francisco, Cal.

AMMUNITION



Rifles and Shotguns

Were awarded the only grand prize at the St. Louis Exposition

Pacific Coast Agency, 127-135 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO A. MULLER, Agent

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-9201
All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

MAR 18 1996
FEB 0 2002
JAN 3 1 2003
MAR 1 LUC 1996

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 010 252 174

Stanford University Library
Stanford, California

In order that others may use this book, please return it as soon as possible, but not later than the date due.